

THE LEISURE HOUR 1868



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THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



NEWS IN DAME UPCHURCH'S POST-BAG.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER I.—A SHIPWRECK.

SOME fifty years ago there stood on the outskirts of the little secluded village of Codford, in one of the western counties of England, a pretty villa known as Rose Cottage. It was so called from the profusion of monthly roses which adorned its exterior. Roses not only clothed the porch, and half-hid the windows, but clambered over the walls, and clustered around the chimneys, so that during the seasons of summer and

autumn the cottage was almost concealed from the view of the passing traveller.

Rose Cottage was at this period the abode of one Captain Talbot and his wife and family. There were two children—a daughter, Mary, then in her twentieth year, and a son, Henry, sixteen years of age. At the date at which my story opens, however, Mrs. Talbot and her daughter were, excepting the servants, the sole residents in the cottage, since Captain Talbot, who commanded an Indiaman, was absent at sea, and his son Henry was pursuing his studies at Eton.

Mrs. Talbot, who had for some months past felt

herself declining in health, was becoming anxious for the return of her absent husband, who had been during the past two years sailing from port to port in the East Indian and Chinese seas. The captain had in his last letter hinted at the probability of his speedy return, and his wife hoped that the next letter she received from him would announce that he was at length about to sail for England.

Day after day for a month Mrs. Talbot and her daughter had anxiously watched for the return from the neighbouring post and market town of old Dame Upchurch, who for a term of thirty years had occupied the responsible position of post-woman and common carrier between the village and the post town in question. Day after day they had seen the sturdy old dame pass by, tugging at the halter of her donkey, and apparently exerting more strength to drag the cart than did the lazy animal between the shafts, without once stopping at the end of the lane which led from the high road to the cottage.

The anxious wife and daughter were beginning to grow weary with that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," when at length, one morning while Mary Talbot was in the garden busied in culling a nosegay of autumn flowers to adorn the breakfast-table, before her mother should make her appearance down-stairs, she saw the well-known donkey-cart draw up at the end of the lane, and presently Dame Upchurch was seen slowly approaching towards the cottage.

Instantly the young lady dropped the flowers, exclaiming, "A letter from papa at last!" Then recollecting many previous disappointments, she added, "Perhaps, though, it is only from Henry. Mamma wrote to Eton the other day."

Still, however, hopeful that there might be a letter from her father, she sprang to the garden gate, flung it wide open, and flew half-way down the lane to meet the slow-creeping post-woman.

"Oh, Nancy, so you've brought us a letter at last! Where is it from? We have been looking for a letter from the East Indies—oh, so long!"

"T'poastage be hääf a crown, miss," mumbled the old dame, fumbling meanwhile in her bag to find the letter. "It ha' coom vrom vurrin parts, aw reckon, vor 't ha' a mort o' poastmäarks on't."

"It is from India, then!" cried the young lady gleefully, and almost ready to weep with joy. "It is from dear papa," she went on, as she seized it from the old dame's hand, and recognised the superscription.

"Come in doors, Nancy, till I get you the money; and, if you like to go to the kitchen, cook shall give you your breakfast. You must be tired after your journey; and you can bring your cart up the lane, and hitch the donkey's halter to the gate-post."

"Thank'ee, miss," replied Nancy, as she followed the young lady up the gravel-walk to the house. "Donkey'd staun a' day wheer un be if aw'd let un, an' aw'm used t'journey, though moy owd legs bean't zo strong as 'em weer. Aw'm thinkin', miss, as arter t'year aw'se turn t'donkey-cairt ower to moy dääter, an' rest m'owd boanes vor t'remaid o' my days."

By this time they had entered the house: Mary Talbot gave the old dame half-a-crown, and sixpence for herself, and sent her to the kitchen to get some breakfast; and, this done, went to seek her mother.

Mrs. Talbot, however, had seen Nancy Upchurch enter the garden, from her dressing-room window, and came out to meet her daughter on the stairs.

"A letter from India at last, mamma!" cried Mary, triumphantly exhibiting the letter, as she and her mother

descended the stairs together, and entered the parlour, where Mrs. Talbot eagerly received the letter from her daughter's hand.

She quickly broke the seal, after a glance at the well-known handwriting on the outside; and a flush of colour overspread her pale cheeks, and her eyes brightened, as she pored over its contents, while Mary stood looking on, unwilling to interrupt her mother, yet burning with impatience to learn what news the letter contained.

At length, unable longer to curb her impatience, she cried—

"Oh, dear mamma, how slowly you read! Tell me, is papa really coming home?"

"He is, my love. He is on his way," replied Mrs. Talbot, her eyes glistening with delight as she looked up into her daughter's face. "You shall read the letter yourself, presently," she continued. "Your papa sailed from Calcutta on the first of September; but deferred writing until he reached the Mozambique, as he could not be certain, until then, whether he was to sail direct for England. Let me think. This is the twentieth of October. Nearly two months have elapsed since he sailed from Calcutta. The ship must have doubled the Cape of Good Hope by this time."

She resumed the perusal of the letter, but presently again addressed her daughter.

"Ah, here he writes—'You may expect to see me at home early in December, if we make a good run from the Cape; and the *Andromache* is a fast sailer, if she has anything like fair wind and weather. How glad I shall be to see you and the dear children again!'"

Mrs. Talbot finished her reading without further remark, and then handed the letter to Mary, who withdrew to the window to obtain a better light, and immediately became absorbed in its contents; but the letter was crossed, and, impatient as she had been while her mother was reading, it occupied her a long time to decipher the close writing.

The contents of the letter, however, were simply such as a fond and long-absent husband and father would naturally write to his wife and children. There were loving expressions oft-times repeated, and anxious hopes and fears, and questions relative to family matters, which had as well been left unwritten, since they could not be answered until the writer stood in the presence of the loved ones. But the gist of the letter may be comprised in a few words.

Captain Talbot was coming home. The voyage, though long, had been exceedingly prosperous, and one more such voyage would enable him to retire with an ample fortune, and spend the rest of his days in the bosom of his family, and the society of his wife and children.

This was all. But it was sufficient to inspire the wife and daughter with hope and joy.

Mrs. Talbot only wished that her husband would retire at the termination of his present voyage. Though in good health when the Captain left England, she had been a long time ailing, and she fancied that her illness was attributable, in a great measure, to the anxieties natural to a sailor's wife during her husband's absence at sea, and that she would soon recover her health, were those anxieties removed for ever. She felt that she could be well content with the independence her husband had already gained, could she persuade him, on his return, to remain on shore with her for the future.

The chief portion of Captain Talbot's wealth, however, was embarked on board his ship. Not only had he a large amount of money on board, but he had likewise,

on the very eve of sailing, invested several thousands of pounds in the purchase of cargo, which he was aware would realise a vast profit in England; and, in a postscript to his letter, he mentioned his great regret that he had, in the hurry of departure, omitted to insure his own property (though the ship and general cargo were fully insured), before he sailed from Calcutta.

"I have been inexcusably careless and neglectful," he wrote, "in omitting to insure the large amount of property I have on board belonging to myself. I was so much occupied in Calcutta with business relating to the ship's cargo, and other matters, that I put off the insurance from time to time, until at length, in the hurry and bustle of departure, I forgot it altogether until the ship was clear of the Hooghly river and in the Bay of Bengal, when, of course, it was too late, since there is no possibility of effecting an insurance at any port in the Mozambique.

"I trust, however, that all will be well, and that, with the blessing of Providence, my usual good fortune will attend me. Still it is not a pleasant thing to feel that, if any accident should befall the ship, those whom I best love must suffer for my unpardonable neglect."

"How foolish of papa to annoy himself about insurance!" said Mary. "As if anything in this world would be of any value to us if any harm were to happen to him. I'm sure," she continued, "I should think little of any other misfortune in such case. Besides, papa's sure to bring his ship safely home. Hasn't he always done so? And isn't he known as one of the most able navigators among all who sail to and from the East Indies?"

"Your dear papa has always been very fortunate at sea, my love," replied Mrs. Talbot. "As he says, Providence has hitherto blessed his endeavours, and we will hope and pray that the blessing of that good Providence may still attend him, and bring him home to us in health and safety. But the sea is a fearful element, and sometimes all the skill and courage of man are of no avail against the fury of the tempest."

"One would think, mamma," said Mary, somewhat pettishly, "that you foreboded evil just because papa, in his hurry, has neglected to insure his property."

"No, my dear Mary," returned Mrs. Talbot, "I do not forebode evil. I hope and trust, and believe, that, under the guidance of a kind protecting Providence, your dear papa will return to us as he has hitherto done, in health and safety; and little indeed would I value the wealth of this world if my husband did not share it with me."

"Mamma, I hardly thought what I said," replied Mary, approaching her mother and kissing her cheek.

"I know you meant no harm, my love," said Mrs. Talbot, returning the embrace; "and now," she added, with a smile, "we'll put aside all doubts and fears, and look forward hopefully to the day when your papa will once more be with us."

But, though Mrs. Talbot had said truly that the world's wealth would be valueless in her eyes if her husband were not with her to share it, she could not help feeling somewhat anxious for her children. She seemed to have an intuitive knowledge that she would not long be spared to watch over them, and she shrunk, in spite of her faith and trust, from the thoughts of their being left, in the first flush of youth, and accustomed from infancy to every comfort and luxury that a sufficient income could provide, orphaned of both parents, and exposed to the temptations and miseries of poverty. She wished that her husband had not neglected

to insure the property he had embarked on board his ship, and felt the weight of an additional anxiety upon her mind. Still she strove to banish these thoughts, and blamed herself for her lack of faith and trust in God, and at length almost succeeded in entirely banishing her fears.

The welcome letter was read and re-read; the servants were informed that their master was coming home, and seemed almost as much pleased as were their mistress and her daughter. They had been many years in the Captain's service, and he had never returned from a voyage without bringing to each and all some substantial, tangible proof that no one connected with the home he loved was forgotten by him while he was absent from it. A letter was written to Henry Talbot at Eton, to acquaint him with the glad news, and old Nancy Upchurch was commissioned to bring a copy of the "Shipping Gazette" from the post-town regularly until the Andromache should be reported as having arrived at Portsmouth.

The invalid wife improved daily in health, for hope and happiness reigned paramount at Rose Cottage. Although the cold and cheerless winter would soon be at hand, the sun seemed to shine more brightly upon its inmates, the birds to carol more blithely in copse and hedge-row, the few autumnal flowers that remained in the garden to linger longer than usual in bloom, and to shed a more exquisite perfume, and all nature, animate and inanimate, to rejoice with them in their joy.

Then, as the day drew near when the ship was expected to arrive, the cherished *dii penates* of the household—most of which were presents brought home by the Captain at different times from distant lands—were arranged and re-arranged to suit their fancy. Each seemed to remind the mother and daughter of some former happy return, and to reassure them that he who had then returned to them in safety would so return again; and if sometimes—as a passing cloud will momentarily obscure the sunshine on the fairest summer day—a slight shadow of anxiety darkened their hope, neither would permit it to dwell upon them.

It was a fine time for old Nancy Upchurch, for the old dame always contrived to reach the cottage with the newspaper at the breakfast hour, and was thus sure of a good breakfast in the kitchen; besides which she frequently received a trifling gratuity from one or other of the ladies, as a recompense for extra trouble.

Still week after week passed away, and no tidings of the Andromache appeared in the columns of the "Gazette." Nor was there anything remarkable in this, since the Indianman was famed as a fast-sailing ship, and was as likely as not to report her own arrival at Portsmouth.

At length, however, on the 2nd of December, the following paragraph appeared in the list of "Ships spoken at sea."

"Off Cape Finisterre, on the 24th ult., by the clipper-schooner Swallow, of Liverpool—Mason, master, arrived at that port on the 1st, with fruit from the Mediterranean—the ship Andromache, of London, Capt. Henry Talbot, eighty-nine days from Calcutta. All well."

Mary received the "Gazette" from the old post-woman, as usual. In a moment her rapid glance lighted on the paragraph, and, springing away into the parlour, eager with excitement, she cried—

"Good news, mamma! Good news at last! Papa's ship has been spoken, off Cape Finisterre, on the 24th. Listen, mamma," and she read the paragraph aloud.

"Where is Cape Finisterre?" she went on. "Ah, I recollect: on the coast of Portugal."

An atlas was produced, and the map of Europe

consulted, and the distance between Cape Finisterre and Portsmouth was computed.

"It cannot be more than eight or nine hundred miles, mamma," cried Mary. "Eight days ago! This is the 2nd of December, and the vessel that spoke the *Andromache* has arrived in port. Why, papa may arrive to-morrow—perhaps to-day!" and she clapped her hands with delight at the thought, and skipped about the room like a child.

Mrs. Talbot, though pleased at the news, was, however, less sanguine than her daughter as to her husband's immediate arrival. The wind had been easterly for several days, and consequently adverse to ships bound up Channel; and she had been a sailor's wife long enough to know that clipper-schooners such as the *Swallow* can sail, as sailors say, "almost in the wind's eye," and make good headway, when heavy ships, such as the *Andromache*, are scarcely able to make any progress.

Still, withal, she felt that it was possible that her husband might make his appearance at any moment. He was just the man to land at Portsmouth, leave his ship in charge of the pilot, and take a seat in the stage for Salisbury, without announcing his arrival by letter, and he could easily hire a conveyance from Salisbury to Codford.

So, throughout the bleak December day, the expectant wife and daughter sat at the window and watched, and fancied that every sound of wheels on the hard frozen highroad came from the vehicle that was bringing home the long-absent husband and father; and when the short hours of daylight were over, and night closed in, they would not close the shutters, but set a lighted candle in the window to guide the wanderer to his dwelling, should he arrive in the darkness.

"Papa will think it a beacon-light," said Mary; "but he will know who are the watchers. 'Rose Cottage light' we will tell him it is. Oh, mamma, mamma, I do so wish he may come home to-night."

"I don't think it likely, my love, though it is possible," replied Mrs. Talbot. "The wind is still from the east; it may be some days yet ere the ship arrives in port."

It was midnight ere they sought their chambers. The candles were then set in the bed-room windows; but, though they went to bed, a long weary hour elapsed ere they could compose themselves to sleep. Wearied with the hopeful anxieties of the day, they at length slept soundly. At four o'clock in the morning Mary was awakened by a violent storm of wind and rain, and, springing out of bed, she threw a cloak around her and went into her mother's room, where she found Mrs. Talbot already up and dressed.

"Mamma," she whispered, in an awe-struck voice, "hark how the wind blows! The cottage seems to rock from its base. And hear the rain! Is it not terrible?"

"It is, my dear. It woke me an hour ago, and I rose and dressed myself. The gale must be fearful in the Channel. I hope the *Andromache* is not near the coast!"

"Perhaps she is already in port, mamma. She may have arrived last night, before the gale came on."

"Yes, love, may be; I hope so: yet I fear, Mary."

"If not, papa would not run in to the land if he saw signs of a gale. I recollect to have heard him say so, mamma. Listen to the frightful wind that is blowing now. Ah, it lulls again!"

"Yes, he was ever cautious," murmured Mrs. Talbot, as a furious squall that threatened to blow down the house subsided. Then louder to Mary, "If I could be

sure he had plenty of sea-room, I would have no fear for such a vessel as the *Andromache*."

"Mamma, papa is a skilful sailor. He thinks nothing of a gale of wind. Depend upon it, if he is not safe in port, he will keep well out to sea. Remember, mamma, how, only yesterday, when we heard that his ship had been spoken, you said that you had a firm trust in Providence. Retain that trust, mamma."

"I do, love; at least, I try. But hark at the wind again!"

"Papa may, after all, be snugly asleep in the inn at Portsmouth, mamma," replied Mary.

And so, seeking to comfort each other, yet feeling that they stood in need of comfort that neither could impart, the anxious wife and daughter sat, their arms wound round each other, till day-dawn, listening with fear and trembling to the furious wind and fast-falling rain.

But, though daylight came at last, it brought with it no relief. The gale continued to increase in violence. The storm which that night burst upon the English coast swept over the Channel with the fury of a hurricane, and was long remembered with pain and sorrow. Its violence was felt far inland. Houses and barns were unroofed. Trees that had withstood the storms of centuries were uprooted by the force of the wind. Coaches were blown over on the roads; bridges were swept away by the swollen streams caused by the torrents of rain by which the tempest was accompanied; cattle and sheep were drowned by hundreds; many human beings perished, and property was destroyed to an incalculable amount. But it was on the Channel coast that the main force and fury of the gale were expended. Vessels in harbour were cut down, and sunk at their anchors, when their crews fancied they had gained a haven of safety. Other vessels were driven on shore; many foundered at sea; boats were crushed against the wharves; and the streets of the various seaports were inundated by the unprecedented rising of the tide. It was long before the mischief wrought at sea was fully known. For two days and nights the wind continued unabated in its violence, and during that period no ships sailed from port, nor did any arrive, save in a dismantled and almost wrecked condition.

Terrible was the anxiety of those who had relatives or friends at sea, within the range of the storm, and none of these suffered more than the late hopeful, happy inmates of Rose Cottage. Such was the severity of the gale in their immediate neighbourhood, that old Dame Upchurch, who, for more than thirty years, had never failed to make her daily journey to the post-town and back, was detained at home. No letters nor newspapers were therefore received by the inhabitants of the village, and Mrs. Talbot and her daughter were left to linger in suspense, unable to learn what disasters had occurred at sea. It was not until the second day after the storm had subsided that they received their missing copies of the "*Shipping Gazette*." But no letter was received with the newspapers. Amid all their trouble and anxiety and terror, they had clung, as a drowning man will cling to a straw, to one desperate hope, which was that the *Andromache* had arrived in port before the gale commenced. Now this hope was torn from them—though, had Captain Talbot arrived in port, he would most assuredly have written, in order to quell his wife's and children's anxiety, even if he had been unable to leave his ship.

The *Andromache*, then, had not arrived.

With the courage of despair they glanced over the columns of the "*Gazette*," filled with sad accounts of

shipwreck and loss of life, and felt relief when they found that there was no mention of the Indianman.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

They began to gather courage. The *Andromache* was a staunch ship—Captain Talbot a skilful seaman, with experienced officers and men under his command. They persuaded themselves that, foreseeing the approach of the gale, he had not ventured near the land, or that, perhaps, he had put into some port on the coast of France. That would account for his long delay after the arrival of the *Swallow*.

The next day's "Shipping Gazette" encouraged this hope. An editorial paragraph ran thus:—

"Great anxiety has been felt respecting the *Andromache*, Indianman, Captain Talbot, which vessel was looked for at Southampton for some days before the late terrific gale commenced. This anxiety has been in some degree allayed by the report of Captain Somers, of the *Lapwing*, West India mail-packet, which came into port last night in a disabled condition; in fact, almost a wreck. Captain Somers reports that, on the first day of the gale, he saw a large vessel, which he believes to have been the *Andromache*, lying to, about fifty miles west of Cape Ushant. The ship had lost her mizen and fore and main top-gallant masts; but she appeared to be making tolerable weather. The captain says that, in all his long experience, he has never witnessed so severe a gale, nor such a tremendous sea."

The anxious wife and daughter comforted themselves with the hope thus afforded them, for two days longer, refusing to acknowledge, whatever may have been their secret fears, that any serious accident had happened to the *Andromache*, and still looking every hour, every minute in the day, for Captain Talbot's arrival; but the delusive hope upon which they had fed was soon succeeded by blank, crushing despair. A few brief lines in the newspaper sufficed to tell the terrible story, how more than a hundred human beings, crew and passengers included, met their death, and passed in one short hour from time into eternity.

"It is our painful duty," again wrote the editor, "to state on the too sure authority of the keepers of the Lizard Lighthouse, that shortly after daybreak on the morning of the 4th inst., when the gale had reached its height—a large frigate-built ship was seen to go on shore on a reef a few miles from the Lizard Point.

"The keepers watched the fearful sight from the gallery of the lighthouse; but so terrific was the force of the gale, and so tremendous the sea, that it was utterly impossible to render any assistance to the unhappy crew, who battled manfully with their terrible fate to the last moment. Again and again the ship was veered round, and held off from the fatal reef. At length, however, the vessel's masts went by the board. She became utterly unmanageable, and was swept with furious force right on to the pointed rocks. She fell over on her beam-ends, and in a moment every soul was swept from her decks. The sea made a clean breach over her, and in less than a quarter of an hour she parted midships and became a mass of broken timbers; but, long before this, all on board had met a watery grave.

"The tide was turning when the ship struck, and all the bodies were washed out to sea; but from several pieces of wreck and cargo that subsequently floated on shore, and have since been picked up, there remains not the slightest doubt that the hapless vessel was the *Andromache*, East Indianman, commanded by Captain Henry Talbot, formerly of the Royal Navy, which vessel has been for some days past expected at Portsmouth from Calcutta.

"The *Andromache* had on board a crew, officers and men, all told, numbering sixty souls, and forty-five passengers, none of whose names have yet been ascertained; but there can exist no doubt that all have perished. The general cargo, we are informed, was very valuable, and was, together with the ship, fully insured; but we learn from the underwriters at Lloyds that, by some oversight, a large amount of specie, and several tons of private cargo which belonged to Captain Talbot himself, were—as per advices from Calcutta—uninsured."

This was all that was ever known respecting the loss of the ill-fated *Andromache*. Not one of her crew or passengers escaped to tell the fearful story of the shipwreck, though, of course, the names and conditions of the lost passengers became known in process of time.

The same newspaper which conveyed to the lately hopeful and happy wife and daughter the dread intelligence that their sole earthly hope and stay was lost to them for ever in this world, likewise conveyed to them the sad news that with the husband and father they had lost all their worldly wealth.

As it was afterwards learnt, Captain Talbot had been engaged in very heavy speculations in India, in which he had embarked the whole of his means. These speculations had proved successful, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. All his worldly wealth was on board his ship, and the one act of negligence which, as though he had foreboded evil, he had spoken of with regret in the last lines he had ever penned to his wife and children, had reduced them from independence to poverty.

Henry Talbot returned home on hearing of his father's death, to find his mother on her dying bed. The terrible shock she sustained proved too much for her already enfeebled frame, and she died only a few weeks after the loss of the *Andromache*, leaving her son and daughter, comparatively speaking, almost penniless; and, so far as she knew, without a friend able and willing to aid them—without a relative, at the same time, able and willing to acknowledge the claims of kinship, in all the wide world.

THE NAUTICAL ALMANACK.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

Of the numerous almanacks that are published in England by far the first in scientific and national importance is the "Nautical Almanack," published by the Board of Admiralty for the use both of astronomers and of seamen. As this almanack is less popularly known than many others in common use, some account of its origin and history, its contents and uses, may be acceptable to the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

Before astronomical observations were made with the precision of modern days, and when the art of navigation consisted mainly in a knowledge of the coast line, much scientific attention was given to that great national problem, the discovery of a method for determining the longitude at sea. The subject was considered of such importance that the Government of the day, in 1714, offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds for an easy, practical method available for nautical purposes. Since that time hundreds of impracticable schemes have been forwarded to the Commissioners of the old Boards of Longitude, each author apparently appearing satisfied with his solution of the problem, and of course claiming the reward. The investigations were not confined to one class of scientific men. We have lately had occasion to look over a huge manuscript volume of these

documents, and have been considerably astonished at the great ingenuity displayed by men of all ranks of intellect, some exhibiting great mathematical power, others plainly showing the results of the minds of illiterate, but original thinking men. Some, however, contain only wild fancies of the writers. Still the question was not even partially solved to the satisfaction of the authorities till the remarkable improvements made in the construction of clocks and chronometers by John Harrison. In 1758 this celebrated mechanician produced a chronometer which was sent on a trial voyage to the West Indies. After an absence of little more than five months, the error of the chronometer was found, on its return, to be only sixty-five seconds. For this remarkable success, which was the first practical step in the accurate determination of the longitude at sea, Harrison received a reward of five thousand pounds. This grant was afterwards increased by an additional sum of ten thousand pounds, other chronometers having been constructed for the Board of Longitude with equal accuracy. On one occasion Stukely, the antiquarian, paid a visit to the workshop of Graham,* then a celebrated clock and instrument maker, to view a wonderful time-piece by Harrison, which is probably one of those still preserved at the Royal Observatory. Stukely relates: "I saw Harrison's famous clock last winter at Mr. George Graham's; the sweetness of its motion, the contrivances to take off friction, to defeat the lengthening and shortening of the pendulum through heat and cold, and to prevent the disturbance of motion by that of the ship, cannot be sufficiently admired."

To make Harrison's invention a complete success it was necessary that predicted places of the sun and moon should be published some time beforehand, so that when observations were made at sea they might be compared directly with the computed lunar distances from the sun and principal stars, determined from the best tables extant. Hence the origin of the "Nautical Almanack." It owes its actual existence to a memorial presented to the Commissioners of the Board of Longitude by Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal, on February 9th, 1765. This memorial was supported by several officers of East India ships, who had lately made use of a work compiled by Dr. Maskelyne, entitled "The British Mariner's Guide to the Discovery of the Longitude at Sea and Land, within a degree, by Observations of the Distance of the Moon from the Sun and Stars, taken with Hadley's Quadrant." These officers all agreed in testifying that they had made observations according to the rules laid down in this book at various opportunities, and that "they had found the said observations easily and exactly to be made; so that the longitude resulting always agreed with the making of land, near the time of making the observations, to one degree; and that they could make the calculations in a few hours, not exceeding four; and they are of opinion that, if a nautical ephemeris were published, this method might be easily and generally practised by seamen." This memorial of Dr. Maskelyne had the desired effect, for a nautical ephemeris was at once ordered to be compiled and printed.

Shortly before this time M. Mayer, a German mathematician, had constructed lunar tables by means of which the place of the moon in the heavens could be computed for any stated time. Owing to the decease of Mayer,

* It is worthy of remark, that there are several clocks constructed by Graham still in use at the Royal Observatory. Some slight modifications have, however, been made in some of them. He also made the mural arc and the zenith sector with which Dr. Bradley made important astronomical discoveries. These instruments are also preserved at Greenwich.

these tables remained in manuscript. In order that they might be made more useful in the calculation of the new almanack, they were printed at the expense of the British Government, and an application was also made to Parliament for a grant of money to Mayer's widow. She afterwards received a reward of three thousand pounds. The celebrated mathematician Euler assisted Mayer in the theoretical portions of his work, for which the Government gave him three hundred pounds. Dr. Maskelyne was appointed superintendent of the new ephemeris, an office which he retained till his death in 1811.

The first "Nautical Almanack" was published in 1766; it was available for the following year. About twelve months only were occupied in its calculation and preparation for the press—a marvellously short time when it is considered how difficult the arrangement of a novel work of this kind must have been. The first number will ever remain as a great memorial of the skill and industry of the originator. It was announced to the public as follows:—"The Commissioners of Longitude, in pursuance of the powers vested in them by a late Act of Parliament, present the public with the Nautical Almanack and Astronomical Ephemeris for the year 1767, to be continued annually; a work which must greatly contribute to the improvement of astronomy, geography, and navigation. This ephemeris contains everything essential to general use that is to be found in any ephemeris hitherto published, with many other useful and interesting particulars never yet offered to the public in any work of this kind."

By the publication of the "Nautical Almanack" for 1767 and subsequent years, and by the continual improvements in the construction of chronometers, the longitude at sea was practically determined with moderate accuracy at the close of the last century. At the present time, astronomical observations have been the means of so far improving the lunar and planetary tables that they may be said to have, in conjunction with the use of the beautifully-made modern nautical instruments, conclusively disposed of this great problem, for the solution of which so large a reward had been offered.

During Dr. Maskelyne's superintendence of the "Nautical Almanack" its success was complete. It was annually received with eagerness by seamen, and it gained not only the approbation of the naval service, but also of all lovers of the science of astronomy, in England and on the Continent. The French *savant*, M. Lalande, remarked that "there are almanacks published at Bologna, Vienna, Berlin, and Milan; but the 'Nautical Almanack' of London is the most perfect ephemeris I have ever seen."

On the death of Dr. Maskelyne, the superintendence remained in abeyance for some years, being in the hands of no responsible person. No wonder that the reputation which the almanack had attained in his lifetime was soon lost. It became inaccurate and incomplete, and could no longer bear a favourable comparison with the productions of other countries. Astronomical knowledge had been remarkably progressing; but the "Nautical Almanack" remained not only stationary, but retrograded. The attention of Government having been drawn to this state of its affairs, the question was referred to a new Board of Longitude appointed in 1818, of which Dr. Wollaston, Captain Kater, and Dr. Thomas Young were a resident sub-committee. Towards the end of that year, Dr. Young was made secretary to the Board, and superintendent of the "Nautical Almanack." The first volumes published under his direction did much to retrieve its character; but the irregular system

employed in making the calculations left no hope of any permanent improvement being effected without some radical change in its personal organisation. It is a remarkable fact that the computations were made in different parts of the country. It seems almost incredible that, in a time of slow travelling and expensive postage, a system in which all the calculations had to be transmitted several hundred miles to be verified, should have continued so many years without any attempt at centralisation. The father of the writer of this article, resident at Truro, Cornwall, was one of these scattered computers from 1800 till his removal to London, in 1832, being responsible for five months' computations of each year.* We can well remember, in our early days, the extra labour borne by him in preparing duplicate copies of his work, to be transmitted to the examiner in Derbyshire, and the length of time which necessarily elapsed before any answer could be expected. His subsequent experience in the "Nautical Almanack" office in London formed a great contrast to this irregular manner of producing the national ephemeris. As an illustration of the scattered residences of the computers in 1828, we may state that one lived at Arbroath, Scotland; another at Truro; a third at St. Hilary, near Marazion; a fourth at St. Mabyn, Cornwall; a fifth (a lady) at Ludlow, Shropshire; and a sixth at Tideswell, Derbyshire. Dr. Young, the superintendent, resided in London.

After the death of Dr. Young, which took place in 1829, a proposition was laid before the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with a request that they would take into consideration the advisability of forming some plan by which the "Nautical Almanack" might be prepared more in accordance with the advanced state of astronomical science. In conformity with this request, a committee consisting of the principal members of the Society was appointed. They recommended that an office should be established in London, in which all the calculations should be made; also, that there ought to be a complete change in the form and contents of the almanack, making it at least double in size, and adding valuable matter useful to the astronomer. The proposed alterations were adopted by the Council of the Astronomical Society, November 19th, 1830, and subsequently ordered by the Government to be carried into effect.

In the first series of the "Nautical Almanack," up to 1833, the information was intended principally for maritime purposes, but not wholly so. That portion, however, inserted for the benefit of astronomers, was not sufficiently accurate for comparison with the observations, and consequently was practically useless for all delicate researches. One great object of the committee was to recommend that in the new series the positions of the sun, moon, and planets should be calculated with the precision which the best modern tables would allow. Then, with regard to the improvement of nautical astronomical observations, it was considered that the determination of the position of a ship at sea ought not to

be the only object of a seaman's solicitude, because that might be attained by a much smaller work than the "Nautical Almanack," and by the use of very inferior observing instruments. But the committee also considered that an equally important branch of nautical astronomy, consisting in the exact determination of the position of well-known points on the earth's surface, should also be provided for. These observations cannot be effectually and properly executed by methods available only on board a ship, but by delicate instruments placed firmly on solid ground. Observers in this position require all the astronomical aid which can be given them from the best tables, arranged in a form most convenient for practical and immediate use. In the new series of the "Nautical Almanack," the first volume of which was for 1834, this two-fold object has always been kept in view. Thus the seaman can still find everything he requires, and the astronomer at the same time has at his fingers' ends the tabular positions of the principal stars and planets for every day in the year. This enables the latter to point his telescope at any hour of the day or night to the celestial object selected for observation, and then to compare the results of his labours with the numbers previously computed. He is thus continually keeping a check on the lunar and planetary tables used in the construction of the "Nautical Almanack," and providing fresh data for their correction.

The result of the deliberations of the committee of the Astronomical Society having been adopted by the Government, an office was established in London in 1831, since which time the whole of the calculations have been made there. The superintendence after Dr. Young's death was temporarily undertaken by Mr. Pond, at that time Astronomer Royal. On the formation of the new office, Lieutenant Stratford, R.N., was appointed superintendent, assisted by a staff of skilled computers. The office is at present in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, the director being the well-known astronomer, Mr. John Russell Hind, who succeeded Mr. Stratford in 1853.

Now that we have given a brief history of this truly national book, we propose to take a rapid glance through its contents—not, however, with a critical eye, but with a desire to explain in a few popular words what would probably appear unintelligible to most readers on the first inspection of its pages. Let us commence by turning the leaves over rapidly from the beginning to the end of the volume. Nothing is visible but an immense assemblage of figures. To those, however, who understand their use, every one of these figures has its peculiar significance. Every line we see before us is the result of a long and laborious calculation, nothing being printed but what is absolutely necessary. The tables from which nearly all the work is now computed have been originally constructed from the labours of the astronomical observer, principally, however, from the observations of the sun, moon, and planets made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Hence the solar tables by M. Le Verrier, the lunar tables by M. Hansen, the tables of Mercury, Venus, and Mars, by M. Le Verrier, and others, depend almost entirely on the Greenwich astronomical observations of the last hundred years. It is from this cause that a popular error exists in the minds of many persons that the home of the "Nautical Almanack" is at the Royal Observatory.

The almanack may be divided into two divisions, one to be used by seamen and astronomers, the other by astronomers almost exclusively. The first division may be termed the monthly section, because here the matter for the different months is arranged according to one plan,

* It may not be amiss to state here that Mr. William Dunkin was an early boy-friend and school companion of Sir Humphrey Davy, both natives of Penzance, Davy being the senior by three years. The attention of Mr. Davies Gilbert, M.P., afterwards President of the Royal Society, was drawn to both of these youths on account of their scientific tendencies; one for chemistry, the other for mathematics and astronomy. He gave them the use of his valuable library at Tredrea, his seat near Penzance. The brilliant career resulting from the introduction of young Davy to the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, in 1798, is well known to all. Mr. Gilbert afterwards placed young Dunkin under the care of the Rev. Malachy Hitchins, at St. Hilary, Cornwall, then computer of the "Nautical Almanack" under Dr. Maskelyne. Mr. Dunkin soon became one of the principal computers of that work, in which employment he remained till his death in 1838.

the whole being divided into twelve sub-sections under the names of the months. We will now briefly go through one of these sub-sections. Let us take as an example that for January, 1868. First, we have no calendar containing the ordinary information of popular almanacks, nothing more indeed than the days of the week and month. On the first opening we have the exact position of the sun in the heavens at Greenwich noon of each day, with some other information useful to seamen as well as astronomers. On pages 4 and 5 of each month the longitude and latitude of the moon is given for each day at noon and midnight, and of the sun for noon. The time of the moon's southing, and the angular value of the moon's semi-diameter and parallax, are also given. Pages 6 to 13 are occupied with the right ascension and declination of the moon for every hour throughout the month. Pages 14 to 19 contain the distances of the sun, planets, and principal stars from the moon for every three hours. These lunar distances are inserted solely for the benefit of mariners; and it is by the comparison of the observed lunar distances with those corresponding in the almanack that the longitude at sea is generally determined. Travellers also, when in unknown lands, have availed themselves freely of this portion of the volume. M. du Chaillu made an extensive series of observations of lunar distances during his late journey into Ashango Land. The geographical positions of some of the stations visited by him have therefore been determined with considerable accuracy. The late Captain Speke also used this method for determining longitudes in his explorations from Zanzibar to Lake Victoria Nyanza. The writer is able to form an opinion on the value of such observations, from a careful examination of the astronomical labours of these and other African travellers, and from the valuable geographical results he has obtained from the discussion of their observations. Pages 20 and 21 of the sub-sections contain the data for accurately computing the position of the fixed stars, useful only to the astronomer. These occupy the last pages of each month's information. This first division of the "Nautical Almanack" absorbs one half of the volume.

The second division of the work is intended purely for the use of the astronomer, and is prepared for the meridian of the Royal Observatory. It is, however, easily adapted for use at other observatories, by applying small corrections depending on the difference of longitude. We will endeavour to exhibit the contents of this division in as few words as possible. 1. We have the positions, as viewed from the sun and earth, of the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, given for Greenwich noon of each day, and of Uranus and Neptune each fourth day. By means of the daily positions of these planets, particularly of Venus and Jupiter, the latitude, time, and variation of the compass, may be found with nearly as much facility and accuracy as by the sun. 2. The same information for the large planets, and a few of the minor planets, at the moment of transit across the meridian of Greenwich. 3. Standard places of 147 of the principal fixed stars given for every ten days throughout the year. Several of these stars, with some others, are used at Greenwich as clock-stars, from the observation of whose transits true Greenwich time is found daily. It is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the national importance of these observations, as it is now generally understood that the time of all the clocks in the country is indirectly kept in order by this daily reference at Greenwich to the great star-clock of the heavens. The mechanical and electrical arrangement made for the dissemination of true time

from the Royal Observatory to all parts of the country, now forms a most important part of the daily duties of that establishment. 4. Forty pages of the second division are occupied with the apparent positions of the moon, and of certain selected stars near her, at their respective times of Greenwich transit. By the corresponding observation of these objects on different parts of the earth's surface, a very accurate method for the determination of the difference of longitude between any two places is obtained. 5. The remaining portion of the book contains principally full details of all miscellaneous phenomena. First we have eclipses visible in 1868, with the elements of calculation. Then a list of stars occulted or obscured by the moon passing over them. These are succeeded by an extensive list of the phenomena of the moons of the Jovian system, consisting of eclipses in the shadow of Jupiter, transits over its disc, disappearances behind the body of the planet, together with the dark shadows of the satellites on the planet. Accurately computed times of the principal phenomena are given, and approximate times for the remainder. The concluding portion of the almanack contains a list of the principal planetary phenomena; elements of Saturn's ring; the libration of the moon; time of high water at London Bridge daily, and at various ports and places at the full and change of the moon; a few tables used by nautical men principally; a list of public and private observatories; and finally, an explanation of the different sections of the work.

In addition to the preceding valuable matter, the almanack contains rough ephemerides of the minor planets. In the volume for 1870, and in future volumes, these are intended to be omitted, as they are published in the Berlin Astronomical Almanack in fuller detail, and consequently more useful to the astronomer.

The United States of America also publishes a "Nautical Almanack," prepared by order of Congress. It is almost a fac-simile of our own with regard to the contents, the arrangement of the tables being copied as nearly as possible from the British "Nautical Almanack." France has also its national ephemeris, known by the name of the "Connaissance des Temps." It cannot bear comparison with ours. The "Berliner Astronomische Jahrbuch" is a valuable work, especially for the great attention given to the minor planets. Several other countries have their astronomical ephemeris; for example, the Milan ephemeris, and those of San Fernando, in Spain, and Coimbra, in Portugal, are well known to astronomers.

When the new series of the "Nautical Almanack" was first published, it was established as a rule that the work should eventually appear yearly four years in advance. Although since 1834 the establishment of ocean steamers has so practically shortened the distance between opposite portions of the globe that there is no longer the same object for such early publication, yet it has been thought advisable to continue the system as originally designed. In 1867, therefore, the volume for 1871 appeared, while the computers are engaged on years still farther in advance. The annual circulation amounts to more than 20,000 copies.

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL IN THE FAR-WEST.

BY J. K. LORD, F.R.S.

"Our English post-office is a splendid triumph of civilisation." In this memorable saying of Lord Macaulay, reference is made not merely to the postal organisation of the United Kingdom. The chief office in London, the railway mail-vans, the travelling post-offices, and

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.



the whole arrangements for the collection and delivery of letters, are wonderful results of well-devised organisation and ably-directed labour. In all its most conspicuous parts the machinery is so perfect, and works with such smoothness and regularity, that we are apt to forget the vastness and variety of the service. But it is not alone in the organisation and working of the home department that "our English post-office is a splendid triumph of civilisation." In the remotest bounds of the empire the service is sustained with marvellous results. Our picture carries the mind to regions whose wild solitudes were never startled by the railway whistle, nor cheered by the mail guard's bugle. Yet, even in the far-west of British America the postal service displays an energy, punctuality, and order such as may stir all other public departments to envy and emulation. The lonely English occupant of a hunting-station or fur-store in the wilds of North-west Canada, looks not in vain for the welcome despatches from "home." Where railways are not, and wheel carriages find no road to run upon, the mail is taken up by sledges, and the Indians, with their dogs, represent the officers in charge of Her Majesty's mails.

My readers will better understand the kind of out-posts and stations to which letters are conveyed, by perusing the following paragraph extracted from the "Quebec Chronicle":—"Travellers by steamer up the river Ottawa will have observed on the north shore of the Lake of Two Mountains a small village situate on a cliff, showing a face to the lake of bright yellow sand; and they have been told that they see an Indian village. The community here resident have just petitioned for the establishment among them of a post-office. The memorial has the signatures of Irroquois and Algonquin chiefs—Saoatis-kurai-iarakoen-kane-gatake, Jakomisakie, L. Sateksasenoten, Sosekatsien Haienton, B. Kekatewaje, and others. It is proposed to give the village the name of Oka."

But the postal service in Canada reaches far beyond such villages as Oka, whose population rejoices in names astounding to a London letter-carrier. During part of the year Her Majesty's mails are sometimes forwarded two thousand miles, after losing the help of all steam or horse-power.

In the summer months the mails are conveyed to all the settlements along the lake shores by steam-vessels, and these huge fresh-water seas afford every facility for a safe and rapid navigation. But when the lakes are covered with a stratum of ice, strong enough and of sufficient thickness to bear up the traffic of London, then a very different system of transport is necessitated. Contracts are entered into by the postal authorities, for the transmission of the mails, with persons who quite understand the work. Throughout all the lake districts on Lakes Huron and Superior the contracts are generally sub-let to Indians and half-breeds, who travel on snow-shoes, and pack the mail-bags upon light sleighs, which are usually tugged along by six dogs, worked in pairs side by side, as shown in our illustration. By providing frequent relays, and, at the same time, being perfect masters in the art of travel, these hardy mail-carriers contrive to transport the letters at the rate of about sixty miles a day.

It was once my misfortune, when cruising in a little schooner upon Lake Huron, to be caught in the ice, and frozen in hard and fast near a small settlement called Cas-ka-awning. As the dwellers at this desolate village had no more provisions for the six months of biting winter before them than were barely sufficient to supply their own wants, I had no alternative but to pack up a small

bundle of necessaries, put on my snow-shoes, and tramp off for the nearest place whereat I could pass the winter, leaving my vessel and my tiny crew to take care of themselves as best they could. The haven of refuge towards which I bent my steps was the Bruce mine—a copper mine situated on the north shore of Lake Huron.

Winter commences in this icy region about the beginning of October, and when once the ice has fairly "set" on the lakes, all communication with the rest of the world is entirely cut off—excepting the traveller resorts to the employment of snow-shoes and dog-sleighs—until May in the year following. As an illustration of the intensity of the cold, I may state that the carcasses of sheep, pigs, and bullocks intended to be stored for the maintenance of the miners and their families during the winter, are exposed to the air immediately after they are killed and skinned, until frozen as hard as marble. After that they are hung up in large sheds to be consumed as required. The freezing is a perfect preservative; meat so treated, if kept from thawing, would remain sound and good for years. To be eaten, a joint is chopped off with an axe, soaked in tepid water until sufficiently thawed, and then cooked in any manner best suited to the tastes of those who are going to devour it.

But my present object is to tell how, in this out-of-the-way place, our communication with the rest of the world was kept up, and to describe Her Majesty's mail in these regions.

I have sometimes travelled with the mail-carriers from place to place along the route, and I can truthfully say that it is scarcely possible to picture a more weird scene of desolation than a wide expanse of frozen lake, covered thickly with snow, presents to the eye, more especially when journeying through the night—a course generally followed if there happens to be a sufficiency of light to discover the track. Night travelling is always preferable, because the snow is less trying to eyes by night than it is during the day; hence the risk of becoming snow-blind is materially diminished. Nothing seems to retain any semblance to reality as we tramp along over the snowy waste, with the dogs trotting after, jingling their sleigh-bells. The silvery moon spreads her pale light upon the snow, and the rays, instead of being absorbed or reflected, seem, by some mysterious agency, to accumulate, until one is tempted to believe himself splashing through a shallow lake of light. Every visible object appears to be transformed into something intangible and unreal; the tracks upon the snow grow into huge proportions; trees dotted along the lake shore resemble giants such as we read of in fairy tales; a hillock of drifted snow takes the appearance of a mountain. Now one fancies rippling water is directly in the path, which, on a nearer approach, proves to be only snow ridged by the breeze, reflecting the light from the burnished facets of its myriad crystals. Anon, you feel certain that a deep ravine is directly in the way, the gloomy depths of which will have to be traversed; but the heart throbs more lightly when the imaginary cleft turns out to be only the shadow of a passing cloud. The silence is intense, and the listening ear fails to catch the faintest sounds, except it be the breathing of the panting dogs, the cheery tinkle of their neck-bells, and the rough crunch, crunch of the snow-shoes as they splinter the crisply-frozen crust upon the snow. How vividly these scenes come back to my memory! I can recall even now the various incidents that marked each night journey over the ice-covered waters of Lake Huron.

The arrival of the mails at the mines was so punctual,

that the day on which they were expected was kept as a kind of general holiday. The miners left their work, and the women and children their warm stoves, to group together upon the landing-place where the sleigh track led off across the lake; and it was quite a study to watch the many anxious faces gazing intently into the hazy distance, in hopes of being first to catch a glimpse of the bearers of the good or bad news, as perchance it might turn out to be, from the "old country."

The keenest and best-sighted at last proclaims the coming of the mail; others very soon make it out—a mere speck, however, as yet—moving over the snow towards the mines. Nearer and nearer the loaded sleighs approach, and soon they are at the landing, when fifty willing hands rapidly unpack the sleighs, and sturdy men rush off with the bags of letters to the primitive post-office. There is no such institution as a postman; hence the system of delivery is managed in this fashion. The postmaster unlocks and unseals the letter-bags, and tumbles their contents out upon a large table; then, picking up a letter and reading the address, he proclaims, in a stentorian tone of voice, that there is a letter for—say Jack Robinson; then Jack Robinson comes to the front, and, if there is any postage due, he has to pay it before he can obtain his letter; and so on the postmaster reads the addresses and delivers the letters until the stock is exhausted. The post-office presents a singular spectacle after the distribution of the mail, which comes only about once a month. The assembly divide into little groups, and each group has its own joys and sorrows. All is in public, compared with the privacy with which letters at home are perused. Soon the groups break up and disappear, and each goes back to his daily avocation; the Indians and the dog-sleighs take their departure; and everything settles down into the hum-drum routine of daily life at the mines, until the recurrence of another month brings about a similar scene on the arrival of Her Majesty's mail.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR IN BATAVIA.

BY THE REV. DR. J. MUEHLHISEN ARNOLD, BATAVIA.

LIVING in this great emporium of the East, I have opportunities of observing the customs and manners of various nations. The Chinese form a large proportion of the population. I send a sketch of "The Chinese New Year in Batavia," as likely to interest the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

The chronology of the Chinese commences 2637 before Christ, and counts by cycles of sixty years each. The year 1868, according to this calculation, is therefore the fifth of the 76th cycle. The Chinese years are properly speaking *solar*; yet, since the months are always *lunar*, the year is dependent on both luminaries. The new moon which is nearest the 15° of the sign of Aquarius, when the sun enters into that sign, is always the first day of the new year.

The Chinese months are alternately large and small, *i.e.*, they have either thirty or twenty-nine days. Since, however, such a year of twelve lunar months amounts only to 355 days, there is interpolated every third year, at the time when the sun does not enter into any zodiacal sign, an "after month," an "after March," or an "after August," by which the year receives thirteen months. The sun, therefore, once more obtains the mastery; and there is a vast deal of stupid superstition mixed up with it. At a solar eclipse, the Chinese say, "The celestial dog devours the sun;" and the Emperor commands all officers of state to throw themselves into mourning, and to pray that the sun be spared

in this hour of trial. If clouds cover the sky so as to prevent the solar eclipse being seen, the Emperor receives the congratulations of the people, "because Heaven, for the sake of the imperial virtues, spares the eyes of his Majesty from so sad a spectacle!" Before proceeding to a brief description of the new year, I wish to name that the day by the Chinese is divided into twelve *shishin* instead of twenty-four hours.

The new year, which this year (1867) fell on the 18th of February, is always an occasion of unbounded festivity and hilarity, as if the whole population threw off the old year with a shout, and clothed themselves in the new with their change of garments. Preparations go on for five days before; but evidences of the approach of this chief festival appear some weeks previous. The principal streets are lined with tables, upon which articles of dress, furniture, and fancy toys are disposed for sale. You see monster frogs in coloured paper, horses, birds, crocodiles, some of them showing considerable artistic design. The expense incurred is considerable, and often curious relics are brought forth to turn into money. Superiors give presents to their servants and dependants, and shopkeepers send an acknowledgment of favours to their customers. We received sugar candy and sweetmeats. One of the most common gifts of the lower order is a pair of slippers.

Among the stands for presents are other tables at which persons are seated, provided with pencils and gilt red paper of various sizes, on which they write appropriate sentences for the season, to be posted upon the doorposts and lintels of dwellings and shops, or suspended from the halls; to which I shall presently refer.

Small strips of red and gilt paper, some bearing the word *fah*, happiness; large and small red candles gaily painted, and other things used in their worship, are likewise sold in stalls and shops. As if to wash away all the uncleanness of the past year, water is applied profusely to everything in the house.

But a still more praiseworthy custom is that of settling accounts and paying debts. The shopkeepers wait upon their customers, creditors, and debtors, to settle matters. No debt is allowed to overpass the next new year without settlement or arrangement of some sort, if it can be avoided. Many wind up by bankruptcy, and the general consequence of this great pay-day is scarcity of money, resort to the pawnbrokers, and low price of all kinds of goods and articles. As the old year departs, all the account books in Chinese shops are burned. Devout persons, of whom there are but few, also settle with their gods, and during a few days before the new year the temples are usually thronged by devotees, both male and female, rich and poor. Some fast, and engage priests to pray for them, that their sins may be pardoned, while they prostrate themselves before the images, amidst the din of gongs, drums, and bells, and thus clear off the old score. Crackers are fired off to drive away evil spirits, and the worship of the ancestors, as usual, takes the precedence.

On New Year's Eve the streets are full of people, all hurrying to and fro to conclude any business still left undone. Some are busy pasting the five papers upon their lintels, signifying their desire that the five great blessings which constitute human happiness may be theirs—namely, long life, riches, health, love of virtue, and a natural death.

Above these are pasted sentences like these:—"May the five blessings descend upon this door." Or, "May rich customers ever enter this door." Or, "May Heaven confer happiness." The door-posts of others are adorned with plain, or gilt and red paper.

In the hall are suspended scrolls, more or less costly, containing antithetical sentences carefully chosen. A literary man, for instance, would have distichs like the following:—

“May I be so learned as to secrete in my mind three myriads of volumes.”

“May I know the affairs of the world for 6,000 years.”

Other professions and tastes would exhibit sentences of a different character.

Boat people are peculiarly liberal of their paper prayers, pasting them on every board and oar in their boats, and suspending them from the stern in scores, making the vessel flutter with gaiety. The farmers paste them on their barns, trees, baskets, and implements, as if nothing should remain without a blessing. The house is neat and clean to the highest degree, and purified more than seven times by religious ceremonies or lustrations, firing of crackers—the last of which being meant, as already named, for the expulsion of evil spirits.

A great diversity of local usages is observed at this period, in different parts of China itself. In Amoy, *e.g.*, the custom of “surrounding the furnace” is generally practised. The family sup on New Year’s Eve with a pan of charcoal under the table, as a supposed preservation against fire. Supper being ended, wooden lamp-stands are brought out and spread upon the pavement, with a heap of gold and silver paper, which is set on fire, after all the demons have been warned off by a volley of fire-crackers. The embers are then divided into twelve heaps, and their manner of going out carefully watched, as a prognostic of the kind of weather to be expected the ensuing year. Many persons wash their bodies in warm water, made aromatic by the infusion of leaves, as a security against diseases. This ceremony, and ornamenting the ancestral house (of which more on another occasion), and garnishing the whole house with inscriptions, pictures, flowers, and fruits, occupy most of the night.

The stillness of the streets and closed shops on New Year’s morning is striking. The red papers on the doors have been removed. You now read sentences like these:—

“Yesterday, in the third watch, the old year passed; to-day, with music and drums, the new year begins.”

Or: “Look where you will you witness festival array; everywhere there is bowing and salutation.”

Or: “Heaven grows in years, man grows in age.”

Or “Spring fills the whole world, and fortune the house.” These gay papers are interspersed with blue ones, announcing that during the past year death has come among the inmates of the house—a silent admonition to the passers-by. In some places white, yellow, and carnation-coloured papers are employed with the blue, to designate the degree of deceased kindred. Etiquette requires the mourners to remain within doors.

In a few hours the streets begin to be filled with well-dressed persons, hastening in sedans or on foot, or here and there in carriages, to make their calls. Those who cannot afford to buy a new suit hire one for the occasion; so that a Chinese master hardly knows his own servants in their finery. Much of the visiting, however, is done by cards, on which is stamped an emblematic device representing the three happy wishes—for children, rank, and long life.

Towards evening the crowds are so dense that it is with difficulty you can make your way through them; as then the extraordinary Chinese show, called the Jenghe, is carried about on men’s shoulders. It consists of a wooden platform, oblong or square, like a huge

tray, on which a scene is erected, fairy-like and fragile in appearance, with living children perched in the most startling and seemingly impossible positions imaginable.

In driving out in the direction we knew they would pass, we suddenly came upon a moving mass of people, in the centre of which came towering along, borne on the shoulders of four natives, a large platform, over which a white goose was represented in the act of flying, with the neck stretched out, and dipping its beak into a flower, the plant of which stood in a substantial flower-pot. Thus slightly attached, the goose is made strong enough to balance a young girl of at least seven or eight years old on its tail. The girl apparently stands erect, gorgeously dressed, a lofty head-gear composed of flowers, spangles, and feathers adorning her head; but in reality she sits on an iron rod, at the top of which is a seat, to which she is firmly strapped, all being concealed by her long robe, beneath which a pair of false legs and feet complete the deception. In fact, all the designs are skillfully made of iron, so ingeniously and delicately resting on an almost invisible base, as to produce the effect of the children standing in mid-air, or only lightly touching their feet on something too frail to support them. Whilst poised up on high, they reach the upper branches of trees, and soar above the roofs of houses, with immense self-possession. They wave in one hand a long feathered wand, gracefully bowing right and left. As flaming torches at the end of long bamboo poles were carried by the attendants, from which large sparks and bits of lighted wood fell about, some on the backs of our horses, we were but too thankful to accept the kind invitation of a lady to accompany her to a rich Chinaman’s house, before which all these processions were to stop. We made our way through the crowd, and reached it before a Jenghe arrived. The large courtway in which the house stood was thronged with natives, all eager to see the sights. The verandah was crowded with self-invited guests, like ourselves, many unknown to the owner of the house, a good-tempered, sleek-looking man, who, with his sons, was busy dispensing hospitality—ordering wine, beer, and ices to be handed about, considering this influx of spectators a great compliment. A few, ourselves amongst the number, he invited to see the interior of his house. Behind the verandah was a magnificent hall, handsomely furnished with European mahogany and leather chairs and sofas, many tables, and English engravings in handsome frames round the walls. One particularly attracted our attention, being the Meet of the Vine Hounds, Hants, with the Duke of Wellington in the foreground. The rest were scenes from English history, doubtless picked up at sales, whither Chinamen always resort, and are the highest bidders. Beyond this hall was a smaller compartment, in the midst of which was a large, square, shallow lake, cleverly supplied with water from the clouds, there being no roof above it, but a thin network of wire stretched over the open space to allow the rain to fall through, which was also caught by pipes around—a most ingenious contrivance for keeping the house cool, as well as for a bath.

Beyond this marble bath-room was another spacious apartment, where two little smartly-dressed children of the host were regaling themselves with tea and sweetmeats spread on the floor, with their native female attendants also squatting by their sides. A centre table was laden with sweets and fancy dishes for the guests, and at a side-table a nice white china tea-service, with a tea-pot of newly-made hot tea, stood ready for any to help themselves. The hostess, according to etiquette,

remaining behind in a smaller room still farther back, only appeared a short time to show us the back verandah, which opened into a small garden of shrubs. Returning to the front verandah, we saw the guests there partaking of champagne, when presently another Jengeh was brought into the court-yard on bamboo poles, which supported it on the shoulders of the bearers; they then set it down on its four legs most gently and cautiously, one man carrying a kind of long crutch, which he placed under the arm of the standing girl to lessen the shock of her being lowered, and also to support her if fatigued, which only one appeared to be. This poor child evidently found her temporary elevation very painful, for she leaned from side to side in great discomfort, and was unable, either from weariness or being uncomfortably strapped into her seat, to take the cup of tea usually offered. It sadly lessened the pleasure of the scene to see her borne off, perhaps to endure this misery till dawn of day. She was also perched on a bird, but not in a more perilous position than the one just described. I will pass on to another more happy exhibition, of which the accompanying rude sketch will give some idea. In the midst of the platform rose up two small whitish rocks, which we found were intended for breakers, on the top of which was a boat, with a little child sitting in it holding a rose in her hand. A long snake, or small sea-serpent, curling its body over the end of the boat, which it only just touches at one point, thrusts its head out to the flower, and on the tail, extended in the air, stands a tall girl of eight or nine. She was perfectly composed, and gladly took a cup of tea, seeming rather to enjoy the scene, never tiring of waving her plumewand elegantly from side to side.

After resting about ten minutes, this Jengeh was slowly raised and borne off, accompanied by torches before and behind. The intervals were filled up by Malay dancers, some dressed in odds and ends of European apparel, some in snow-white garments and turbans; others in the native costume, brilliant red or amber cotton jackets. One native, shabbily dressed in a drab wide-awake and old brown cloth coat, danced and gesticulated with the others, each fanning himself before and behind in the most ludicrous manner, and making grimaces. This performance took place in a small space of less than eight feet long, for the crowd pressed round them so closely that three or four had only room just to exchange places. Then came a snake dance. A snake about the size of a man's arm, and six or seven feet long, is twined round the body of a man who, holding the neck of it in his hand, fiercely twists himself about, thrusting the head into every one's face who comes near. He then unwinds the snake and passes it on to others. Then came an Arab, with white robe and turban, who snatched up a piece of lighted wood and held it in his mouth till it went out, pretending to swallow it. This he repeated many times. One more Jengeh described will suffice to show the originality of the devices. On the platform stood a Dutch house, red-tiled and green-shuttered, like a doll's house. Behind rose what we supposed to be intended for a bridge, being a semi-arched road rising almost perpendicularly. On this stood a girl, as usual with a somewhat cumbersome and unwieldy head-dress, highly decorated, fanning herself or bowing. A smaller and younger child sits generally on the platform, as being the less dangerous situation.

These singular exhibitions, peculiar to the Chinese, are supposed to have illustrated originally some historical or mythological events, though they now vary every year. There were formerly such frequent accidents, arising from the great height to which the designs

were raised—ladders being placed on the top of a bird, we were told, and a child propped upon them, and similar extravagances—that Government interfered, forbidding erections of such a dangerous height. Parents let out their children by the night at one hundred to two hundred rupees; but, expensive and perilous as these annual spectacles undoubtedly are, they continue to be a never-failing amusement during the celebration of the Chinese New Year.



A CHINESE JENGHE.

THE READING GIRL.

In 1861 an Exhibition of Art and Industry was held at Florence. To foreign visitors this was an interesting opportunity of observing the condition and progress of Italian taste and ingenuity. But the Italians themselves made the occasion an inauguration festival of their newly acquired national independence. There was a spirit of freedom abroad in those days, which stirred to its depths the tide of popular sentiment. On the days of free admission, when the building was thronged with the people, crowds were always gathered round the statue of a young girl, reading from an open book. There was little, at first sight, to attract the gaze of the vulgar. The features of the girl, though intelligent, were plain, and her book was supported on the back of a common rush-bottomed chair. In countries less educated in art the eyes of the crowd would have turned to more showy sculptures. But in Italy the beauty of art, when truest to nature, is more widely appreciated. A stranger seeing the crowds round this statue might

conclude that much of the interest was due to the figure. But on drawing near he would find that a deeper feeling was at work. On the page before her was a passage printed, which had indeed a magic for Italians, and for Florentines most of all. It is an extract from Niccolini's tragedy, "Arnaldo da Brescia," which was not allowed to be printed, much less acted in Tuscany, in the days of the grand dukes. It turns on the reforming efforts and the death of Arnold of Brescia, who, as early as the first half of the twelfth century, aspired to make of a free Rome the centre of a united Italy. The passage is where Arnold, when given up by the Emperor Barbarossa to his cruel enemy Pope Adrian, mounts the pile of martyrdom at the gate of the Castle of St. Angelo.

"God makes a prophet of me; in accord
I see the Lombard people plight their faith,
From twenty cities flung abroad to heaven,
Rises in blood and ashes one sole flag.
The Company of Death* falls to the ground
Beseeching the Eternal: flies to heaven
From those unflinching lips the oath that strikes
The tyrant pale, scatters his hirelings round him,
And plucks his banner down by hands of pith.
That proud one stands aghast; and to the ground,
Once pathway for his triumphs, flings himself,
Borne down by the first onset, till he hide
His shame amid the slaughter of his friends.
I see the Germans flee across the Alps,
Their greedy eagle dragged in the mire,
Their crown made a redeemed people's mock."

The sculptor, Pietro Magni, was one who entered fully into the patriotic as well as artistic sympathies of his nation. Twice he had laid down his mallet for a musket, and had served two campaigns under Garibaldi, as one of the *Cacciatori dei Alpi*. He is now Professor in the Academy of Milan. From the style of San Giorgio, his master, and older classical styles, Magni has widely departed. Professing to follow life actual, not ideal, he is one of the most conspicuous of the school of "naturalists." In the "Reading Girl" he has made allowable use of naturalism, retaining sufficient homeliness to command the sympathy of the multitude, at the same time without any sacrifice of what is due to the highest taste and art.

The statue was exhibited at the International Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1882. It was purchased by the London Stereoscopic Company, whose photographs have made it familiar in many English homes.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN HYDE PARK.

On the abandonment of the intention to raise a vast monolithic obelisk on the site of the Exhibition of 1851, several of the most eminent architects were invited to submit designs for a national monument to the memory of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and that of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., was selected.

Mr. Scott's design, though in some sense a "memorial cross," differs widely in type from the form usually described by that term. It is, in fact, a vast canopy or shrine, overshadowing a colossal statue of the personage to be commemorated, and itself enriched throughout with artistic illustrations of or allusions to the arts and sciences fostered by the Prince, and the virtues which adorned his character.

The canopy or shrine which forms the main feature of the memorial is raised upon a platform, approached on all sides by a vast double flight of steps, and stands upon a basement or podium rising from this elevated platform,

to a level of about twelve feet from the ground. Upon the angles of this podium stand the four great clusters of granite shafts, twenty feet high, that support the canopy, which is itself arched on each side from these massive pillars, each face being terminated by a gable, and each angle by a lofty pinnacle, while over all rises a *flèche* or enriched spire of metal-work, surmounted by a gemmed and floriated cross.

Beneath the canopy, and raised upon a pedestal, will be placed the *quasi*-enthroned statue of the Prince Consort.

The idea of the architect in his design of the canopy, as stated in the printed paper which accompanied his first drawings, was this:—The first conception was a shrine. The exquisite metal and jewelled shrines of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are nearly always ideal models of larger structures, but of structures of which the original type never existed. Their pillars were of gold or silver gilt, enriched with wreaths of exquisite pattern-work in many-coloured enamel. Their arches, gables, and other architectural features were either chased in beautiful foliage cut in gold or silver, or enriched with alternate *plaques* of enamel pattern work, and of filigree studded with gems. Their roofs were covered with patterns of *repoussé* work or enamel, and enriched with sculptured medallions; the crestings of roofs and gables were griled with exquisite open foliage in gold or silver, while every part was replete with sculpture, enamel paintings, and jewellery."

The architect's aim was to reproduce in some degree at full size the ideal structure which these wonderful old jewellers represented in model. This idea could not, of course, be literally carried out, but it has determined the leading characteristics of the monument, and, at least so far as the metal-work is concerned, is being faithfully acted on, while in the more massive parts of the structure it cannot be carried further than to give its tone to the decorations.

The four pillars which support the canopy consist each of eight shafts of polished granite, grouping round a central "core." Four of these are of the beautiful red granite from the Ross of Mull, and are each two feet in diameter at the foot, but slightly tapering upwards. The other four are of a fine, dark gray granite from the Castle Wellan quarries, in the north of Ireland. These are somewhat less than a foot in diameter. The bases are in two heights, the lower one being of the Ross of Mull granite, and the upper being another variety from Castle Wellan, of a colour almost approaching to black marble. The latter are in single stones, each of which, when unwrought, weighed about seventeen tons. The working of each employed eight men for about twenty weeks, and is probably one of the most highly-finished and costly pieces of work executed in granite in modern times, every moulding being wrought with the utmost precision, and brought to the finest polish. The base and capping mouldings of the podium are of two varieties of the Ross of Mull granite, also highly polished.

The structural parts of the canopy, such as its arches, etc., are of Portland stone; and the capitals, thirteen tons weight, of the great pillars are carved out of vast blocks from the quarries of Mr. Whitworth, at Darley Dale, in Derbyshire.

The stonework will be richly carved, and the carved surfaces gilt and enriched by studs of coloured enamel and polished stones, as will the surfaces of the pinnacles, the cornices, etc., polished granite again from time to time appearing in conjunction with the stonework.

The pedestal which will support the statue of the

* A body of warriors who had bound themselves under this name to gain freedom for their country or die.

Prince is polished granite and marble. In this part alone appears the exquisite pink granite from Correnac, a mountain some thirty miles from Aberdeen, where, in the absence of any quarry, the most beautiful of all British granites is found in the boulders which are strewn upon the mountain side. The dado of the pedestal, which is of marble, will be richly carved, gilt, and gemmed, and will in front display the armorial bearings of the Prince.

The surrounding flights of steps, with the large pedestals which will support the groups of sculpture at the outer angles, are of finely wrought but unpolished granite.

The central statue is being executed by the Baron Marochetti, R.A.—a sitting figure, about 13ft. 6in. high, in bronze, gilt, and in parts enamelled.

The groups of sculpture at the outer angles of the steps are intended to have reference to the International Exhibitions and their contributors from all parts of the world, symbolical figures of the four quarters of the globe being introduced, seated on characteristic animals—as the bull, the elephant, the camel, and the bison—and surrounded by representative figures of different countries. These are being executed by Mr. McDowell, R.A., Mr. Foley, R.A., Mr. Theed, and Mr. Bell. Each group will be about 11ft. high and 13ft. 4in. square at its base.

On projecting counterforts at the angles of the podium will be found other groups, representing allegorically Agriculture, Engineering, Commerce, and Manufacture. These will be by Mr. Weekes, R.A., Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., Mr. Thorneycroft, and Mr. Lawlor. The dado of the podium itself will present a continuous range of sculpture in alto-relievo, containing, in the manner of the *Hémicycle des Beaux Arts*, by Delaroche, grouped statues, life-size, of the principal professors of Poetry (with Music), Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, the two former by Mr. H. H. Armstead, the two latter by Mr. J. B. Philip. The models of all these figures are far advanced. The actual sculpture is in hand, and (as is the case with all which has yet been mentioned) is executed in what is known as the Carrara quarries, where it is procured, as “Campanella,” from its ringing like a bell. This marble, though harder than any usually imported into this country, has been selected to insure durability.

On the angles of the monument will be eight statues in bronze, parcel gilt, representing the sciences of Astronomy, Geometry, Geology, Chemistry, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Physiology, and Medicine, by Mr. H. H. Armstead and Mr. J. B. Philip.

In the tympana of the gables and in the spandrels of the arches will be mosaic pictures relating to the arts whose professors are represented below, those in the gables being allegorical figures representing the Arts, and the spandrels illustrating their practical operations. These will be executed in mosaic by Signor Salviati from cartoons by Mr. J. R. Clayton. The vaulting of the canopy will also be enriched with mosaic. The architectural carving is by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley.

The ornamental metal-work, comprising the flèche (rising to 175 feet from the ground), the roofs and gables, and the bands round the great pillars, are executed by Mr. Skedmore, of Coventry. The flèche consists of an internal framework of iron clothed with a highly-enriched exterior of lead and copper, and adorned with gold enamel, inlayings, and polished stones.

In the ornamentation of the metal-work will appear the armorial badges, mottoes, etc., of the Prince, and in niches in the flèche will be figures representing the

moral and Christian virtues, the whole surmounted by a large and highly-enriched cross.

The dedicatory inscription will surround the structure immediately below the main cornice.

Much praise is due to Mr. Kelk, M.P., who undertook the contract for the erection of so noble a piece of work as this Memorial, and executed it for the committee without any remuneration to himself. It is a great pleasure to find that the work gives general satisfaction, the whole being executed with much care and judgment. All the materials are of the best quality, and the mechanics employed are first-class men, under the watchful superintendence of Mr. W. Cross, director of the works.

It may be mentioned that the site on which the Memorial is being erected is, as nearly as may be, at the intersecting point of the central lines of the two great International Exhibitions originated by the Prince Consort.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NAY, no dreaming to-night. You and I will wake and watch:
With the shutters opened wide and the door upon the latch,
Patiently sit by the fire with open eye and ear,
Waking and watching to-night of all nights in the changing year.

The marshes stiffened in ice, long ere the sun went down;
And the ragged bulrush and reed wore a glorified golden crown,
As the crimson rays shot forth from the far-off western glow,
Tinting the dreary pools and the patches of frozen snow.

Slowly the great sun sank, and the heavens grew black with cold;
From the snowy hill leapt down, like a famine-pinched wolf on the fold,
The hungry howling blast, and its teeth were sharp for blood,
As it scoured the open plain and ravened along the wood.

Then rings the curfew bell from the church tower far away,
And the sailor counts the strokes from his vessel moored out in the bay;
Pausing upon the deck in his slippery walk up and down,
With a wistful glance at the lights of the quiet slumbering town.

Oh, long is the winter night! But before to-morrow's dawn
We shall see the Old Year die—we shall see the New Year born:
So goes this wondrous world, with its moments, and months, and years,
So goes this life of ours, with its manifold hopes and fears!

Alas, for the idle hand and the idle blood in the vein!
Is there nothing to shock the heart—is there nothing to strike the brain,
And stir them to action and life, ere the sum of the years be past,
And the total of all be dreams and folly from first to last?

* * * * *

Was that a sigh in the room? Did you hear a long-drawn sigh?
See, it is midnight now, and the year is about to die.
Let us stand with awe in our hearts. Lo, the New Year fronts the Old,
And the young lips gently kiss the lips that are fixed and cold.

* * * * *

The heavens are rich with light. Where, where is the bright New Star?
Oh for the dominant faith that the soul might look out afar,
And hear as the shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem;
And see as the Magi saw!—it will lead us as it led them.

Now for the New Year's work. Thank God for his loving care.
Merciful Master of Life, to Thee do we make our prayer:
Help us to labour in hope till the corn and the grapes appear,
And we enter to rest with Thee in the joy of the Endless Year.

ALFRED NORRIS.

Varieties.

VICTORIAN EMIGRATION.—Persons anxious to reconcile contradictory statements about the condition of our colonial possessions, and especially Australia, will do well to remember that that continent is made up of what, in our northern hemisphere, we should call many nations; and that, as we never speak generally of the condition of the labour market of Europe, but particularly of the depression or healthiness in each country, never confounding the boors of Russia with the artisans of England, so it is wise to particularise with regard to Australia, and to know that simultaneously there may be paralysis and stagnation in Queensland, floods and depression in New South Wales, competency and quiet comfort in South Australia, with abundance and a high state of prosperity in Victoria. If we will remember this fact, and not forget that mercantile failures, misfortunes, and misdoings here are reflected there as faithfully as a face in a glass, we shall not be very surprised that just now Australian shadows are not so pleasing or so pretty as they have been, and as I venture to predict they will be again before long.—*Maria S. Rye.*

THE DIVORCE COURT.—In 1866, 215 petitions were filed in the Divorce Court for a dissolution of marriage, 8 for a declaration of nullity of marriage, 64 for a judicial separation, and 17 for restitution to conjugal rights. 183 judgments were given. Since the Court was established, nine years ago, 2,751 petitions have been filed and 1,650 judgments given upon those applications. The public would like to learn the nature of the judgments, so that it might be known how many marriages are dissolved in a year; but this is what the registrar who makes this annual return always omits to state.

THE AMENITIES OF AUTHORSHIP.—M. Alexandre Dumas, desiring to give to one of his novels—"Les Blancs et les Bleus,"—a tone of historical accuracy in the details, applied to one of the public libraries of Paris to have communicated to him all the documents connected with the 13th *Vendémiaire*. His application was refused, on which he addressed the subjoined letter to the Emperor Napoleon III.:—"Illustrious *Confrère*,—When you undertook to write the life of the Conqueror of the Gauls, all the libraries were eager to place at your disposal the documents which they contain. The result is a work superior to others, in the circumstance that it brings together the greatest number of historical documents. Engaged at the present moment in writing the life of another Cæsar, named 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' I require documents relating to his appearance on the scene of this world. In brief, I should like to have all the pamphlets which the 13th *Vendémiaire* brought forth. I have asked for them at the library; they have been refused. There remains to me no other means than to apply to you, my illustrious *confrère*, to whom nothing is refused, to beg you to ask for these works in your own name, at the library, and to be good enough, when you shall have received them, to place them at my disposal. If you will be so kind as to grant this request you will have rendered me a service which, in a literary sense, I shall never forget. I have the honour to be, with respect, illustrious author of the 'Life of Cæsar,' your very humble and most grateful *confrère*, Alexandre Dumas." The next day the writer received through M. Duruy the pamphlets asked for.

DR. VALPY'S VERSE.—The late Dr. Marsh, when on a visit at Tollymore Park, in the summer of 1837, told Lord Roden that a remarkable change took place in the views of his old schoolmaster, the well-known Dr. Valpy, of Reading, in his latter days, repeating a verse he had written as his confession of faith, not long before his death. Lord Roden requested Dr. Marsh to write out the lines for him, and then fastened the paper over the mantel-piece in his study, where it hangs still, now yellow with age. Some time after Lord Roden had adopted this verse for the motto of his study, one of the old heroes of Waterloo, General Taylor, came to visit him at Tollymore. He had not at that time thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion on it. But whenever he came into the study to talk with his friend alone, Lord Roden remarked that the eyes of the old soldier invariably rested for a few moments upon the motto over the mantel-piece. At length he broke the ice by saying, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart." "I know it now by heart," replied the General, with emphasis and feeling. From the time of that visit a change came over his spirit and life.

No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting the favourite motto. At the end of that time, the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learnt to love in his lifetime:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

It happened in after years that Lord Roden told this story at the house of a near neighbour. A young relative of the family, an officer of the army, who had recently returned from the Crimea, heard it, but turned carelessly away. Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was in a rapid decline, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick-room, the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him, at the same time repeating those simple lines. "They have been God's message," he said, "of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."—*Life of Dr. Marsh.*

CANADIAN SEASONS.—The winter in Canada, though severe, is enjoyable and healthful. Instead of that miserable alternation of rain and fog, snow and sleet, that converts our metropolitan streets into rivers of mud, and our country roads into impassable quagmires, Canada can boast of clear skies, a beautifully clear dry atmosphere, and the entire country "macadamized with crystal." A Canadian winter is precisely like a winter at St. Petersburg, while the summer approximates to that of Paris. The approach of summer is announced by the movements of the animal world. The song-sparrow commences his plaintive ditties in March, and the Canadian robin sings cheerily whilst the snow lies thickly upon the ground. Wild fowl begin to wing their way northward about the middle of April, and the bull-frog is first heard grunting out his importance on St. George's day. The transition from winter to summer in the far west is so sudden that one hardly believes that half a year of icy cold has held everything in bondage. The thick mantle of snow so shields and protects the vegetation, that beneath it the early flowers open their blossoms, the grass springs up fresh and green, and the buds burst into leafage. Then birds and insects make their appearance so mysteriously that when the sun melts the ice and thaws the snow from off the land, everything changes into refulgent summer, as if touched by the wand of an enchanter. To compensate for the want of spring the autumn is prolonged and beautifully mild, and lingers on with its Indian summer, and the golden glory of its sunsets, as late as December. This extraordinary interregnum of delightful weather, styled the Indian summer, is variable in duration and of somewhat uncertain recurrence. The French habitants call it "L'été St. Martin."—J. K. LORD, R.Z.S.

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE AND ART.—The rage for the sensational now thoroughly taints both literature and art, and, strange to say, it is always a fact that when a nation imbibes this love for the fantastic and sensational, it always also imbibes wild wolfish ideas of death. At one of the operas in London lately he had seen a scene with ballet dancers capering in the foreground, and a row of corpses holding the candles behind them. A noble nation is not one which would be pleased by any but beautiful and holy representations of death, yet an English high-caste audience could sit and view a scene like that. The taste penetrates to the very roots of society. During a recent visit of charity children to Hampstead Heath, with its grand old trees, its wide stretch of scenery, its clouds and blue sky above, and its humble wild flowers below, what were these children found talking about? About some dead bodies recently dragged out of the Paddington Canal, coupled with impure speculations as to what had been the previous lives of the victims. The compassionate phase of modern art implies sorrow for the squalor and misery of the poor on every side, which the rich have the power to remove if they like; but whilst such scenes exist there must be something radically wrong in the nation itself.—*Mr. Ruskin's Lecture at the Royal Institution.*

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER II.—MARY AND HENRY TALBOT LEAVE ROSE COTTAGE FOR LONDON.

ABOUT a fortnight after the funeral of Mrs. Talbot, the orphan brother and sister were seated alone in the little parlour at Rose Cottage. It was the last day they were to spend together in the home of their childhood.

The cottage had been relet by the landlord, and the furniture—with the exception of a few articles retained as tokens of remembrance—had been sold at a valuation, for the benefit of the orphans, to the new tenants, who were to take possession on the following day.

When it was stated in the preceding chapter that Mary and Henry Talbot were left, apparently, without a friend in the world able and willing to serve them, reference was made to friends upon whom they had a claim, and whose duty it was to render them assistance in their hour of trial. These friends failed them in their need; but it is rarely the case that young people in their position find themselves utterly friendless, unless they have forfeited, by their own misconduct, all claim to the friendship of others. Henry Talbot had been already offered, and had temporarily accepted, a situation in the office of a lawyer with whom his father had had

business dealings; and Mary had been offered, and had also temporarily accepted, the shelter of a home at the residence of an old lady who had once occupied the position of housekeeper to the parents of Mrs. Talbot, and who now lived in the outskirts of London.

The sale of the furniture of Rose Cottage had, after the servants' wages, and a few trifling outstanding debts due to the village shopkeepers, had been paid, left the young people in possession of a hundred and fifty pounds with which to begin the world on their own account; and they were now quietly talking about their future prospects, prior to their separation and departure to their new homes.

"It was very kind in Mr. Dawson to offer me employment," said Henry, after a brief pause in the conversation. "But I shan't stay long with him. As soon as *you* are comfortably settled I shall go to India, or America, or somewhere. I shan't remain a poor beggar in England."

"To India or America, Henry dear?" exclaimed Mary. "You would leave me alone in England?" she added, sorrowfully.

"Only for a short time, Mary," replied the boy, confidently. "That is, if you like to rejoin me in India or America, or wherever I may go. Otherwise, you know, I shall send you money to England. You see, you'll have only me to look to now, and I'm sure I shall do better abroad than here, without friends to help me, or money to help myself."

"Henry dear, you are not speaking seriously?"

"Ain't I, though? Indeed, Mary, I am."

"Why not remain with Mr. Dawson?"

"To starve through life—a mere lawyer's clerk!"

"Only till you were a lawyer yourself."

"That shows how much women know about such things," said Henry, rudely interrupting his sister. "To become a lawyer, I must be an articled clerk in the first place; I know enough to know that; and that would cost I don't know how much money. Then, if I had the means to become an articled clerk, I wouldn't become one. I hate the law; I should never stick to it, I know. I wish papa had let me enter the navy."

"You know how long poor papa served in the navy without promotion, Henry?" said Mary.

"He was a lieutenant. He might have been a captain, perhaps, if he had continued in the service. At all events, I could do as he did: I could enter the merchant service—"

"And perhaps be lost at sea, like poor dear papa," interrupted Mary, her voice trembling as she spoke. "I should then be left alone in the world. You know, dear Henry, how anxious poor mamma always was when papa was away, and how she objected to *your* going to sea when you first expressed a wish to enter the navy. Henry, I should be so unhappy if you were to go to sea now!"

"Well, Mary," answered the boy, "I wouldn't go to sea as a sailor if I thought it would vex you; but you may make yourself easy, I am too old now. I was in hope that papa would have bought me a commission in the army. He would if he had lived. He almost promised last time he was at home. But I have made up my mind to go abroad to one of the colonies. There, at least, I shall have a fairer field open to me, and I feel confident of success; but I shall not go just yet. I shall see you comfortably settled first. You say nothing about yourself? It's very good of old Margaret to offer you a home, and I dare say the old lady is pretty well off now; but you won't think of remaining with her?"

"No, dear, certainly not; I wouldn't remain to be a

burden upon poor good old Margaret on any consideration. But have no fears for me, Henry: I can teach music and drawing; you know how my drawings have been praised. I may be able to work for the picture-dealers; and, at all events, if I fail to obtain such employment as I fancy will best suit me, I can at least get a situation as a nursery governess."

"A precious situation for a young lady like you! However," he continued, with a boyish assumption of masculine superiority, "I suppose a woman can't do anything better. That's why I mean to go abroad, Mary. In a year or two I shall be a man, and then you must come and live with me, and take care of my house till I am married; and then you needn't go away unless you get married yourself, which won't be likely, because, of course, you'll marry no one but a gentleman, and a gentleman isn't likely to marry you without some fortune, which I may be able to give you perhaps in course of time. But we won't look forward to that just now."

Mary Talbot could not help smiling to herself, though sadly, at her young brother's sanguine anticipations and promises of patronage. She had much less faith than he in the certainty of his meeting with success in whatever occupation he might choose to engage; but she said nothing to discourage him, and she hoped his idea of going abroad was merely a boyish fancy which he would not long retain.

They walked abroad and visited together, probably for the last time, all the favourite haunts of their happy childhood; and together visited and wept over the newly-made grave of their mother, and thought sadly, as young hearts *do* sometimes think, of the fond and dearly-loved father whose unknown grave in the ocean depths they could never visit. Then they bade a kind farewell to several poor and aged cottagers who had long been pensioners of their deceased mother, and who would suffer sadly through the loss of their kind benefactress; and then they returned to the cottage, and sat up late into the night talking over the past and building bright hopes for the future, until at length they retired to rest for the last time in the only home they had ever known—the home soon no longer to be theirs, but which, so long as they lived, would be fondly enshrined in their memory.

Early the next morning they set out for London, and were met on their arrival in the evening, at the coach-office in Oxford-street, by the *ci-devant* housekeeper, who received them kindly, and took them to her pretty cottage in Hammersmith, which she begged them to look upon as their home so long as they chose to make her happy by remaining with her.

Henry, however, went in a few days to the lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and Mary, though she gratefully accepted the kind old lady's offer of a home, determined immediately to seek for some employment, by means of which she would render herself independent of what she felt was, after all, but the charity of one upon whose generosity she had no actual claim.

Through the recommendation of the old housekeeper, she was soon engaged to give lessons in music and drawing to the daughters of three or four of the better class of shopkeepers; and, though her earnings were but small, they were at least sufficient to enable her to support herself, with economy, without entrenching upon the little capital which she and her brother had equally shared between them.

Distasteful as was Henry's employment in the lawyer's office, he laboured at it assiduously, as he had promised his sister, and gave satisfaction to his employer; but, in spite of Mary's endeavours to persuade him to remain

with the kind-hearted lawyer, he firmly adhered to his original resolution to seek his fortune abroad as soon as he saw his sister comfortably settled. He had at length determined to choose America, because it was nearer England, and he and his sister could thus correspond with each other more readily.

Mary, perceiving that no arguments that she could use could alter her brother's resolve, strove to reconcile herself, as best she could, to the idea of their separation.

CHAPTER III.—ANOTHER SHIPWRECK.

On the afternoon of the same day on which the Andromache East Indianan drove on shore near the Lizard light-house, a party of sailors and fishermen were standing on the summit of the cliffs, between St. Mawes and Deadman's Point, on the south coast of Cornwall, watching with intense interest the effects of the storm upon the waters of the Channel, far beneath their feet. The gale was beginning to subside, although the wind still blew with great violence; and, though the rain had ceased, the sky still wore a dull, leaden hue, and the atmosphere was "dank" and misty with the spray blown up from the angry waters.

"Aw think, Bill, 't ha' well-nigh blown itsen out," observed one of the group to his next neighbour. "What says thou, määte?"

"Aw think zo, mysen, Jemmy," was the reply; "but theer'll be wracks enough 'long t' coast. Aw ne'er see a harder gale, sin' aw weer a lad, as aw can mind."

"'Tweer a marcy, Bill," replied the first speaker, who wore a wooden leg, and was several years older than his companions, who appeared to look up to him with a sort of rude reverence—" 'twear a marcy as a' th' boats weer in, when t' gale coom on. Theer'd ha' been sad wark i' th' village if a' th' fisher-lads had been out to sea i' sich a storm as thisn. Aw mind oncest, when aw weer a lad, avore aw went to sea, mysen, when more'n a hunder men an' lads, as weer out i' th' herrin'-season, weer lost i' one night. Ah, määtes, aw shall ne'er forget yon time if aw weer to live to be a hunder—. Do 'ee see nought yonder away under t' headland, shipmates?" cried the speaker, suddenly breaking off from his remarks.

At this question the eyes of the whole party were directed towards the headland, at which the ancient wooden-legged mariner pointed his finger; and, dimly perceptible through the mist, and the gathering shades of evening—like the shadow of a rising object in a dissolving view—appeared the faint outlines of a vessel's hull and sails, so close under the land that the shadows of ship and land appeared to mingle.

There was a few moments' silence, only broken by the howling of the wind, and the angry roar of the waters beneath the cliff, and then, as the outlines grew more and more distinct, came a simultaneous cry from the assembled seamen—

"'Tis a vessel bearin' down right into the bay! Heaven help 'em, they ha'n't seen the land. Nought can save 'em now. They'll be on t' reef in less'n five minits!"

Evidently those on board had not seen the land, nor had any idea they were so near it, until the mist lifted, and they found themselves close under it. Nothing now could be done by themselves or by others to save the ship. They had rushed blindly to their doom, and they knew that in a few minutes they must meet it. They could see the reef almost within hail of the vessel's prow; the sea boiling and seething in white hissing foam around the black pointed rocks. On either side, the rugged cliffs rose high above the mastheads; and

astern, the sea, whirling furiously round the headlands, opposed, as it were, a wall of stormy water to bar them in and prevent their egress.

If now they could save their lives, they could do no more. This the seamen on the cliff saw at a glance, and waiting for nothing more they hastened back to the village to give the alarm.

By the time they reached the base of the cliff, however, they found that the people of the village were already on the alert. The ship, as they had anticipated, had struck bodily upon the reef, and almost immediately gone to pieces. Nay, they fancied they had heard the crash, and the wild shriek for help that accompanied it, amid the howling of the tempest. Already the waters of the bay were strewn with broken spars and timbers, to which the forms of the helpless crew were seen clinging, and already the beach was thronged with men, women, and even children of both sexes, all willing with all their strength to drag the boats down to the water's edge, and launch them on their life-saving errand. There was no lack of volunteers to man the boats; the chief evil was that too many pushed themselves forward, eager to take part in the perilous duty, and there was some fear that the boats might be swamped. Even the women encouraged their husbands, sons, and brothers to go forth to the rescue; for the sight before them was one to call forth all the keenest sympathies of a maritime population, and he who hung back on such an occasion would thenceforward have been pointed at as a coward, and regarded with general scorn and contempt by his neighbours.

It was essential, however, that order should be maintained, and that only a certain number should man each boat; and quarrels might have arisen that might have rendered all this generous ardour on the part of the fishermen of no avail, but for the timely arrival of the ancient wooden-legged mariner. As soon, however, as he was seen approaching, the direction was given to him, with one accord.

"Here cooms Jemmy Tapley," was the cry. "Leave a' to him, lads. He'll say who's to go and who's to stay," and, without a word, as if it were a matter of course, the old seaman took the direction in his own hands, and all submitted to his decrees without a murmur. Some were ordered into the boats; others were appointed to launch the laden boats into the water, and to stand by to drag them to the beach on their return. Others, again, were directed to be in readiness to bear the rescued, half-drowned crew to the village, near by, and the women were sent home to prepare the cottages to receive the shipwrecked men.

Fortunately the water within the reef upon which the wreck lay, distant about half a mile from the shore, was comparatively smooth; and so well was everything arranged, and so promptly were the old sailor's orders obeyed, that—although one or two boats were swamped in the surf, while their crews narrowly escaped from drowning, or being crushed among the rocks—the whole of the crew, together with the one solitary passenger on board the wrecked vessel, were saved through the gallant exertions of the fishermen, and temporarily sheltered in the cottages of the adjacent village of St. Davids—and this without the occurrence of any serious accident. It was found that not one of the shipwrecked crew had suffered any serious bodily injury, though several suffered from bruises received by being dashed against the rocks.

The passenger, however, was more seriously injured. He had been struck by some of the falling spars, or broken timbers, and was brought on shore in a state of

insensibility. He was carried to the "Fisherman's Arms," the only public-house in the village, where he was stripped of his wet clothing and put to bed, and left to the care of the landlady.

So furiously still raged the storm that it was impossible that night to obtain the services of Doctor Pendriggen, who resided only a mile or two from St. Davids, and who was the only medical man within a circuit of fifteen miles around the village. Darkness had set in long before the whole of the crew were rescued from the wreck, and the prolonged storm had caused the road between the village and the doctor's house to be so deeply flooded, that it was dangerous to attempt to pass over it after nightfall.

During the night, however, the gale greatly subsided, and, though the wind was still high, the doctor made his appearance early the next morning, accompanied on his errand of mercy by the rector and the curate of the parish, the three gentlemen having set out to visit the village the moment they heard that a vessel had been wrecked in the bay on the previous night.

When these three gentlemen reached the beach, they saw that the shore was lined by a crowd of fishermen, women, and children, who, heedless of the fierce, cold wind, were watching for such portions of the wrecked ship's cargo as were drifted within their reach. They stood in groups along the shore, and, when anything valuable drifted near them, they joined hand in hand, and, rushing into the sea breast high, seized upon the spoil, and hauled it to the beach, where it was handed over to the women and children, who dragged or bore it away to some secret hiding-place, or to their own cottages.

Directly beneath the overhanging cliffs, a considerable distance from the shore, the aged, wooden-legged mariner, who had done such good service on the previous night, stood aloof from the busy, eager crowd, watching their proceedings; but whether in dissatisfaction at the work in which they were engaged, or in regret that his own physical disability prevented him from appropriating to himself a due share of the spoil, it was impossible to tell.

"So, Tapley," said the rector, as the three gentlemen drew near the old man, who was so much occupied with the scene before him that he had not perceived their approach, "I see the people are at their old work again. I thought better of some whom I see among them."

The wooden-legged mariner touched his hat respectfully. "Ay, your reverence," he replied; "what's bred i' th' boane arn't easy rooted out o' the flesh. They'll hearken to 'ee, and make vine promises; but, as soon as a wrack cooms ashore—they'll try to save the crew, aw'll say that vor 'em—but they'll claim salvage o' t' cāargo, spite o' all the teachin' an' preachin' i' the world. But then, your reverence, 'em bean't ersac'ly sailors—only fishermen, like."

"And if Jemmy Tapley had the use of both his lower limbs," whispered the doctor in the rector's ear, "he'd be foremost among them."

"Nay, nay, doctor," replied the rector; "there does not breathe a more honest, trustworthy fellow than Jemmy Tapley."

"Ay, there I agree with you; I'd trust him with untold gold: but if a punt, with only a few barrels of herrings on board, were to be cast ashore, I'd venture any odds that, if Tapley had the chance, he'd risk life and limb to secure his share of the spoil."

"I wish my niece heard you, doctor," said the rector, with a smile.

"Nay, I dare not enter the lists against Miss War-dour, in disfavour of her champion knight. I'm aware that she regards Jemmy Tapley as the pride and mirror of ocean chivalry!"

The doctor now turned to Tapley, and said, "I only heard of the wreck this morning; but I understand that the crew were all saved?"

"Ay, sir; but 'tweer a narrow chance. The wrack went to pieces in less'n five minits arter her struck. 'Tweer an awful night, and t' sea made a clean breach over her. Aw thowt, for sure, soom on 'em 'ad ha' lost t' noomber o' their mess; but they reckoned oop a' right."

"The vessel was from America, I hear?"

"Ay, sir; one o' th' New York liners. 'Pears as how 'em lost their reck'nin' i' th' murky weather, and weer runnin' oop Channel 'ithout a pilot on board. So I heern 'em say."

"It was heaven's mercy that no lives were lost," interposed the rector. "Were there any passengers on board?"

"On'y won, your reverence. He weer a bit bruised, an' we tuk un oop to Widdy Bolitho's 'public,' seein' as her could make un more coomfor'ble nor the volk i' th' village. Aw heerd un weer a' right this mornin'."

"Is he a young man?"

"No, sir; an elder sort o' gemman. He weer 'most gone when he weer brought ashore; but 'a soon coom round."

"We'll look in at Dame Bolitho's as we enter the village," said the rector to his companions; and, leaving Jemmy Tapley to his own reflections, the three gentlemen pursued their way towards the village.

The Widow Bolitho's "public," which stood near the entrance of the one long village street, was only distinguishable from the other cottages in being somewhat larger, and by having red curtains to the windows, while a rudely-painted sign, representing a party of fishermen just returned from a successful cruise, and in a condition of glorious conviviality, was suspended by a crane over the doorway.

The widow was a neat, plump little woman of some fifty years, whose husband had been master of a fishing-smack, and had perished at sea during a heavy gale of wind, about six years previous to the date of this history.

She had set up in business with her husband's savings, and prided herself upon the orderly and cleanly condition of her house; and as, in addition to the "public," she kept a small general shop—the only one in the village—she did a tolerably thriving trade.

Doctor Pendriggen raised the latch of the door, and entered the "public," followed by his companions. They somewhat surprised and, to use her own expression, "flustered" the good dame, who was profuse in her compliments when she perceived who her visitors really were.

"We have called, dame," said the doctor, "to inquire after the gentleman who was brought from the wreck to your house, last night."

"Well, doctor, he be coom round vinely," replied the widow, "though un be sore bruised, poor genelman. But un thowt more o' savin' a pocket-book he had wi' un, nor o' savin' his life, aw think. He took on terr'ble when he thowt it weer lost, and aw do think he'd ha' gone crazed if aw hadn't vound it vor un. 'Tweer in his inside coat pocket, an' 'tweer a mercy 'twern't lost when th' lads tuk off his wet clothes. But aw vound it for un, aw did. He do say as he be an Englishman, your reverence. He ha' coom back to vind his owd friends."

as he left years ago, an' 'tis a poor welcome he ha' had to the shore o' England, vor sure."

"Let us go up and see him," said the doctor; and they followed Dame Bolitho upstairs. As they ascended, they could hear the voice of the rescued passenger raised in bitter complaint to Maggie, the serving maid. He, however, heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and called out—"Is that you, dame? So you've found your way up at last? Come in, and look at the stuff you've sent me up for coffee."

Hoping to prevent any further deprecatory remarks, the widow quickly threw open the bedroom door and ushered in the three gentlemen, saying, "Here be t' reverend, sir, and t' doctor, and Mr. Sharpe is come to see 'ee——"

She stopped, terrified at the scowl of her guest, who was indignant at being thus suddenly intruded upon by strangers.

Perched up in bed, in a sitting posture, his back supported by pillows and his body and limbs enfolded in blankets, his head surmounted by a red woollen nightcap lent him by one of the fishermen, appeared the rescued passenger of the Powhattan, for that was the name of the wrecked American packet-ship.

His gray hair, matted with salt water and sand, straggled in elf-like locks from beneath the nightcap, and his cheeks and upper lip and chin were covered with gray stubble of a week's growth, while his face and forehead were plentifully bedecked with black strips of plaster, hastily put on the night before by the widow and her friends, from which smears of blood had escaped and clotted around them.

The floor and the furniture of the room, and the bedding and curtains, were all as clean as possible; nevertheless, the place wore the generally untidy appearance of a bedroom in the morning.

"Begone, woman! What do you mean by this?" shouted the stranger, as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak; and the dame bolted like a shot from the room, followed by her terrified handmaid, leaving the three gentlemen to explain the cause of their rude intrusion as best they could.

"And now, gentlemen, may I ask what brought you here?" inquired the stranger, with grim politeness—for he had the look and manner of a gentleman, spite of his present rueful guise—drawing himself up, and dragging the blankets closer round him as he spoke.

The rector instantly stepped forward and explained the object of the visit, and the manner in which he and his friends had involuntarily been, as it were, forced into the room; and the stranger, when he understood the actual circumstances, not only recovered his temper, but thanked his visitors for their kindly interest in his welfare. On examination, the doctor found that the bruises he had received were comparatively trifling, but he had so severely sprained his right ankle that he was likely to be detained a prisoner to his room for several weeks.

The stranger groaned, and cast a woful glance around the small confined apartment, and the rector, who understood the look, immediately invited him to the parsonage.

"My house is near," he said, "and there are abundance of spare rooms. You will be nearer the doctor, and will have every attention paid to you. There is no public accommodation in the village for an invalid."

The stranger protested that he could not think of intruding himself upon the rector's hospitality, but the latter insisted that, under the circumstances, he was but doing his duty in rendering a shipwrecked man all the assistance that lay in his power; and at length it was

arranged that the rector, on his return home, should acquaint his niece that she was to prepare to receive an invalid guest, and that a carriage should be sent to convey the stranger to the rectory, as soon as the latter was in a condition to be removed.

The doctor and his friends then visited the other cottages in which the shipwrecked crew had taken refuge, and saw that all were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The captain of the wrecked ship had, with true Yankee promptitude, set out at daylight that morning to Falmouth to report the loss of his vessel, and confer with his consignees. None of the sailors had received any serious injury, and in a few days they were provided by the American consul at Falmouth with such absolute necessities as they required, and dispatched to London, to enter on board other ships belonging to the company.

The next day, the wrecked passenger, who stated that his name was Aston, was supplied, also from Falmouth, with such necessities, in the shape of clothing, etc., as he stood in need of, and in the evening was removed in the rector's carriage, under the doctor's charge, to the parsonage-house.

In a few days all that remained to show the disaster that had befallen the ill-fated ship Powhattan was a small portion of the vessel's keel still visible on the reef.

THINGS GONE OUT OF USE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

TIME, "the greatest innovator," in his progress works so many social changes that it becomes us every now and then to take stock of our comforts, in order to estimate how great have been our gains. All human improvement is the result of accumulations of time; and each successive age incorporates into itself the substance of the preceding. The late Prince Consort observed, in one of his manly addresses, that "whilst formerly discovery was wrapped in secrecy, the publicity of the present day causes that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts. To the human mind nothing is so fascinating as progress."

To begin at the beginning, we will glance at the early tool of education, the Horn-book, by which old persons now alive may have "learned their letters." We remember John Britton, born in the year 1771, used to tell of his learning from a schoolmistress in Wiltshire "the Christ-cross-row" from a hornbook, on which were the alphabet in large and small letters, and the nine figures in Roman and Arabic numerals. Hornbooks are now of great rarity; and an advertisement in a newspaper, many times repeated, offering a considerable sum for a specimen, has failed in producing an answer. One, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, has the leaf mounted on wood, and protected with transparent horn. Shensstone the poet, born in 1714, was taught to read at a dame-school, at which

"Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair."

Cowper describes the Horn-book of his time as

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn,
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book to please us at a tender age;
'Tis called a book, though but a single page."

We have seen a Horn-book that was met with in Lincolnshire in 1850. It measures 9 by 5 inches; the alphabet, etc., are printed upon white paper, which is laid

upon a thin piece of oak, and is covered with a sheet of horn, secured in its place by eight tacks driven through a border or mounting of brass. Generally there was a handle to the Horn-book, and this had usually a hole for a string, whereby it was strung to the girdle of the little scholar. How tedious must have been the teaching of children by such rude and clumsy means as this! Nor was the Horn-book always mounted on a board; many were printed on the horn only, or pasted to its back, like one used about sixty years since by a friend, when a boy at Bristol. The Horn-book was superseded by the Battledore and Reading Made Easy, with which came the alphabet illustrations, though the spelling-book is considerably older than either. We remember the gingerbread alphabet, which was common a century and a half ago:

"To Master John the English maid
A hornbook gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter."—*Prior*.

What are these humble aids to learning in comparison with the picture alphabets and well-printed first-books of the present day! not forgetting the frontispiece of a clock-face, with moveable hands, to enable a child to tell what o'clock it is—which, by the way, some young folks are very slow in learning.

The rude and primitive records by the use of notched sticks, or *tallies*, lasted from a very remote period to our time, and there is reason to believe that they were among the earliest means devised for keeping accounts. The tallies used in our Exchequer answered the purpose of receipts as well as implements of matters of account. They consisted of squared rods of hazel or other wood, upon one side of which was marked by notches the sum for which the tally was an acknowledgment; one kind of notch standing for £1,000, another for £100, another for £20, and others for 20s., 1s., etc. On two other sides of the tally, opposite to each other, the amount of the sum, the name of the payer, and the date of the transaction, were written by an officer called the Writer of the Tallies; and, after this was done, the stick was cleft longitudinally in such a manner that each piece retained one of the written sides, and one-half of every notch cut in the tally. One piece was then delivered to the person who had paid in the money, for which it was a receipt or acquittance, while the other was preserved in the Exchequer. Madox describes the use of these tallies as very ancient, coeval, for aught he knew, with the Exchequer itself in England. A multitude of accountants, book-keepers, and actuaries were born and died, still the Exchequer accounts continued to be kept on the tallies. In the reign of George III a change was proposed, but violently resisted, and it took until 1826 to get these sticks finally abolished. They were housed at Westminster; in October, 1834, two cartloads of the sticks were burnt in one day in furnaces or stoves connected with the heating flues which passed beneath the flooring of the House of Lords, and thus set fire to the wood-work, and, during the night, the Houses of Parliament were destroyed. Clumsy as the contrivance may appear, tallies were effectual in the prevention of forgery, since no ingenuity could produce a false tally which should perfectly correspond with the counter-tally preserved at the Exchequer; and no alteration of the sum expressed by the notches and the inscription could pass undetected when the two parts of the stick were fitted together; and forgeries were attempted immediately after the discontinuance of tally receipts.

Mr. Robert Chambers tells us that, until his early days, it was customary in Scotland for the baker's lad

to bring the *nick-sticks* with his bread, a notch being made for each loaf he left: while the notches on his stick corresponded with those on the one left with the family, both parties were satisfied that the account was justly kept by the *baker's tally*. In England, we had formerly the *washing tally*, a specimen of which was found at Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, in 1863. It consists of a piece of beech-wood, covered with linen, precisely similar to a Horn-book, in front, the different articles being printed from copper-plate, and protected by a sheet of horn, fastened down by a strip of brass and ornamental nails. The tally is divided into fifteen squares, in each of which is a dial, numbered from 0 to 12, and above each square is the name of the article to be taken into account and "sent to the wash." On each of the dials is a circular brass indicator, fastened by a pin in its centre. Each indicator is pierced on one side, close to its outer edge, with a round hole, through which one number of the dial is visible; opposite to this opening is a raised point, by which the indicator may be turned to the figure representing the number of each article looked out for the "wash." Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., has engraved and described a washing tally in his clever journal, the "*Reliquary*;" and a similar tally is in the possession of a gentleman of Liverpool. The washing tally has long given way to the washing-book, to be found in the shop of every stationer.

The most popular form of tally is that of the seller of milk—a flat piece of wood, on which the score is kept by lines of chalk. This mode of account has, we suspect, been almost superseded by the milk-sellers with an account. The last milk tally we remember to have seen in use was at the house of an aged maiden lady in Sloane Street, a few years since; and, near the same spot, we saw one of the last of the sedans conveying the same lady to her morning bath.

Books to take us from the track of our nursery mistakes have multiplied of late years. An observant walk through the Zoological Gardens will afford living lessons on the errors respecting animals. The Mermaid has long been thrown overboard; the tales of this book-wonder had their origin with manatees and dugongs, seals and walruses. The Death-watch is no longer believed to foretell death by its clicking, like the ticking of a watch, though this was a common belief for more than a century. The noise is now known to be the call of the insect in spring; the name of one species is referred to its lying *as though dead*, when touched. The Ear-wig is now known to be not more likely than other insects to enter the ear; and, if it does so, the drum-head of the ear will prevent the progress of the intruder, which may be killed or dislodged with ease by a few drops of oil. Its original name is thought to have been *Ear-wing*, from its wings being in shape like the human ear. The Aloe is no longer believed to attain maturity only at the end of one hundred years; for the period varies, according to circumstances, from ten to fifty, or even seventy years. In hot climates it grows rapidly; but in colder regions it requires the longest period that has been assigned to it. The legend which connects St. Swithin with *forty days of rain* has no semblance of foundation. From observations made at Greenwich Observatory for twenty years, the average proves rain to have fallen upon the largest number of days when St. Swithin's day was dry; and no event, or natural phenomenon which could be construed into such, is alluded to by any of the authors who wrote histories of St. Swithin.

The luck of Horse-shoes was in strong belief two centuries ago, when they were nailed on the thresholds

of doors, to hinder the power of witches that entered the house—the entrance being as probable as the prevention. When Monmouth Street was a fashionable locality of London, it was noted for its number of Horse-shoes nailed over the doorway, or on the sill. In 1813, Sir Henry Ellis counted here seventeen; in 1841 there were six; but in 1852 there were eleven; now there are fewer. Jews preponderate in this street. Nelson had great faith in the Horse-shoe, and one was nailed to the mast of the ship “Victory.” “Lucky Dr. James” attributed the success of his fever-powder to his finding a Horse-shoe, which he adopted as the crest upon his carriage. The sign of Meux’s brewery is a Horse-shoe. The “lucky belief” may have led to the Horse-shoe having been adopted as the ornamental portion of a scarf-pin.

The Gold-headed Cane, formerly carried by physicians, was long believed to contain some safeguard against infection. There is a collection of such canes in the College of Physicians. One of the last physicians who bore the Gold-headed Cane, was Dr. Baillie. The last man in London who is believed to have worn the scarlet coat, flap waistcoat, and frilled sleeves, was a quack-doctor who lived in the corner of Salisbury Square, and who might be seen any day pacing the pavement in front of his establishment until he took to his bed and died of extreme old age.

“Cries of London,” which formerly added to the noise in the streets, have become “beautifully less.” Our great fish-market Billingsgate, proverbially infamous, has been reformed. On a dark winter morning it was a strange scene, its flaring oil lamps showing a crowd struggling amidst a Babel din of vulgar tongues, such as rendered the name a byword for low abuse. Opprobrious foul-mouth language is called “Billingsgate discourse” in Martin’s Dictionary, 1754. In Bailey’s Dictionary we have “a Billingsgate, a scolding, impudent slut.” Tom Brown gives a very coarse picture of her; and Addison refers to “debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.” She wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet were flattened into a mass by carrying a basket of fish upon her head; and her coarse cracked cry, brawny limbs, and red bloated face, completed this portrait of the Fish-fag of other days. Not only has the virago disappeared, but the market-place has been rebuilt and extended; there is no crowding, elbowing, screaming, or fighting, as heretofore; coffee has mostly superseded spirits, and a more orderly scene of business can scarcely be imagined. We are glad to part with the fish-fag, as well as with the Sunday cry of mackerel, which, by Act of Parliament in 1846, was declared illegal; though the cry had been permitted since 1698.

We as willingly part with the Chimney-sweepers, those “dim sparks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses,” and rejoice at the abolition of the cruel practice of employing boys to sweep chimneys. With their dreary gambols, and tinselled squalor, they almost monopolised the metropolitan May-day in our time. Their “crying the streets,” was plaintively significant of their hapless condition. Theirs was one of the “sullyng trades” which Gay, in his “Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets,” thus taught his readers to avoid:—

“The little chimney-sweeper stalks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat.”

The tin News-horn, often disturbing a quiet West-end locality with its blatant noise, is heard no longer, and we

see it only upon the face of one of our weekly newspapers, established when the post-horn was in full blow. The Postman, with his clanging letter-bell, left us in June, 1846. He was a modern compared with the City Bellman, instituted some three centuries ago, to go about the wards by night; and, ringing his bell at certain places, exhort the inhabitants, with an audible voice, to take care of their fires and lights, to help the poor, and pray for the dead. The Watchman was of much earlier date; and we remember to have seen him upon old London Bridge, in the costume of centuries long before. The City Watch bore the halbert until a comparatively late period. The watch was more efficient in the City than elsewhere; the Scourers and Mohocks frequented St. Clement Danes and Covent Garden, breaking the watchman’s lantern and halbert, and frequently locking him up in his own box.

Amongst the cries were those of the venders of victuals for wayfarers, in which the pieman took the lead. The economy of this trade may be imagined from the Farthing Pie-house, in the New Road, where, almost to our time, bits of mutton were put into a crust shaped like a pie, and actually sold for a farthing! Holloway was then famous for its Cheesecakes, which, within recollection, were cried through London streets by men on horseback. Curds and whey were sold at the lodges of the parks; Hyde Park had its Cake-house; and Milk Fair, at the Spring Garden gate of St. James’s Park, with its lowing cows and squalling children, lasted until the past year; though the noisy milk folks had long ceased their cries, “A can of milk, ladies!” “A can of red cow’s milk, sir!” We miss, too, from our streets, the Saloop stalls, at which was sold salep, made from boiling the half-baked roots of an orchis with water; though subsequently, Saloop was a decoction of sassafras. Both drinks were much used before the introduction of tea and coffee at greatly reduced prices. Instead of this out-door accommodation, we have thousands of coffee-shops in the metropolis, where the mind as well as the body is cared for, by the provision of periodical publications of the useful and entertaining class. The last Saloop-house we remember in London was at the east end of Fleet Street.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

JANUARY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THERE cannot be a more magnificent spectacle in nature than a fine moonless starlight night in winter, when so many independent worlds, at infinite distances from us, are at one time exhibited for our contemplation. To give some information about this starry host, brief, however, as it must necessarily be, and to point out those parts of the heavens where the principal stars are to be found, will be the writer’s object.*

Before proceeding to explain the diagrams which illustrate these papers, it may be proper to remark at once that it matters little in what part of London or its neighbourhood the observer may be located, whether it be near St. Paul’s, Hampstead, Kensington, or Greenwich, for there is no sensible difference in the appearance of

* Thomas Carlyle, in referring to the teaching of science in schools and families, says, “For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me, with a salutation that I cannot answer, as things are! *Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don’t half know to this day?*”

the heavens at these places. More than this, our diagrams will be generally available for the whole south of England, or for any country in the same latitude as London, bearing only this in mind, that the views will represent the sky at the *local* midnight of each place. In comparing the diagrams with the sky the observer is supposed to be looking, as the case may be, either *due* north or south, along the meridian of his station. At first, it may be difficult with some to know which is the meridian. If, however, the Pole star can be identified, this is soon found; for, by drawing an imaginary line from the pole through the zenith to the horizon, the meridian-line of a place is determined. Some plain and well-known rules for the easy finding of Polaris will be given presently. We may also remark that stars near the east and west horizons will not be found in our views of the heavens for two reasons. First, because, when the eye is directed in the plane of the meridian, stars low down in the east and west are not visible to the observer at the same time; and, secondly, if the whole sky were included, the scale adopted for the diagrams would be too small for the proper identification of the different objects. When, however, stars of superior magnitude are visible in the east and west, we hope in the course of our remarks to point them out clearly, so that the youngest reader of the "Leisure Hour" may be able to find them. We have also considered it better to omit the moon and planets, on account of their constantly changing positions; but the courses of the different planets among the stars will be explained, when they are in such positions as to attract universal attention. On such occasions Jupiter and Venus eclipse in splendour every fixed star, especially Venus, when near its extreme elongation from the sun, at which time it has been known to cast a sensible shadow. We have no doubt, however, that the amateur observer will find no difficulty in detecting, with the aid of our diagrams and descriptions, any particular large planet which may from time to time be visible among the fixed stars. Let us take the lower map first.

The observer is to consider himself now looking directly south along the meridian of his station, exactly at midnight on January 15. On comparing the diagram with the stars, he must understand that the upper boundary line is due east and west, and that the exact centre of the line corresponds to the zenith immediately over his head. Passing the eyes down gradually on the meridian from the zenith, two bright stars will be sure to attract his notice. These are Castor and Pollux, the two principal objects in the constellation of Gemini, the twins. Proceeding still on the meridian towards the south, a star of the first magnitude is reached. This is Procyon, in the loins of Canis Minor, the lesser dog. Now if we turn slightly towards the west, a splendid galaxy of stars strikes the eye; for here we have the beautiful constellation of Orion, while nearer the horizon, in the S.S.W., Sirius, the brightest fixed star in the heavens, shines forth with dazzling lustre. These celebrated objects have been the principal stars of the southern sky during the evening hours up to midnight. Below Sirius, several bright stars in Canis Major, the greater dog, are visible. High up on the right, over Orion, the constellation Taurus is to be seen, with the reddish star Aldebaran, in the eye of the Bull, with its neighbouring clusters, the Hyades and Pleiades. Turning a little to the east, or left, Leo, with its numerous bright stars, is seen approaching the meridian, and, lower down, Hydra, with its principal star, Alphard, conspicuous only by the absence of others of equal magnitude within a considerable distance. Due west of the

zenith the bright star Capella, in Auriga, is easily distinguished, followed by the second star in the constellation, Beta Auriga.

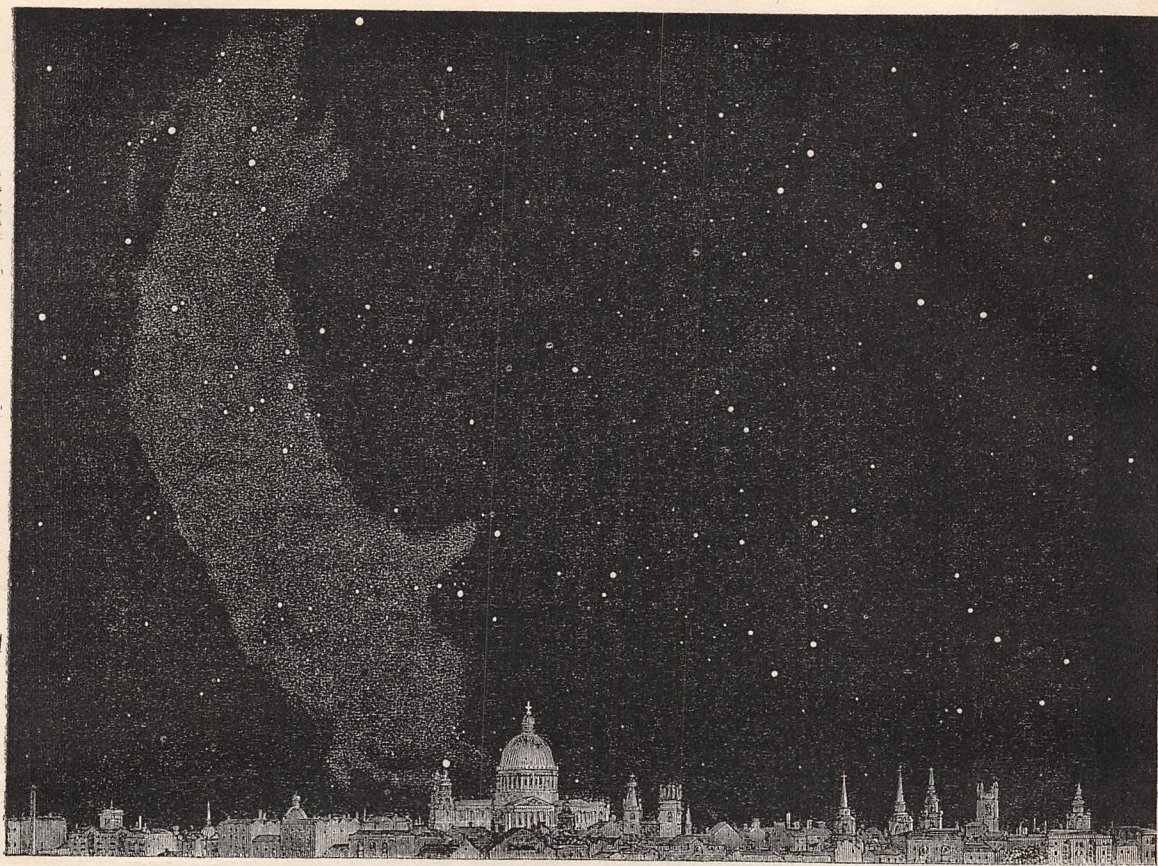
These remarks, referring to the time of midnight on January 15th, are also strictly applicable to four minutes before midnight on January 16th; eight minutes before midnight on January 17th, and so on. The appearance of the heavens thus changes with respect to the meridian at any stated time about four minutes each day, a whole year passing away before the same star can culminate at the same hour of solar time. For example, the stars which pass the meridian at midnight on January 15th, 1868, will not pass again at that hour till about January 15th, 1869. Thus our diagrams, which illustrate the appearance of the sky for midnight on January 15th, will serve for 10 p.m. on February 15th, 8 p.m. on March 15th, 6 a.m. on October 15th, 4 a.m. on November 15th, and 2 a.m. on December 15th.

The principal constellations visible in the south at this time are Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Orion, Canis Major, Canis Minor, Hydra, and parts of Auriga, Lynx, and Ursa Major. There are several others of lesser note.

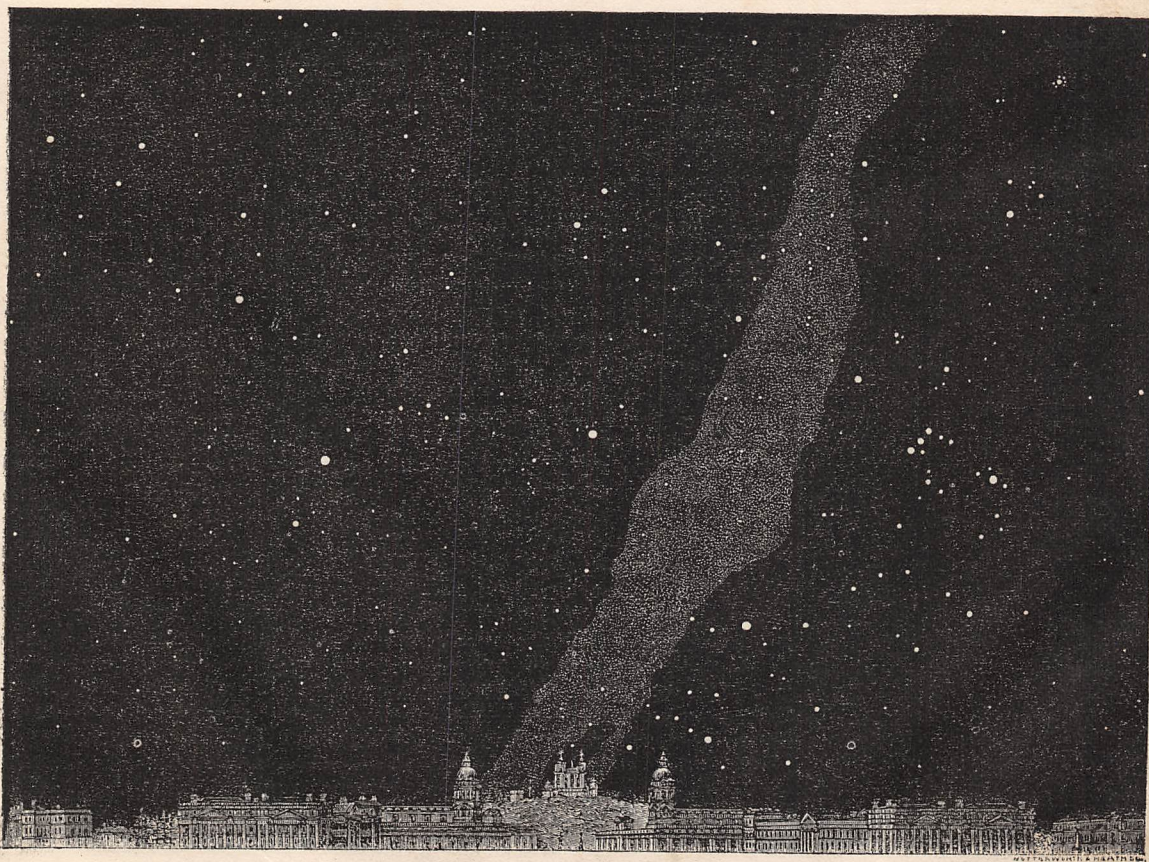
Orion is perhaps the finest agglomeration of stars to be found in any portion of the heavens. It is also one of the best known of the constellations. Its form is something of a quadrilateral, in the centre of which are three stars of the second magnitude, known as Orion's belt. These three stars have been also designated as the gold grains or spangles of the belt; but in former times they received the names of Jacob's Staff, the Golden Yard of Seamen, the Three Kings of Soothsayers, besides several others. They point on the one side to the bright star Sirius, and on the other to the red star Aldebaran, and the Pleiades. Betelgeuse and Rigel, two of the stars in the quadrilateral, are of the first magnitude. In this constellation, upwards of one hundred stars are visible to the naked eye, all of which are no smaller than the sixth magnitude. Excepting the two most brilliant, there are four stars of the second, and five less than the second, but greater than the fourth magnitude. Orion can be seen all over the world, and is a favourite constellation in all countries. Its figure, belt, and pendant, as marked out by the stars, cause it to be easily recognised.

Orion has been mentioned by name by several of the old Greek and Roman writers. Modern hero-worship has been carried to such an extent that it has been suggested to change this name for that of noted individuals. For instance, in our own country it has been proposed to give the constellation the name of Nelson; while in 1807 the University of Leipsic actually resolved that all the stars forming the belt and sword of Orion should henceforth be known only by the name of Napoleon! The old appellation is, however, too much engrafted into the minds of all to permit a change of this kind, and the name of Orion will most probably be retained for many ages to come. The late Admiral Smyth, so well-known as an amateur astronomer and antiquarian, has remarked that "both the Septuagint and the Vulgate call it Orion, according to the Greeks and Romans. It is mentioned in Job, Ezekiel, and Amos; and some persist that it represented Nimrod, as mighty a hunter as Orion, and the author of the post-diluvian heresy. From his terrible and threatening gesture, as much as from his time of rising, he was held to portend tempests

* * * The position of the stars, small and great, in the accompanying maps, is specially laid down from a direct computation of their altitudes and azimuths, and afterwards compared generally with a printed chart. In the upper view the observer is supposed to be looking north over St. Paul's, and in the lower view looking south over Greenwich Hospital and the Royal Observatory.



APPEARANCE OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, JANUARY 15.



APPEARANCE OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, JANUARY 15.

and misfortune, and was therefore much dreaded by the mariners of yore."

A small quadruple star, visible as one object below the belt of Orion, is the centre of one of the finest nebulae in the heavens. When viewed through a telescope, this wonderful object has been likened to a fish's head, to which it certainly bears a resemblance. With a twenty-foot reflecting telescope at Slough, Sir John Herschel could not compare it to anything better than a curdling liquid, or a surface strewn over with flocks of wool, or to the breaking up of a mackerel sky. It also appeared to him that the mottling of the disc of the sun is something similar to this great nebula, although the granular look was decidedly coarser, and the intervals darker. The woolly flocks, instead of being round, were drawn into little wisps. No trace, however, could be perceived of its being composed of stars, the aspect being altogether different from that of the nebulae which have been resolved into stars. The Earl of Rosse, with a telescope still more powerful, has seen little more than that described by Sir John Herschel. Very recently, the light of this nebula has been examined with the spectroscope by Mr. Huggins, who has found that, after passing through the prisms, it remains concentrated into three bright lines. A spectrum of this kind is known to be the result only when matter in the gaseous state is rendered luminous by heat. From the positions of these bright lines in the spectrum, it has been inferred with great probability that hydrogen and nitrogen, with a third substance not yet recognised, is present in this and other nebulae of the same class.

The constellation Taurus, of which Aldebaran is the principal object, is composed of a great number of stars, the atlas of Bode containing no fewer than 400; the majority are, however, stars of comparatively small magnitude. Two well-known clusters, the Pleiades and Hyades, are included within the boundaries of Taurus. Aldebaran, in our diagram, is about half-way between the zenith and the horizon, towards the west or right hand, the Pleiades being apparently slightly above it. This well-known cluster consists of a group of stars in the shoulder of the Bull. They have been mentioned in poetry as far back as Hesiod, who alludes to them as the Seven Virgins. In the ancient manuscript of Cicero's "Aratus," preserved in the British Museum, they are named Merope, Alcyone, Celieno, Electra, Maia, Asterope, and Taygeta. Though they have been named the "seven stars," yet to ordinary eyes six only are visible. On brilliant moonless nights, however, not only have the ancient seven been perceived, but several more. An observer, the discoverer of the new star of 1604, saw occasionally fourteen without any glasses, a feat which has not been repeated by any other person. A member of the family of the present Astronomer Royal has habitually seen seven stars, and on very rare occasions, when the sky is unusually clear, twelve have been distinguished. On February 15th, 1863, a map of the stars was drawn as viewed by the unaided eye, without knowing at the time the actual relative positions of the different stars. On comparing this map with one constructed from the telescopic measures of M. Bessel, there was no difficulty in identifying the twelve stars as amongst those which Bessel had named by certain arbitrary numbers. A tolerably good telescope will exhibit about a hundred stars in the Pleiades.

A very strong interest in this remarkable group has been excited in many minds by the scriptural mention of them in the book of Job, conjointly with a few other stars, while the patriarch is being convinced of his ignorance and imbecility—

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?"

The remarks of Admiral Smyth on these words will, we are sure, be interesting:—"Now this splendid passage, I am assured, is more correctly rendered thus:—

'Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimah?

Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou open?

Canst thou draw forth Mazzaroth in his season?

Or Aish and his sons canst thou guide?"

In this very early description of the cardinal constellations, Chimah denotes Taurus, with the Pleiades; Chesil is Scorpio; Mazzaroth is Sirius, in the 'chambers of the south;' and Aish the Greater Bear, the Hebrew word signifying a *bier*, which was shaped by the four well-known bright stars, while the three forming the tail were considered as the children attending a funeral. St. Augustin, in his annotations on the above passage, assures us that, under the Pleiades and Orion, God comprehends all the rest of the stars, by a figure of speech, putting a part for the whole; and the argument is that the all-powerful Deity regulates the seasons, and no mortal can intermeddle with them or presume to scan the ordinances of heaven."

We have not space to continue our remarks on the sky south of the zenith; these must be deferred till next month. In the meantime, the positions of the principal constellations and stars can be found from the explanation already given.

The observer is now requested to turn himself bodily round, and to face *due* north. Let us first fix our attention on the position of Polaris, or the Pole star. We are then sensibly looking in the plane of the north meridian. The easiest way to look for Polaris is to find the seven stars in the Great Bear—a constellation which must have attracted the attention of everybody some time during his lifetime. When found, note the two first of the seven stars. At midnight, in January, they will be the two nearest the zenith. Now, these two stars have for ages been popularly called the Pointers, because, in one direction, they point very nearly to the pole of the heavens, and to the Pole star, which is situated in a part of the sky free from other stars of a similar magnitude. Probably there will be little chance of mistaking any other for it after reading the following lines:—

"Where yonder radiant hosts adorn

The northern evening sky,

Seven stars, a splendid glorious train,

First fix the wand'ring eye.

To deck great Ursa's shaggy form,

Those brilliant orbs combine;

And where the first and second point,

There see Polaris shine."

Having found Polaris, we will now compare our northern diagram with the sky. The reader must, however, be again reminded that the proper way to make this comparison is to consider that the zenith over-head corresponds exactly with the centre of the boundary line in the upper part of the diagram. To the left of Polaris in the north-west is Cassiopeia. Perseus is in W.N.W., nearly midway between the zenith and horizon. Underneath the Pole star, slightly west of the meridian, Cepheus will be found, and nearer the horizon Cygnus, with the bright star Alpha Cygni, or Deneb. Turning to the east of the meridian, Ursa Minor will be noticed as containing seven stars, arranged similarly to Ursa Major, the tail being, however, curved in the opposite direction. Below Ursa Minor the constellation Draco is situated, and, nearer the horizon in the north-east, parts of Hercules and Boötes. The position of Ursa Major is evident at a glance. The bright star Alpha Lyrae, or

Vega, may be seen on very clear nights in the north at midnight about a degree above the horizon.

The principal constellations of the north sky are Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Draco, and Cepheus. They are all circumpolar, and consequently in the latitude of London never set below the horizon. They pass the meridian twice during the twenty-four hours, once above and once below the pole, and are to be seen on any clear night throughout the year, sometimes in the east, sometimes in the west, and at other times north or south of Polaris. An examination of the complete series of diagrams illustrating these papers will show at sight these seasonal changes of position. But he must be a very careless observer indeed who has not noticed that these changes of position are also of daily occurrence, arising from the earth revolving on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Let us, as an example, note the position of the Great Bear at six o'clock in the evening of any day in January; at this time it will be found adorning the heavens towards the north-east horizon; at midnight it will be as depicted in our diagram; at six o'clock in the morning it will be in a corresponding position on the opposite side of the meridian; and at noon it will be towards the north-west horizon, when all the bright stars can be easily observed by the aid of ordinary telescopes. In observatories there is now no difficulty experienced in making astronomical observations of the principal objects in daylight; on the contrary, most of the stars included in the diagram of the northern sky can be seen at all hours of the day when passing the meridian. In the days of Flamsteed ordinary telescopes were not sufficiently powerful for this purpose; but in order to observe daily, if possible, a celebrated star, Gamma Draconis, which passes over the zenith of Greenwich, he had a deep well excavated, in which he erected a long tube or telescope. After having seen a contemporary drawing of this well, showing the observer, probably Flamsteed himself, at the bottom in the act of making an observation in an apparently damp and uncomfortable position, we cannot avoid comparing his rude instrumental means with the beautiful and precise reflex zenith tube now used at Greenwich for the daily observation of the same star.

Ursa Major extends over a considerable portion of the northern sky. Of the seven principal stars which popularly define the form of the Bear, the four nearest the zenith in our diagram compose the body proper, and the three lower stars the tail. Six of the stars are nearly of the same magnitude, but that belonging to the part of the body next to the tail is decidedly smaller, being no greater than the third and a half magnitude. These stars have been for a long period known by many popular names, the principal being "Charles's Wain," and "the Plough." One zealous writer, Kircher, claims the four stars in the quadrilateral as the bier of Lazarus, the three in the tail representing Mary, Martha, and Mary Magdalen. Charles's Wain is the name by which it is most known by country people. In this instance the four stars are termed the wheels, Dubhe and Merak, the Pointers, being the fore-wheels, the two next the hind-wheels, while the remaining three represent the shafts of the waggon. With regard to the Great Bear, very little imagination is required to make out some kind of resemblance to that animal, for, in addition to the body and tail, indicated by the principal stars, there are others of the third and fourth magnitude that fix the outline of this imaginary animal with an astonishing degree of precision. We say advisedly *imaginary*, for we had some difficulty lately in persuading a well-dressed lady

that such was the case, and it is a question whether she really was convinced of her erroneous ideas. Her opinions had been firmly fixed in her mind from what she had recently heard at a popular astronomical lecture, where it was stated that with large telescopes the form of the animal could be plainly seen. We were unable to ascertain the name of the learned lecturer.

In subsequent articles we shall continue our brief descriptions of the principal stars and constellations visible in this country, selecting, as at present, two or three at a time for illustration.

During the month of January, 1868, the planets Venus and Jupiter may be easily distinguished in the early hours of the evening in the south-west, above all other stars in that part of the sky. In the latter end of the month they will be close together, their conjunction in right ascension taking place on the evening of the 30th. This phenomenon will be exceedingly striking, from the great brilliancy of the planets; the distance between the two being only two-thirds of the diameter of the moon. Those of our readers who may be in possession of ordinary telescopes, fitted with an astronomical eye-piece of low power, may see Jupiter with his four moons and Venus in the field of view at one time. Such an occurrence is very rare indeed. Venus sets on January 1st at 5.52 p.m., and on the 31st at 7.31 p.m.; while Jupiter disappears below the horizon on the 1st at 8.50 p.m., and on the 31st at 7.20 p.m. Mars and Saturn are unfavourably situated for observation; the latter may, however, be seen in the south-east shortly before sunrise. Uranus is in the constellation Cancer. It is only occasionally visible to the naked eye; but, with a telescope, it can be soon identified by its small round disc. The moon is in Pisces till January 3rd; on the 4th and 5th in Aries; on the 6th and 7th in Taurus; on the 8th and 9th in Gemini; on the 10th in Cancer; from the 11th to 13th in Leo; on the 14th and 15th in Virgo. During the remainder of the lunation the moon rises after midnight. She will again be visible a few days after new moon, as a thin crescent in the south-west evening sky, among the small stars in Aquarius and Pisces.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES, AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

INTRODUCTORY.

THERE are some lines in my favourite poet, Cowper, which have always greatly taken my fancy. They are in that fourth book of "The Task," in which he so exquisitely describes the domestic happiness of a winter evening; when the post has come in, and the newspaper is read by the warm fireside to the bubbling music of the urn. And the lines are these:—

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls, a soft murmur, on th' uninjured ear."

Cowper must have written these lines from his very heart. They have the true *con amore* style—if, indeed, that can be called style, which is nothing more than the natural and unforced expression of the personal thoughts and feelings of the writer, flowing from his pen as spontaneously and freely as the bright pure stream flashes from the hill side. They show us—as does the whole of his noble poem—the very man himself, and we can identify him in every paragraph. In "The Task," we see his own self-portraiture, painted by a master-hand; and

we may read it as an autobiographical poem, in which roving fancies have "excursive flights," like milk-white or purple-tinted doves that gleam in mazy evolutions in the blue sky, and then circle to their own dove-cot.

The lines just quoted depict, in a very striking way, one side of the portrait of this true poet. Like the night-ingale, he preferred to sing "darkling, and in shadiest covert hid." Not that he was indifferent to the doings of the world, or unobservant of the great Babel's crowd, or deaf to its ear-splitting tumult and riotous hurly-burly. No; few men had a keener eye than he for noting the many shades of character, and the specialities and idiosyncrasies of constitution and temperament, that might be observed in the heterogeneous collection of poor humanity that formed "the crowd," in which he had no desire to be jostled, and whose roar he preferred to hear at a safe distance. Unlike Dr. Johnson, he would not have proposed to "take a walk down Fleet Street" as a refreshing recreation after hours of mental toil and desk work; yet he did not deem it unpleasant to peep at such a world through the loopholes of retreat, and to derive both instruction and amusement from what he saw. For, despite that dark and melancholy cloud that too often overshadowed the bright cheerfulness of his faith, we do not depend solely upon the testimony of Johnny Gilpin to prove to us that William Cowper was full of sprightly satire and sportive fun, that bubbled over his verse in innocent enjoyment, even when his pen was pointed for sublimer strains. Terrible and scathing satire, too, could be flashed from the thunder of his verse, when its theme dealt with those who deemed themselves wiser than Wisdom itself: as when he spoke of those who drill and bore into the deep strata of the earth and extract from it a register, from which they learn that He who made that earth and revealed its date to Moses "was mistaken in its age." When he wrote this—and it has its force at the present day—he thereby proved how closely he marked the current ways and doings of men; yet he had just been describing himself as a stricken deer, who wandered, with a few associates, in remote and silent woods, and therein ruminated with new "views of men and manners." And again he recurred to the same idea of retirement, in the passage commencing with the line, "O blessed seclusion from a jarring world," wherein he spoke of the peace to be found in retreat, and the guileless joys that he experienced in "constant occupation without care."

But still, while thoroughly enjoying this retirement and revelling in the blissful quiet of his retreat, he nevertheless found it pleasant to peep through its loopholes at the bustle of the outer world. And, doubtless, there are many of us who can thoroughly sympathise with Cowper in this, although it may not be in our power to imitate him and to quit the various posts that have been assigned to us in the business and battle of life. And, however much we may long for the sequestered calm that we may imagine would be found in the "lodge in some vast wilderness," yet that lodge would be as unattainable (and, most probably, as undesirable) a home to most of us as though it were Robin Hood's bower, or the Temple of Fame, or Windsor Castle itself. If we followed the bent of our own inclinations, we might possibly prefer to have our dwelling-place in some quiet retreat in the God-made country; yet, if our calling has placed us amid the busy haunts of the man-made town, we can—if we are so minded—equally find therein room and opportunity for the culture and enjoyment of domestic happiness, that "only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall." And we may be sure of this, that, whether our home be in town or country, it stands

to us in the place of a fortress, from whence we may fight back the woes and wearinesses of the outer world whenever they openly assail us or strive to undermine our well-being. The dictum laid down by Sir Edward Coke, in his "Institutes," that a man's house is his castle, has passed into a time-honoured and respected saying, and been accepted as a fact that may not be denied with impunity. When therefore we wish to withdraw ourselves from the clamour of public life, all that we have to do is to ensconce ourselves in our respective castles; and through our castle's loopholes we may, if we choose, peep at the stir of the great Babel and listen to its roar, observant of what is passing, and surveying at our ease the thronging, jostling crowd. There are few of us probably who would object to share in this easy retirement, combined with watchful scrutiny of passing events. Such peeps through the loopholes of retreat are as innocent as they are natural. There is nothing about them of that vulgar impertinence or gross curiosity that we should attach to the conduct of a modern Paul Pry or Peeping Tom; but, on the contrary, they are coupled with an innate feeling of modest bashfulness that causes us to shrink from obtruding ourselves on those who have not expressed a wish for our company, but whom we cannot avoid observing. We may lawfully and artlessly peep at what is going on without fussily interfering in matters which do not concern us, and we may be permitted to comment upon what we see and hear, so long as we do so in a charitable spirit and without offensive personality. The amiable and Christian-minded poet of "The Task" loved to take such peeps, and he recorded what he saw with a mingling of stern reproof and tender counsel, hearty praise and earnest words, playful humour and masterly power, which has never been surpassed. They who follow in his steps, however distantly and falteringly, will surely not err in imitating the example of the best and most genial of England's moral poets in their Peeps Through Loopholes.

I.—A SNUG WINTER EVENING AND ITS LAUREATE.

It was but a week or two ago that, peeping through the loopholes of my retreat in a sequestered village, I spied a merry group of cottage children dragging a rough block of timber along the road. There was no snow as yet, but there had been a rime frost that morning; and, although the sun shone with a wan smile, yet its power had not been sufficient to thaw the hard surface of the soil; and the children were dragging along their log as though it scraped over a surface of iron. They had yoked themselves to the clump of wood by an old knotted piece of rope, and, as they tugged at their burden with all their might and main, their creased and dimpled limbs, and sturdy legs, and plump cheeks, gleamed out as bravely as they would have done from the canvas of Rubens; though it was a scene that would have been more deftly treated by the graceful pencil of Le Jeune, who would have preserved the poetic aspect of the group at the same time that he would have depicted it true to rustic nature. I certainly thought it a pretty picture, and was glad that I had peeped at it through the loopholes of my retreat. The children did not see me, nor did I betray my nearness to them by any words or question; but, while the wintry robin sang his carol in the "nipping" and the "eager air," I watched them until a turn of the road hid them from my view. Their Christmas log was seen by me no more, although for many minutes longer I could hear it scrunching over the hard ground, its progress heralded by the merry laughter and cheery shouts of the children. I wondered to

myself for what hearth that log was intended, and I felt sure that it would be a happy fireside if that band of children were to be gathered around it, because the ring of their joyous laughter was pealed by the joy-bells of innocence, whose harmony is echoed in heaven. There is no chime like it; for, as age increases, and childhood passes into youth, and youth is lost in manhood, the clear and silvery modulations become deeper and more sonorous, more uncertain, too, more harsh and discordant, until they end in the muffled peal that knolls the requiem of old age.

And so the children were lost to my sight, and, in my heart, I bade them a happy Christmas, and all bright and sparkling merriment from the crackling fire of their Christmas log. And then I returned from my loophole to my house to enjoy an hour of what Cowper calls "parlour-twilight," when the body is at ease and the thoughts can rove freely; and I fell to musing on what I had seen; and that Christmas log set my fancy on a tour of wandering and wondering. But chiefly did I occupy myself with thinking over the many domestic delights that the winter evening brings, and on the various other logs, beside the yule-log, which it introduces to the family hearth.

For human society is so constituted that it has to go about like another Caliban, bearing a burden of logs, and sometimes falling flat beneath their load. It is true that the wondrous young prince, Ferdinand, may bend his back to the thankless task of removing "some thousands of these logs," and that the beauteous Miranda may crave to assist him in the task; but then they were exceptional creations—a duke's daughter and a king's son, who were masquerading in disguise on a mythical island peopled by "fairy, airy spirits;" and, although the young gentleman confessed himself to be a "patient log-man," yet he did so all for love, and the fair Miranda found him to be anything but wooden-headed, even when he played with her at chess in her father's cell. But we live in a more prosaic age than did Prospero, and instead of encountering a disguised prince in a "patient log-man," we are continually brought face to face with King Log himself, the representative of those human logs that sit heavily on innocent enjoyment and tyrannise over harmless mirth. It was the witty royalist divine, Dr. South, who said, "Though philosophy teaches that no element is heavy in its own place, yet experience shows that, out of its own place, it proves exceedingly burdensome." And this is precisely the case with the human logs of social life; they are well-nigh unbearable when they are encountered out of their own proper spheres. Among themselves, and in their own particular province, they doubtless form a Mutual Admiration Society, and reserve their special meeds of praise for those who are in reality the heaviest and most loggy, but who, in their eyes, are the most admirable specimens of their peculiar product. In actual life they are ponderous and burdensome to a disagreeable degree, and are by no means the characters who would promote the enjoyable snugness of the winter evening.

Think of being condemned to pass such an evening with a stuck-up family who regard (let us say) the Christmas plum-pudding and mince-pie with no more sympathy or thrill of pleasurable excitement than they would look on an every-day apple-tart or mould of jelly. Only reflect, for a moment, on the constitutional temperament of such human logs as these, who would profess to be "quite above that sort of thing." Depend upon it, that those people who—to use an expressive colloquialism—would not "warm" to Christmas fare, would walk through the most impressive cathedral in

Christendom without a throb of emotion, and would listen to Handel's grandest anthem, or the singing of the charity children at St. Paul's, without turning a hair. Their pulse would never quicken at such sights and sounds. They are frigid, cold-blooded people, and, for all purposes of human sympathy, might be so many logs—but not the logs we would desire to associate with the Christmas season and the snug winter evening.

Think, too, of the annual family dinner given by a purse-proud couple to their poor relations; a one-day's reception and recognition that is intended to atone for 364 days of neglect. The dinner may be profuse, well-cooked, and appetizing; the fire may be bright and glowing; but, so long as the founders of the feast are two human logs, the banquet itself will be equally ponderous. There will be nothing about it to suggest the feast of reason and the flow of soul; it will not even have the doubtful flavour of the dreamy, intellectual ecstasy of a Barmecide's feast; but it will be one ghastly scene of eating and drinking through three courses and a dessert, made more indigestible from the prolonged and dismal failures at free-and-easy conversation and friendly chat. A winter evening such as this must be classed among the miseries of human life.

We may be sure that the delightful and amiable Cowper was never reckoned among the logs of society. He could not, it is true, keep the table in a roar; he left that to those who could boast of "more mercurial powers;" rather, he would keep the company in a gentle pleasurable simmer, like his own bubbling tea-urn. But he was an intense participator in those domestic joys that may be obtained on a winter evening, when the fire is bright, the curtains are drawn, and innocent employment and amusement are before us until the hours of bedtime. He was a poet thoroughly English in all that he thought and wrote. He loved his country, with all her faults; and confessed that he was constrained to love her so long as a nook was left where English minds and manners might be found. And, in depicting the quiet happiness of domestic life, he has given to the world a faithful portraiture of that national snugness that seems indigenous to English soil. In William Cowper, snugness has found its laureate. We must not altogether forget that there are not only degrees, but a diversity in snugness; for there is a snugness that begets a glow of sympathy, and there is a snugness that produces the ice of selfishness. Commend us to the former, and save us from the latter! Refrigerators are very useful in their way; but social refrigerators, who freeze up the fountains of charity and congeal the milk of human kindness into thick ice, are not at all the sort of people with whom we should desire to spend our winter evenings. The snugness that was prized and lauded by Cowper was a delicious and enviable snugness—a touch of that nature that makes all the world of kin. Though the frost raging abroad and the rough wind endeared "the silence and the warmth enjoyed within," he could not only peep from the loopholes of his retreat at those who had to bear "the pelting brunt of the tempestuous night," but "sympathise with others suffering more"—the industrious poor, who were ill-clad and sparsely fed, and to whom the "sweet colloquial pleasures" of the winter evening were but few. Unless he had shown his care for those who claimed compassion and found "a friend in every feeling heart" he could not have enjoyed his own comforts. For, as quaint old Fuller tersely says, "Hospitality is three-fold: for one's family—this is of necessity; for strangers—this is of courtesy; for the poor—this is charity." Therefore the winter season was peculiarly the time for the avaricious

to lay aside his avarice, the churl his churlishness, and the covetous his covetousness, so that, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "the alms which open-hearted charity bestows with kindly glance" might be "an offering sweet to the bright throne of mercy," and even the poorest and humblest might enjoy that best of luxuries—the luxury of doing good.

But, certainly, if snugness lacked a laureate, he would be found in Cowper. His delineation, in "The Task," of the snug winter evening is a picture that is positively without its *pendant* in English poetry. For powerful simplicity, aptness of language, and exquisitely tender touches of art, it is unrivalled.

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Every word in each of these six lines is as plain in its language as it can be; for Cowper "calls a spade a spade," as Dean Swift said in his poems, and as Burton had said before him in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." He mentions the sofa, the shutters, the urn, and the cups by their proper names, instead of referring to them in roundabout periphrastic epithets, as Pope does in his "Rape of the Lock"—a poem as perfect, in its way, as "The Task" itself; and yet the very simplicity of Cowper places before us a more perfect picture of snugness than any more elaborated description could achieve.

How superior, for example, in faithfulness of delineation and propriety of language is the poet of "The Task" to the poet of "The Pleasures of Hope!" The former truly mirrors the snug winter evening "that I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy;" and the latter, when seeking to describe a similar evening, as it might "be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement," does so in such words as these: "Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome." Now, in the candle-maker's shop-windows we have seen tapers spirally ornamented and of divers brilliant colours; but Campbell's "gay taper" would hardly be of this kind, and would give but a poor light to the "rustic dome." And what, in the name of simplicity, is a "rustic dome?" Imagination suggests the idea of a portion of the Brighton Pavilion dwarfed to a cottage; and, if fancy is playing us tricks, the fault is Campbell's. And, in his verse, he directs the window to be left "half uncurtained," so that, haply, "some way-worn man, benighted in the vale," might see the light of that wondrous gay taper; a miserable state of things for those who had to pass the evening under the rustic dome, especially if the lady of the house was nervous. But Cowper, on the contrary, who thoroughly understood what was provocative of snug comfort, says, "Close the shutters fast, let fall the curtains." And, all through that vigorous word-painting of "The Winter Evening," how pleasantly does he recur again and again to its "gentle hours," the hours "of social converse and instructive ease!" He loved the season that brought with it the cheer of Christmas and the glad welcome of the New Year; and, therefore, he crowned Winter "king of intimate delights,

"Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

Again I say, if snugness lacked a laureate, this description of the domestic happiness of the winter evening would be a sufficient claim for the post to be filled by the delightful poet of "The Task."

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CROWING HENS; OR, WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"WHY shouldn't *we* crow?" said the speckled Hen.

"Why not?" said the white Hen.

"Why not?" said all the Hens, as the question went round.

"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old Cock; in my opinion we are superior!" said the speckled Hen.

"And in mine," said the white Hen.

"And in mine," said all the Hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things.

So they practised, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old Cock; and a very remarkable noise they made.

"Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard to listen to the hubbub; "my dear creatures, what are you at? Give up this nonsense; while you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to *crowing* you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut—keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

"ANYTHING is better than this!" exclaimed a Thrush, after having vainly battered about a frozen snail, which she at last gave up in despair.

"Anything is better than *this*!" chirped a Robin in a melancholy tone, as he saw the last crumb picked up by a sparrow before he could hop to it, and knew his breakfast was gone.

"*Anything* is better than *this*," murmured a Blackbird, perched on a leafless branch, with his feathers puffed out to twice their usual size. "Why doesn't Master John come and shoot us with his gun? That sharp, short death would be easy compared with this lingering misery!"

"Poor dear creatures!" cried the black Cat, who had been watching them and listening behind a snow-drift. "You are all quite right. Take my advice and bear it no longer; and, as Master John doesn't seem to be coming, let me, in a friendly way, put you out of your troubles!"

Away they all flew, at the very sight of her ears above the drift, without waiting to hear her offer.

"I knew how it would be!" she cried, more provoked than surprised. "Though they are silly enough to talk nonsense, they are wise enough to know better than abide by their words."

HOW FOLKS DECEIVE THEMSELVES!

"ROTTENNESS is necessary to perfection," said the Medlar to the fruits. "My sister, the olive, is nothing till near decay; and my brother, the fig, must burst before he is eatable."

"Hear him! only hear him!" said an Apple, glowing with healthy ripeness; "does he expect, with that wizened brown face of his, to stare health and beauty out of countenance? He might be thankful with the exception made in his case, without trying to upset the golden rule by it; but there's no theory too absurd to find advocates where self-love is concerned."

HOW TO CONVINCE:

OR, HAMMERING IN AND HAMMERING OUT.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Nail to the Hammer, "but one or two decided blows in the right direction would knock me *in*; whereas those you are giving me, first on one side and then on the other, will in all probability end in knocking me out."

CAUGHT AND TAUGHT.

"Pooh! who cares for that?" cried the Blue-bottle, bursting through the spider's web in the pride of his strength, as he began his day's sport.

The Spider waited in the dark till he had passed, then went to work to mend her web.

"What! ready for a catch again?" cried the Blue-bottle, returning at noon rather wearied with the frolics and excesses of the morning. Twice he struck the web before he passed through it, carrying some of it on his wings.

The Spider half showed herself, but ran back as he escaped, and, when he had gone, once more span away to repair her web.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the Blue-bottle, languidly, as he was going home in the sunset, quite worn out with his day's delights. "I'm sorry to disturb you, old lady, but, if you will hang your house in the Queen's highway, there's nothing for it but to go through it."

He threw himself against the filmy snare, but he was not able to break it. He affected to scorn it. "I won't trouble myself with it now," he cried, and thought to leave it; but the subtle threads had closed round his feeble limbs, and he could not withdraw them.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the Spider, coming out of her corner, "but, if you *will* make free with people's houses, you must expect to pay for the liberty."

In meeting her attack the unhappy Blue-bottle struggled so violently that he broke the web, and fell fainting below. "Ah!" he cried, as he crawled away, sick and wounded, "I see now none but the fool-hardy will trust themselves in the most contemptible snare when they are not prepared for it; that which I laughed at in my strength had nearly proved my destruction in the hour of my weakness."

NEVER FEAR! THINGS WILL RIGHT THEMSELVES.

"Isn't it awful!" said the Poker.

"It makes my legs shake!" said the Tongs.

"It quite unfits me for my duties; I am not equal to a single scrape," said the Shovel.

"What's the matter?" asked the Fender.

"The pot, sir—the pot; don't you hear the fuss it's making? And just look at the lid, how it wobbles up and down!" they answered, in a breath.

"All right; let it fuss and wobble till it's tired," said the Fender.

"But it will boil over—it will indeed!" they cried, in great agitation.

"Well," said the Fender, "let it boil over: it will get rid of the *scum* that way, and the wholesome part will boil on peaceably enough when it's left to itself."

WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

How the wheels of the old cart creaked! The Road was quite tired of hearing their complaints, when lo! suddenly they became quiet, and went smoothly on, making no doleful sound.

"How now!" cried the Road; "what has happened that you take things so easily to-day? Has the master taken off half your load?"

"No," said the Wheels; "he hasn't done that; our burthen is, if anything, heavier than before; but *this* he has done, he has oiled us, so that whatever we may have to bear we have no longer the heart to say a word against it."

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

"NOVEMBER says it's all stuff about sunshine," said May, laughing; "he never saw any."

"November is an ungrateful fellow," said the Sun, angrily; "I shine as brightly on him as on you; but *he won't* be the better for me."

"Ah! sir," pleaded a Beam, that had tried vainly to pierce through the smoky, drizzly mist, "I assure you it is not his fault; he sees you only through that pernicious *fog* that hangs over him, and so beclouds and misrepresents you, that you are as entirely shorn of your glory as he is of his comfort. Keep me from your mischief-making go-betweens!"

ENTIRELY AS YOU VIEW IT.

"How unutterably odious!" muttered an elegant Italian Greyhound, as he stopped for a second on his way through the yard to look at a huge Sow wallowing in the mire, with her litter of little ones. "Poor miserable creature—*so hideous!* Surely that alone would render life intolerable; but to be for ever in this poisonous atmosphere, and condemned to swallow that hateful *wash*. Oh! I am sorry for the brute!" and he passed on quickly, disgust strongly expressed in his looks.

"Mammy," squeaked a little Pig that had climbed up the old sow's back to get a good sight of him, "who is that

gentleman? How thin he is! and he looked so sick. Who is he?"

The old Sow opened her red eyes as wide as she could, and squinted at the Greyhound as he vanished in the distance; then, shutting them again, answered—

"It's the Greyhound, children. Poor fellow! he is thin, indeed. No wonder; for, instead of leading a life of luxury such as ours—lying asleep in this nice soft mess all day, with nothing to do but to feast on our wash and rotten potatoes, unless we like to go and scratch ourselves on the stone, he has to scour the country from morning till night, and gets very little to eat for his labour, judging by his lanky body. No wonder he looked sick. I dare say he was envying us, and longing for some wash. I'm sorry for him, but we can't *all* be pigs!"

SOON HIGH, SOON LOW!

"MOTHER," said a little Daisy, which had lost sight of the sun under the shadow of a huge mushroom; "isn't it unbearable! Here we, who have been patiently growing and putting forth bud after bud and leaf after leaf, from the very dawn of spring, and have gradually increased to a very decent family, through summer and the opening of autumn, suddenly *buried, eclipsed, lost*, under the shade of this monstrous creature, the growth of a day or two!"

"Never mind, child," said the Parent Plant; "my experience of those things is, that they perish as quickly as they rise; we advance slowly but surely, and strengthen as we grow; the very rapidity with which a mushroom runs up carries in it the sentence of a brief existence. Be patient; it will soon vanish, and we shall see the sun again."

MORALISING COMFORTABLY.

"PATIENCE, brothers, patience!" said an Ox, standing by while his companions were yoked for the plough. "Patience is a fine thing for us all."

"Yes," replied one, "you see the advantage of it for us to-day. It's a pity you didn't duly appreciate its value yesterday, when you were grumbling and fretting beneath the yoke yourself."

THE WISDOM OF THE AGED.

The new Wine rioted in the cask; its vigour, its spirit were unbounded. It was luscious to the taste, it was fire in the veins, it made the brain dizzy. "What mighty power is mine!" it cried.

Years passed; it no longer threatened to burst the vessel that held it. It lay still and clear; the dregs had sunk, and fermentation had long passed.

"True," it exclaimed, "I am less pleasing to the palate; I cannot, if but duly used, rouse to madness or sink in stupefaction, as I once could; but I can now impart generous warmth, I can strengthen the feeble, I can cheer the sinking; truly it is *now* that I have power worthy of rejoicing in."

FORCE OF CONTRAST.

"How muddy the water is!" said some little Fish.

"Most disagreeable!" said some others. "How can you look so happy in it, wriggling about?" they all cried to some Eels that were disporting themselves with great satisfaction.

"Friends," replied the Eels, "*you* call the water muddy, but we have just come from the bottom, *where there is nothing but mud*; therefore to us it seems to be quite clear."

THE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY IS OFTEN THE LEAST TERRIBLE IN OUTWARD SHOW.

BANG! bang! bang!—bounce! bang!

"Oh, dear friends, whatever you do, keep out of the way of that gun; it blazes and bangs and bounces continually," cried a Wild Duck to his companions in the brake.

"That's not the gun to be afraid of," said another. "It does, indeed, blaze continually, but always at random, therefore does little harm to anything but the reeds or bushes. I'll tell you what gun to avoid—that one that is now pointed; it goes off seldom compared with the other, but it never fails to bring down its bird when it does."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



A COLD NIGHT FOR TRAVELLING BY COACH.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER IV.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RECTOR OF ST. DAVIDS, AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE Reverend Archibald Sinclair, rector of the parish of St. Davids, county Cornwall, was a gentleman of ancient and honourable lineage, and the possessor of an ample independent fortune. At the date to which this history refers he had almost completed his sixtieth year, and had been rector of St. Davids nearly twenty years; but, in his early life, and in fact until he had attained to what may be termed middle age, he had served in the army, both in Great Britain and in the colonies, and had at

one time held a staff appointment in India, in the suite of the then Governor-General, his cousin. He had retired from the service with the rank of major, and with the express purpose of entering the Church, having been actuated in making this singular change of profession by purely conscientious motives, and in the belief that, as a minister of the Church of England, he could exercise a more beneficial influence over his fellow-creatures, and also employ his ample means to better advantage, than was possible in any other sphere of usefulness. Having once decided upon this step, and having devoted a certain period to the requisite studies to qualify himself

for his new profession, he was duly ordained, and, after occupying for a few months the position of curate, he found little difficulty in obtaining a presentation to one of the numerous "livings" in the gift of his aristocratic relatives and friends. In fact, he had the offer, or rather, I should say, the choice, of several valuable livings in the vicinity of the metropolis, and in the more desirable localities in the provinces; but he preferred to accept one of the poorest and apparently least desirable of these livings, of small emolument and arduous duties—to wit, the rectorship of the extensive and widely-scattered parish of St. Davids, on the coast of Cornwall, the population of which consisted almost entirely of poor fishermen and agricultural labourers, for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he hoped to carry into effect the philanthropic plans he had conceived.

As I have said, at the date at which this story opens, Mr. Sinclair had been rector of St. Davids nearly twenty years, and had throughout that period devoted not only the whole emoluments of his living, but likewise a very considerable portion of his private income, to purposes of benevolence for the benefit of his parish and people.

Naturally of a sanguine temperament and of generous disposition, he had conceived a variety of projects for the advantage and improvement of his humble parishioners, which a few years' experience as a country clergyman had convinced him were romantic and visionary, and too Utopian in their character to be realised, as he had once anticipated: nevertheless, he had not been daunted in his philanthropic endeavours; he had established schools, loan societies, savings banks, and other institutions for his people's benefit, and had succeeded, at least to a certain extent, in his benevolent objects, and had acquired the respect and esteem of those to whose welfare his labours were devoted.

With his change of profession, however, Mr. Sinclair had been unable, or perhaps had not held it essential, to cast aside many of the military habits he had formed in youth and early manhood, and, whether on horseback or on foot, he presented on ordinary occasions, in his gait and bearing, the appearance rather of a soldier than a clergyman.

His iron-gray hair and whiskers were cut close, and worn *à la militaire*, and his tall, erect figure and stately step aided in imparting to him a soldier-like aspect. On the Sabbath day, however, he presented a different appearance. The white surplice and the black gown were alike admirably adapted to set off to advantage his tall slender form, and thin pale face, and benevolent features; and, as he passed up the aisle of his little church, with slow and measured step, to the reading-desk or pulpit, he appeared a chief among men and the *beau idéal* of a clergyman; and, though he possessed no special gift of oratory, the persuasive earnestness of his voice, as in plain, clear, almost homely language, well suited to their comprehension, he addressed his lowly yet attentive congregation, thrilled to the very hearts of the listeners.

Mr. Sinclair had never been married, and his niece, Miss Wardour, presided at the rectory.

The feminine portion of his parishioners held to the belief that the death, in early youth, of a young and amiable lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and who, had she lived, would have become his wife, was the cause of his passing through life unmarried, and had also had some influence in bringing about the remarkable change in his career.

Women, whatever be their rank or condition in life, are prone to adopt romantic theories to account for cir-

cumstances of this nature; nevertheless it *may* have been that the wives and daughters of the humble fisher and farming men of St. Davids had some reason beyond mere fancy for their surmises. Whether they had or no it is not essential to this history for the writer to disclose.

"Doctor" Pendriggen—as he was styled by courtesy, though he neither had nor laid claim to the diploma of an M.D.—had served for many years as an assistant-surgeon in the royal navy, and was thus well adapted by his previous habits, and by long experience in treating the diseases incidental to seamen, to his position as parish surgeon in a community the great majority of whom were fishermen and their families. Beneath a somewhat rugged exterior, the doctor concealed a kindly, benevolent heart; and, notwithstanding an occasional roughness of speech, he was a man of much natural intelligence, of considerable scholastic attainments, and of no small professional skill.

With the rector, although no two men could have differed more widely in many respects, Doctor Pendriggen was on terms of the most intimate and familiar friendship. Both were alike active in deeds of benevolence and charity, although the doctor's limited means confined his charities chiefly to gratuitous visits and free gifts of medicine to his poorer patients; and, though this practice kept him poor, he was wont to say jocosely that people seldom came to seek *his* assistance under false pretences. Still, as the poor were numerous in the parish, the worthy doctor's charities were by no means trifling in value, and he was almost as much respected and esteemed as the rector himself.

Au reste, Doctor Pendriggen was a widower, and was, at the date to which my story refers, about forty-five years of age.

The Reverend Alfred Sharpe was a young man of two or three and twenty, just fresh from Oxford, and of respectable though not wealthy parentage. He was tall and thin, with fair complexion, light hair and light blue eyes, and, being somewhat near-sighted, he habitually wore spectacles, and—a frequent habit with near-sighted persons—bent his head slightly forward as he walked. He was of somewhat nervous temperament, and shy and retiring in disposition, and was reported to have been addicted, while at Oxford, to severe study. As, however, he had been but recently ordained, and was consequently a new-comer to St. Davids, I shall leave his character to develop itself as I proceed with my story.

CHAPTER V.—THE SHIPWRECKED PASSENGER OF THE AMERICAN PACKET-SHIP POWHATTAN.

MR. ASTON, the shipwrecked passenger of the American packet-ship Powhattan, who had become the guest of the worthy rector of St. Davids, was, as he informed his hospitable host, an Englishman by birth, though he had quitted his native land in his early youth, and had for many years wandered about in different parts of the world, until at length, some twenty-two years prior to the date at which my story opens, he had married and settled down in the far-west of America, where he had acquired great wealth.

He was now a widower, and out of a large family of children, the elder two, a son and daughter, alone remained to him, and these he had left behind him in America.

But, though so far communicative, Mr. Aston was strangely reticent respecting his early life in England, and respecting the nature of the business which, after so many years' absence, had induced him to return to his native land.

A sprained ankle, which, though very painful and swollen, had at first seemed but a trifling injury, in comparison with what might have befallen a shipwrecked man of his years, was, however, a more serious matter than even Doctor Pendriggen had suspected. A lameness resulted from it which prevented him from putting his foot to the floor for many weeks, and which at one time threatened more serious consequences. He was kept a close prisoner to the house during this period; and, in fact, was for a great portion of the time confined to his room; for he had likewise received some internal injuries which, though apparently not of a very serious nature, and not even suspected until some days after the shipwreck, were rendered more distressing to himself, and more difficult to treat, in consequence of his natural irritability, and his anxiety to get away from St. Davids.

Thus it happened that the month of February was well advanced before he was sufficiently convalescent to take his departure; and meanwhile he had become very intimate and friendly with Mr. Sinclair and Miss Wardour, both of whom, when he more than once expressed his desire to return to his humble quarters at the "Fisherman's Arms"—feeling, as he averred, that he was unduly taxing their kindness and hospitality—refused to listen to any proposition of the kind, and insisted that he should continue to remain their guest.

In truth, setting aside a few harmless eccentricities, the rector and his niece found Mr. Aston a very agreeable and intelligent man. He had, as he had said, travelled far and wide before he had settled down in the far-west of America, and had been in India at the same time as had the rector himself; and thus the two gentlemen found much pleasure in sitting and chatting together about old times and distant lands, during the long winter evenings. Mr. Sinclair frequently felt the solitude of his position, and was glad to see the face of a stranger in his remote country parish; while Miss Wardour—a young lady of twenty-four years—listened with delight to the conversation of her uncle and his guest as she sat at her needlework or embroidery, and occasionally modestly took part therein.

Mr. Aston also got to be on very friendly terms with Doctor Pendriggen, and Mr. Sharpe, and one or two other gentlemen who resided at a distance, but were occasional visitors at the rectory; and, when at length he was able to take short walks abroad, he made better acquaintance with Jemmy Tapley, the old wooden-legged mariner, and with others of the humbler inhabitants of the village, to whom, under Providence, he owed his life, though they refused to accept any reward for the courage and humanity they had displayed on the night of the shipwreck.

When, therefore, he was ready to depart for London, he set forth amidst the regrets and good wishes of the numerous friends he had found on the shore upon which he had been so unexpectedly and unpleasantly cast; while he, on his part, had conceived so great an attachment to the village and its people, that he vaguely hinted his intention, should he decide to remain in England, to purchase property in the parish or its vicinity, and settle himself there for the remainder of his life.

Still, notwithstanding his intimacy with the rector and others, and the freedom with which he had conversed on almost every other topic, Mr. Aston had preserved his original reticency respecting his early life in England, and had never spoken of the object of his visit to his native land, after an absence of nearly forty years.

Once or twice, when in familiar conversation with Mr. Sinclair, he had appeared as if he were inclined to be more communicative; but, on these occasions, he had, as it were, suddenly caught himself up, and had endeavoured to change the topic of discourse.

During his long detention at St. Davids, he had written to no one in England except a banker in London, nor had he received letters from any other person. The banker's letters chiefly related to the re-investment of large sums of money that he (Mr. Aston) had at different times invested in the English funds, and these letters he had read aloud, and sometimes shown to the rector, in order that he might have his advice in the matter.

Thus Mr. Sinclair and his friends were satisfied that the stranger who had been thrown amongst them was really, as he had said, the possessor of considerable wealth; and this knowledge is with many people quite a sufficient, and indeed the very best, guarantee of respectability, while there are none with whom it does not possess some weight. But they knew nothing more respecting him.

And even now, when Mr. Aston was on the point of departure, he made no mention whither he was going after he should leave London (where he intended to make but a few days' sojourn), though he promised to write to Mr. Sinclair from time to time, and, at all events, to visit St. Davids again, whether he should make up his mind to remain in England or to return to America.

This singular secrecy respecting matters that evidently occupied his thoughts continually, and occasioned him much anxiety, would have led many people to regard him with suspicion. Such, however, was not the case with the rector and his friends. They believed that he was actuated by eccentricity. In his honesty and integrity they had implicit confidence, and were satisfied that some day, when it suited him, he would explain all that now appeared mysterious in his conduct.

With this good feeling on both sides, Mr. Aston and his friends parted. Mr. Sinclair accompanied his late guest to Falmouth, where the latter took an inside seat in the mail-stage, and, at the end of two days' journey, arrived safely in London.

CHAPTER VI.—A STRANGER ARRIVES AT THE "WHEATSHEAF" INN AT FORDHAM.

THE little secluded village or hamlet of Fordham stands near the great north road (which runs through several of the midland counties of England), and within a hundred miles of the great metropolis; and fifty years ago the "Wheatsheaf" inn stood fronting the road, and within a few yards of the lane that leads to the village. It is now no more, for wayside inns have well-nigh disappeared, together with many other memories of the "good old times," upon which, despite the boasted rapid march of progress and civilisation, we are still apt to look back with regret.

One evening in the month of February, just one week from the day on which the shipwrecked passenger of the Powhattan quitted the village of St. Davids, the mail-coach from London drew up to change horses opposite the "Wheatsheaf" inn ere it proceeded on the last stage of that day's journey. The day had been wintry and gloomy, and darkness had set in early; snow lay deep on the ground, and the mail had, in consequence, been detained two hours behind its time. The coach was full of passengers, outside and inside; nevertheless the landlord of the inn looked ruefully at his well-garnished table, for well he knew that, in consequence of the

delay, the passengers had dined at the inn at which the stage had changed horses two hours before.

"No passengers 'll light here at this time of night," he remarked to the head-waiter. "They'll have dined at the 'Plough,' I'll warrant. Show a light, Bill; but 't won't be o' no use."

"A passenger for the 'Wheatsheaf!'" bawled out the guard, interrupting the landlord's doleful monologue. "Inside passenger," he went on. "Stops for the night. Come, look out here arter the genelman's luggage."

"Rum start this, Bôb" (this aside to the coachman), "to put up *here* for the night, when the very next stage takes us on to the town."

Having thus delivered himself, the guard swung himself from the basket of the coach to the ground, where he stood flinging his arms to and fro to restore the circulation to his half-frozen limbs, while the passenger, who had alighted, pointed out his luggage to the porters.

Then, ceasing his violent exercise, the guard touched his hat, and addressing the passenger, said—

"This way, sir, please. Fust-rate inn, the 'Wheatsheaf.' Foller me, sir;" and led the way towards the porch, where the landlord, who by this time had come forth, stood to welcome his unlooked-for guest.

"Please to remember the guard, sir." Again the guard touched his hat.

"Thank'ee, sir. A drop o' summat warm 'll do a body no harm, for it be a bitter cold night as ever I saw. Luggage all right, sir? That's well;" and, pocketing the silver coin the passenger had handed to him, the guard entered the bar-room of the inn to partake of "refreshment," in the form of hot brandy-and-water, while the fresh horses were being put to the coach.

None of the other passengers seemed inclined to alight, nor even to remove their wrappers and brave the frosty air for the sake of the refreshment the landlord would gladly have sent out to them, and in a few minutes everything was prepared for a fresh start; not, however, till the guard came forth from the inn with a tumbler of hot liquor, which he handed to the coachman on the box.

"All right!" cried the guard, as he climbed to his seat in the rear of the vehicle. The coachman smacked his whip, and the coach started anew with its fresh relay of horses.

The guard tried a note or two on the key-bugle, but finding the weather too cold to permit him to blow the instrument with comfort, he soon laid it aside, and nothing was heard but the tramp of the horses' hoofs, and the rattling of the wheels as they rolled over the frozen ground.

Meanwhile the departing passengers, recollecting that they had yet a long cold ride before them, thought of their late companion with feelings akin to envy, as through the frosted window-panes of the inn they were leaving behind them, red with the glow of the blazing fires within, they caught glimpses of brilliantly-lighted and well-furnished parlours, and of a well-spread table in the dining-room, promising alike warmth, comfort, and good cheer—all very excellent things to meet with at the end of a long winter day's journey. But the coach sped rapidly onwards; the brilliantly-lighted inn was soon lost to view; and again they plunged into the dreary darkness of the night, only relieved by the cheerless glare of the snow that covered the road and the surrounding country, and clung to the branches of the leafless trees.

The landlord had, meanwhile, ostentatiously welcomed his unlooked-for guest, though he could scarcely restrain

his astonishment that a gentleman, travelling by stage, should put up for the night at a way-side inn, when the stage had nearly completed its journey. Had the traveller arrived in a post-chaise it would have been a different affair, and a not unfrequent occurrence; but stage-coach travellers generally made the through journey, unless they came to visit friends in the neighbouring village, in which case they usually proceeded to the residence of their friends immediately after they had partaken of some slight refreshment.

The new arrival, however, had evidently no thought of leaving the inn that night, though the village was so near. He ordered supper to be served, and a bedroom to be prepared for his reception as soon as possible, observing, at the same time, that he was very tired after his long day's journey.

"Come all the way from London, sir?" said the landlord, interrogatively.

"Yes, from London," replied the traveller.

"Going on farther to-morrow, sir, I suppose?"

"No; I am going no farther."

"Ah, I see, sir; got friends living in the village, or near by?"

"Perhaps so; perhaps not."

"Stay at the 'Wheatsheaf,' sir? Make you very comfortable."

"Perhaps so; possibly I may return to London to-morrow. Let me have supper."

The tone in which the traveller spoke the last words showed that he did not wish to be further questioned, and the disappointed landlord, who wanted to find out whether his guest had come down on a visit to any of the gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood—for his appearance precluded the idea that he had come to visit any of the village folk—quitted the room discomfited.

Still curious to learn who the stranger really was, the landlord waited himself at the supper-table, but the traveller gave no further information respecting the object of his visit; and, as soon as he had finished his supper, desired to be conducted to his bedroom.

The chambermaid was promptly in attendance with a candlestick, and the stranger followed her upstairs, but stopped at the first landing and, looking down, inquired whether his luggage had been taken up to his room.

"Not yet, sir," replied the landlord; "I will send it up by the porter immediately."

"Very good," replied the stranger. "Let me be called at eight o'clock in the morning, and have breakfast ready when I come down-stairs."

"Yes, sir," responded the landlord.

The stranger was going on, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him.

"By the way, landlord," he said, "you know Morton Hall, near by, at the other end of the village? Of course you do."

"The squire's place, sir? Yes, sir."

"Are the family all well?"

"To the best of my knowledge, sir. I've heard nothing to the contrary."

"And at home?"

"I b'lieve they be, sir. I did hear last week from Mr. Tomlins, the butler, as they were a-going up to London soon; but unless they started afore the snow-storm came on this morning—which ain't likely—they beant' gone yet."

"Thank you," replied the stranger, and passed on to his bedroom.

Presently the porter appeared with the luggage that had been sent for.

"Wait one moment, Tom," said the landlord; "what's the name on the card fastened to the portmanteau? Ah, I see: 'Mr. H. Aston, London to Fordham.' Go on, Tom."

"Aston!" repeated the landlord, as the porter passed on with his burden. "Aston—from London to Fordham—hem! Must be some visitor to the squire's by his asking so purtic'lar about the 'Mortons;' but I don't recollect any such name ever visiting at the Hall before. Well, I s'pose we shall know all about it by'm by; but I seldom seen a gentleman have so little to say for himself."

They kept early hours at the "Wheatsheaf." The last night-coach had changed horses and gone on its way. Soon after the traveller retired the shutters were closed, and long before midnight all the inmates of the house had retired to their beds.

READY-MONEY HOUSEKEEPING.

THE praiseworthy endeavour "to make both ends meet"—an endeavour which ought never to relax, inasmuch as one's comfort and respectability depend on its success—is often defeated by the practice of taking needless credit; that is, by running into debt for things which should be and might be paid for with ready cash. At the risk of being suspected of poaching on the manor of Poor Richard, and warming up an old dish, we shall devote a column or two to the inculcation of ready-money dealing, viewing the subject in the light of to-day, in the hope that our desultory remarks may prove of use to housekeepers, and to young housekeepers more especially, who in the present day, when credit is so general and so easily obtained, are too apt to be led into difficulty by its delusive fascinations.

First of all, let us jot down a few remarks, the results of a long and varied experience, on the advantages of "cash down." To start with, we may point to the fact, not at all a trifle in itself, that he who goes into the market with money in his pocket, prepared to pay for what he buys, is master of the whole market, can deal where he likes, and with whom he likes. If one dealer's goods are not to his taste, he can have recourse to another; and, in fact, to the extent of his purchasing power, is master of them all. Consequently, he can use his own judgment in the selection of the wares he wants, and need not be put off with inferior ones. He is under no obligation to the seller, but can assert his independence, and bargain with him on equal terms, while his very independence will secure for him a greater degree of civility and attention than he would dare to expect were he deep in the seller's books. In the next place, the man or the woman who deals for cash only, and runs up no accounts, avoids the risk of paying twice over for anything. This may seem at first view of comparatively small importance, but in truth it is not so. Demands are constantly being made for such second payments—not so much, it may be charitably inferred, from the dishonesty of tradesmen and shopkeepers, as from their carelessness. In the bustle of business over the counter, they neglect to cross off small sums received, and forget all about it afterwards. Their memories are more tenacious of debts incurred than of accounts settled; and, if they have any doubt as to whether a "little bill" is settled or not, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they should give themselves the benefit of it. Shopkeepers, though perfectly honest, often fall into errors of this kind, and sometimes damage themselves seriously by their laxity; while, on the other hand, there is little

doubt that careless or unsuspecting customers who take credit are frequently victimised from the same cause.

Again, the ready-money purchaser escapes the risk, all too common, of paying for goods and consumable wares which he has never had. There are plenty of dishonest shopkeepers, ever ready to take advantage of a customer's indifference and carelessness. Some of them are so well skilled in the art and mystery of overcharging, that they even prefer doing business on credit to doing it for ready cash, because the credit system gives them the opportunity they want—provided always that the customers they trust are in respectable circumstances. Dr. Trusler, in his "Domestic Management," gives a rather flagrant instance of the effrontery of persons of this class. A gentleman was one day complaining to his butcher, with whom he had dealt with ready cash for a year or two, of the quality of the meat he was sending in.

"I don't value your custom a straw," retorted the burly trader: "You may carry it elsewhere if you like. You never run up a bill."

"What did he mean," asks the doctor, "but that the gentleman never gave him the opportunity of charging for a joint which had not been sent in?"

A further advantage enjoyed by the ready-money dealer, lies in the fact that he can economise his means. He is not likely to buy too much of a thing he wants, or anything he does not want, because the penalty of paying for it is always at hand, and not put off for a future day. Credit, as everybody knows, is the parent of extravagance. Cash down, we may add, is the best of all checks to any tendencies in that direction, and the best security for prudence and thrift. He or she who accepts general credit must be often in doubt as to the actual state of the domestic finances, and is liable to grievous discoveries at those critical periods when the debits and credits have to be balanced and scores wiped off. With those who pay cash the case is different. They can always tell the state of the exchequer by referring to the balance in hand, which they have the pleasure of knowing is their own and not another's.

The last advantage we shall notice here, though many others suggest themselves, lies in the satisfaction a man must feel in the consciousness that, whatever else there may be to plague him, his money-matters are all right and square. This satisfaction belongs peculiarly to the class who, turning away from the allurements of credit, pay their way as they go. The ready-money man, albeit his means are limited and confined to the earnings of his own hands or brain, is more free and independent, and is so far more happy and comfortable, than any man can be who is loaded with the obligations of debt. In his walks abroad he is never afraid of meeting a creditor; he need not take circuitous routes to avoid the shops of suspicious or suffering tradesmen; and is never put to dismay by certain oblong slips of paper bearing her Majesty's name, in the hands of those ominous-looking myrmidons who affect the dusky splendours of velvet and corduroy. At home he can enjoy the welcome tranquillity of his fireside. Whatever knocks, single or double, come to his street door, he can listen to them unperturbed, or can answer them himself without a thought of misgiving or the apprehension of a dun. Like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, "he looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man;" and so no man has the power to put him out of countenance by a demand which he is unprepared to meet.

The disadvantages of taking credit are even more obvious than are the advantages of the cash-down system. If you go into debt for necessities you limit your market

to the narrowest bounds, and often shut yourself out of the benefit of declining prices, seeing that without money in hand you must deal with the traders who are willing to trust you, and must have their goods at their own price, or go without them. To a poor man with a scanty and hardly-earned income this is a serious consideration indeed, and in practice often proves fatal to the health and comfort of his family. It is in the "general shops" of the courts and back streets, where everything that the working man's family wants is sold, and where everything is sold on credit, that the very worst provisions and household materials of all kinds are found in the greatest abundance. This is the market for the tea of home manufacture—tea that is made up of a mixture of dried tea-leaves and leaves of the sloe; for coffee which has lain for long in the show-windows of the regular grocers, where it has parted with all its native flavour; for sugar that will not sweeten, but will deposit a nauseous refuse of slimy sand; for dried fruits in which decomposition has already set in; for bread in which flour can hardly be said to be the prevailing ingredient; and for fifty other things of as vile a description made to sell upon credit to the poor man, and which in a ready-money market would never command a sale at all. To this market the working man who takes credit is ultimately driven, because the more respectable shops will not give credit to men of his class; and it shall happen that from this cause alone his own health and that of his family are undermined.

Again, it is well known that by some means or other—what are the means the traders know best—wherever credit is given, those who ultimately pay are made to pay not only their own quotas but those of the defaulters as well. We forbear to inquire whether this is done by the adulteration or sophistication of goods, or by some more recondite process—we mention it only for the sake of reminding the debtor of the contingencies to which he is liable, and which he may avoid by paying ready cash. Theodore Hook tells a story of a shopkeeper who used to solace himself on wet and stormy days, when no customers came to his counter, by taking down his account-books and going through them pen in hand, interpolating entries and setting down imaginary transactions wherever he could find room for them, and could persuade himself they would pass unchallenged. We should be sorry to think there were many such knaves as this fellow to be found behind the counter; at the same time the trader is always subject to a temptation to take advantage of the neglect of a careless customer who trusts himself entirely in his hands. We have before now seen some astounding bills sent by tradesmen when accounts have been suffered to stand over for a long time—bills which seemed to prove, as far as figures are proof, that the ordinary consumption of a family may become double on occasions without any appreciable cause. It is of no use to grumble at such accounts, or to resist the payment of them; the trader who makes a false entry will boldly stand up for it; and if you refer the matter to the decision of a court of justice the jury will accept the evidence of his books unless you can produce some proof of fraud, which it would be quite impossible to do in such a case.

It is not at all a difficult thing to set out in life on the ready-money system, seeing that when we are young and have our way to make, it is generally forced upon us: the difficulty is rather to resist the seductions of credit when the sun of prosperity has begun to smile on us, or, which is pretty much the same thing, when people think it has. The best preservative against the

temptation to run into debt is the practice of self-denial. Make up your mind early in life to purchase nothing that you can well do without until you can not merely afford to buy it but have the money in hand to pay for it. Let this be your golden rule, and act upon it continually from year to year. If you are single, do not even take a wife on credit—that is, do not think of marrying until you can begin housekeeping on the ready-money system. If you once start upon credit you are in a fair way to go on so to the end, and if you do that you will never enjoy the satisfactions of real freedom and independence, and further, will never, as we have shown above, reap the full benefit of your income, be it large or small.

Let us counsel those among our readers with whom economy and the thrifty investment of their finances is an object of importance—if they have been in the habit of taking credit hitherto—to make a stand against the practice from this time forward, and to persevere until their names have altogether disappeared from the shopkeeper's books. The thing is difficult in some cases, it must be confessed, but it is not impossible, and may be done by perseverance in a little self-denial. In the case of a working-man paid by weekly wages, the method is simple enough. Let him give up some small indulgences, or even necessities, for a time, and lay by their cost until the savings have grown to the amount of his weekly wage. Such saving will be a good discipline in itself, and the ready cash thus gained will enable him to drop his dealings on credit, and start as a ready-money man. Clerks and managers who are paid quarterly will find it a harder matter to get clear of credit after being long accustomed to it; but, if they cannot do it at once, they can yet do it, as we have seen it done, by degrees. The same self-denial that helps the artisan will help them, and the practice of it will enable them to transfer one item of housekeeping stores after another from the credit to the ready-money system, until the whole of the domestic outlay is so transferred, and the reform is complete. The result will be, on an average, that persons of their grade, thus emancipating themselves from the predicaments of constant debt, will add practically some twenty per cent. to the purchasing power of their incomes—to make no mention of the superiority of the goods purchaseable for cash over those which are systematically thrust upon the humbler classes who buy on credit.

Meanwhile, so long as credit *must* be had, let the buyer remember that the shorter he makes his credit the better, as a rule, the shopkeeper will serve him. And let him keep a check against his tradesmen, or rather let him make them keep it, by entering in the buyer's book, as well as in their own, every article they sell him.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born at a farm-house in Middlebie parish, near Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, on the 4th of December, 1795. His father was a true specimen of the better class of Scottish yeomen in Annandale—a man of shrewdness and energy, and with religion of the old Presbyterian type. His mother was a woman of superior intelligence, kind-hearted and pious; so that his home was like that described by Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night." In the parish school, in those days, the children of all sects met on common ground; and here the boy got his first lessons, till old enough to be sent to the Grammar School of the town of Annan. The highest ambition of many a humble

mother in Scotland is "to see her son's head wag in a pulpit;" but this desire in Carlyle's parents was prompted by the noblest motives, as might be expected from their devout character. His training at the Grammar School was intended to prepare him for the University, where all candidates for the ministry in Scotland have to pass through a three or four years' curriculum of study, before commencing the special classes for theology.

In his last year at Annan, in the summer of 1809, when in his fourteenth year, Carlyle first became acquainted with Edward Irving. Long after, in 1835, he described the impression which Irving, his senior by one or two years, made upon him on his first return from Edinburgh College. "The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago, in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise. He had come to see our school-master, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters, classical, mathematical, a whole wonderland of knowledge. Nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end, looked out from the blooming young man." This passage is doubly interesting when read along with another and more personal fragment of autobiography, part of the address at his inauguration as Rector of Edinburgh University, on the 2nd of April, 1866: "There are now fifty-six years gone, last November, since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen—fifty-six years ago—to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all kinds, I knew not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land rising up and saying, 'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a variety of fortunes and have had many judges.' As the old proverb says, 'He that builds by the wayside has many masters.' We must expect a variety of judges, but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and, perhaps, they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence."

Of his college career, the only memorable point in written record is that he studied mathematics with great success, and obtained the notice and friendship of Professor Sir John Leslie. If, as is usually supposed, he narrates his own experience, in the person of Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his "Sartor Resartus," his life at Edinburgh did not fulfil the early dream of "a whole wonderland of knowledge." "What vain jargon of controversial metaphysics, etymology, and mechanical manipulation, falsely named science, was current there, I indeed learned better, perhaps, than the most. Among eleven hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated. By instinct and happy accident I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library, I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences."

For a time Carlyle continued the studies required for entering the Church, but it is evident that "the foundation of a literary life" was already laid. The irregular appetite for books "in almost all languages, and on almost

all subjects and sciences," including modern German philosophy and romance, could hardly co-exist with the earnest study of theology. For the Christian ministry, notwithstanding the pious wishes of his good parents, he felt he had no special calling; and it would be well if many others were equally honest in judging their own qualifications for so sacred a vocation.

On relinquishing his purpose of entering the Church, Mr. Carlyle supported himself for some years by teaching mathematics; and, in 1823, became tutor to Mr. Charles Buller.* At this time he wrote his "Life of Schiller," which was published in three portions in the "London Magazine," in 1823 and 1824. Already he had contributed some articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," edited by Sir David Brewster, and to the short-lived "New Edinburgh Review." He had also published a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and of "Legendre's Geometry," to which he prefixed an "Essay on Proportion."

The translation of "Wilhelm Meister" appeared anonymously. The "Monthly Magazine" spoke of the translation as "executed in a masterly way;" and "Blackwood" said "Goethe, for once, has no reason to complain of his translator," who was congratulated on his promising *début*, and encouraged to produce other similar works. This was done in four volumes of "Specimens of German Romance," one of which was a version of Wilhelm Meister's "Wanderjahre," a sequel to the "Lehrjahre," or Apprenticeship. The other three volumes contained selections from Richter, Hoffmann, and other German romancers.

The translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was made the occasion of a slashing attack by Jeffrey, in the "Edinburgh Review," on Goethe, and on German literature generally. To the translator, however, the great critic gave praise, as "one who is proved by his preface to be a person of talents, and by every part of his work to be no ordinary master at least of one of the languages with which he has to deal." Two years later, in 1827, Mr. Carlyle became a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," his first article being "The Critical Biography of Jean Paul Richter," followed by an "Essay on German Literature," and his still more popular "Essay on Robert Burns."

Mr. Carlyle was now fairly embarked in literature as the business of his life. In 1827 he had married Miss Welsh, daughter of Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, a young lady who had been his pupil. Another event about the same time happened which exerted no little influence on his future career. His "Life of Schiller" had been published as a separate work; although attracting comparatively little notice in England, it was immensely popular in Germany, having been translated by Goethe, with a laudatory preface. The friendship and correspondence of Goethe confirmed all Mr. Carlyle's German proclivities. From "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," we learn how highly the great German appreciated the more liberal tone which Carlyle gave to British criticism:—"It is pleasant to see," said Goethe, "that the Scotch are giving up their early pedantry, are now more in earnest and more profound. When I recollect how the 'Edinburgh Review' treated my works, not many years since, and when I consider Carlyle's merits towards German literature, I am astonished at the important step which has been taken towards a better end." "In Carlyle," said he, "I venerate most of all the spirit and character which lie at the foundation of his tendencies. He looks to the culture of his own nation; and, in the literary

* A fine tribute to the memory of Mr. Buller, from the pen of his former master, appeared in the "Examiner" in 1846.

productions of other countries, which he wished to make known to his contemporaries, pays less attention to art and genius than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works." "Yes," said Goethe, "the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves are. We can by no means vie with him by our researches in English literature."

At the time when this conversation took place, Carlyle was residing at Craigenputtock, a farm in Nithsdale, about fifteen miles from Dumfries. There Emerson found him, some years later, when he first visited this country. "I found the house," says his New England admirer, "amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." In that mountain solitude he wrote his exquisite article on "Burns," for the "Edinburgh Review;" several articles on Goethe and other German authors, for the "Foreign Review;" and "Sartor Resartus." Of his mode of life at this period he gave the following interesting sketch in one of his letters to Goethe, which was published by him in his preface to the German translation of the "Life of Schiller":—

"Craigenputtock, September 25, 1828.

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own: here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment piled upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals, whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descrie, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where

Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it it was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you."

Thus early he seems to have aspired to be a "man of letters" by profession, and has always consistently magnified his office, even on the ground of the highest of all usefulness. "The writer of a book," he says, "is he not a preacher preaching not in this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places?" And again, "He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the bishop, and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real, working, effective church of a modern country." Such was his personal justification of the choice of his profession. But it is an exaggerated statement of only a partial truth. The power of the press can rarely be compared with that of the pulpit. Of a book like the "Pilgrim's Progress," or Baxter's "Saint's Rest," the spiritual influence may reach beyond all spoken and unprinted teaching; but how rarely, alas! does the man of letters touch the same themes as the Christian minister! For the most part literature deals with the things of earth and of time alone, not with those of heaven and of eternity. It is a vain boast, therefore, to talk, as Carlyle has done, of "the priesthood of the writers of books" as above "other priesthoods." It is higher only when it deals with the highest of all themes, and with a genius and power attained by few. How far Mr. Carlyle himself has come up to the standard his works must testify, and others besides "men of letters" must be the judges.

About the year 1830 Mr. Carlyle came to London to push his fortune as a man of letters. He brought with him a work which he had composed in his Scottish seclusion, "Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh." Written when under the spell of German influence, this work is characterised by the eccentricity, as well as power, that mark more or less all his subsequent writings. In its main features, as already hinted, the hero of the book is accepted as a kind of mental portraiture of the author. "The world is prone to believe," as one said, "and perhaps it was meant that it should so believe, that the resemblance extends farther than the two lineaments that 'Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life,' and the closing 'private conjecture (of the author), now amounting almost to certainty, that, safe moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!'"

After various unsuccessful attempts to find a publisher, the manuscript was sent in successive portions to "Fraser's Magazine," where it appeared in 1833 and 1834. The readers of "Fraser" in the United States were the first to discover the worth of "Sartor Resartus" under its strange masquerade of style and opinion. An edition was printed at Boston in 1836, since followed by editions of all Mr. Carlyle's works, including his miscellaneous early writings, which were collected and published in America before they acquired that mark of public approval in England.

In 1837 was published "The French Revolution; a History, by Thomas Carlyle"—the first of his books bearing the author's name.

In the same year he delivered a course of six lectures on German literature in Willis's Rooms, which did not attract much public notice, though the newspapers described the audience as "very crowded yet select." A course of twelve lectures next season, at the Marylebone

entreaties have been made, at home and in America, to deliver other lectures; but, on finishing the last-named course, he declared his fixed determination to have done with that mode of utterance.

Returning to his published works, "Chartism" ap-



With many kind regards.

Cherms.

T. Carlyle

Institution, on the history of European literature, gave promise of greater celebrity as a speaker. Leigh Hunt, in the "Examiner," thus records his impression of the lecture:—"He does not read. We doubted, on hearing the first lecture, whether he would ever attain in this way the fluency as well as depth for which he ranks among celebrated talkers in private; but the second discourse relieved us. He strode away like Ulysses himself; and had only to regret, in common with his audience, the limits to which the hour confined him. He touched, however, in his usual masterly way, what may be called the mountain-tops of his subject—the principal men and things." Two other courses were given—in 1839 on the "Revolutions of Modern Europe," and in 1840 on Hero-worship, the most popular and best known of his spoken discourses. Many applications and

appeared in 1839, his mind having been turned from more pleasant but fruitless fields of literature and history, to the social problems of the time. The same purpose appeared in his "Past and Present," published in 1843, and "Latter-day Pamphlets," in 1850, the strain of which has been re-echoed in his recent political manifesto, "Shooting Niagara." This class of his works displays the earnest thinker and emphatic speaker, but also a man crotchety and erratic, straining after impossible optimisms, but giving little help to real and practicable reform and progress.

Meanwhile, the great work had appeared by which Mr. Carlyle's name will be known in English literature and history, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations." "The Life of John Sterling," published in 1850, though praised by Mr. Carlyle's

admirers, and containing much that is interesting, is a melancholy production, to be best passed over in silence. His last great work is "The History of Frederick the Great," of which he has made the most in his own way, but evidently finding it up-hill work to make a hero of old Fritz.

Until summoned to deliver his inaugural address when elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in 1866, with the exception of his appearance as a lecturer, Mr. Carlyle has lived the life of a recluse in his house in Cheyne Road, Chelsea, like Teufelsdröckh in his "high Wahngasse watch-tower." Without family, his books have been his children, his love of them, till lately, shared by the partner of his early years and sympathising companion of his studies.

Our object being to give merely the outline of the life so far as the public has to do with it, we have contented ourselves with bare enumeration of the works which have raised Mr. Carlyle to his high place among the notables of the age. No man living has exerted wider and deeper influence on the rising generation of authors and educated readers. It is the more necessary to point out how far that influence has been for good, and how far we consider him to be an unsafe guide. It would be idle, at this time of day, to criticise his peculiarities either of thought or diction. *Magnæ virtutes sed magna vitia*—great excellences but also great faults—is a saying emphatically true in his case. The power, the independence, the originality of his views, and the rugged strength of his language, are admitted on all hands. What faults and eccentricities there are, either of matter or manner, have long been essential parts of the man, who nevertheless surprises, and sways, and delights every thoughtful reader, even when dissenting from him. It matters not that his writings defy all canons of taste and rules of literature. After one of Frederick the Great's victories an old field-marshal demonstrated that the battle ought to have been lost—it was fought contrary to all the rules of war! Success silences all criticism about Mr. Carlyle's style, although it ought not to extort indiscriminate praise, still less to invite servile imitation. Let us hope that "Carlylese" will die with Carlyle.

A far more important matter it is to protest against, not merely the aping of his style, but the utterance of his paradoxes. At the bottom there appears in Mr. Carlyle's works a reverence for truth and religion, but overlaid with what he would himself call guano-mountains of cant and rubbish. No man could write as he has done about Luther, and Knox, and Cromwell, without a belief in things not dreamed of in mere philosophy. But when he makes "earnestness" the one great test of truth, and "sincerity" the sole test of moral greatness, when he talks of "the gospel of labour" and "the sacredness of work," when he denounces all existing political and social systems as "shams," he utters the ravings of a self-deluded "prophet." True, men must believe, men must be earnest, must be sincere, or there is no hope of them. But men must also take heed what they believe, and about what they are in earnest. In Mr. Carlyle's earnestness, truth and falsehood, good and evil, are confounded, and all moral distinctions broken down. With him sincerity covers a multitude of sins. With him zeal is good, whether with or without knowledge. Amidst all his paradoxes he himself may distinguish between human and divine truth; but the effect of this confusion of right and wrong, this calling good evil and evil good, must be disastrous on the minds of many who look to him as an oracle. It is a terrible responsibility for a man to wield such influence, and

to use it in a way likely to foster unbelief in revealed religion, and to throw discredit on the gospel of Christ, as the divinely appointed remedy for the wrongs of life. In his last and greatest public effort, the address at the University of Edinburgh, while there was much shrewdness of statement and earnestness of advice, the tone rose no higher than that melancholy utterance from the death-chamber of his friend John Sterling, who thus wrote to him: "On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none." What a contrast to the words of Archbishop Leighton, addressing from the same place a similar assembly:* "The wise man alone feels true joy, and real wisdom is the attainment of a Christian only, who bears with life, but hopes for death, and passes through all the storms and tempests of the former with an undaunted mind, but with the most fervent wishes looks for the latter, as the secure port and the 'fair havens,' in the highest sense of the expression; whose mind is humble, and at the same time exalted; neither depending upon outward advantages nor puffed up with his own; and neither elevated nor depressed by any turns or vicissitudes of fortune. The only thing he desires is the favour and countenance of the Supreme King; the only thing he fears is his displeasure; and, without doubt, a mind of this cast must of necessity be the habitation of constant serenity, exalted joy, and gladness springing from on high. . . . Whatever may be your fate with respect to other things, it is my earnest request that it may be your highest ambition and your principal study to be true Christians; that is, to be humble, meek, pure, holy, and followers of your Captain wherever he goeth; for he that follows Him shall not walk in darkness, but be conducted, through the morning light of Divine grace, to the meridian and never-ending brightness of glory."

THINGS GONE OUT OF USE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

II.

QUACK medicines have extraordinary longevity. There is an old nostrum called Heal-all, which may have been taken from the All-heal of the Druids, our most ancient doctors. Daffy's Elixir is of early date. Godfrey's Cordial has been working its mischief many years; for, more than a century ago, in 1756, we find it enumerated among the medicines employed by the nurses at the early periods of the Foundling Hospital, to give a long and effectual quieting to the children committed to their care. Scot's Pills were sold upon the same spot for nearly two centuries, in the Strand: they were originally made by a physician to Charles I, and we find them advertised in 1699, as "sold at the Golden Unicorn, over against the Maypole, in the Strand;" the shop disappeared in the year 1865. John Moore, "author of the celebrated Worm-powder," lived in Abchurch Lane, in the time of Pope, who thus apostrophised him:—

"O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee."

The great worm-destroying school of our time was Dr. Gardner's, in Long Acre, with its rows of worms preserved in spirits; but they have "gone out of use."

* "Exhortations," by Archbishop Leighton, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

We miss, too, the Anodyne Necklace, recommended for cutting teeth by the inventor, and by another doctor, who possessed the secret; in this case the doctors did *not* differ.

Sight-seeing has been much economised in our time, as well as improved in character. In the "Tatler," 1709, we read:—"On Thursday last I took three lads a rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town, as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places, which are entertainments to raw minds." The lions have been removed from the Tower, since 1834, to the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park. It usually cost one shilling to see the few animals at the Tower. The whole menagerie, the finest in the world, the Zoological Society's, can be seen for sixpence, not shut up in close and dark rooms and cages, but enjoying light, air, and ventilation. To see the jewels at the Tower formerly cost half-a-crown; the fee is now sixpence, and the amonuries are proportionately reasonable. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, once costly sights, may now be seen for a trifling sum. Bedlam is altogether a different sight from the horrors of the old hospital in Moorfields. We can just remember the crowds in the Fields to see the patients at the windows of one of the galleries of the old place. The four sight-loving folks in the "Tatler's" hackney-coach must have had several shillings to pay for their ride.

This brings us to the change in public conveyances. The Hackney-coach was from the first an expensive affair, though its rate was fixed by Act of Parliament. It was then one shilling a mile; it was uneasily hung, and so narrow as to be taken for a sedan on wheels; and there were all sorts of abuses in the licensing and hiring, and increase of fares. Gay describes the vigilance of the driver in his time:—

"When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares."

The next Hackney-coach was double-seated, large, and cumbrous, and usually a cast-off carriage, often to be seen emblazoned with the arms of its former noble owner. This lumbering coach was drawn by two horses, and the driver was "notoriously rude, exacting, and quarrelsome." The coach was next modified to a chariot, still drawn by two horses. Then came a succession of *cabriolets*, which mostly settled down into the cab or sedan-like coach-body upon four wheels, drawn by one horse, and reminding us of a seventeenth-century coach, such as we see sculptured on Thynne's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The Thames Watermen and their Wherries have almost disappeared, after three centuries and a half existence as a Company, and their affairs being regulated "by the most wise, discreet, and best sort of watermen." Their Water-poet, with his fellow-watermen, violently opposed the introduction of coaches as "trade-spillers." The Company condemned the building of Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges for their injury to the ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, the profits of which were given to the poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows; in both cases the Company were compensated for their losses. The wherry was an expensive craft, and was blown out of the water by the steam-boats, which were as fatal to the watermen as railways to stage-coachmen. In all these scrambles the public have been the gainers. The only Horse-ferry on the Thames—that between Westminster and Lambeth—was granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, under a rent of twenty pence. On opening Westminster Bridge, in 1750, the ferry ceased, and £2,205 were given to the See as an equivalent. There were two large inns at the

ferry, for travellers, who, arriving in the evening, did not choose to cross the water at such an hour, or, in case of bad weather, might prefer waiting for better. At Blackfriars, before the building of the bridge, was a ferry, the fare of which, late at night, and in rough weather, was 4s. each passenger; an old customer, who clamoured loudly for the bridge, is known to have been one of the loudest in protesting against the half-penny bridge toll!

The changes in laws are too extensive a field for us to venture in; but we must mention a barbarous punishment which was inflicted in the metropolis not forty years since. This was the Pillory, which existed in England before the Norman conquest, and for centuries was the great institution for the punishment of a variety of offences, especially for "lies, slanders, falsehoods, and deceits;" and it was much used for fraudulent bakers. The Pillory was made in various forms; the simplest was a wooden frame or screen, raised on a pillar or post, several feet from the ground, and behind which the culprit stood supported on a flat form, his head and hands being thrust through holes in the screen, so as to be exposed in the front of it; and thus he stood for an hour or longer. The Pillory was originally intended more for the exposure of the persons to ridicule and infamy than bodily punishment. But in most cases the mob took the punishment into their own hands, and the pilloried persons were mercilessly pelted with rotten eggs, cabbage-stalks, and even stones, and sometimes died from this brutal treatment. We remember to have seen four persons in the pillory at the north end of Fleet Market, about the year 1812. The last person so punished was one Bossy, for perjury, in the Old Bailey, in 1830; but the Pillory was not abolished by law until 1837.

The improved Lighting of our Streets must have been a great moral benefit to the population. Persons of rank and wealth, in the last century, were borne in their sedans, preceded and followed by footmen bearing flambeaux; and there is a curious print of Leicester Square in the reign of George II, showing the Prince of Wales borne in his Sedan towards St. James's, attended by halberdiers and his suite. The Duchesses of Gloucester, Hamilton, and Dowager Northumberland, and the Marchioness of Salisbury, were the last to retain this antiquated mode of conveyance. In entrance-halls is occasionally kept the old disused family Sedan, emblazoned with arms; we remember to have seen three Sedans at Argyll House, one for state occasions. In the iron-work facing old mansions may be seen large extinguishers, by which the footmen attending Sedans put out their flambeaux or links.

Lighting the streets was provided for in early times, of which, however, the lamps which reached us were but sorry specimens. The light of the old oil-lamp made darkness visible, and was commonly compared to a pin-head. Dr. Johnson, when he lived in Bolt Court, is said to have one evening, from a window of his house, observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend a ladder to light one of the oil-lamps. He had scarcely descended the ladder half-way when the flame expired. Quickly returning, he lifted the lamp-cover, and, thrusting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke*." But the change was beset with all sorts of difficulties. The Chinese, it is reported, lighted their streets and houses with coal-gas, ere we had attempted it; and among the mistakes about Gas-lighting, it must not be forgotten that such scientific men as Davy, Wollaston,

and Watt, at first gave an opinion that coal-gas could never be safely applied to the purposes of street-lighting. How extensively it has been achieved is shown by the fact that in 1865 nearly two millions of money were paid for gas-lighting the metropolis. In the change we have parted with the dirty lamplighter and his flaring torch, redolent with Greenland oil; and have done away with the ladder, the gas being lighted by a simple contrivance of the person on foot. There is an account of a public lamp being kept up in a part of Billingsgate ward, where, upwards of 200 years ago, a citizen fell at night and broke his leg, and afterwards bequeathed the sum of £4 a-year for the maintenance there of a public light at night for all time. The money has been paid for two centuries, and, since the introduction of gas, to a gas company, who have superseded the old light.

Among the things of the past are the flint-and-steel Tinderbox, and the familiar cries of the Match-sellers:—

"Here's your fine tar-barrel matches,
Sixteen bunches a penny—sixteen a penny."

Or,

"Come, buy my good matches—come, buy them of me,
They are the best matches you ever did see;
An old woman lived in Rosemary Lane,
Who dipped them, and dyed them, and I do the same."

Such were the brimstone matches; but we shall presently see how other matches have been provided for the venders. The tinderbox is now a rarity; and we read of an intelligent person who, when searching for matters of greater importance, inquired in many parts of the metropolis, and in many districts of England and Scotland, without finding the tinderbox. At last he found one in a village not far from the venerable Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain—a primitive part of England, where old customs still linger; and where, we are told, some few persons still continue to use the flint-and-steel tinderbox.*

In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, we remember to have seen a large old Tinderbox, reputed to have been of Charles the Second's time. To "strike on the tinder," as Shakespeare has it, was no easy matter but for an adept; and the quality of the matches had something to do with the success of the process. They were much made by gipsies; and we knew a kind-hearted old gentlewoman in Oxfordshire who gave every year to a tribe of gipsies wood enough to make a year's stock of matches, and by that means secured her farm from their depredations.

For many centuries the apparatus of a stone struck against a piece of iron, continued, with but little improvement, to be the only means of procuring light. By the Saxons the flint was called the *fyr-stone*; and iron was the forerunner of steel. A piece of steel, with the faces cut into many angles, was used early in the Middle Ages. The flint and steel was made the principal device in the collar of the Order of the Fleece, in 1429; and the form continued to exist to the close of the history of the old-fashioned Tinderbox.

This was at length ousted by a chemical manufacturer of great ingenuity. There had long been prepared by chemists, phosphorus boxes of matches, to be rubbed upon a cork to produce light; whilst others were to be dipped in a little bottle of sulphuric acid and asbestos. But these were costly inventions, ranging from 1s. 6d. to

5s. each box. They were uncertain; for we have known nearly a whole box consumed ere one match could be lighted by a nervous hand. The Lucifer Match proper dates from forty years ago, when Mr. John Walker, a chemist and druggist at Stockton-upon-Tees, was preparing some lighting mixture for his own use. By accidental friction on the earth, with a match dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away: Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches in April, 1827; and Dr. Faraday lent his authority to bring the discovery into general use. Mr. Walker died at Stockton in 1859, aged 78.

The manufacture of these matches is now carried on in England to an enormous extent. In 1861, at one large saw-mill in London, might frequently be seen six or eight piles of yellow pine, each as large as a six-roomed house. The deals are cut by circular saws, revolving with great velocity, into pieces three or four inches long; and these pieces of block are cut into *lucifer splints* by a machine with fifty sharp knives or cutters, fixed in a row. Five blocks are cut at once; there are 30,000 cut in a minute, or 1,800,000 in an hour; and three of these machines, working ten hours a day each, would produce 54,000,000 per day. But at Frankfort, N.Y., is a manufactory, in which the matches are cut, dipped, and delivered, and the boxes made, entirely by machinery! At Dixon's factory, near Manchester, from 6,000,000 to 9,000,000 of matches are produced daily. The Lucifer Match is a simply beautiful and efficient contrivance, the result of a long series of improvements on the old sulphur match of the Tinderbox; and it owes its present efficiency for the most part to phosphorus. Nevertheless, its ready inflammability leads to innumerable accidents; but the "Safety Match," being tipped with a material which is not inflammable *per se*, requires to be struck upon a chemically prepared substance to produce a flame. The carelessness of persons in using the ordinary lucifer match is stated to cause a loss to the Sun Fire Insurance Office of £10,000 a year.

The employment of dogs in place of boys to turn the roasting-spit in a kitchen has lasted to our time. The dog was placed inside a wheel, which he turned with his fore-feet, the wheel being connected by a chain with the wheel end of the spit; the action of the dog resembling that of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Doctor Caius, who wrote on dogs in the sixteenth century, describes "a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for, when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently took to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly, who the popular sort hereupon term *turnspits*." Mr. Jesse remembers watching these dogs at the house of his schoolmaster, in Worcestershire. "They were long-bodied, crook-legged, and ugly dogs, with a suspicious, unhappy look about them, as if they were weary of the task they had to do, and expected every moment to be seized upon to perform it." In a "Tour" published in 1800 is an engraving of a dog so employed, at Newcastle, near Carmarthen; and, in the kitchen of the ancient Castle of St. Briavel, on the edge of the Forest of Dean, may be seen this contrivance for the dog to turn the spit. Well-authenticated anecdotes are related of one of a couple of turnspit dogs refusing to work the spit because it was not his turn. Who does not recollect Gay's charming fable of "The Cook, the Turnspit, and the Ox?"

"The dinner must be dished at one.
Where's this vexatious turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil, and I'm in fault."

* The word *tind*, though from the Saxon *tindar*, and employed by Wickeliffe, Milton, and Dryden, is now little used. It signifies "to ignite either fire or candle; to light, to kindle;" as "tind up the candle." Sanderson, in a sermon of 1659, has "as one candle tindeth a thousand." To *tine*, *tin*, *tend*, or *tind*, is still current in rural districts. Formerly, in Derbyshire, it was customary to light up, on November 2, small fires amongst furze, and call them by the name of *tindles*.

Then the poor dog's lament of his lot :—

Was ever cur so cursed? he cried.
What star did at my birth preside?
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?"

The economical practice of burning peeled Rushes drawn through melted grease was common till towards the close of the last century, and there was a regular utensil for holding the rush in burning. Gilbert White describes this simple piece of domestic economy, and shows how each rush, before dipping in the fat, costs one thirty-third of a farthing, and one-eleventh afterwards. Thus, a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing, while the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing open rooms, does not burn much longer than two hours. Aubrey describes this rush-burning at Ockley, in Surrey, about the year 1673, which may have been derived from the Romans, who were much in this neighbourhood; for Pliny tells us that the Romans employed rushes for candle-wicks.

LIFE ON AMBA MAGDALA, THE STATE PRISON OF ABYSSINIA.

We have received from one of the captives in Abyssinia, the subjoined paper, containing a most interesting account of prison life at Magdala. Some of the letters previously received by his relatives in England, describe the difficulties under which correspondence with the outer world has been managed. On the 9th of June, 1867, he wrote, "Tell my parents that for more than a year we did not write at all, for fear the letters might be taken. Afterwards, when we began to take courage, we sent only such small letters as could be sewn in the clothes of servants." On the 3rd of September, "Ellen (his wife, one of the prisoners at Debra Tabor), thinking I might be without money, sent some Venetian gold pieces in a hollow stick." The rebels between Debra Tabor and Magdala allowed these messengers to pass, while refusing passage to any of the King's people. One of the earliest letters, 17th July, 1865, was written when both feet were loaded with heavy chains, and the right hand fettered together with the feet, "so that I am not able to stand upright, and I believe a bed of three and a half feet in length is quite sufficient for me." During the latter period of the captivity more liberty has been allowed, as will appear from the following narrative, which he has contrived to write, and which reached us in November :—

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, NEAR THE END OF THE RAINY SEASON, 1867.

I.

MAGDALA, which till now scarcely occupied a place on the map of Abyssinia, has been made so familiar to all those who sympathise with helpless suffering, that I think a few remarks on this remote locality may not be devoid of interest at this present moment.

The manners, tastes, character, and occupations of the people are pretty nearly the same throughout Abyssinia, and, having given a description of them of one district, all that can be said of the country at large is known. But as there is a marked difference, even in England, between a quiet country village and a garrison town, it cannot fail to be so here, where only two classes of people are residing—the soldiers and the prisoners—whose position is identical in this particular, that neither of the two are free agents, and that, once here, *both* must remain until it pleases their tyrannical master to remove

them. Before referring, however, to each of them specially, it is necessary that some account should be given of the locality, which is as unique in its character as the population inhabiting it.

Magdala, a nearly circular rock, about one mile and a half in length, situated on the most southern extremity of Amhara Proper, and bordered on the north by Dwnd, and on the other sides by the Wollo Gallas, is generally said to be a mountain fortress, which term conveys to our minds the idea that it is considerably elevated above the surrounding country; but this is not the case. It was in antediluvian times a portion of a large plain; but changes in the surface of the country have caused it to be now surrounded partly by a chasm, the bed of mountain torrents during the rains. The opposite plain towards the south raised itself slantingly, while the other tract of land, from here past the Bashiloh until Dwnd, presents one confused mass of tremendous rocks, precipices, and ravines, on whose sides and depth the worst of roads in Abyssinia winds along. Magdala is approached on the northern side by a small pass, leading to a platform of some thirty acres of ground, called Selamke, and fifty feet more of ascent and the gates of the Amba (hill-fort) are reached, of which there are two, a northern and an eastern, both too feeble to sustain any great amount of pressure. Although offering insurmountable obstacles against any efforts to reduce it which might be made by the native rabble, who are called soldiery, yet a European is surprised that a place so weak and so easily to be taken should be chosen as the storehouse of the riches, and, what is of equal value, for the confinement of the prisoners of the king. The opposite Galla border, higher than Magdala, is not farther than 800 yards, while the other hills overlooking it are near enough to be made use of for batteries. During the rainy season, when the smallest rivulet becomes impassable, Magdala is entirely cut off from all communication with the rest of Abyssinia, by a river which rises in the mountains of Lasta, takes first a westerly direction, makes, about a day's distance from here, near Amba Geeshen, a sudden bend, sweeps south-west past Magdala, between high but narrow rocky beds, takes in its course the Fiddah, a river of nearly equal size, as well as a great number of temporary streamlets, torrents, and cataracts, carrying everything before its force and speed, and joins the Abbäy, or Abyssinian branch of the Nile, about three days' distance from here.

The scenery towards the west, in the district of Worierlaimanot, is indeed grand and imposing at all times, but more so this season. Looking over those regions in the morning, after a copious fall of rain, one sees at the distance of four miles, in a straight line, no less than seven cascades, dashing into the chasm from a height of several hundred feet, and causing their roar to be heard far and wide. At this hour the high banks fronting Magdala are covered with a beautiful dense white cloud, like a curtain hiding from view the mountains behind it. As the sun shines forth, shedding his splendour on the scene before us, the vapours gradually vanish, the tumbling waters, not unlike a number of broad silvery streaks, momentarily detained by a projecting block, are repelled, thrown into the air as spray, and look like so many diamonds reflected on by the light. There rises now in the background a chain of mountains, to the height of 14,000 feet, whose tops are the greater part of the year overspread with snow.

The climate is very salubrious, and not at all what one expects so near the line. In consequence of its altitude of 9,000 feet, it is never unbearably hot in the day, while it is pleasant enough to sit near a nice fire mornings and

evenings, all the year round. A bracing and refreshing wind is wafted continually from the Galla plain, which carries away the unhealthy vapours from crowded and dirty places, such as the common prison, and preserves its unfortunate inmates in spite of filth, hunger, and nakedness. The seasons also differ from the rest of Abyssinia, except the Wollos and Shoah. Until two days' distance from here, the periodical rains last four months uninterruptedly, with mostly unpleasant, dark, chilly days, and such fearful thunderstorms and vivid lightnings that one is sometimes inclined to think the very foundations of the earth will cleave asunder. For eight long months subsequently the heaven, hermetically sealed, hangs above like brass, and the blue sky, in beautiful monotony, does not yield, except by caprice, one drop of water to refresh the dying vegetation. Magdala, however, enjoys an occasional shower during the ten months of summer, although not of sufficient quantity to carry on cultivation. Any one having resided in tropical climates can appreciate such changes; for, though it may not revive the drooping plants in the garden, yet it supplies the human frame with fresh energy, and the mind with buoyancy. The remaining two months of the year are filled up by what is frequently denominated winter, with clear sunny days—except sometimes in the afternoon, when a heavy storm of short duration bursts forth—and rainy nights. During this season everything grows most luxuriantly. European and Indian vegetables can be cultivated with little trouble and no expense, and one has soon the satisfaction of seeing more foliage and stronger stalks than the same plants have in Europe. There is here a bed of English sweet peas, quite giants in their kind. Sown about two months ago, they have reached the height of eight feet, and may add two more before they fade. The leaves are at least five inches in diameter, and the stalks are stout enough to stand nearly without support. Also some tomatoes seven months old, which are in Egypt and elsewhere no more than shrubs, have been so trained as to form a large bower. The plants measure at least fifteen feet from the ground. They have yielded an abundant return for several months past, and are at the present moment literally crowded with ripe green fruit of every size, blossoms, and buds. By occasionally watering them in the summer, they always bear. Trees of any size would not succeed, except on a hill on the south-west, because only a few feet of soil overspread the rock. Thus it will be perceived that Providence has dealt very bountifully with this part of the country, giving it "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons;" and it remains only for its population to divest itself of slothfulness and indifference, in order to convert it into a beautiful garden.

Previous to 1853 Magdala was a Galla possession; but when the ambitious Theodorus, not satisfied with his conquests of the whole kingdom, turned his eye towards Shoah and the Wollos, whom no human power had hitherto been able to teach why they should not declare themselves independent as soon as the invader had left their territory, he thought it necessary to take Magdala in his road first. The besieging army arrived under its gates, but was successfully repulsed by means of great stones being hurled down. A number of Amharas were killed, and, acknowledging the futility of their efforts, withdrew out of the reach of those destroying missiles. The Gallas, however, in their turn, reflecting that the invincible Theodorus had prostrated at his feet Ras Alew, ruler of Amhara, Dejaz or Dedjatch Ooi of Tigré, and the hereditary powerful governors of Godjam, Dedjatch Goshoo, and his son Birroo, became disheartened, and

resolved to evacuate the fortress. In the stillness of the night they accordingly fled by a third now closed gate, and were not perceived by the enemy. During the following few days the soldiers of the king, not having forgotten yet the first spirited defence, were afraid, in spite of the encouragements and threatenings of the master, to expose their heads again; but when, after another lapse of some days, no living being appeared and no stones were flung, an old man ventured to ascend, knocked against the door, and succeeded in opening it. He entered, scanned the plain before him, but discovered nothing hostile; then he called his expectant brother warriors below to follow him. After repeated persuasions, he at last induced them, headed by the brave Theodorus, to proceed. A grand *fête* was given by the victorious Emperor, at which the soldiers boasted of their gallantry and feats of heroism. Thenceforward Magdala was employed solely as a store-house. But when, in November, 1864, Theodorus received tidings of the revolt of the Shoas and the Gallas, and planned an expedition, he imagined, as he had done for many years past, that the Turks would attack in his absence the strong mountain fortress of Tchelga, on the north-west confines, and transferred therefore all his living property to Magdala, which after that time became the state prison of the kingdom. Fifteen hundred fusiliers and spearmen were left to garrison it and to guard the prisoners, headed by a Ras and council of nine, which is, however, so constituted that not one of them can perform the merest trifle without consulting the opinion of the rest, and not even the Ras himself is allowed to pass the gates unless he has previously obtained the permission of all the chiefs. The private soldiery are under the same restriction in this respect. Everything is so cunningly, and with so much foresight, arranged by the suspicious tyrant that treachery is all but impossible. It must be confessed that no greater calamity could befall him than the loss of this Amba—nothing would more hasten his fall and inspire the rebels with more courage and confidence. He therefore does everything in his power to make the guards contented with their lot, and pays them well—that is to say, better by far than the soldiers in the camp, when he has the means of doing so. But his treasury is not always filled, and lately, when he perceived his power gradually dwindling down, in order to keep the garrison loyal, in lieu of ready cash he promoted them in military rank, gave to all the petty chiefs high-sounding titles, and—strange anomaly—made of every common soldier a nobleman. Although they are supposed to receive rations and emoluments according to their newly-acquired station, and expected their respective salaries to be proportionately increased, yet they did not even obtain the much-desired silk shirt, the mark of their nobility. The royal granaries are nearly exhausted, the surrounding districts rebellious, so that no fresh supply can be expected, and the little money which was given to them in different instalments for the last fourteen months—twenty Maria Theresa dollars for the Ras and other high functionaries, fifteen for Ambels (colonel), and ten for the inferior officers—have long since been spent. But pride is inherent in the nature of the Abyssinian. Although he comprehends well enough the worthlessness of his title, preferring much rather a measure of grain, yet he is happy enough if he can but be called by his inferiors a noble of the realm, and denominate himself the slave and donkey of King Theodorus. According to old-established customs, nobody could be a Dedjasmach, save a hereditary governor of a province, a prince in his own right, or one who was appointed by royal decree deputy over a part of the country, and to whom a special license

was given to have a certain number of negareets (drums). Byētroadad, however, rank in the army second after the King, of whom there were never more than eight in the whole army; but Magdala contains as many now, and Dedjasmatches more than the entire empire, which is at present parcelled out by rebels, possesses provinces. I would remind the reader that the ruler of Abyssinia does not stand isolated in the history of nations in this wholesale creation of nobles. Maria Theresa of Austria, after the sanguinary seven years' war, wishing to reward a regiment of Hungarian soldiers for their bravery and the eminent services they had rendered her, ennobled every one of them; and, although they possessed nothing in the world to support their new position becomingly, they were glad enough to prefix a "Herr von" to their Magyar names. Human nature is everywhere the same, and, whether European or African, the descendants of both will extol for many generations, whether deserved or not, the heroism of their ancestors.

The duties of the common soldiers (for so I shall term all those to the degree of Ambel, for the sake of distinction) are not onerous. They have to guard the gates, the pass leading to Selamke, the King's store-house, the outer hedges of his harem, his new "friends," the Europeans, and the common prison. They have to cut and carry the wood for hedges, and for the houses of the King and chiefs. No great taste or architectural beauty is exhibited in these public buildings—all are of a conical shape, built of branches, plastered with mud, and having a roof of reeds and straw. At stated times, when the female servants and slaves descend to the opposite side of the chasm for the sake of gathering wood, they are accompanied by soldiers, lest they should be carried off by way-laying Gallas. If a female is seized by them, she is sold as a slave; if a youth or boy, he is cruelly mutilated, and frequently killed on the spot. Such an instance happened not many weeks since.

The mode of guarding the prisoners must not be supposed to be as rigorous as would be the case in Europe were there no substantially-built prisons existing. The soldiers do not trouble much about watching, and it is therefore no difference to them whether the prisoners sleep in their hut on a tanned skin—not possessing anything further in the way of bedding—or in the prison. In order, however, that an idea may be formed of how they execute their duty, let us imagine them to be on guard in the enclosure of the Europeans. Towards dusk a petty chief arrives with about a dozen men, carrying matchlocks, which it would cost great persuasion to entice to fire, or with spears and shields, and each a piece of wood in his hand for a fire, around which to beguile a few tedious hours. A tent being pitched during the rains, or sitting in the open air at other seasons, they dispose of their arms, and smoke, passing the same pipe round. At first the meeting is quiet and decorous enough; but as the minutes fly the conversation becomes more lively; stories, not always of the most modest kind, are related; jokes at one another's expense are dealt out, which are hailed with roars of laughter by the gray-headed and the youth. It seldom fails that a musical genius is amongst them* whose voice and improvised

rhymes delight and elicit the undivided admiration of the circle of friends into whose mind no thought about their charge has entered yet. The mirth and gaiety increase every moment. The *kerar*, a primitive-looking musical instrument, with but three strings, and as many discordant notes, of which Tubal Cain even would have been ashamed, joins its monotonous air. Now the noise is at its height. A youth, on whose chin the first signs of manhood have not appeared as yet, and in whose hand the spear has not quivered, except for exercise, jumps in front, and with the mien of a maniac, raised arms, and the whole body convulsed, bawls and brags of his personal valour and his chivalrous deeds. Sometimes this little *soirée* is interrupted by high words and quarrels, which can only be appeased by the chief with such sound arguments as the stick. Order restored, it is soon time to disperse to the different houses which the Europeans inhabit. Two guards enter without ceremony—and with their spears, shields, and heavy bludgeons, the very image of shillalahs, wherewith to inspire respect—the humble abode where two of us are preparing for rest. Having disposed of their arms, they unwind their girdle, a piece of cotton cloth half a yard broad by ten yards long, which is twisted round and round their bodies. I must stop short to say a few words about this article of dress. Barbarous as it appears, the girdle is of great value to the Abyssinian. It supports him in his work, and his many walks over mountains and through deep valleys, and he would live all his life on the poorest fare rather than be deprived of his digg. I have many times thought that the girdles which were worn in Palestine must have been something similar; perhaps more artificial, but just as bulky. If so, what a beautiful metaphor is that which the apostle employs in speaking to the Ephesians, vi. 14, "Having your loins girt about with truth," that you faint not in your ascents and descents and wanderings through life. Practise every self-denial rather than be for a moment without this treasure—truth.

Having approached the fire, one of them utters a characteristic grunt, an invitation to talk to them. Knowing that they possess no art of life which is not imported from other lands, the Abyssinians yet imagine themselves the most superior, the most enlightened, and most civilised beings on the face of the earth, and heartily despise the Europeans; but their lamentable ignorance never appears to greater disadvantage than in these conversations. Their knowledge of geography is so limited that they are only aware of four countries—viz., "England, Jerusalem, the Turks, and Moscow"—besides their own, which they think the largest and best cultivated. Speaking of the direction they are situated, they have no other term but "this side or the other side of the sea;" and, although repeatedly assured that Europe possesses more commodities, and in larger quantities than are necessary for consumption, they ask the same questions over and over again: "Is there grass, rain, cows, grain, and churches in your country; and are the dead buried or left for food to the hyenas?" On being told that we are deficient in teff (grain in appearance like the seed in grass), hydromel, and mules, Europe is abandoned as lost. Not unsimilar to the Arab who had visited England: when relating all the wonders he had seen abroad, his *confrères* became so enraged with him that they resolved upon his death; but on being informed that there exist no deserts and no green palm trees in that far-off region, they were reconciled to him, saying, "No country like our own." There are, however, a good number now of these uninvited guests who endeavour to draw profit from their

* I annex a specimen of an Abyssinian war-song, with a rough paraphrase in English:—

"Agarekh rook nān
Sheshtah, ātesālekoo
Goradekhēn māsasoo
Surekh Anānakoo."

"Thou art far from the land where thou first saw'st the light,
Therefore stand thy ground firmly, and think not of flight;
Thy faulchion unsheathe, and prepare for the strife;
A victor return, or bid farewell to life."

intercourse with us, inquiring about religion. Corrupt as the Abyssinians are in morals, and in their doctrines of Christianity, they are at all times ready and willing to converse on religious subjects.

Having satisfied all their interrogatories, they look once more with an eye of envy on our simple bed-clothes, talk of their distress, beg for some snuff and a shirt (they find, to their grief, that neither one nor the other is to be had), say their prayers in Ethiopic, of which they don't understand a syllable, in an irreverential and hurried manner, spread their skin, search, like the patriarch Jacob, for a stone as pillow, wrap their shamahs—which by imaginative minds has been compared to a Roman toga, but which has more resemblance to a sheet—closer around their bodies, forget their spear and formidable club, and sleep until the morning as sound as if they had been drugged. If one or the other of us rises at night, and the guardians notice it by accident, they inquire why they are not called. Curious request: the prisoner to entreat the soldier to watch him!

Bowing and cringing to the superior, and arrogant in manners to the inferior, this has become second nature in the Abyssinian. He *must* profess love where only antipathy exists, and loyalty when hatred rankles deeply in his breast. His pride knows no bounds: however ragged his clothes may have become, he would think it far below his dignity to walk a hundred steps without being followed by one or two little ragamuffins; and even the women, whose white loose cotton dresses are black and shining with grease (dropped from their butter-anointed heads), would be ashamed to go to the market without a few silver tinsels round neck and ankles, and attended by a maid-in-waiting.

Now and then the monotony of the existence of the garrison is broken by a feast, given by some chief in honour of a saint, or on a holy day; and then they can gorge themselves with brendo (raw meat fresh from the cow), and drink as much bad mead as they like, and deck themselves with the remaining shreds of their silk shirts, and boast to their hearts' content. Things, however, have entirely changed in this respect now. The King is not in a position to give them cows or money, the officers have nothing to spare, and the soldier is half-starved and ill-clad. The wife of the latter spins some cotton, makes a basket, disposes of a few things which may be left in the house to appease the gnawing hunger. A little barley bread and red pepper would suffice them if it can but be got. Many would gladly desert to the rebels, but to be caught involves the most cruel, lingering death—more cruel by far than to be guilty of the same crime in the rebel camp. He must drag along his miserable life, until a new master opens new sources and inspires with fresh hopes, or until a gleam of success light upon the head of the old one.

A great deal of dissatisfaction has been manifested lately. Several houses were set on fire, some desertions took place, and soldiers expressed their real sentiments to faithful comrades. The chiefs, who have nothing to gain, but everything to lose, with a new ruler, perceived this state of things with terror. Quickly a report was spread that a royal messenger had arrived, with the news that the King has conquered a rebel, and that he himself is coming soon. Immediately the cannons and guns are fired, men are shouting, and women join in the general excitement which these glad tidings have produced: not that they rejoice over the victory, which they well know is but imaginary, but to make an outward show of loyalty; for it *may* be, they argue, that the cruel tyrant, whom they fear as children the bogie, is on the road towards Magdala.

Time passes on; the King does not come, but instead of this those of the soldiers who can conveniently be spared are collected to resist, it is said, the meditated attack of the Gallas. The chiefs, however, have already spied through the glass that but a few old women are descending the height. They set forward on the expedition, and return in high glee, boasting that the Mussulmen have decamped when the Amharas hove in sight. Lately the same alarm has been frequently repeated, until really a Mohammedan host became visible. All faces assumed then an anxious air; not only was no sortie made, but none felt comfortable until the enemy had withdrawn,—at least for a time.

Indolence is a remarkable feature in the Abyssinian. The continual earnest prayer of the prisoners—at least, of the white ones—is that they may soon be delivered; but the guard have often expressed their opinion that they would much prefer to be imprisoned gytas (gentlemen) like ourselves, with no work and abundance of means of subsistence, than to be poor soldiers. With all this pride, hypocrisy, ignorance, cowardice, and idleness, they have one trait which tends to eradicate any bad impression—viz., the treatment of the prisoners. If one has been so unfortunate as to have been detained in such a capacity near the King, one experiences a comparative happiness to be transferred to Magdala. The petty tyrant in the camp does his best to make one's chains as heavy as possible. It is quite different with the soldier on the Amba; with a moderate amount of politeness and amicable ness, he is to a great extent tractable; but whether the stationary life has contributed to his polish in manners, or whether the continual contact with the captives has exercised a softening influence, I am unable to say. Until the present time, the Abyssinian has been left to himself, with his limited ideas and bad education, always oppressed, and this by the very man who was only a few years back his equal. The doctrine that his property and life absolutely belong to his monarch, makes him servile and hypocritical; that this very despot, who has maltreated the representatives of those civilised powers who tried to benefit him, can do what he chooses without being ever restrained, makes him conceited. But let there be a good government, which respects even the poorest; let him be taught that the little he earns belongs exclusively to himself; give him good instruction, and instil into him sound religious principles; and with his docility, capacity, and, on the whole, equanimity of disposition, these blots in his character will soon vanish.

In reference to the second class, the prisoners, it cannot properly be said that any positive laws are laid down. Old customs have established certain rules which are generally adhered to and respected, but these may at any moment be infringed by the will and caprice of the King. In civilised countries a man must, to be liable to be put under restraint, be a convicted criminal; he must have been condemned as guilty by a legitimate and rational court, on a charge of having violated the persons or property of his fellow-men, or having become dangerous to the state. If now there is an inquiry made—a strict and impartial inquiry—as to the cause why so many persons in Magdala are restricted from taking their share in the transactions of life, it will be found that there are but a very small number who come under the category of culprits; that all the rest can show their countenance to the most punctilious and exacting, and say, without the least scruples of conscience, "Who of you convices me of wrong?" The question remains, why are there so many prisoners? and this I must now explain.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



MR. ASTON VISITS THE CHURCH.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. ASTON VISITS MORTON HALL. THE RECORDS OF THE TOMBS.

MORTON HALL was formerly called Brier Hall, or, more briefly, "The Briers." This name it continued to receive from all the people in the neighbourhood, in spite of the attempt by one of the former owners to give it a title suggested by family pride. In London, and among the county families, it might be "Morton Hall," but on the estate itself the people only knew it as "The Briers," and so we shall usually call it in the sequel. It was an old-fashioned red-brick mansion, of the Tudor

style of architecture, which stood in an extensive and well-timbered park, about two miles distant from the "Wheatsheaf," and at the opposite end of the village. For many generations it had been the seat of a family of the name of Morton, the head of whom was lord of the manor of Fordham, and one of the largest and wealthiest landed proprietors in the county.

It was currently reported that the family might have been ennobled a century earlier, had its chief chosen to accept a title, but that by one after another the honour had been declined, the Mortons preferring to retain the position of simple country gentlemen. From time im-

memorial the county had been represented in the House of Commons by a member of the family, and, in fact, the Tory electors would have considered themselves unrepresented had any other than a Morton of "The Briers" sat in Parliament, on their side, for the county.

Such, at all events, had been the state of affairs in the old days which Mr. Aston recollected; and, long as he had been absent from England, it had never entered his head that any change could have taken place in this respect.

At Fordham, the lately shipwrecked passenger of the Powhattan was once more amid the well-remembered scenes of his boyhood. The old inn in which he passed the night was but little altered from what he recollected it to have been forty years before; and immediately after breakfast, on the morning after his arrival, he set forth to walk to the Hall, persistently refusing the repeated offers of the landlord to drive him in a gig, or any other vehicle he might prefer, and leaving his luggage behind him to be sent for if it were needed.

As he stepped forth from the ivy-covered porch a stage-coach drew up opposite the inn, to change horses as usual. The sight of the stout, red-faced, many-caped coachman and scarlet-coated guard, and the four horses that were led away, steaming with perspiration, to be replaced by four others fresh and full of spirit, and eager for exercise; and the temporary bustle that ensued in the inn-yard among the ostlers and stable-boys; and the deep interest that the idlers and hangers-on appeared to take in the proceedings, which they witnessed twice or thrice every day of their lives—all tended to bring back vividly to his memory the days when he—a boy—had frequently regarded a similar scene with delighted interest. Then he had fancied that the coachman who spent his days perched upon a coach-box, driving from place to place, occupied a position that a monarch might envy; and had looked upon the dashing guard, with his scarlet coat and whistle and key-bugle, with a degree of admiration that he had since failed to accord to generals and field-marshal, glittering with golden and jewelled orders.

He looked into the faces of these men, almost inclined to fancy that he would recognise features that he remembered of old; but, though the scene and its accessories were those of olden times, the guard and coachman were not the heroes of his boy worship. The many-caped coat was worn on other shoulders, and the key-bugle had passed into other hands; and he turned away to gaze again upon the familiar scenes by which he was surrounded. Near the inn, on a slight eminence, a short distance off the high-road, stood a huge elm-tree, that, according to village tradition, had grown to its vast girth from a slender sapling that, in accordance with the barbarous practice of former days, had been thrust through the body of a suicide. The tree appeared to him to have grown no larger and no older than it was when, forty years before, he had been whirled rapidly past it on the outside of the stage-coach that bore him away from the home that he was never to return to, as to his home, again.

The old village legend flashed to his memory—legend half scouted, half believed—that at certain seasons of the year, and at the midnight hour, the ghost of the suicide came forth from the tree, and passed round and round the huge gnarled trunk, doing penance for the crime committed "in its days of nature;" and he remembered how, when a schoolboy, he had shuddered on those occasions when he was obliged to pass near the tree after dark, lest it should chance to be one of the

ghost's penitential nights, and he should see it gliding its lonely, weary round.

As he passed by the various objects on the roadside, the cottages in the village, the old ivy-covered church, with the two clipped yew trees in front of its porch—so exactly alike in size and shape, and growing so lovingly together, that those whose eyes rested upon them might recall the words of the pastoral poet, and exclaim, "Here Glaucis, there Philemon grew"—the school-houses, and the wide common beyond, each and all, as one after another they opened to his view, came back to his memory as vividly as though he had quitted the village but yesterday. The men at work in the fields, the women and girls at the cottage doors, gazing in wonder at the unwonted appearance of a stranger; the children playing in the village street—everything appeared as it appeared in days gone by.

One thing alone was changed. Men, women, and children were alike strangers to him, as was he to them. He sought in vain for the old familiar faces. These had passed away, to be seen no more.

At length he came in sight of the Hall. The park-gates stood open; and, though he hesitated a few moments to consider whether he should pass through them, or first make inquiries at the porter's lodge, he eventually decided to enter the park.

A woman stood, with a child in her arms, at the window of the lodge, and gazed curiously at him as he passed by, and again for a moment he forgot the lapse of time.

"Can that be old Deborah?" he thought to himself; but, when he caught a glimpse of the woman's face, he smiled at his own folly, and muttered half aloud—

"How foolish of me! Deborah was an old woman when I was a child."

A broad chestnut avenue led from the lodge to the mansion, some furlongs distant; and as he passed between the rows of magnificent trees, now denuded of their foliage, it seemed to him as if they had remained unchanged since the days when he had played beneath them, a careless child. He caught glimpses of the park between the huge trunks of the trees, and the prospect appeared as familiar to him as though he had seen it yesterday. One scene recalled another to his memory, until every incident of his boyhood recurred to his mind. He felt like a man who has been suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, or as if his past life had been one long troubled indistinct dream from which he had just awakened to the reality of existence. Still passing onwards, he came to a sweep in the broad avenue which brought him opposite the mansion, and he now perceived that the greater portion of the shutters were closed.

For a moment he stood as it were confounded.

"They have left for London, then, in spite of the snow-storm," he muttered to himself, in a tone of deep disappointment. "I have undertaken my journey to no purpose."

For a brief period he hesitated whether to return to the inn or to go on to the house and make inquiry of the servants, some of whom would have been left behind; and had just determined on the latter course, when an old man, in the garb of a gardener, emerged from a thicket of shrubbery near by, and began to shovel the snow from some flower-beds. He walked towards the old man, who, however, took no heed of his approach until he stood at his side, when, looking up and seeing a stranger, with the appearance of a gentleman, he touched his hat, and said, in a broad Scotch accent—

"A braw mornin', sir, but cauld, unco' cauld for the

season. The spring's lang o' comin' the year. What's your wull?"

"It is indeed a sharp morning, my friend," replied Mr. Aston to the first portion of the old man's speech. "You, I presume, are the gardener?"

"Just sae, sir; and my guid wife keeps the lodge awa' yander. Ye'll maybe hae seen her gin ye cam in at the yett?"

"I saw a female with a child in her arms standing at the window."

"My wee gran'child, sir, and as bonny a bairn as ye suld wuss to see onywheres."

"From the appearance of the house," continued Mr. Aston, glancing at the closed shutters as he spoke, "I see the family are absent?"

"They gaed up to Lunnon yester-morn; ilka ane o' them, sir—t' auld squire, my leddy and a' the weans, forbye maist o' the sairvants. There's nane left ahint forbye mysel' and t' auld housekeeper, and another body or twa."

"So I feared, and I'm sorry to hear it. I came from London purposely to visit them. Are they likely to remain long in London?"

"Maist o' the spring, I reckon, sir. Ye'll just hae to win back to Lunnon gin ye wud see the squire special; but gin ye wud just gang o'er the grounds, 'tis nae sae muckle odds. I sall tak' plesure in showing ye roun' my ain sel', though there's nae muckle tae see at this time o' year."

"I wish to see Mr. Morton and his family, any or all of them who are still living. I have seen none of them for many years, and I suspect, my friend, that he whom you call the old squire was a young man when I last saw him. However, there's no help for it. I would rather have met them in the old house; but, as you say, I must just return to London. You, I presume, or at any rate the housekeeper, can furnish me with Mr. Morton's address in London?"

The old gardener stared at the stranger while he was speaking; and when Mr. Aston asked for Mr. Morton's address in London, he replied—

"I'm thinkin', maister, ye're no speakin' seriously, tho' it's ill jokin' o' dead folk. Ye'll just hae to gang till the kirkyaird, or till the chauncel, whilk is much the same, to find Squire Morton and a' his familiee. I dinna ken ilka other familiee o' the name hereabouts. Leastways I never heard o' siccan a name forbye t' auld familiee that's a' dead and gane. Squire Foley leevies at the Briers the noo, and has leevit here these twenty years and mair. The Foleys, ye ken, gin ye're acquaint wi' the familiee, is far awa' cousins o' the Mortons, and when the Mortons a' died aff Squire Foley came intil the Ha' and the estates. A gran' thing it was for him, gin a' I ha' heerd be true, for folks say the fam'lee was unco' puir and unco' proud. Pride an' puirtith, ye ken, after gang thegither, though they're no weel matched. But it does na become me to say ought o' siccan matters, sin' it was before my time."

The loquacious old gardener might have talked on for half an hour without interruption from Mr. Aston, who was so utterly astounded that he stood as if he were thunderstruck. The cessation of the old man's voice, however, recalled him to himself, and he replied—

"My good man, you must—surely you must be mistaken. My—the old gentleman, I mean—old Squire Morton I did not expect to find still living; but Mr. Edward, and the Captain, and the daughter Mary, surely they, or some of them, or their children, must be still living. It cannot be—it seems incredible—that the entire family are dead."

"I ken nae mair nor whaten I hae tauld ye, sir," replied the gardener. "Squire Foley's been maister o' the Ha' for twenty year an' mair. *That* I ken fit' weel; but gin ye wud larn mair, ye maun just speer o' t' auld housekeeper. But it's aye the truth I'm tellin' ye; an' mair by token, gin ye'll just win awa' till the kirk, ye'll see the stanes set up i' the chauncel, and the tombs i' the kirkyaird, that will tell ye the dates o' their deeths."

"I will see the housekeeper," said Mr. Aston. "Thank you, my friend, for your information," he added, at the same time giving the old man a shilling, "though it has caused me grief and disappointment."

"The man's clean daft," muttered the gardener, as he watched the visitor on his way to the front door of the mansion, "speerin' after folk that have been years in the grave. Gin it had been nicht, I suld ha' thoeh't he had been a ghaist himsel'; but he's a discreet, ceevil body wi' a'. 'Tis na ilka ane wud gie a body siller for speakin' just a ween sair words." And as Mr. Aston was admitted to the house, the old man resumed his work.

The housekeeper was aged and deaf, and from her nothing more could be learnt than had been already learnt from the gardener. She, however, corroborated the old man's statements; but added that she knew nothing of the Mortons beyond what she had heard from her master and mistress, and from the gossips of the village. She had been in the service of Madam Foley since she was a young woman, and had come to Brier Hall with the family, after the death of young Squire Morton.

Finding that he could obtain no more information from the other servants, who were young women who had been but a few years in service, Mr. Aston quitted the house, and sick at heart, disappointed, and depressed in spirit, returned towards the village.

Between the village and the Hall stood the old church which had seemed so familiar to him as he passed it an hour before. The door was open, and when he stood in the aisle he looked around for the sexton or pew-opener whom he expected to find inside. No one, however, was to be seen, and he proceeded to the chancel, the walls of which were covered with marble tablets to the memory of several generations of long-departed Mortons. He recollected how often in his boyhood he had looked upon these memorials of the departed, and had read the inscriptions thereon, half in awe and half in wonderment, and he remembered that in those days there had been one, and only one, vacant space on the walls.

That space was now filled up; and, with a sad heart, he read the inscription on the tablet, which ran as follows:—

"Sacred to the memory of Edward Morton, Esquire, late Lord of the Manor of Fordham, who departed this life on the 4th of April, 1783, *ætat.* 75 years."

Adjoining this tablet was one that he had often seen when he was a child—one that had been more mysterious to him than all the rest. It was inscribed—

"Sacred to the memory of Mary Morton, the dearly-beloved and deeply-lamented wife of Edward Morton, Esquire, who departed this life to enter into eternal rest, in the faith and hope of Christ, June 7th, A.D. 1776, *ætat.* 45 years."

He remained a long time gazing upon these melancholy memorials, and then turned away, with a sigh, to seek elsewhere—since the chancel was fully occupied—for the records of death's doings that he had been told he would find; nor had he far to seek them. Near the church porch, and beneath the shade of the venerable

yew-trees already alluded to, stood a monumental tombstone, enclosed within railings, and on the facing of the stone was inscribed—

"Sacred to the memory of Captain Charles Morton, second son of Edward Morton, Esquire, and late of H.M.'s 20th regiment, who fell gallantly fighting at the head of his company, at the siege of Gibraltar, Sept. 13th, 1782, *ætat.* 25."

And beneath the above inscription, on the same tablet—

"Also sacred to the memory of Edward Morton, eldest son of the late Edward Morton, Esquire, and late Lord of the Manor of Fordham in his own right, who departed this life March 2nd, 1785, *ætat.* 33. *Requiescat in pace.*"

"Poor Edward! Poor Charley!" sighed Mr. Aston, as he turned away, after having perused the inscriptions. "Dead more than thirty years! Still, I do not see any proof of Mary's death," he muttered to himself. "She may be still living. She was younger than I. Ay, if it be so, I shall find her, and that will be some consolation."

Hopeful, yet still dreading lest he should come across a tombstone that would record the decease of Mary Morton, he searched the little churchyard from end to end. But there was none that recorded the death of such a person; nor the death of the daughter of the former, nor the sister of the late lord of the manor, under any other name.

"She would surely have been buried here, if she were dead," he muttered. "She cannot be dead. I shall find that Mary has married, and is living elsewhere. Now I think of it, the gardener, though he spoke of the death of all the Morton family, did not speak of the daughter of the house. The estates would pass away in default of male issue, and the old man may not have known that the late lord of the manor had a sister."

Notwithstanding the shock he had received, Mr. Aston derived some consolation from the fact that the churchyard contained no record of Mary Morton's death; and, with a somewhat lightened heart, he returned to the "Wheatsheaf" inn.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CHANGES EFFECTED BY TIME.

It was a dull evening at the "Wheatsheaf." No new guests had arrived during the day; no travellers had alighted from the last stage-coach that passed by the inn; and when Mr. Aston (who had retired to his room on his return from Morton Hall, to brood over his disappointment) came down to the coffee-room, he found it entirely unoccupied. He was dull and dispirited, and felt the want of society, and the thought struck him that he would call in the landlord, and endeavour to glean from him some information respecting the people of the village.

The landlord was very communicative, but when asked about the Mortons, and especially as to his knowledge of what had become of the daughter, Mary Morton, he could give no information. "Squire Foley," he said, "was in possession long before I took the 'Wheatsheaf,' twenty year ago, and I know nothing of the old family."

"You must have heard something of them from the people of the village, and the neighbouring farmers, who were for so many years tenants of the Mortons?"

"I have heard, sir, there were great changes when the new squire took possession. You see, sir, most of the land about here belongs to the Morton Hall estate, and, when the leases expired, I've heard that Squire Foley raised the rents, and put a lot of strangers in.

Same in the village, sir. Most of the old folks be dead, or gone away. Things have gone different to what they used in the old squire's time. I pay ten pound a year more for the 'Wheatsheaf' nor my uncle did, who kept it nigh on to thirty year."

"Then you can tell me nothing of Miss Morton?" said Mr. Aston, in a tone of disappointment.

"Well, sir," replied the landlord, "I can just mind hearing how Miss Morton, as was, got married a year or so after her brother's death, against Squire Foley's will, folks said—he bein' her guardian, ye see, sir. And I have heard—though, seein' as the squire's my landlord, it don't do for me to talk of such things, which may be mere village gossip, seeing the new family ain't liked—but I have heard that Squire Foley had a sort of hold on the young lady, and didn't do exactly the right thing by her. At all events, she went away with her husband, and neither on 'em have been in these parts since. So, you see, sir, the lady may be livin' or may be dead, for aught I can tell."

"What was the name of the gentleman whom she married?"

"That I can't say, sir, though I have heard it; but I mind that he was a young navy officer who was visiting in the neighbourhood, and folks said he was poor, and that was why the squire objected to the marriage. Howsoever, they were married private, and—you'll not let on I told you, sir—but they say the young lady was entitled to a good deal of money, which the squire, being her guardian, kept from her."

"Nothing that you have told me shall be repeated to your injury," replied Mr. Aston. "But surely," he went on, "there must be some of the old residents of the village or neighbourhood who can give me the information I seek? The old rector, Mr. Whitney, I knew him when I was a youth; but I suppose the old gentleman is dead?"

"He's been dead ten year, sir; Mr. Danton be the rector now."

"Let me think. Ah, there was Cook, the surgeon. He was but a young man when I knew him. He may be still living?"

"Bless your heart, sir, Mr. Cook died, quite an old gentleman, six year ago."

The miller, the postmaster, the general shopkeeper, and several others among the superior class of the villagers, were successively mentioned by Mr. Aston; but all, he was told, were either dead, or had long ago quitted the village.

"Dead, or gone—dead or gone!" he repeated, sorrowfully. "It would seem indeed that death has reaped his harvest here, during my absence; and I was foolish enough to fancy that I should find people as I left them, a boy, forty years ago! I never, until now, realised the length of time that I have been away, or the change that has taken place in myself."

Mr. Aston spoke rather to himself than to the landlord; but the latter, who had listened to him with curiosity and astonishment, said inquiringly—

"You appear to have known Fordham well years ago, sir?"

"Well," was the reply. "I was born near the village. Thirty-nine years ago, this very month, I sat with my father in this room, awaiting the stage that was to carry me to London. The 'Wheatsheaf' was the last place in the village that my eyes rested upon. Little did I then think that so many years would pass ere I should see it again. Little did I dream of the changes that would occur in the village and its neighbourhood ere I again returned to it. And yet the village itself is little altered;

and the old inn appears to have remained entirely unchanged."

A brief silence ensued, during which Mr. Aston remained apparently buried in mournful thought, from which he was at length aroused by the landlord, who said abruptly—

"I've been thinking, sir, that since you seem to have known so many of the old folk of the village, mayhap you might remember old Matthey Budge—him as was parish clerk and sexton for so many years?"

"Old Matthew Budge? To be sure: I knew the old man well. But he was an old man, in my estimation, when I was a child! You don't mean to tell me that *he*, of all others, is still alive?"

"Old Matthey, sir, is living and hearty; that is, for a man of his years, and he's well-nigh a hundred year old. He can tell you all you want to know about the old family at the Briers, for he minds things as happened long years ago, better than things as took place last year."

"Is it possible that, at his great age, his faculties are still perfect?"

"Well, sir, the old man's eyesight is some'at dim, and he's a bit deaf; but, speak to him of times gone by, and he brightens up wonderful. I've heard that old Matthey was quite a favourite of old Squire Morton's, sir."

"I must visit the old man. Where does he live?"

"In the same old 'thacked' cottage, sir, as I've heard say he were born in, and his father before him. Squire Morton left in his will as the old man was to live in it, rent free, until the day of his death."

"I must visit the old man," repeated Mr. Aston. "The cottage stands near the common, if I recollect aright?"

"On the common, just beyond the church, sir. You must have passed it to-day, on your way to the Briers?"

"I did; but I little thought old Matthew Budge was still living in the cottage. I will call there to-morrow."

The landlord, growing chatty over the wine, of which he had needed no pressing to share, amused his guest until the hour at which he went to rest came round, with a variety of village gossip relative to the family at Morton Hall, and other resident families of the neighbourhood. When Mr. Aston had gone to his room, and the "Wheatsheaf" was closed for the night, a long discussion took place relative to their guest between the landlord and his wife, who could not make out who the gentleman could be who had evidently known the village and its residents so well of old. They knew the names, not only of the gentry of the neighbourhood, but also of most of their visitors; but the name of Aston was strange to them, and they thought it singular that a gentleman whose name they had never heard mentioned by any of the villagers should have been so familiar with the old family at the Hall. However, the discussion came to nought, and they were obliged to wait for time or chance to explain the mystery.

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

Who is the mysterious and apparently ubiquitous functionary that figures every morning under the above designation in the columns of the newspaper, few people comparatively have any very definite notion. We accept the information he sends us as though it were a matter of course, and in stirring times we look for it hungrily and devour it eagerly, but are apt to waste little thought upon the painstaking person who

devotes himself to the gratification of our curiosity. For the benefit of general readers we shall jot down a few particulars concerning him, from which they may gather in some measure the extent of their obligations to one who, whether he be ignored altogether or justly appreciated, ought to be regarded in the light of a public benefactor. The qualifications of Our Own Correspondent have risen amazingly during the life of the existing generation. We can recall the time when, as regarded the majority of English newspapers, he was a mere myth—a *nominis umbra* perched at the top of a column, but perched nowhere else unless it was on the high stool of the editor's "sub," and giving forth his utterances through the medium of rather questionable translations. All that is changed now. The Own Correspondent of to-day is the best man that can be induced to undertake the arduous duties which devolve upon him, and which, it may be truly said, he can at the best but perform in part. He ought, in the first place, to be a practical politician, versed in the current Continental predicaments and tendencies; he should be a thorough man of the world, endowed with sufficient *savoir-faire* and self-confidence to feel at home in the first society; and he should be energetic and enterprising—capable of instantaneous decision when decision is required of him—fearless of peril on the road or in the battle-field—and ready and fertile of resources in all cases of emergency. Even with all these rare qualities he will be nothing unless he have a faculty of observation rapid and comprehensive enough to seize upon everything that comes in its way, and sufficient volubility with the pen to chronicle all events as they take place, and pourtray all circumstances at once with a fidelity not to be impeached, and sufficient graphic effect to render the perusal of his despatches interesting and agreeable. If he is not of too refined a *morale*, so as to be over-scrupulous in the adoption of means for obtaining information, it may be none the worse for him in the estimation of the news-devouring public. We are not speaking now of the regular correspondent, who, residing constantly in some foreign capital, gleans from the officials of the Government such information as they choose to impart, and as much more as he can; but of him who is the special messenger of the London press, and is ready to start to any quarter of the globe at a moment's notice.

Receiving his instructions from "the management," Our Own sets forth on his journey, well provided with funds, and with numerous letters of introduction to persons in power, who may be able or willing to assist him in his function. He may be despatched incognito to some secret congress or quiet meeting of potentates, great or small, where certain questions of diplomacy are to be discussed in a manner under the rose, but the results of which the London editor has determined, if possible, to make public. In such a case, if the Correspondent were to declare himself he would defeat his own purpose, and, if not sent to the right-about at once, would be so closely watched as to render his success impossible. But he does not declare himself: perhaps he assumes the character of an invalid, perhaps he is a student acquiring the language, or he is an idle traveller making but a temporary sojourn; but in either character, or in any character, he manages to make friends, or to improve his introductions into friendships, and in course of time seeks out the heart of the mystery it was his business to fathom. Or he is despatched to some district on the eve of insurrection, or already in the throes of revolution. He must not think of the danger—he rarely does think of it. If the place is unapproachable

by the ordinary routes, if the roads are stopped by insurgents, or the railways torn up or in hostile hands, he mounts on horseback, and, hiring a guide, dashes across the country to the point of action. This may be the very seat of war; and if it is, so much the better for him, as his despatches will be all the more interesting and valuable. At times of special turmoil he is known to get through an incredible amount of work, being on the alert all day to catch everything worthy of note, and sitting up half the night, or the whole of it, to finish his voluminous despatch in time for the post or the express. All his motions are governed by the management at home; he is too expensive a machine to be allowed to stand idle or to waste his energies on matters of trifling importance. When he has used up one place he gets orders to be off to another. Thus, he may be in Russia one day, shivering almost at zero, and after a brief interval sweltering under the hot sun of Spain or Italy; and a month later he may be bound for India, or on the voyage to China. Wherever he is, unless when on board ship, he has his work to do, and plenty of it, for his despatches will be looked for at home, and must be as regular and frequent as possible. Much that the travelling correspondent writes is lost in its transit homewards; and the wonder is that more is not lost, looking to the rupture of communication incidental to conditions of revolution and warfare.

An "Own Correspondent" who published his autobiography about fifteen years ago, gives some curious particulars as to the means by which information is sometimes gained. Thus, he mentions that at the siege of Milan by the Austrians, the Italians within the walls sent intelligence of everything of import that occurred to their friends without, by means of small balloons, which, wherever they fell, were forwarded to the committee of observation at Novara. The exploits of this adept throw considerable light on the nature of the profession, and some of them are sufficiently instructing as well as amusing. The following may serve as an example. He was sent to the Congress of Töplitz, which was proclaimed to be merely a festive meeting of European sovereigns, but was suspected to be something very different, and he was instructed to leave no means untried to get at the real facts of the case. Arrived at the place, he found himself worn-out with travel, without a friend to appeal to, and unable to speak a word of German. Nothing daunted, by way of executing his important commission he took to his bed, and sent immediately for the royal physician, who spoke English well. The physician could find no symptoms of disease; but the patient complained of cramps, and gave him a double gold Napoleon at every visit, only insisting that the good man should stay with him for a quarter of an hour or so when he came, to be at hand in case the cramps should return. The patient led the unsuspicious doctor into conversation, and, assuming the simplest ignorance, drew him out on one topic after another. By and by the talk turned on Töplitz and the fine company with which it was filled, the patient asking innocently whether the town was always so gay. Surprised that he had heard nothing of the Congress, the doctor plunged into that fertile topic, telling the names of all the royal personages present and expected; what was the ostensible and what the real object of the meeting, and illustrating all he said by references to his illustrious patron the King of Prussia. In this way he talked till he was tired, and then he took his leave, not without his double Napoleon fee, and an appointment to come again to-morrow. "No sooner," says Our Own, "had the doctor's carriage cleared the court-yard, than out of bed I jumped, sat down to my writing-desk, and

out of his conversation composed more than one opening letter, in which I took care to say nothing that could compromise him, or reveal the source from which my information came. . . . The next day the excellent medical adviser returned, and in the same manner unwittingly supplied me with fresh matter; and as I procured a cicerone at the same time, who knew all the great people and their titles, I felt myself as much at home in forty-eight hours as if I had lived the whole season at Töplitz." Thus it was that the depth of that diplomatic mystery was plumbed, to the immense astonishment and gratification of the politicians of London, who learned suddenly from the columns of the "Morning Herald" facts of the first importance, of which, till then, the editors of all Europe were in profound ignorance. This happened in 1836; the Congress, as some of our readers may recollect, having been summoned by the Emperor of Austria, to consider whether any and what steps should be taken for aiding Don Carlos and Don Miguel against the Quadruple Treaty.

A far more cunning and audacious exploit was achieved in 1848, by the same hand, who was then in the service of the "Times." The Portuguese Chambers had not been called together for three years; but they were now to assemble on a certain Monday, and there was the greatest anxiety prevailing, both in Lisbon and London, to ascertain in what terms the speech from the throne would speak of the home policy of the Government. It happened perversely that the mail-boat, which left for Southampton only once in ten days, would start on the previous Saturday; so that there would be eight days to wait for the next post. This did not suit Our Own, who resolved to send home by the Saturday steamer the unspoken speech of the Monday. He set to work accordingly. By dint of coaxing, and liberal promises, and doubtless the usual etceteras, he won over to his interest certain persons in close attendance upon the Queen. From one he obtained some words of importance agreed to at the council. Armed with these, he was able to persuade another that he was in possession of all that was material in the speech, and that all he wanted now was merely a copy of the exact words. The copy was promised him, but the promiser would not deliver it till half-past three, by which time, as he (or she) knew, the mail-boat must be off, in order to tide it over the bar. But before sailing time Our Own had seen the captain of the steamer, and arranged matters with him. The vessel sailed before three; at half-past three the speech was forthcoming, and in half an hour more was being translated by Our Own himself in the cabin of the steamer, which had awaited him in the offing, and sailed off with its precious missive before six. When it appeared in the "Times" of the following Wednesday, all London set it down as an invention; but, on its arrival in Lisbon on the Sunday, it raised a commotion and hubbub without parallel. The court and the ministers were indignant beyond measure, and the British Legation, dumbfounded, knew not what course to take. Our Own took the matter in his peculiar way, confessing nothing and denying nothing, talking of balloons and air-currents, and hinting at chartering a grampus or the sea-serpent for his next express. They could get nothing out of him but blarney (he was an Irishman), and they had to put up with the grievance.

The use of the electric telegraph, now so general, has much modified the function of the travelling correspondent. Great events are now flashed from country to country in a few words, and we look to the correspondent rather for graphic details and attendant circumstances than for the earliest information concerning

facts of national importance. The Own Correspondent of to-day is far less an impersonality than was his predecessor even of twenty years ago. That change in the literary likings of the public, which is marked by so decided a preference for the objective, has affected even him, and he now writes less as a politician and more as an observant traveller; and, so doing, writes more acceptably to the public. The change has not at all lessened the perils of his vocation. The search after interesting detail leads him to face dangers of every kind. On the theatre of war he will pass hours or days under fire; he will join any expedition, whatever the risk, finding compensation in the material he can collect for perils however great. The advantage of this to the general public requires no pointing out. We do not so much *hear* of the stirring events which take place abroad, as *see* them through the optics of the correspondent. We travel with him on his devious round, and share the excitements of the way; while, knowing everything through his minute and faithful reports, we need not accept his conclusions, because he furnishes us with the means of arriving at our own.

The responsibility of the correspondent has vastly increased of late years, and as one result the post has been filled by men of a higher class. It is recognised that, to a great extent, it is they who furnish the materials for future historians; and it is felt, therefore, that they cannot be too diligent in the collection and verification of facts, or too scrupulous in literal adherence to the truth. The value set upon these communications was illustrated during the Crimean war, by the eagerness with which the despatches of Mr. Russell were expected, and the unabating interest with which they were devoured. No man who sets about writing the history of that war could get on without these documents, which contain living pictures of everything of note that occurred, but which the newspaper correspondent alone chronicled on the spot. The same gentleman, it will be remembered, accompanied the North American army in its campaigns against the South, until he was stupidly dismissed by the commander-in-chief. He was further present at Sadowa, where it may be said he was almost the only man who viewed that tremendous battle in its entirety, and where, with an observation more than lynx-eyed, he took in the details of that famous description which we all remember, and which has since become the basis of the Prussian history of the campaign.

In the matter of correspondence from abroad the illustrated newspapers are often at a double charge, inasmuch as they have to send out a pictorial correspondent as well as a literary one. The artist imperils himself quite as much as the writer, and at times even more, because when he is busy with his sketch he remains a fixture, and is for so long a mark for any keen-eyed rifleman's aim. The late Mr. Julian Portch, a young artist of great promise, used to narrate some striking bits of adventure which were parts of his experience while he was sketching at the siege of Sebastopol for a pictorial paper in London. One day he was in the trenches, getting on with a full-page picture. He sat on his camp-stool, and as he looked down into the besieged city he could watch with his glass the movements of a little man, who, at the head of a party of gunners, directed the charging of a huge mortar, which, every time it was fired, sent a thirteen-inch shell right up into the trenches of the English—a distance of near two miles—the little man always adjusting the piece for the aim, and firing it himself, not without some rather theatrical antics and airs of defiance. When the mortar was fired the men in the trenches would look out for the

projectile and mark the direction it took, and, of course, those who were in its vicinity when it was near would betake themselves to the holes and shelters provided for them, and there remain until it had burst and the danger was past. One morning, while busily touching up his work, P. was startled by loud shouts of "Jemmy! Jemmy! Singing Jemmy!" uttered close to his ear. He immediately sprang up, knowing that Singing Jemmy was the monster shell, so called from the hissing noise it made in rushing through the air. In his haste to get out of its way, he rushed, headlong almost, into another man's hole, mistaking it for his own. He had hardly got himself snugly ensconced when the right owner of the refuge rushed at it too. There was barely room for one person, and there was no time to seek another shelter, for Jemmy was singing disagreeably near overhead. The soldier jammed himself close to the artist to shelter as much of his person as possible. Down came Jemmy, and burst with a roar that well-nigh deafened them, and in bursting threw up, together with a volcano of mud, a huge fragment of something which struck the soldier heavily in the back. The poor fellow turned white as a sheet, and then of a livid hue, and would have fallen had not P. caught and supported him. On looking for his mortal wound, however, all the damage that could be discovered was confined to his garments, to which the muddy soil clung in a mass; the fragment which had struck him was nothing more than a portion of the sod torn up by the bursting shell, and which, though it had almost knocked the man's breath out of him, had really done him no injury beyond the momentary, though terrible, fright it had occasioned him. The incident, though treated at the time with some levity, was remembered as a providential escape, and shows well the perils sometimes undergone by "Our Own Correspondent."

SALMON AND TROUT EGG COLLECTING.

BY FRANK DUCKLAND.

I AM happy to find that the new and important science of fish culture is attracting increased public attention in England. I am always pleased to take any opportunity of making the matter better known among my countrymen, and therefore gladly pen the following remarks.

Fish culture is of two kinds. Firstly, it consists in allowing the fish, salmon especially, to have their own way, assisting them over weirs, through mills, and other obstructions, and then preserving them against poachers by means of water-bailiffs and river-watchers while they are making their nests in the small tributaries of the main streams. Secondly, salmon and trout may be cultivated artificially, that is to say, their eggs may be taken from them, and hatched in troughs, in running water, under the superintendence of man.

After many years' careful observation, I have no hesitation in saying that the natural mode of cultivating a river (especially in the case of a salmon river) will be found far to supersede the artificial mode. The latter, nevertheless, is of the greatest possible service when the former cannot be put into execution, and it also enables us to transport large numbers of salmonidæ, packed in the form of vivified eggs, for very long distances, when it would be utterly impossible to convey the living fish themselves. The transport of salmon to Australia is a good case in point.

The eggs of the fish are the hard roe, and each fish carries an amazing quantity of eggs. In the herring, for instance, I find that there are no less than 19,840 eggs;

in the mackerel, 86,120 eggs: so that the reader will have the satisfaction of knowing, when he or she eats a hard-roed herring for breakfast, or a hard-roed mackerel for dinner, that he or she will have destroyed the above numbers of herrings or mackerel, as the case may be.

The salmon and the trout, on an average, carry one thousand eggs to the pound of weight; that is to say, if a trout weigh one pound, it would carry about 1,000 eggs; if a salmon weigh twenty pounds, it would carry about 20,000 eggs; and yet, so many are the enemies of the young salmon and trout, both in the egg and infantile state, that it has been calculated (from the Tay fishery returns) that in order that *one fish* shall be caught in the net, from one to three thousand eggs must be laid by the parent fish.

The principal dangers to trout eggs are floods, which sweep away and destroy the nests of gravel in which they are laid; mud, which covers them up; ducks, which destroy them by thousands; the parent fish themselves; besides many insects, to which they are dainty morsels. The water ousel, or water crow, is said to eat these eggs. I feel convinced it does nothing of the kind. It is purely an insectivorous bird, and its business on the salmon nests is to destroy the insects that eat the eggs. It is, in fact, as clever policy to shoot the swallow for flying over the turnip fields, in order to eat the insects that destroy the turnips, as it is to shoot the water crow. The swallow does not eat the turnips; the water ousel does not eat the salmon eggs; both birds eat pernicious insects.

We are enabled, by the means of fish artificial culture, to preserve the eggs from many of their dangers; but before we can do this we must *get the eggs*; and this is a very difficult task. Many good folks would really seem to imagine that salmon and trout eggs can be as readily taken from the parent's nest as hen's eggs can be from the hen-roost, and they feel annoyed if they do not get their promised supply of eggs; let me, therefore, explain a few of the difficulties of egg collecting. In the first place, the fish must be caught; and my experience tells me forcibly that the fish have great objections to be caught. Again, they make their nests and lay their eggs in the depth of the winter, and often when it is excessively cold. I have frequently, when egg collecting, come out of the water with my net, and, having laid it on the bank to drain off the water, have found that in a few minutes it would become frozen as hard as the wire netting used to fold sheep. No one, therefore, should think of undertaking the task of egg collecting if he cannot stand cold. This work, moreover, is so uncertain, that the *master must do it himself*, or it will not be done at all. Gamekeepers and water bailiffs are good sort of fellows, but they do not care to work six or eight hours over their hips in a rapid stream, with the water a little above freezing point. Nor are they energetic enough, in the first place, to recognise, and secondly, to hunt for one particular trout, upon obtaining whose eggs the success or failure of the day's sport may depend. Moreover, a great deal of patience and ingenuity must be set to work to catch the right kind of trout.

I generally begin my work as soon in the early morning as it is possible to get the men together. I never think of walking up the bank of a river; for the trout, in clear water, are excessively artful and shy, and if they saw me, or heard footsteps, they would be off in a moment. Having ascertained where the best spawning bed is in the river, I walk near to it, and then, getting close to the bank, go on my hands and knees, and peep over to see what is going on. If there are a good number of fish at work on the bed, I signal to the keeper

who is on the other side of the stream; he then throws me a rope across, and I gradually drag the net right across to my side. Please remember that the first net should always be drawn across the stream *below* the fish; if drawn across above them, it is apt to belly out, make mud, and disturb them. The net below being fixed with the greatest possible care and celerity, I haul the second net across the river above the fish; this done, I rest a minute previous to commencing serious business. The best thing to do next is to take a run and jump right into the middle of the river, all among the spawning fish. In a moment they fly all over the place, and the chances are that half of them are in the net before they know that anything is wrong. On one occasion, in this manner, I caught thirty-six trout in the lower net and twenty-one in the upper, and in an hour or two after arrival at the river side we had filled our cans with eggs and were on our road home again. This, however, was a piece of good fortune which occurs very, very seldom; more often than not, one has to walk miles and miles all day long, and perhaps not get more than three or four thousand eggs after all.

One of the most curious things about trout egg collecting in the winter is the enormous number of male fish, compared to females, caught in the net; there are always seven gentlemen to one lady, and often the proportion is even greater. There are two reasons for this: first of all, nature seems to have ordained that there shall be more male than female fish; and, secondly, the male fish are certainly more silly than females, for the instant a splash is made in the water the males charge, all steam up, right into the net, and there kick and struggle like brave fish. The females, on the contrary, slip away somehow.

Having caught the main body of the fish from the spawning bed, the next thing I do is to go into the water to see what I have caught in the net. The engraving (from the pencil of Mr. Briscoe) will give some idea of the scene. We have just got a netful of fish, and the man on the right-hand side is going to take them out; that man is your humble servant in his winter "get up." The figure by the tree is my trusty assistant, Neville, all ready with the egg cans and spawning-tins; the people in the distance are beating the river to drive down any fish that may have escaped the net. The state of the trees will indicate the time of year. In the distance can be seen Lord Portsmouth's mansion at Hurtsborne Park, Hants, and the waterfall at the end of his lordship's beautiful lake.

As I said before, I am sure to find a large number of males in the net, and comparatively few females. Leaving the captured fish safely in the net, where they will not die whilst in the water, I at once institute a search for the ladies. Walking *up* stream, I go into the weeds which grow between the nets, and, baring my arms, bring my hands gradually together with the fingers outspread; in a minute or two I am pretty sure to touch the back of a trout with the tip of one of my fingers. At this moment great caution is necessary, or the fish will be off like lightning. I then catch the fish; but how this is done I am not going to tell the reader, for if I were to tell him I doubt if he could (like playing the fiddle) do it without much practice.

Having searched all the weeds, I then search under the hollow banks—a pretty sure find for fugitive fish; the "bolt-bolt hole" of a water-rat, situated under the water level, is a very favourite place for a frightened trout, as she will often run her nose quite into the hole, with just only her tail protruding; this, however, is quite sufficient for me: if I can only feel her tail she is

generally mine. This searching for lady trout which have hidden themselves is the coldest part of the work, as one is very often tempted, in order not to lose a fish, to lower oneself so deep that the water runs down over the waterproof dress.

way. This archway was scarcely large enough to allow a man to pass up; it was half full of water, and, as we could not quite close the hatch above, a constant stream of water was running through. Knowing that, if I did not get these fish, we should go home without any eggs,



TROUT EGG COLLECTING.

I will here describe the proper dress, viz.: a pair of indiarubber overalls,* reaching up to the armpits: these are drawn over the usual attire; woollen socks are worn over the feet, and a thin pair of boots. It is a great mistake to wear thick boots; they should be, on the contrary, very light, as it may be often necessary to run a hundred yards at full speed. It is a bad plan to wear thick flannel: if you go in head over ears it will hold the water all day; thin flannel can be easily wrung out. I have made it an invariable rule the last five years, to anoint myself, before going out in the morning, from head to foot with scented hair oil; I took this hint from the Esquimaux, who use oil largely in their fishing excursions. I carry with me a small bottle of this oil, and when about to get a trout from a rat-hole, or other deep place, give the arms and hands a good rubbing with it. It is to the use of this oil that I attribute my perfect immunity from rheumatism or colds; it prevents the warmth of the skin escaping into the water. The work all done, I sometimes make my toilet in queer places: in a stable, or under a hedge; once in an open trap, on a bleak Hampshire common, the horse galloping as hard as he could, so as to catch the last train for London. It is a very bad thing to use any spirits while at work, but a glass of very hot grog when the work is over is most acceptable. Never forget a sealskin cap lined with wool: it keeps off the snow from the ears. It should come low down on the neck, and is as warm wet as dry.

Very often the waterproof dress is of no service whatever. On one occasion, when collecting eggs near Winchester, we were not quick enough with one of the nets, and a whole shoal of trout went up underneath an arch-

I went up into the hatchway and succeeded in catching some eight or nine very large fish. I found the fish with their noses pressed hard against the hatch by the sides of which the water was coming; and every time I caught a fish, was obliged to come out again, and then go in for another. The only fear I had was that some one might open the hatch; I therefore ordered my man to sit on the hatch, with strict orders to allow no one to move it until I had finished my work. I got a fine canful of eggs from these trout.

The reader may ask what I do with the trout when I catch a great number at the same time. I have a net made with three hoops of cane; the net is fastened round these like a bag, and its mouth is drawn up and secured by means of string. This kind of net is generally called a "hoop net," but my man has christened it a "crinoline" net. When the fish are caught in the net, I fasten the "crinoline" on to my waist, keeping its mouth open with a stick; as I take the fish out of the meshes of the net I put them in the crinoline, and, as they are in the water, they will live there for any number of hours, and are always available when wanted. I have often carried fish for half a mile or more in the crinoline, walking up the bank of the river, and dipping the fish very frequently into the water; it is also possible to keep them all night by tying the net to a tree, and keeping it in a deep hole. The old-fashioned way was to carry tubs in which to put the fish; but these tubs were clumsy, heavy things, and the fish apt to die in them, whereas, in the crinoline net, you can always give them fresh water by the simple process of putting the net in the river.

When I am in quest of the larger game, viz., salmon, the work is more severe than with trout. Not many months since, having obtained permission to collect eggs

* I can confidently recommend the waterproof garments made by Cording, near Temple Bar.

in a river in Wales, I was delighted to see some twelve or fourteen salmon on the spawning-bed. Please recollect this was not a brook, but a moderately sized river. With considerable difficulty I managed to get the net across the river, and while so doing, to my horror, a horse came from a field opposite and walked across the ford, disturbing the salmon considerably, and sending one or two into the net. Everything being ready, I and my good friend John Lloyd, Esq., jun., of Brecon, a most energetic conservator of the river Usk, jumped into the ford, and instantly away they went, the whole shoal of salmon, down the river, and crash into the net. They came with such force into the net, and the stream was so strong, that the men holding the net on the other side called out for assistance. They managed, however, by belaying the rope round a tree, to hold on. It was perfectly impossible, we found, to drag the net to the shore. There was nothing, therefore, left but to go into the river and take the fish out one by one. I took out several salmon, which were no good to me, so let them go; and at a most terrific pace they *did* go when once loose. At length I saw a monster of a salmon in the net—a 24-pounder—and was determined to have her; so, getting her into my arms, I allowed her to kick for a while. When a little quiet and faint, I carried her to the shore in my arms like a child. My friend was there already, seated in a chair ready to receive her, with a sheet round him, in order to hold the fish without knocking her scales off. We ultimately returned her to the water, and she swam away as lively as could be. Just as I was letting her go, however, she turned round and hit me as smart a slap in the face with her tail as ever I received from a feminine—lady or fish; but I did not grumble, because I deserved it. The family of this fish, amounting to some 20,000, were all hatched out and turned into the Thames. If they are grateful fish, they will come back again. I carried them that night, starting from the station in Wales at half-past four on a winter's evening, and arriving in London the next morning at a quarter to six. I was thankful that I managed at all, as it was the night of a memorable snowstorm, which carried away all the telegraph wires, and nearly stopped the traffic on the Great Western.

Salmon require a very large "crinoline," and they are a much more delicate fish than trout to keep alive. I therefore sometimes "tether" them if I want to keep them any time. I pass a piece of thick but soft string through one of the gills, and tie it loosely, so as not to interfere with their breathing. Having found a deep hole under a bank, I then slip the fish in, and tie the other end of the string on to a bough. The fish will generally stay quiet all night, and are easily caught again the next morning. On one occasion, being hard pressed, on the Tuam river, near Galway, I put string, in form of reins, on to three salmon, and drove them more than half a mile down the river. They were, however, awkward things to drive, as they would every minute turn round and look me in the face, after the fashion peculiar to leaders of the tandems which we used to drive at Oxford. But I brought ten salmon alive, in a huge box, to Galway, by car and railway. This was about as hard a day's work as ever I went through; but we got nearly a quarter of a million salmon eggs to lay down in the troughs.

When the eggs of the salmon or trout are brought home, I treat them with the greatest possible care and attention. From about the middle of December till towards the end of January, by going to the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington, the reader will be able to examine the way in which the trout and

salmon eggs are hatched out; and my man, Neville, will be happy to show the various stages of the development of the fish. By the kindness of the French Government authorities at Huningue, I also receive a supply of French eggs. I send them British eggs in return. In this museum will also be seen many drawings and models connected with fish culture, both of the sea and rivers, and also casts of the largest specimens of oceanic fish (including a small whale and a big shark) that have been lately brought to the London market, and for the loan of which I am much indebted to the chief London fishmongers, especially Messrs. Gilson and Quelch, of Bond Street, Grove, of Charing Cross, and Charles, of Arabella Row. These casts and preparations I have made with my own hands, and entirely at my own personal expense.

LIFE ON AMBA MAGDALA, THE STATE PRISON OF ABYSSINIA.

II.

ABYSSINIA has for many centuries been the theatre of bloodshed and spoliation; a country where might was right. Scarcely has a certain individual, pretending to be a lineal descendant of Solomon, the King of Israel, by the Queen of Sheba, through their son Menilech, succeeded in raising himself to the throne of Ethiopia, when factions start up on every side; and the envious, and the *soi-disant* patriot, haranguing the ignorant and credulous populace on the wrongs to which their country is subject, induce them to join the standard of rebellion. The monarch becomes cruel as his power increases; he imposes an enormous tribute and kills his subjects at pleasure. The consequence is that he becomes weaker, and the most insinuating and boldest of his antagonists, by degrees more powerful, until the latter feels himself at last strong enough to offer battle to the sovereign, who of his great army having but a handful of troops remaining, must flee and die in obscurity. The usurper next wages war against those who, rebels like himself, still aspire to the crown, prevails, and places them one after another on the fortress, there to forget their ambitious dreams. These may be said to be dangerous to the State. They have been so under the old *régime*, but may, with certain privileges and immunities, prove the prop of the realm, and the strength of its owner. The high officers and braves of the defeated pretenders enter the service of the recognised monarch, who, fearing their influence and power, conveys them in chains to their former masters, to converse on by-gone happy days, and recriminate in turn.

Next, some of the oldest and most tried followers of the new King are added. They were first his equals, then his tools, and are now the shadows of his former poverty. The King's brain is turned by the dazzling height. As an old toy is spurned by a child, so these must vanish from his sight. Thus the fortresses were filled with inmates; thus Magdala was peopled.

It is a sickening sight to stand at sunrise on the gate of the jail, and see ex-princes, governors, and the great of the land, passing out of the inclosure to their respective houses—those who have been accustomed to govern large provinces in their own right—who have enjoyed every luxury which riches could procure; the gray-headed, the youth, and the boy, all march in one long file, with their heads nearly parallel with the knees. There will never be any change for them until they are laid in the grave. Others—the poor soldier, who

has fallen in disgrace; the thief, the manslayer—all these may flatter themselves with the hope that one day the fetters from their feet and the irons from their hands will be removed, and that once more they will be allowed to depart from the hated mountain. But there is no such expectation for the nobles of the realm. Their high birth has bestowed a curse upon them—it has sealed their doom. If even their present tormentor is supplanted by a new usurper, he will be guided by the same motives. "Why should he endanger part of his conquered dominion? Why should he, by releasing his hostages, sow discord and strife where quiet reigns? The peasants will transfer the love they bore the father to the son; the vassal will hail the arrival of his lord with joy, and all would be confusion and bloodshed. No; they must die in chains!" These are the sentiments which prompt every Ethiopian ruler.

There was a time when the captives were at least humanely treated. Fetters were laid around their ankles, it is true, but never heavier than was necessary to keep them from escaping, and then they were not otherwise persecuted; but at the present time not only have irons, weighing at least ten pounds, been manufactured, but an additional chain on the hand has been put; and whenever the King is in a bad temper, or the least quarrel arises which is reported to him, some new hardship is laid, not only upon those individuals who were the causes, but upon all without exception.

In May, 1865, Theodorus, on his return from his ill-fated expedition to Shoah, was very much harassed by the Galla horsemen, and arrived in great fury at Magdala. Twenty-four Galla nobles, amongst whom was the son of the now ex-Queen Workitt, the heir to the Wollo throne, who all had entered the service of Theodorus of their own free will, and whom he kept here confined as hostages, had to undergo a special measure of suffering on account of the attack of their fellow-countrymen; but the King, still in expectation that an annual tribute would be given to him, laid no violent hands on his victims then. But when, some days subsequently, Menilech, the eldest prince of the late King of Shoah, and son-in-law of Theodorus, deserted his young wife and the royal standard, and fled to the Mussulmen, the fury of his father-in-law knew no bounds. All the Mohammedans were led to the plain; the prince was informed that his mother, having found a new son, could well dispense with him, and they were butchered in the most cruel manner. Every one, the Aboona Salama publicly, and the priests and soldiers in confidence, said that since the time of Menilech such a crime—to kill prisoners, after they had been in chains in Magdala—had not been perpetrated in Habesh (Abyssinia). The fury of his heart unallayed by the blood he had shed, the King vented his rage by inflicting on all the prisoners the misery of hand-chains in addition to those around their ankles.

Besides the political prisoners, no criminals have ever been known, except under the present reign, to be sent to the fortress. They were generally transferred to the magistrates of the districts where they had violated the law, and were sentenced on the deposition of accredited witnesses to pay the damage, or in case of inability were incarcerated for a certain period, or were summarily dealt with, as by flogging; but of late years Magdala has been made the receptacle of all sorts of real and supposed malefactors. There are thieves, those having committed assaults, the manslayers, soldiers under royal displeasure, upwards of thirty females of the better class, the wives of deserted chiefs and their children, some boys of not more than nine years of age, a good number of Shoah soldiers to whom the imputation was made that they

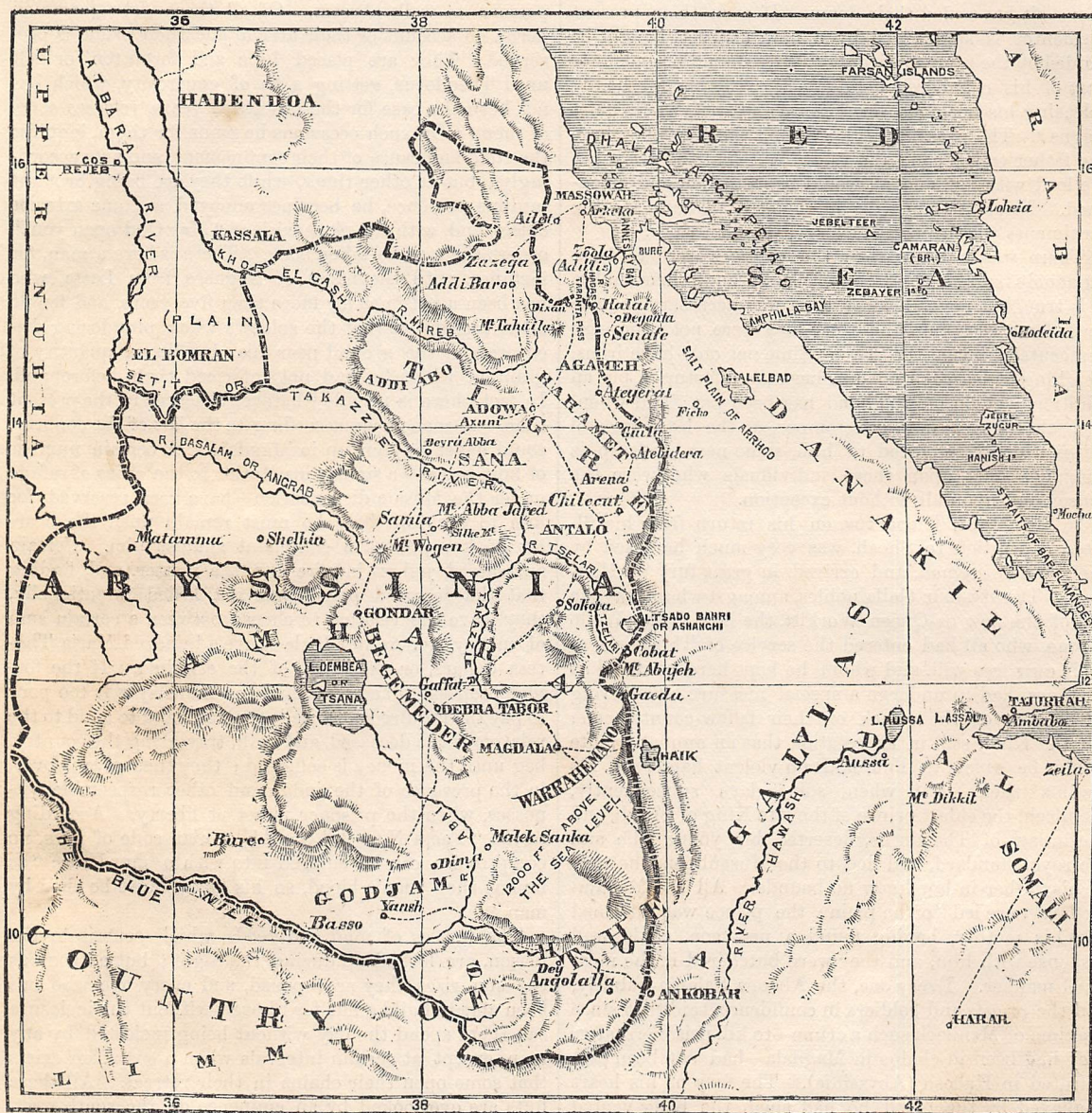
intended to run away, and also very many who have not the remotest idea of their offence, and will probably never learn it. All these, about four hundred, are indiscriminately huddled together in five round houses, twenty-four feet in diameter, in one inclosure, where, after having deducted the space which the buildings occupy, there is not room enough left in any one part for three persons to walk abreast. Of all these *deha* (common herd), no account of their arrival and their crime is preserved. They are placed here and forgotten, or left until Theodorus, getting a fit of generosity, which has not been the case for the last three years, releases some of them. On such occasions he sends for them, inquires the time and cause of their confinement, and acts accordingly; but at other times, while they are being brought into his presence, he becomes annoyed at some exterior object, and, with the pious wish of "May God open you!" orders them to be taken back. There is here a man, for instance, with the name of Negusee, from Lasta, who has been a prisoner for more than five years, and for no other reason but that the soldiers when plundering discovered in the ground near his dwelling a quantity of grain, of which he had not informed them beforehand. In fact, there is no rule whatever observed in the present time. A manslayer, according to the law of the country, could never be shut up in Magdala. A certain number of holy places—a similar institution to the cities of refuge under the Mosaic dispensation—have been reserved for him to flee to, where he must remain until the nearest of kin prefers a complaint against him. Certain authorised judges inquire into the matter, and, finding that the deceased person was not killed intentionally, they leave the relation to choose between a certain sum of money, generally a little above a hundred Maria Theresa dollars, or the death of the criminal. If the former proposal is accepted, and the manslayer is too poor to pay the required sum, he is chained hand to hand to the relative of the deceased, and both, traversing the country, beg until the money is collected; they then give it over, in the presence of the judge and other respectable witnesses, when the prisoner is set at liberty. According to the "Faeta Negest," the Abyssinian code of laws, no compromise can be entered into with a murderer: "as he has shed man's blood, so his blood must be shed by man."

The houses of mud and reeds, which constitute the prison, are locked up during the night; but as soon as the sun rises they are opened, and every one who has been able to build a hut for himself without the inclosure can there spend the day without being molested by any man, except at certain intervals when a suspicion exists that some open their chains in their retreat. All these huts are overlooked by an eminence on the south-west, where the warders sit during the day. Besides this, for every ten prisoners, another soldier is appointed to watch, but cannot enter the abode of any without asking permission. He is responsible for his ten men, and is put in irons himself if one of them escapes, which is, however, a very rare occurrence, and very difficult indeed to accomplish. For the last four years none, except a little boy dressed in girl's clothing, has left the mountain alive; the rest either fell down from the precipice and were dashed to pieces, or were discovered in the venture and subjected to lingering sufferings. Some months ago the brother of a governor of a Tigrian district made an attempt at flight, was recaptured, mercilessly beaten, remained about two months in the stocks, and subsequently was executed.

To keep on good terms with the higher officers must never be neglected by the prisoners; for they can be annoyed in many ways; and, however just their cause

may be, they will never gain anything by complaining. If some one should venture to submit a certain matter to the King, he will too late perceive that every detail has been so altered by the defendant that the wrath of the partial monarch is sure to fall upon his own head.

plaintive sound, the cry of distress, until their small pittance is given to them. But, in order to prevent misunderstanding, I must state that a whole loaf, weighing about eight ounces, has very much the appearance of a pancake, but is not nearly as nourishing as the same




He understands but too well the import of that phrase that "a man wearing chains cannot be considered a human being, and has no right to grumble," and therefore will refrain from finding fault. Patience becomes the best policy, and, rather than resist or complain on being struck, the initiated would prefer to present the second cheek for repetition of the injury.

No rations have for some years past been given to the political prisoners, and if they did not send their servants from time to time to their respective districts to collect some money through relations and their own peasantry, they would be left to starve. The poor, however, receive within the twenty-four hours half a loaf of teff bread and some water, but are frequently compelled to raise a long

quantity of wheat bread. These four ounces of endjerah are scarcely sufficient to keep a man alive, even much less feed him; and they are compelled to increase the amount of their food in the best way they can. Several now and then obtain some employment by their richer brethren in misery, or by soldiers loitering near the prison, and thus earn a meal; others, again, are allowed to go about begging, and it must be confessed that, whatever bad qualities preponderate in the Abyssinian, lack of almsgiving is not one of them: however little he may possess himself, he invariably is ready to give a morsel to the mendicant; and the mendicant in his turn, after having finished his round, in which he generally collects sufficient for his needs, has also a bit to spare for those

who, through sickness and other causes, are hindered from performing their circuit. Nothing beyond this half loaf is ever given by the State; and, if the poor did not receive the worn-out clothes of the well-to-do, they would be in the most wretched condition, and, unless an occasional present is given to them by a relative, they have no means whatever of furnishing themselves with this necessary article. In case of sickness no doctor attends, no medicine is dispensed, no spiritual adviser approaches. They lie on the hard ground day after day, uncared-for, unpitied, and, although racked with pain and distracted by mental anguish, the chains are not removed until death has put an end to their sufferings.

Before quitting this subject I must endeavour to explain the mode and the varieties of chaining. The person to be fettered is made to sit down, and lay one leg on a stone; an iron ring, through which a chain of three links is inserted, is pulled over the foot, and while one holds another beats on it with a stone, very often eliciting cries of anguish from the victim, until it has diminished to the size of the leg immediately above the ankle. The other end of the chain is then introduced into the second ring, and the same operation is repeated with the second leg. Then the right hand is fettered in a similar manner, while the short suspended chain is fastened by means of a small ring to the foot-chain, bending the unfortunate individual to such a stooping position as actually to distort his features in walking. Sometimes to hand and foot fetters a monkoro is added. The monkoro is a piece of wood about six feet long, with something like a triangle at one extremity, like this , which is put around the neck of the prisoner. In such a case the poor man can never leave his place, unless compassionately assisted by some one carrying his heavy appendage before him. The most cruel of all the instruments of restraint are the stocks used for the refractory, and those who make an attempt at escape. A long thick beam with large holes is laid on some stones a foot high: having inserted the feet, irons are hammered around them; and the poor fellow, who cannot sit upright except when supported on his back, must remain lying in the same position for months, without ever being released for any purpose whatever. The runaway, as a rule, when taken out of the stocks is led to execution.

Thus it will be seen that the prisoners occasion to the State very few expenses, and that the prison system of the present time is as cruel and merciless as it possibly can be amongst the most savage nations. I believe that the words of David (Psalm lxxiv. 20), "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," can nowhere be employed more appropriately.

Since November, 1864, Magdala has been invested with quite a novel character. The Emperor Theodorus, who, in spite of his pompous name, is not more civilised, but perhaps more cunning and certainly more cruel than any of his people, had attained to the summit of Abyssinian glory. He had conquered the most remote provinces, had an immense army at his back, was feared and admired by distant tribes; and, endowed with a good deal of superstition, began to persuade himself, as his subjects had been taught to believe, that by virtue of his adopted name he had become the Theodorus of Abyssinian prophecy, in whose reign felicity and peace should be enjoyed, the conqueror and regenerator of mankind. This pride, which knew no bounds at this period, he deemed had been impugned by high authorities, and he revenged the imagined insult upon those individuals whom he had in his grasp. He chained them in October, 1863, and the following months, tortured and tormented them in various ways, and, after having dragged them

bound two and two together in fetters across mountains and plains, on dangerous roads, a distance of about fifteen days, given over to the tender mercies of the rude soldiery, insulted and harassed at every step, he deposited them in Magdala—I speak of the Europeans. Before this event Theodorus had forcibly detained the Egyptian commissioner three years, had incarcerated "the successor of St. Mark," his visitor, as also his own bishop, and chained the French consul. These arguments were too convincing to the half-savage military. The King had demonstrated to his servants that he is not afraid of the mightiest monarchs of the earth, and had the satisfaction of hearing night after night his courage praised in song, and himself exalted as the vicegerent of the Deity.

Arrived here, we (the Europeans) were treated a degree worse than the lowest criminals. While the latter had a small space assigned to them in one of the houses wherein to seek shelter from the sun by day and the cold at night, we were left in the open air to shift for ourselves as well as we could, not the least consideration being taken of a lady and a young child; and it was only after the lapse of some days that we were allowed to pitch a tent or fasten a piece of cloth under the awning of the roof, wherein we dwelt for the next fifteen months. Seven months we were here in foot-chains, and in the eighth a hand-chain was added. It is true we were not anxious to be driven into one of the houses; for, although to the native no great hardship, it is a trial of no ordinary character to the European, which we had to experience several nights on a subsequent occasion. A cubit (foot and a half) of room was allotted to each of us; but, when our coloured neighbours took their places, we were pushed so much, as to be compelled, since we could not fight, to sit cowering together and watch for the dawn of day; and, when the doors were unbolted at last, we made a rush to change our scanty linen as quickly as possible. During the day we were stared at by the curious like so many wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens; but, while the latter are generally admired on account of their strength, size, beauty, or ferocity, we were criticised on the opposite principle, as having "hair like monkeys, eyes like cats, complexion like milk," etc.; and it was only after several of us began to speak Amharic that we heard the naïve remark, that, "although they do not resemble, yet they are human beings in reality." If we had had the power, as it was imputed to us, of coining dollars to an unlimited extent without any materials, or, in other words, by alchemical processes, we might have had every comfort possible for such a position; but, as we had no friends, and not over-much cash, we had to swallow every abuse until the novelty had died away.

But when we were conveyed hither with the members of the English mission as the king's "friends," in July, 1866, to be chained, our treatment was entirely different from what it was the first time. Although Europeans are so dull as not to understand such kind of amity, yet, on account of the benefits derived from it, we know how to appreciate it. It is one thing to have a house for one's self, or, at least, one for two persons, and to be attended by one's servants, living in the same inclosure, and who can be had when required; and another thing to be obliged to live amongst every sort of filth, and to wait till it pleases the careless Abyssinian to inquire after his master's wants. We therefore make the best of our opportunities; for we do not know what a day, nay, what an hour may bring forth. Several of us write or study languages from the scanty store, or rather wreck, of our books; some fill up

their time with gardening and physical labour; and others find the best occupation in sleeping and paying of visits. The native dignitaries are very polite, more especially to the members of the mission; to them they pay almost a daily visit of some length—for love's sake, it is said; but some individuals, who do not think very highly of the affection of Abyssinians, are inclined to believe that the liberal entertainment and the powers of conversation of Mr. Rassam are the principal means of attraction. As soon as we are informed of their approach, our books, papers, inkstand, in fact, every article creating suspicion, having been removed out of view, we await them at the door of our rooms, with the fervent wish that they might very soon find their way back to the quarter of the great. After a good deal of bowing on our part, and many repeated inquiries after our health on the part of our visitors, with just as many assurances from our lips that all is satisfactory, we are very happy to get rid of them in order to resume our work. I must let out the secret that most of our illustrious guests with high-sounding titles are of very low origin, and that their elevation is not due to merit. They are the creatures of Theodorus. He has annihilated or imprisoned the great, and made small men big.

But whenever there is a report that a royal messenger has arrived, we are not content with laying our writing materials aside: we must find a safer hiding-place. The pockets of coats or waistcoats are hurriedly searched, and every scrap of paper is examined and destroyed. Those, however, which are destined to make a sea voyage are either secreted in the straw of the roof, or thrust in a hollow stick, or secured in a bottle buried in the ground, or are quickly despatched to the dwelling of a native friend, who takes care of them, until we know by the next advent of the chiefs whether the state of things will remain unaltered for a little while longer, or whether "friendship" has ceased to exist, and persecution has commenced. Thus we live on in continual fear and anxiety, sustained, however, by the hope that ere long the hour of deliverance and reunion will strike, when the husband will embrace his wife, the father his children, and when friend with friend will magnify the goodness of God.

I am afraid I have transgressed already on the patience of the reader, but before concluding I must make a few brief remarks in reference to two classes of captives varying from all the rest—the first, the Abunah (bishop), and the Etcheghe (chief prior of the monks). They are without chains, but guarded by soldiers. The former has for some years past been at perpetual enmity with the King; and, although the most influential personage after him in the country, he is not so highly thought of at present as his predecessor; but as soon as a change of government ensues he will again possess unlimited authority, and every aspirant to the throne will be only too glad to obey the behest of Abunah (or Aboona) Salama.

The last which I mention are not generally considered, but are in the fullest sense of the word prisoners—I mean the women confined in the hareem, or elfin as it is called here—the wives and concubines of him who can scarcely any more be called ruler, and the "confiscated" wives of some political prisoners who offered any attraction to the royal connoisseur. Their life is monotonous enough. Shut up in a house, guarded by peevish warders, never allowed to see either mother or sister, they are periodically taken to their master, travelling at night, while another batch is sent back; that is to say, when the roads are not blocked up. At this moment

the women, as well as all other prisoners, are agreed in this particular, that they never any more wish to see the face of that cruel individual who has slaughtered monthly, without exaggeration, his thousands around him, and has converted that part of the country where he is closed in by the rebels into a large charnel-house.

ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

THE map on a previous page has been copied from the route-map prepared by the Government for the use of the officers of the Expedition, with additions from the most recent and best authorities. It will enable our readers to follow more clearly the despatches and letters on Abyssinian affairs. The smaller map shows the position of Abyssinia in relation to surrounding geography. Under the heading of Abyssinian Notes will be published such miscellaneous information as will help to give a fair idea of the country and its people.



BOOKS ABOUT ABYSSINIA.

An article in the "Quarterly Review" for October thus commenced: "Not many months ago Abyssinia was to the generality of Englishmen *terra incognita*. None, save a few geographers, the readers of Bruce's travels, some missionaries and relatives of the unhappy prisoners at Magdala, knew or cared to know much about that part of the world." There was some truth in this statement, but at the same time it is both strange and true that more has been written about Abyssinia than about almost any other country of the same size in the world. In the latest and most convenient handbook on the subject* there is printed in an appendix a list of above two hundred books and tracts on Abyssinia in various European languages! Besides these, there are so many papers and articles in various encyclopedias and dictionaries, in transactions of scientific societies, and in missionary reports, that Sir Henry Rawlinson was justified in saying at a scientific meeting that "it was a mistake to say but little was known about Abyssinia; of few countries do we know so much." At the

* "Abyssinia and its People." Edited by John Camden Hotten. J. C. Hotten, London.

same time there is need now of this knowledge being brought home to general readers in popular form, and this Mr. Hotten's book helps to accomplish. It gives extracts from most of the works of English, French, and German travellers, and, especially, contains the report of the late Mr. Consul Plowden, by far the best account yet printed of Abyssinian life and customs. The Parliamentary Blue-books furnish ample materials for compiled volumes. Of original travels and narratives of personal adventure, the best are "Bruce's Travels" (1790), "Salt's Voyage" (1814), Mansfield Parkyns' "Residence and Travels" (1853), Cornwallis Harris's "The Highlands of Ethiopia" (1844), "Dufton's Narrative" (1867). Of foreign books, the best are those of Rüppell, Gobat, Ferret et Salinier, and others mentioned in Mr. Hotten's volume.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND POLITICAL BOUNDARIES.

From the "Quarterly Review" article, already mentioned, we quote a brief geographical statement:—

"The geographical limits of the 'Abyssinia' of the present day are no longer those of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, which was bounded on the east and south-east by the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. The whole of that seaboard is now claimed by Turkey; while the low desert country lying between the seaboard and the high-land of Abyssinia is occupied by lawless and independent tribes. 'Abyssinia proper' is now limited to the high-land between the 9th and 16th degrees of north latitude, and the 36th and 40th degrees of east longitude.

"The theatre of our military operations will, however, include a portion of the eastern desert and of the seaboard, and may be defined as bounded on the north and north-west by Nubia, on the east and south-east by the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and on the south and west by Southern and Central Africa. In common parlance, also, this tract of country may be considered (though not quite correctly) as 'Abyssinia.' The length of this district, from Massowah in the north, to the upper part of the river Hawash in the south, is, as measured in a direct line on the map, about 500 miles. Its breadth, from Metemma in the west to the Red Sea, as measured on the map, is also about 500 miles.

"'Abyssinia proper' is divided into six chief provinces: Tigré in the north, Samen and Lasta in the centre, Amhara, Godjam and Shoah in the south. It is intersected by numerous rivers and streams, the latter being, for the most part, mountain torrents. The principal rivers are the Mareb* and the Tacazze (one of the chief tributaries of the Nile), in Tigré; the Abai (a tributary of the Blue Nile), in Godjam; and the Hawash, in Shoah. This latter river flows towards the Gulf of Aden, but loses itself in a lake in that neighbourhood, and does not reach the sea. All these rivers run in deep valleys. In the rainy season they are full and swollen, in the dry season they are fordable at all points, and often contain little or no water.

"Abyssinia may be described as a vast high and mountainous table-land, about 500 miles long, with a mean breadth of perhaps 200 miles, rising up from the plains of East Africa. It is bounded on the east by a desert which reaches to the shores of the Red Sea, and on the north, north-west, and west, by the plains of Nubia and of Central Africa. The eastern desert, which separates Abyssinia from the sea, varies very considerably in width. While at Massowah (the principal port on that coast, close to the north-east corner of Abyssinia), it is only a few miles broad, at Amphilla (a seaport 100 miles further south) it is 100 miles broad, at Tajoura (in the Gulf of Aden) 200 miles, and farther south even 300 miles wide.

"The eastern edge of the great plateau or high-land of Abyssinia rises abruptly from this desert to a height of between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea level, and runs due south in a direct line from near Massowah in the north, to the vicinity of the upper Hawash in the south, a distance of 500 miles. To penetrate Central Abyssinia from any point between Massowah and the Gulf of Aden, therefore, this mountain barrier must be ascended.

"The plateau of Abyssinia would thus appear to have a general fall or slope from the east to the west, which is, moreover, evident from the fact that all the rivers (with the single exception of the Hawash, which is, moreover, beyond and outside of the high-land) flow towards the west. But though it may, perhaps not incorrectly, be described as a table-land, Abyssinia presents to the traveller all the features and difficul-

ties of a highly mountainous country; for it is intersected by ranges of mountains, some of which rise to the height of 14,000 or even 15,000 feet, and on whose tops both snow and ice are to be found. It is further cut up by rivers whose beds run in extraordinarily deep valleys, so deep as to be 3,000 feet below the general level of the plateau."

KING THEODORE.

King Theodore, the hero of the hour, has had a history of romantic vicissitude. Though his father claimed to be descended from the line of the ancient kings, he was left when yet a child an orphan in abject poverty, his mother following the humble calling of a kouso* seller. He was sent to a convent to be brought up as a priest; but the convent being attacked by a robber chief, who put most of the inmates to the sword, Dejaz Kassai (such was his name in early life) escaped to the castle of a powerful uncle, Dejaz Confu. On the death of Confu his sons quarrelled, and Kassai sided with the eldest, who was defeated. He then became a robber chief. Gaining many followers, he trained an army, and raised the standard of rebellion under the pretext of checking oppression and resisting violence. The Queen of the usurping Galla race, long hated by the oppressed people, sent an army against him. Her troops were defeated. Finding force unavailing, the Queen offered to the successful warrior her grandchild in marriage, intending thereby to betray him into her power. The princess, however, became a faithful and devoted wife, warning him of all the plots contrived for his destruction. At length the treacherous Queen and her son, Kassai's father-in-law, were defeated in a pitched battle, and fled from the country. Kassai had still several chiefs to conquer and provinces to subdue. Tigré was ruled by an ancient warrior, Dejaz Oulie. A great battle was fought on the 3rd February, 1856, which resulted in the total defeat of the Ras or King of Tigré. The conqueror was crowned on the 5th of that month by the name of King Theodore. The ceremony was performed by the Aboona (papa or father) Salama, Metropolitan of Abyssinia. Gradually all resistance to his claim was overcome, and he became undisputed ruler of the country. In his battles he was assisted by several foreigners, and his chief counsellor was Mr. Bell, an Englishman, who was killed in one of the battles while saving the life of his friend and sovereign.

When Mr. Stern, author of a deeply interesting book, "Wanderings among the Falashes† of Abyssinia," arrived in the country, he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Bell, and by him introduced to the King. He was pacing up and down in his camp, surrounded by many of the nobles and chief warriors. "With uncovered heads we approach. In the most urbane manner he beckons us to advance, and, among other questions, inquires how a Christian nation like the English can tolerate idolatry in India, and uphold the power of Mohammedanism in Egypt and Turkey. Mr. Stern replies that Christianity teaches us to love and not to persecute; to instruct and not to oppress an unbeliever. 'Avoonah! avoonah!' (True! true!) exclaims the King. 'And if this is your design in Abyssinia you have my approval to your mission, if you likewise obtain the assent of the Aboona.' He adds, 'You are my brother and my friend, and you have my full sanction to visit every province in my kingdom.'"

Bishop Gobat, who visited Abyssinia in 1880, in describing the Falashes, says that they retain some lingering notions of the predicted Messiah; and when he questioned them regarding his coming, they replied that he would probably appear in the character of a conqueror, by the name of Theodoros, whose advent they supposed was near; an expectation, he adds, which the Christians of Abyssinia shared equally with themselves.‡ This remarkable statement was published long before Dejaz Kassai was heard of; and it is probable that the crafty warrior took advantage of the prevailing rumour in assuming the name of Theodore on his coronation.

With regard to the personal character of Theodore, there have been very conflicting accounts. The truth seems to be that to his undoubted natural ability he added some good qualities

* Kouso is a plant regarded as a specific against tapeworm, a disease frightfully common in Abyssinia.

† The Falashes are a numerous race in Abyssinia, of Jewish origin. They are supposed to have settled there after the destruction of Jerusalem, though some of them claim to be descended from far more ancient Hebrew emigrants, of whom the Queen of Sheba was ruler. The Falashes derive their name from the Ethiopic word *Falash*, which means an exile—a remarkable confirmation of their alleged origin.

‡ "Journal of a Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia." By the Rev. Samuel Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem. P. 467. Dodd, New York.

* Sir Samuel Baker, in his new and interesting book, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," tells us the curious fact that this river loses itself in the sand in the vicinity of Kassala, and never reappears—thus correcting the popular idea that it joined the Atbara or the Nile.

of heart, which for a time were called into exercise, especially under the guidance of such counsellors as Mr. Bell and Mr. Plowden. The latter has thus described him:—"Dejaj Kassai is vigorous and subtle, daring to a fault, and, perhaps, more disposed to innovation than any. He has abolished in his army the practice of mutilating dead bodies; taught his soldiers some discipline, makes war without baggage or camp followers, and encourages foreigners. Though proud, his manner is all humility; he is severe, liberal, and usually just, but breaks out now and then into unaccountable acts of violence, which indicate a somewhat unsettled temperament; he commences enterprises with more vigour than he pursues them, and is much under the influence of prophets and fortune-tellers."

Sir H. Rawlinson has remarked on this report that King Theodore had abolished Mohammedanism, had secularised the church property, and had crushed the priestly influence, which, in the time of Mr. Plowden, was one of the crying evils of Abyssinia. He had also introduced many useful reforms into the administration of justice, and had adopted measures for the encouragement of industry. As long as Plowden and Bell were alive he was to a certain extent a model sovereign, but since their deaths he had gone altogether wrong.

Dr. Beke, however, affirms that Theodore was from the first an arrant villain. He was made a great man and a good man by Bell and Plowden, but the moment they died he became bad. As long ago as 1852, Dr. Beke says, he was an arrant drunkard, and used to fire under the table at the legs of his guests.

Fits of drunkenness, added to an ungoverned temper, suffice to account for the wild and capricious conduct of Theodore to his British captives, as well as the horrid cruelties to his own people, except they are to be ascribed to partial insanity.

The story of the relations of King Theodore with the British Government would be too long to tell here, but the following may be received as a sufficient account of the maltreatment of the British subjects which has led to the war of release and redress. When Consul Cameron came the first time to Abyssinia he was well received by his Majesty and presented with valuable presents. The King wished him to take a letter to England, and to bring an answer. He was either to go himself all the way, or, at least, to Massowah, and there wait for the answer. Mr. Cameron went a different route to Massowah from that advised by the King, as he wished to get some medicine from Mr. Flad, one of the missionaries. He also dismissed Aito Samuel, a Jew convert, who had been sent as his escort and interpreter. This Samuel wrote a letter of accusation to the King against Mr. Cameron, and other Abyssinians told the King that Mr. Cameron had been heard speaking disrespectfully of him. A Frenchman, M. Bardel, now high in favour with the King, is said to be mischievously active in poisoning his mind against the English, and against the missionaries. When the King afterwards saw Mr. Cameron at Gondar he was enraged at his going among his enemies, and also at not bringing back a letter from the Queen. "Why does the Queen not write to me?" he said. "Who is Russell?" (the letter last received having been signed by Earl Russell). "Let the Queen write herself." On the arrival of another Foreign Office despatch the King's rage knew no bounds. The Consul was made a prisoner in the camp. Once, on asking leave to go to his own house on account of his state of health, the King refused, saying, "Let him die, if they only cannot say that I have killed him. Where is his answer to my letter? Why does his Queen despise me?" On asking leave to return to his post as Consul at Massowah he was put into chains along with the missionaries and others under his protection. "When we were in prison," writes Mr. Flad (Blue Book of 10th August, 1867), "the King once sent us a message, saying, 'The Consul I have imprisoned because his Queen did not send me an answer. Personally, I have nothing against him. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal I have imprisoned because they have abused me, and the rest (we were ten Europeans) I have imprisoned because I found that you white people are all bad.'" When Mr. Rassam arrived with a special letter from the Queen he was received with outward courtesy, and the King wrote an extraordinary letter, in which he says, "I have released Mr. Cameron and the other prisoners, and all Europeans who might wish to leave the country, and I have kept Mr. Rassam, for the sake of consulting together upon the extension of our friendship." Afterwards, like another Pharaoh, the King was angry because the prisoners were free, and caused them to be seized, on pretence that they insulted him by not going to say farewell before leaving. Mr. Rassam and the rest have since been in durance, some at Magdala, and others at Debra Tabor, and the King's camp. The whole number of European prisoners, including women and children, is about sixty.

Varieties.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.—By the will of the late Dr. William Whewell, Master of Trinity College, funds are bequeathed for the endowment of a chair of International Law at Cambridge. The Professor in his lectures is "to make it his aim to lay down such rules and suggest such measures as may tend to diminish the evils of war, and finally to extinguish war between nations." Scholarships in international law are also to be founded. The hopes of extinguishing war by public or international law, it is to be feared, are Utopian, as long as the passions of human nature have sway. Nevertheless, it is well to have sound information and right feeling diffused on certain points upon which nations of equal civilisation may consent to arrange articles of agreement.

DR. ALDERSON OF NORWICH, FATHER OF AMELIA OPIE.—He was much afflicted with a painful disease, which he bore with patience, and allowed me to take away the following prayer, which he had just been writing, and which I found lying on his table:—"Almighty God and most merciful Father! I humbly beseech thee to ease my pain, increase my patience, and lay upon me no more than I am able to bear, although I have deserved it all: and grant that when my soul is released from this prison of my body, it may be admitted into that rest which is appointed for all such as repent, amend, and believe; as I trust does thy unworthy servant, who now lies prostrate before thee, in humble reliance on the atoning merits of thy beloved Son, who suffered death that we might enjoy life eternal, and to whom be all honour, dominion, and power for ever and ever. Amen!" He continued steadfast in the Christian faith until his death, which took place about two years afterwards (1823).—*J. J. Gurney's Autobiography.*

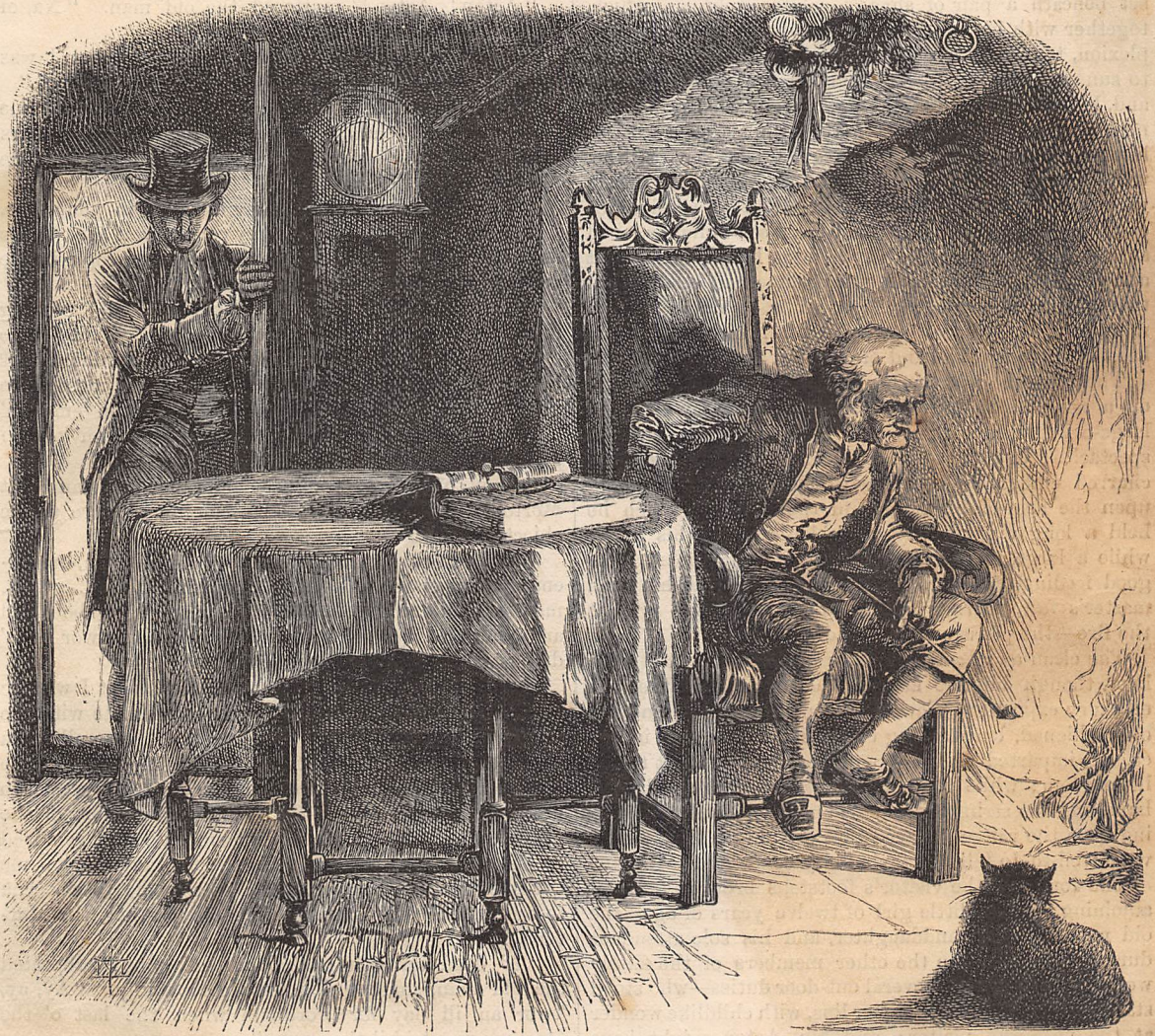
A USEFUL HINT TO MOTHERS AND GUARDIANS.—It is within my certain knowledge that, particularly with Italian singing-masters, advantages have been taken when opportunity offered. In fact, no teacher—whether he be music-master, dancing-master, riding-master, or a master of any sort—ought to be permitted to give lessons to a girl unless in the presence of an efficient chaperone. Look at the many instances of riding-masters riding off with their pupils at Cheltenham and other places, and the affairs we have heard of, and those which have been hushed up, that spring out of other educational lessons; they make one wonder that there are yet many mammas who remain with their eyes unopened.—*Hon. Granville Berkeley.*

SIR ROBERT NAPIER, K.C.B.—The commander of the Abyssinian expedition, an officer of the Royal Engineers, has a distinguished name, both as a soldier and politician. He served through the Sutlej campaign of 1845–46, and at Moodkee, at Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and the subsequent advance on Lahore. In 1846, he was chief engineer at the siege of the hill fort of Kangra, and in 1849 at Mooltan. He was commanding engineer with the right wing of the army of the Punjab at the battle of Goojerat, and in Sir Walter Gilbert's pursuit of the Sikh army. He commanded mountain columns against hill tribes of Afreedees in 1852. In 1857 he was chief of Sir James Outram's staff, and was present in the action leading to the first relief of Lucknow, and the capture of Alumbagh. In 1858 he was chief engineer at the siege of Lucknow, and took active part in the subsequent dispersion of rebel forces. In 1860 he commanded a division of the China expeditionary force, directing the operations at the storming of the Taku forts, and the occupation of Peking. In person Sir Robert Napier is described as above the middle height, with a slight stoop, which makes him at first look shorter than he really is. His hair, whiskers, and moustache are becoming white, but this is almost the only sign of age that can be detected in the man who served with distinction in the Sutlej campaign. In energy, activity, powers of endurance, and general aptitude for all kinds of work, at the desk or in the field, the youngest and most active of his staff—and his staff includes many officers who are both young and active—are put upon their mettle, and require all they can do to keep pace with him. In manner he is extremely quiet, even subdued, and, although studiously courteous, a little reserved and distant with strangers. He is a splendid horseman, and is said to excel greatly as a writer of clear and effective despatches. He was military member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta; but in 1865, when Sir William Mansfield was appointed to the chief command, Sir Robert was offered and accepted the command of the Bombay army, and has continued in that appointment till entrusted with the command of the Abyssinian expedition.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



OLD MATTHEW, THE SEXTON.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER IX.—THE OLD SEXTON'S RECOLLECTIONS AND REVELATIONS.

It was but a short walk from the inn to old Matthew Budge's cottage—an old, brown-thatched dwelling, of one storey in height, with walls of rough stone, white-washed, and gravitating inwards, as much probably through carelessness on the part of the builder as from the effects of age, and with narrow, latticed windows, with lozenge-stamped panes of greenish glass, set in leaden framework. The cottage stood on the very verge

of the common, in a small plot of garden-ground, in the arrangement of which the *utile* had been judiciously combined with the *dulce*—the cabbage and onion beds being bordered with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs, and green and sweet peas lovingly and gracefully intertwining their tendrils around the palings. In the summer season the little plot of ground might have presented an agreeable aspect, though now it looked dismal and dreary enough, a few crocuses and snowdrops alone raising their heads above the soil, which was still covered with the winter snow.

The garden gate stood partly open, and Mr. Aston,

who had set out at an early hour from the inn to visit the aged sexton, entered the gate, and, traversing the pebbled pathway which led to the door of the cottage, raised the latch, unseen and unheard by the inmates. He found himself in the presence of an old man, who was seated in a large, wooden, but comfortably cushioned arm-chair, in front of a blazing wood fire, built on the hearthstone, beneath one of those huge, open chimneys which are still to be met with occasionally in old-fashioned country cottages and farmhouses.

He was a small, feeble-looking old man, with a thin, wizened face, seamed with a number of minute, almost imperceptible, wrinkles. His scanty locks were white as drifted snow, and his eyes, dim with years, were deep set beneath a pair of shaggy, white eyebrows, which, together with his hair, contrasted vividly with his complexion, tanned to a deep red hue by life-long exposure to sun and weather. His gums were almost toothless, and, his mouth having fallen in, his somewhat prominent nose and chin almost met together, imparting a wizard-like aspect to his countenance. He had been a lithe, wiry-framed man in his day, and such men frequently wear well; but he now looked as if a gust of wind might easily whisk him away up the wide, open chimney; and as Mr. Aston stood gazing upon him, he marvelled that a man of such slight, attenuated frame had been spared to attain to a patriarchal age, while so many men of more robust mould, whom he had formerly known, had been stricken by the hand of death in their prime.

The old man was neatly attired in rustic garb, and on a round oak table near his arm-chair lay an open, large-print family Bible, and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles; but he now sat gazing dreamily upon the charred embers on the hearth, with one hand resting upon the arm of his chair, and the other, in which he held a long clay pipe, reposing listlessly on his knee; while a large tortoiseshell cat, sleek, and indolent with good feeding, was stretched at full length at his aged master's feet, purring loudly, and blinking his eyes at the fire—the picture of ease and content.

The clean and neatly-sanded red brick floor, the well-kept, though humble and old-fashioned furniture, the crockery exposed to view in the open cupboard, and the old-fashioned, loud-ticking clock, in its long case, in one corner, imparted an air of snugness and comfort to the little room; while the side of bacon, the partially-cut ham, and the strings of onions and dried herbs depending from the rafters, proved that the old sexton's family were well-to-do folk for their lowly condition.

The sound of the visitor's footsteps brought from an adjoining room a little girl of twelve years of age—the old man's great-granddaughter, and his sole attendant during the day, when the other members of the family were engaged in their several out-door duties—who stood staring, with her finger on her lips, with childlike wonder at the unknown visitor; and Mr. Aston might have remained a long while unnoticed by the old sexton, had not the little girl, after she had got over her first surprise, stepped quickly to his side, and whispered close to his ear—

"Gran'ther, here be somebody come to see thee;" upon which he turned his head, and stared at his visitor with an expression of dull inquiry.

"I am an old acquaintance, Matthew Budge," said Mr. Aston. "I have been many years absent from Fordham; but, as I knew you when I was a child, I have called to visit you."

The centenarian peered from beneath his shaggy eyebrows into his visitor's face, but apparently with vain scrutiny, for he shook his head, and, sinking back in his

chair, partially closed his eyes, as though he had become unconscious of the stranger's presence.

"You do not recollect me, Matthew?" continued Mr. Aston, as he seated himself on the settle near the fire, beginning to fear, in spite of the assertions of the landlord of the "Wheatsheaf," that the old man's faculties were too feeble to render the visit of any avail.

The strange voice, however, again aroused the patriarch of the village from his torpor.

"Nay," he muttered; "oi canna say oi do. An' yet there's a summat i' thy feace oi seem to mind. What-ten naime didst say?"

"Aston. But you will not recognise me by the name."

"Aston! Aston!" muttered the old man. "Na, oi dunno ony sich name i' they pairts."

"No; you would not know the name: but I was often in the village when a boy, and I know *you* well."

"Beloike, measter. There be many as knaw'd me when they wor childer as be owd foulk wi' gray hairs now. Oi'm owd—very owd—a hunder an' one come Michaelmas."

"You must have seen many changes in your time. I've been told that your memory carries you back to the days when the parents of most of the old people in the village were young."

"Measter," replied the old man, gradually rousing himself as his thoughts reverted to the days long gone by, "oi moind afore ony now livin' i' Fordham wor born. Oi moind the feythers an' mothers o' most as be now livin'. Oi digged th' graves o' many on 'em; an' oi stood to the 'kirsenin' o' t' owdest man an' ooman i' th' village. Ay, i'm owd—very owd."

"Then, of course, you remember the old family at Morton Hall?" said Mr. Aston, coming at once to the object of his visit.

"T' owd squire's family!" replied the old man, brightening up at once at the mention of Morton Hall. "Ay, measter; oi mind toime when t' squire, as be dead an' gone thretty year, wor born. Ay, there wor gran' doings at the Ha', thatten toime!"

"It is of the old family of the Mortons that I wish to speak," continued Mr. Aston. "I was intimate with the family when I was a boy, and I wish to learn all I can about them, and the manner of their deaths. I have been very long absent from England, and I return to find a new family at the Hall, and to find most of the people of the village, whom I formerly knew, removed or dead. I have been told that you alone can give me the information I require, and I have come to ask you to tell me all you know of your old patrons, the Mortons."

"A' dead an' gone; a' dead an' gone!" repeated the old man, shaking his head, sorrowfully. "Ay, ay, 'twor an ill day for Fordham when the last o' the Mortons wor laid i' the grave."

"But surely *all* are not dead?" said Mr. Aston, anxiously. "The sons, as I have learnt from the tombstone in the churchyard, were suddenly carried off; but I see no mention of the death of my—of Mary—of the squire's only daughter. Mary Morton was many years younger than either of her brothers. If she be still alive she is not yet an old woman."

The old sexton shook his head dolefully, but made no reply.

"There is something amiss," continued Mr. Aston; "tell me what it is. Tell me all you know of the family. I cannot make you understand how anxious I am to hear their history."

The old man, whose faculties now seemed perfectly

clear, sat silent for some moments, with his eyes closed and his wrinkled brow knit, as if striving to collect his thoughts, and then, with a prolixity and minuteness of detail peculiar to the aged, especially of the humbler classes, he related all he knew of the history of the Mortons, from the birth of the old squire to the death of his eldest son. Mr. Aston listened to many of these details with manifest impatience, as if they were familiar to him; but he made no attempt to interrupt the narrator, being well aware that the trifling matters upon which the old man dwelt with child-like interest were the connecting links by means of which he retained the story in his memory, and that to interrupt him would be but to perplex him, perhaps beyond recall.

The prolix details, narrated in a strong provincial dialect, and interspersed with numerous episodes which had little or nothing to do with the history, would be as wearisome to the reader as they were to the listener: the old sexton's story was to the following effect, omitting the earlier portion of the narrative, and commencing at the date of the death of the second son, Charles, who fell at the siege of Gibraltar.

At this date Madam Morton, as she was commonly called by the village folk, had been dead six years, and the squire's only daughter and youngest child, Mary, was in the tenth year of her age.

The family estates were strictly entailed upon heirs male, and, as old Mr. Morton had now but one son living, he was particularly desirous that this son should marry, as, in case of his decease without leaving male issue—and the young man was of a very feeble constitution—the estates would fall into the possession of a distant cousin, the head of a junior branch of the family with which the elder branch had long been at feud. The young squire had no objection to obey his father's wishes. He had been long engaged to the daughter of a neighbouring county magnate, and it was arranged that his marriage with the young lady should take place as soon as a decent period of mourning for the younger brother had elapsed.

Time passed away, the wedding day was fixed, and all arrangements had been made, when the old squire, who was passionately addicted to field sports, was thrown from his horse while following the hounds at a county hunt, and killed on the spot. The young heir came into immediate possession, but the marriage was necessarily deferred for six months, and before this period had expired Edward Morton was taken seriously ill, and eventually died of consumption within twelve months from the date of his father's death.

The daughter, Mary, was now the only surviving member of the family. The estates passed into possession of William Foley, the distant cousin and the present possessor.

The rent-roll of the Morton Hall estates amounted to about ten thousand pounds per annum; but the old squire had been addicted to hospitality and to lavish expenditure, and had lived fully up to his income. His daughter Mary was, by her mother's will, entitled, on the day of her marriage with the consent of her father or guardians, or on attaining her majority, to a fortune of ten thousand pounds (her mother's marriage portion), and therefore the old gentleman considered her sufficiently well provided for.

On her father's decease, Mary's elder brother became her natural guardian; and, when the young squire found his own end approaching, he appointed his cousin Foley, to whom he had become reconciled, and the family solicitor, his sister's joint guardians.

The clause in the will which deprived Mary of her

fortune if she married, before she attained her majority, without the consent of her guardians, had not been inserted with a view to coerce or control the young lady in her choice of a husband, nor with the intention that her fortune should be withheld under any circumstances, but merely that it might operate as a check against the machinations of fortune-hunters, who might otherwise trifle with the affections of a young and motherless girl, and seek to wed her solely for the sake of her fortune. But it was liable to an abuse which neither the original legator nor the young lady's brother had anticipated. After her brother's decease, Mary continued to reside at the Hall with her father's cousin, and Squire Foley resolved, if possible, to secure her fortune to one of his own sons.

Mary, who had never evinced any particular affection for either of her cousins, finding herself urged to select one of them as her future husband, conceived an unconquerable aversion to all of them. She appealed to her late brother's solicitor—as her joint guardian—for protection, only to learn that he had become a mere creature of Squire Foley's, and she then avowed her intention to remain single until she became of age and her own mistress.

The fact was that her affections were already engaged to a young naval officer who frequently visited the house of a neighbouring squire. The young people had first met when they were mere children, and when the young sailor was serving as a midshipman; and the affection which they had then formed had grown stronger until they had become secretly betrothed to each other.

On making this discovery Squire Foley commenced a system of persecution, with the object to compel his ward to relinquish her purpose and accept the hand of one of her cousins, or to drive her to marry the object of her choice before she became of age, when she would place her fortune in his grasp. Unhappily he succeeded in the latter object. Mary was watched wherever she went, and forbidden to visit her friends, until her life at the Hall became unendurable. At this juncture the young sailor, now a lieutenant, returned from a cruise, and as usual visited his friends, and heard how Miss Morton was treated. In spite of all the endeavours to prevent them from meeting, the young people found means to see each other. The lieutenant was indignant at the way in which the young lady was treated, and, though Mary was at this period only eighteen years of age, he urged their immediate marriage.

"They dare not withhold your fortune for their own credit and honour's sake," he said; "and if they should be so mean, I shall be a captain by-and-by, and my income will be sufficient to support us in comfort. I don't care for your money; but this cruel persecution, if continued any longer, will injure your health, and render your future life miserable."

Driven to extremity, Mary listened to the young sailor's arguments; and, with the connivance of Mrs. Margaret, the housekeeper, who had nursed her when she was an infant, and who was the only domestic who, for her sake, had remained in the service of the Foleys when the Hall changed masters, she contrived to escape from the Hall, and taking her seat in the stage journeyed to London, where she was met by the young lieutenant and his sister, who took her to their mother's house. The young couple were quietly married at the church which the family of the young sailor were accustomed to attend.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Foley was most annoyed or gratified at the result of his persecutions. Probably he would rather that his ward had acceded to his own

views, and wedded one of his sons; but, at all events, he had gained his end—viz., the control of the young lady's fortune. The housekeeper, who had betrayed her trust, was immediately dismissed, and Mary was informed that, since she had disobeyed the expressed wish of her deceased relatives, she must submit to the consequences, inasmuch as her guardians felt themselves in duty bound to withhold the dowry which would have been hers, had she married in accordance with their wishes. Mr. Foley added, moreover, that by her own act she had for ever alienated herself from her family.

The young couple cared little at the moment for this fulmination, nor for the ban of excommunication by which it was accompanied. They still believed that Squire Foley would cool down in course of time, and that he would not dare to withhold his ward's fortune; and, when at length the young wife attained her majority, her husband and herself made a formal demand for the payment of the ten thousand pounds to which Mary was entitled by her mother's will.

To this demand the reply came that Mr. Foley knew of no such sum of money to which the late Mary Morton was *now* entitled, and that any other letters from her would be returned unopened.

What subsequently became of Miss Morton the old sexton was unable to say. More than twenty years had elapsed since the period of her marriage, and during that period neither she nor her husband had visited Fordham. The housekeeper, Mrs. Margaret, had visited the village about six years afterwards, and from her the old sexton had heard many of the circumstances he related; and he had also heard that "Miss Morton as was" had given birth to a daughter. But Mrs. Margaret had never repeated her visit, and he did not know whether she, or the young lady, or her husband, or child, were living or dead.

"To this day," the old man added, "the Foleys are thought ill of by the neighbouring gentry, in consequence of their base conduct towards the orphan daughter of old Squire Morton."

Though Mr. Aston had listened patiently to the old sexton's narrative, he had more than once betrayed, by his deep breathing, and bent brow, and clenched teeth, the indignation he felt against the Foleys; and now, when the old man ended his story, he said—

"I have yet a few questions to ask you. In the first place, can you tell me the name of the young officer who married Miss Morton?"

"Oi've been thinkin', sir," replied the old man; "but oi canna just moind. Oi'll tell thee in a minit, though. Polly, my lass"—to his great-grandchild—"go thou oop steers, and bring down t' Bible i' moy bedroom."

"T' Bible, measter," he went on, "wor sent to me arter her marr'ge, by th' young ledly, wi' her best wishes, and oi ha' kep' it careful ever sin'. Th' name's writ inside, i' the young ledly's own handwrite."

The child presently returned with a small Bible, bound in purple morocco, and as good as new; and, on looking at the fly-leaf, Mr. Aston read, with evident emotion, the words—

"To my good old friend, Matthew Budge, with the best wishes of Mary Talbot, late Mary Morton."

"Ay for sure! Talbot be th' name, sur," said the old man. "Oi ha' tuk care o' th' Bible ever sin', for she wor a good friend to me, wor Miss Mary."

"Talbot!" muttered Mr. Aston, and he wrote down the name on his tablets. "You are sure that the gentleman was an officer of the navy?" he inquired.

"Mortal sure, sur. He wor a sailor, and they called him Leeftenant Talbot."

"Again, my old friend, have you any idea where the old housekeeper, Mrs. Margaret, can be found?"

"No, measter; but her marr'd Muster Jenkins, t' butler, and I ha' heard say as he sot oop a gran' shop i' Lunnun, an sowl coals an' taaters, and greens, an' sich-loike, an' made a fortun'."

"Hem! I have yet another matter to speak of," continued Mr. Aston. "I think you have left one affair of importance out of your narrative. If I recollect right, old Mr. Morton had *three* sons, one of whom was much younger than his brothers, Edward and Charles. His name was Henry, and he was but a few years older than his sister Mary."

"Oi ha'nna spoken o' Measter Henry, sur, tho' oi moind t' lad right well. But he had nought to do wi' Miss Mary's story. T' poor lad wor lost at sea when he wor no more'n fourteen year owd."

"Was conclusive intelligence of Henry Morton's death received by his father?"

"Well, sur, as oi ha' towld ye, he wor a sailor, i' the navy, they ca't, an' 'twor said as his ship wor fought an' sunk i' the Channel, by a French ship as wor a mortal deal bigger nor hisn, afore the poor lad had been more'n a week at sea. On'y one or two o' the sailors wor saved, and Measter Henry worn't one o' they. Oi moind when t' news came to the Ha', as 'twor on'y yesterday. T' owd squire and Miss Mary wor i' great trouble; and squire, he made every sarch he could, though 'tworn't easy i' they toimes, when there wor war wi' France. But nought wor ever heard on him, so they went into mournin', and gi'n him oop for dead."

"But suppose that Henry Morton were not dead? Suppose that he were picked up out of the sea by the French sailors, and taken to France, and put in prison? It would have been almost impossible for his friends to discover that such was the case. They could not have written to *him*, nor could he have written to *them*. Suppose that after lying a long time in prison he made his escape, and, speaking French well, he passed himself off as a shipwrecked sailor-boy, and thus, begging his way through France from Montauban to Bayonne, got on board a French vessel bound to Lisbon in Portugal. Suppose that on his arrival at Lisbon he ran away from the French vessel and shipped on board a Portuguese trader bound to the East Indies—sailing all this time as a poor cabin-boy, and finding no opportunity to communicate with his friends, until at length, after sailing to and fro from port to port in India and elsewhere, he grew careless alike of himself and all belonging to him, still intending, however, to return home some day."

Mr. Aston had begun by addressing the old sexton, but went on as if recalling to himself the chief events of his past life. The old man leaned forward, listening with amazement, as the story unfolded itself.

"Imagine all this, and then suppose that Henry Morton, who was believed to have perished at sea, landed at last in America, as poor as on the day on which he escaped from the French prison; but that after he had been thus the sport of Fortune for so many long years brighter prospects began to smile upon him. Suppose that he purchased vast wild lands in the wilderness of the far West, and that, after a while, settlements sprung up around him, and these lands became valuable, and continued to increase in value until the young lad, believed by his friends to have perished at sea, found himself fast becoming a rich man. Suppose that he married and became the father of a family, constantly engrossed in the care of his property, and the safe investment of his ever-increasing wealth, yet still *sometimes* thinking of old friends at home, and still intending

some day to visit them; but ashamed now to write and let them know how neglectful he had been, and resolved to wait until he, the youngest son, could return home as rich as the heir to his father's estates.

"Suppose that at length his wife and most of his children died, and were laid in their graves in the dim solitude of the forests of the far West, and that the bereft husband and father thus found himself bound still more firmly to the land of his adoption, beneath whose soil the bones of his loved ones lay buried; yet still withal finding himself, as he began to grow into years, filled with an intense longing to behold once again the land of his birth and the friends of his youth, in remembrance of whom he possessed but one relic, which he had preserved amidst shipwreck and imprisonment, and which he had treasured amidst all his wanderings, though oftentimes tempted to sell the gold in which it was set to purchase the food he stood in need of.

"And suppose, at length, that the lost sailor-lad, Henry Morton, made up his mind to leave his remaining children for awhile, and return himself to his native land, bringing with him this one relic, so long preserved, and one brief record that would tend to establish his identity, if time should have so changed him that his friends failed to recognise him.

"He arrives in England; he comes back to his native village; he revisits the home of his fathers—alas, to find strangers in possession thereof; he inquires for his relatives, and is told that they are no more; he asks after his friends, and learns that they are dead or scattered none knows whither; he walks abroad to find himself a stranger among strangers, amid the scenes endeared to his memory from boyhood.

"These scenes he finds but little changed since he gazed upon them long, long years ago; but of all whom he knew as a child there remains but one old, old man—old Matthew Budge. Matthew, I am that Henry Morton."

The old sexton, fatigued by the unwonted exertion of talking so long at a time, had paid but little attention at first to Mr. Aston's speech. As he proceeded, however, the old man brightened up again, and gazed earnestly, yet doubtingly, into his face. Then he took up his spectacles and fixed them on his nose, and gazed more earnestly, and with wonder and amazement depicted in his wrinkled features. Gradually a light appeared to burst upon him, and as soon as his visitor ceased, he exclaimed—

"Measter, oi said oi know'd summat o' thy face when thou came in, tho' oi couldn't say where I'd seen thee afore. I see now the look o' t'owd squire in thy eyes and mouth. I might ha' know'd when I first seed thee, but I thought thee dead long years agone. I know'd, as thou went on, as thou was tellin' me thy own story, and right glad I be to see the feace o' a Morton agin afore I die. Yet I don't understan'. Thou said thy name was Aston?"

"I did, my good old friend. Still I am Henry Morton, and I have told you briefly my own history. Aston was the maiden name of my wife, and I have assumed it to maintain secrecy until I think proper to come forward in my proper name. No one has yet recognised me but you. None other has any idea that I am living. You must keep my secret until I permit you to disclose it."

"I will, Measter Henry—wi' a' my heart, I will," replied the old man. "Ay, but I be main glad to see thee. And thou'lt have 'The Briers' agin. Thins verra cottage belongs to thee, Measter Henry."

"Yes, Matthew. But I shall not yet prefer my

claims to the property, nor make known the secret of my return. Above all, I do not wish the Foleys to know, yet awhile, that I am living, and in England. My first endeavour will be to find my sister, or her husband or children, if they or any of them be still alive. I thank you much, my good old friend, for the information you have given me, and for your kindly feeling towards my poor sister, and before I leave Fordham I will see you again. But, above all things, preserve my secret."

With this the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston placed a gift in the old sexton's withered palm, as he shook hands heartily with him, and having made the little girl—who had been absent from the room during the conversation, but who had returned on hearing the noise caused by the visitor's approaching departure—happy with the gift of half-a-crown, he quitted the cottage, old Matthew calling after him, as an earnest of his recollection of the trust reposed in him—

"Good-bye, Measter Aston."

"Who be that genelman, gran'ther?" inquired the child.

"Thou munna ax questions, lassie," replied the old man. "Nath'less o'ill tell thee who he be. He be a genelman come down from Lunnun to see th' owd folk as once lived at 'The Briers;' and now, Polly, thou knows, thou munna ax any more questions about un."

"WHAT'S THE PRICE OF CONSOLS?"

WHEN people invest their money in what are called the public securities, Government funds, or, for brevity's sake, "consols," they really purchase a debt of which they can never demand the repayment. They receive for their money so much *stock*, as it is termed—that is, so many shares in a debt due by the Government, but of which Government only undertakes to pay the interest, not the principal. The history of these securities, as well as the precise nature of them, may be briefly summarised as follows. Ever since the Revolution of 1688, it has been found that whenever this country has been at war the yearly levy of taxes has been insufficient to meet the expenses of Government. Consequently, to make up what was deficient, the ministers of the sovereign have usually had recourse to loans; in other words, they have borrowed money from persons who were rich enough to lend it, granting to such persons securities for the payment of yearly interest at a certain rate. The rate has varied at different periods, and would necessarily vary according to the plentifulness or the scarcity of money; but that variation would not affect the nature of the transactions. By way of illustration we will suppose that Government wanted to borrow a hundred pounds, and that a person is ready to lend that sum at five per cent. interest. The lender, on paying the money, receives a bill or bond which entitles him as long as he retains possession of it to receive yearly from the revenue five pounds for interest, on the condition of making no demand for the principal unless and until Government elects to repay it. The possessor of such bill or bond is termed the holder of a hundred pounds of five per cent. stock, and the money he has lent on the bill forms a part of the national debt, so called because it is a debt incurred by the nation, and the interest is paid out of the taxes. But probably few people would be found willing to part with their ready money on the condition of never demanding its repayment, even though assured that the interest would be punctually paid to them or their heirs. To meet this

objection, the lender who wishes to have his money back again, though he may not ask for repayment, is yet at liberty to sell his bill to any purchaser he can find for it, and for any sum which such purchaser can be induced to give him. In such a case the buyer becomes possessed of the right to receive the yearly interest, and of the right also to sell the bill to any other person whenever it shall suit his convenience to do so. Such purchases and sales are called transfers of stock, because the stock represented by the bill or bond is transferred from the buyer to the seller. But the value of money varies continually, and it will happen that a hundred pounds, which we have supposed to bear five per cent. interest, may be worth more than that, or, what is far likelier, considerably less. In the former case the buyer of the stock will have to give more for it, and in the latter case will get it for less. Suppose, for instance, that two or three persons have each a sum of money to place at interest, but find it difficult to do so; they will naturally compete with each other for the purchase of the bill in question, which secures to its possessor five pounds a year. The holder of the bill will of course raise his price, say to a hundred and five pounds. The buyer, therefore, pays a hundred and five pounds for a hundred pounds stock, so that instead of getting five per cent. interest for his purchase-money he gets little more than four and three-quarters. If, however, on the other hand, the holder of the bill is anxious to dispose of it, while there are but few buyers, he may be obliged to offer it for less than a hundred pounds, say ninety-five. The buyer in this case gets a hundred pounds stock for ninety-five pounds, which yields him interest at the rate of five and a quarter per cent. for his money. We have spoken of a hundred pounds merely for the sake of illustration; but the fact is that Government loans generally amount to millions: still the transactions between Government and the money-lenders would be precisely the same in the case of millions as in that of a single hundred. It must be plain, however, that even the wealthiest merchants, who are usually the lenders, cannot be expected to be in a condition to advance ten or twelve millions at once. They do not pretend to do anything of the sort. When they agree to lend the Government money—that is, when they contract for a loan—it is their custom to advance the money by instalments, or payments of certain portions at certain intervals, perhaps a million or two a month, until the whole is advanced. The Government gives them bills or securities for the money upon their advances, and these bills or securities they sell or transfer to persons having money to place at interest and who are willing to take them: in this way the money realised by the sale of the securities received for the first instalment of a loan enables them to pay the second, while the securities or bills go into the market, and rise or fall in value according to the demand.

There are a multitude of causes for the rise or fall in the market price of stock, but the one which has the greatest influence is doubtless the condition of the country as regards war and peace. In war times the price will be low because the Government will be frequently borrowing and sending fresh bills into the market; at such times prices fall, owing to a redundancy in the supply. In times of peace the price of stock will be higher, and not subject to the sudden fluctuations which characterise the war periods, because new loans are not likely to be wanted, no new bills are thrown on the market, and the interest coming due on old ones may be met by the taxes. The sudden fluctuations in price which occur in war time are due mainly to the nature

of the intelligence that comes from the scene of action; if the news is bad the price of stocks will fall, because the war is likely to be prolonged, and the Government is likely to borrow more money; if the news is good the price will rise, because the successful close of the war would put an end to borrowing and prevent any supplies of fresh stock. It is this variation of prices, and the possibility of controlling it in some degree, that has given rise to the unprincipled arts of stock-jobbers. Ever since there have been stocks to sell, there have been dealers in them who have had recourse to fraud in order to increase their own gains. In past times, when war was waging, they could operate more mischievously than they could now when intelligence travels so rapidly. Thus a man who wanted to sell would circulate reports of a favourable kind for the sake of getting the price up; and on the other hand one who wanted to buy would spread false news of disasters in the field for the sake of getting prices down; and either of them could reckon on the lapse of days or weeks before the falsity of the intelligence he had circulated would be discovered. The man who operated for the rise was called a bull, because he tossed up prices; and he who operated for the fall was known as a bear, because he trod them down. The history of the Stock Exchange, in past years, would, if fairly written, be full of frauds of this kind, and would show that princely fortunes have been gained by elaborate systems of lying and deceit, and gained too by men of high social position, who, having accumulated wealth, have had social rank thrust upon them by their admiring countrymen.

In the above brief summary we have supposed, for the sake of illustration, that Government securities bore five per cent. interest. That, however, is not the case now, as all holders of Government stock know quite well. Stocks are of different denominations, having been created at different rates of interest at different times. Some of the loans contracted at highest interest have been paid off. "The five per cents." have vanished long ago. The principal stock now is the three per cent. consols, which consists of several borrowings consolidated into one debt bearing three per cent. interest; and they probably amount to one-half of the national debt, or nearly so, at the present time. The remaining half is made up of stocks of different kinds, a list of which the reader will find every day in his morning paper; but the maximum interest is now three per cent., and the aggregate debt is not far short of £800,000,000.

The growth of this vast debt is a subject of no mean interest. Beginning in the reign of William III (1690), it had amounted in 1697 to about 5 millions sterling, and the Englishmen of that day were in consternation at its amount. In 1702 it had increased to 14 millions; in 1714 to 54 millions; in 1749 to 78 millions; in 1763 to 139 millions; in 1786 to 268 millions; in 1798 to 462 millions; in 1802 to 571 millions; in 1814 to 865 millions; in 1817 it was slightly reduced to 848 millions; in 1830 it was 840 millions; in 1840 it was 789 millions; in 1850, 787 millions; in 1854, 775 millions; in 1855, 793 millions; in 1856, 807 millions; in 1857, 808 millions; in 1858, 806 millions; in 1859, 805 millions; in 1860, 802 millions; in 1861, about 801½ millions; in 1862, 800 millions; in 1863, 799½ millions; in 1864, 790½ millions; and in 1865, about 786 millions. The sole cause of this frightful and astounding increase has been war. The interest of this huge debt is now about 27 millions sterling; it has to be raised by taxation, and is paid over half-yearly to about 350,000 holders of Government stock, fully two-thirds of whom, it is said, receive less than fifty pounds each a year.

We may remark in this place that it would be a great error to suppose that Government ever received the 800 millions of money for which it stands indebted to the fundholders. Governments, like individuals, are the victims of adverse circumstance, and when necessity compels them to borrow they must borrow on the best terms they can. If their credit is good, they may get loans on tolerably good terms; but if their credit is impaired they will pay dearly for accommodation. Again, money will be scarce when frequent loans are required, and governments, like individuals, must accept the deariness resulting from such scarcity. From one of these causes, or from both combined, it happened throughout our long wars that our rulers rarely, if ever, got a hundred pounds for their hundred-pound bond; lenders would not contract loans at par, and sometimes not even for five, ten, fifteen, or even twenty per cent. less. It is not at all easy to get at facts regarding our war loans, but it has leaked out that, under the administration of Pitt, some of the largest loans taken up to make head against the first Napoleon were done at sixty and even less than sixty pounds per hundred, so that the nation lost more than forty per cent. by such transactions! As all these loans were represented by stock, which has become the best security for dividends in the world, it is evident that most enormous gains must have been realised by the wealthy lenders who from time to time furnished the means for carrying on the war.

Consols have for centuries been regarded, and rightly regarded, as an index to the prosperity both political and commercial of the country—not that their rise in price, which is evidence of the public confidence in the Government, is evidence also of existing commercial success. It may happen to point to a contrary state of things, seeing that when speculation is rife, and money dear in consequence, consols will be low, because holders sell out in order to have the means of speculating; and on the other hand, when speculation has ended in panic, consols will rise because persons having money to invest prefer the certainty of three per cent. to the hazard of speculations by which they have so recently suffered loss. In a normal state of things, under the prosecution of a legitimate trade, consols would be as good a barometer to mark the changes of the commercial atmosphere as of the political one; because *bonâ fide* trade would result in industrial savings whose investment would send prices up, and the withdrawal of which would send them down. How thoroughly the prices of consols respond to the *vox populi*, and what an infallible test they afford of the state of public feeling, so far as that can be translated into figures, is best shown by a retrospective glance at their variations in value within the last hundred years. The three per cent. consols, which in 1749 stood at par (which means that a hundred pounds stock would sell for a hundred pounds), had in 1780 sunk in market value to an average throughout the year of £63; in 1785 the average was £68; in 1790 it was £71; in 1795 it was £74; in 1798, when we were gloriously sweeping the French fleets from the ocean, it sank to £59; in 1800 the average had only risen to £66; in 1805, the year of Austerlitz, it sank to £58; in 1810 it had risen to £67, and had sunk again to £58 in 1815. In 1820 the average was £68, and it had risen to £90 by 1825. From this year to 1852 the average of the year was never so low as £86, though great fluctuations sometimes occurred within the year, as notably in the time of the panic in 1847, when consols went down to £79. In 1852 consols nearly reached £100, and in the following year touched £101. In 1854 they went down as low as £85, but have never been so low as that since.

If the reader chooses to collate these variations in the price of consols with the facts of history, he can test the assertion we have made as to the correspondence between the welfare of the nation and the value set on its promise to pay. We have only been able to give the average of the year's variations in the above list—the particulars of each rise and fall not being accessible to us—so that the lowest price of consols is not shown in any one of the years. The Government securities, it is said, reached the lowest point at which they were ever sold in 1798, during the mutiny at the Nore, when crowds of timid fundholders, rushing to sell out under the notion that the country was going to ruin, bore down the price to forty-seven and a fraction. The funds have often been temporarily depressed by the tricks of stock-jobbers, and perhaps have been as often raised in value for a time by the same means. The most memorable hoax of this kind was exploited in 1813, for which Lord Cochrane, Admiral Johnstone, and others were tried and convicted in the following year. Lord Cochrane was expelled the House of Commons; but many years afterwards his innocence was proved and he was restored to his rank and honours. It does not appear that the real perpetrators of the crime ever received their due: it is an awkward fact that offences of this sort scarcely ever bring down the merited retribution.

"What is the price of consols?" is a question of very general and permanent interest. No man need ask it in vain, for the answer to it is published in five hundred newspapers every day of the week, which fact alone speaks to its universal importance. The trader asks it when he thinks of extending his business, or embarking in some venture whose success or failure will be determined by the rate at which he can borrow the capital necessary to carry it on. The fundholder wanting to sell out asks it, and he asks it fifty times, perhaps, before he does sell out, consulting the share lists day by day, watching the sluggish rise of his darling stock, and forbearing to issue his fiat until it shall have touched the point at which it will pay him to convert his scrip into cash. With a like feeling the question is asked by the investor who has money to place out—only he watches for the fall, not the rise, and delays to buy in until the rate has declined to a point at which his investments will yield what he considers a fair interest for his money. The managers and directors of public companies ask the question continually; some of them have immense funds to operate with, the deposits of their shareholders, or their accumulated gains, and, watching the turn of the market, can, and often do, realise considerable sums by taking advantage of it. The speculating stock-jobber puts the question with as keen an interest as any one; to him the rise and fall of stocks is the one subject of paramount and vital importance. Perhaps he does not possess a single pound of stock in the world, but he buys and sells continually—is always buying and selling, but never touches bond or bill, or it may be sees a rag of scrip, from one year's end to another. In the technical phrase of the market, he buys or sells on account—that is, he makes a bargain to-day which is to be implemented on some future specified day, but whether to his gain or loss he cannot tell. Suppose, for instance, that A sells to B a certain amount of three per cent. consols, to be delivered on this day month, and fixes the price at £94. If, when settling-day comes, the price of consols shall have fallen to £92, A will be able to buy stock at £92, and B will have to take it at £94, so that A will have gained two per cent. on his transaction. If, on the other hand, the price had risen by settling-day to £96, B would be entitled to have it at £94, and A would lose

two per cent. In either case no stock passes between the parties to such a transaction, which is completed by the loser paying over to the winner the sum due to him. The reader will see that this is pure gambling, and nothing else. The reason why men engage in it may be that they fancy they have more skill than others in forecasting events, or that they have, or imagine they have, some control over the market, so as to raise or depress prices to suit their own purposes.

In foreign countries the state of the English funds is always a subject of interest more or less. The Continental politician gauges our prosperity by the buoyancy of our public stock; and the foreign potentate contemplating a loan, and knowing that if he gets it the largest share will come from British sources, sees in the price of consols an infallible index of the state of the public purse. Further, the fluctuations in price of our Government funds have a moral as well as a financial significance. Consols will go down in seasons of national depression and foreboding, as surely, if not as rapidly, as in the face of actual calamity. There have been times when a word spoken at the Tuileries has sent them down as with a sudden shock, and at other times they have fallen continuously, from the growth of public dissatisfaction, and distrust of cabinets and men in power. A striking instance is on record of the belief entertained by the people of the United States, as to the correspondence between the price of consols and the state of public confidence existing in England. In 1848, the year of European revolutions, the popular party in New York took it into their heads that the Britishers were in a state of panic, and the ministers of the Crown at their wits' end. The latest news from England was hungrily sought after and ravenously devoured; and, whenever a mail-steamer hove in sight, despatch-boats were sent out to meet her and bring in the news, which was thus circulated an hour or two sooner than it would have been in the ordinary way. When the great Chartist meeting was announced it was thought the crisis had come, and the excitement was consequently at its highest pitch. A man with stentorian voice was hoisted on a barrel, and commanded to read the news, the eager crowd flocking around him to hear. He opened the paper and read—first a portion of a leading article, which was soon cut short by the listeners—they didn't want that, they said—then a portion of a speech in Parliament, which was cut short even sooner, being still less to their taste. The reader, at a loss how to act, turned the paper over and over, shouting out a word here and a sentence there, amidst the murmurs of the crowd, who wanted to come to the point, but could not see their way to it. At length a man bawled out, "What's the price of consols?" All present felt that he had struck the key-note in asking that question, and it was immediately re-echoed from side to side. The reader turned to the money article, and in a loud voice quoted the price of stocks in London at the time when the political excitement there had been at the highest. Every man who heard it had his answer: the fluctuation of stock had been but trifling during the whole period of excitement; and all knew that the Britishers had not taken the anticipated panic, but still retained their customary coolness and composure.

OUR SISTERS IN JAPAN.

OUR Sisters in Japan lead lives far less secluded than is generally the custom with women in eastern countries; their feet are not distorted so as to prevent easy loco-

motion, like those of our sisters in China whose manners have already been depicted in the pages of the "Leisure Hour" (March, April, and May, 1863), nor are they shut up in dreary harems, having no intercourse with the outer world, like the women of Mohammedan countries; but all classes are permitted to mix freely in society, without let or hindrance; and it is no unusual thing to meet ladies in the streets attended by their servants, or carried in a norimon—a most peculiar and uncomfortable kind of conveyance. As single women they are allowed to associate with their friends and relatives, both male and female; and when married the utmost confidence is placed in them, they can come and go as they please.

Their appearance is very pleasing and eminently lady-like, even women of the lower classes possessing as a rule that refinement of manner and grace of movement which amongst ourselves is the proof of high breeding. They are very short, generally less than five feet in height, with hands and feet proportionably small. Their countenances are often charming, the black hair, always so carefully arranged, framing a delicate oval face, clear complexion, dark liquid eyes, and pretty nose and mouth. They move about very gracefully, notwithstanding their rough sandals and long draperies. The musical language of the country loses none of its melody from their pronunciation, for their voice is low and sweet, always an excellent thing in woman.

It is pleasant when climbing a green hillside, or exploring a lovely valley, to exchange a cheerful "O hy o," or "Good morning," with mothers returning from market, or leading their little ones to visit some relative in a neighbouring village.

The men give utterance to none of those contemptuous expressions with regard to the female sex which are so frequently heard in China, nor does a Japanese ignore his wife and family, but readily enters into conversation respecting them. The women in consequence of this have a frank self-reliant bearing, which shows they are treated as rational beings, although they are not entirely on a par with men, being dependent on their male relatives, and unable to hold land, give evidence, or enjoy any position of rank.

The freedom of intercourse women enjoy in Japan is, however, not without its drawbacks, and leads to many evils, which will ever be the case where the pure morality of the Gospel is not known or not acted upon. The depravity of human nature vitiates all that is most lovely and pleasing, unless its tendencies are governed by Christ's precepts; and thus, in a highly civilised heathen country like Japan, where women are almost on an equality with the men, the very association which ought to refine and elevate the whole moral tone of the community has unhappily produced a freedom of conversation and manners which is positively repugnant to a Christian mind.

JAPANESE HOUSES.

These are of very light construction, and consist generally of a ground floor with one storey. The house is raised about three feet from the ground. A verandah runs all round and gives access to the various rooms, which are separated from each other by sliding panels of wood-work covered with translucent paper. These are either windows, doors, or walls, according to the purpose to which they are applied. For instance, a room is shut up—that is to say, the paper framework panels close it in on every side. To obtain an entrance you have only to step on to the verandah, push aside one of the panels, which runs very easily in its grooves, and pass into the room. The floors are covered with beautiful soft mats, made of very finely plaited rice straw, about two inches



JAPANESE HOUSE. FROM A NATIVE PAINTING.

thick, and bound along the edges with a dark blue cotton material. Each mat measures six feet by three feet, and rooms are always made of the size of so many mats; and thus the room is made to fit the carpet, instead of *vice versa*, as with us. The exterior of the houses, with their framework of dark-stained wood, and high-pointed roofs, reminds Europeans of Swiss chalets. Bricks and stones are not used in the construction of Japanese dwellings, on account of the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, which would render too substantial houses dangerous residences; but wood entering so largely in the erection of these buildings renders them very inflammable; and in consequence, if a fire breaks out in a closely populated neighbourhood, it often spreads far and wide and consumes whole districts before it is possible to extinguish it. Fireproof buildings, or rather those which are supposed to be so, are made up of chunam, a mixture of lime and dried mud. The wooden framework is thickly covered with this compound, over which a smooth facing of fine white plaster is worked, which resists a certain degree of heat, and, therefore, godowns, or what we should term warehouses, for storing valuable goods, are built of it. The interior of a Japanese house is particularly comfortable in appearance, although destitute of "furniture," in our acceptance of the word. The floor is covered with the clean soft mats we have already mentioned; the ceilings are often panelled in good carved work. The accompanying sketch, from a native painting, will give a fair idea of a Japanese ladies' house. The projecting verandah, surrounding and connecting the detached portions of the residence, also protects the slight paper frameworks from the rain. Two of these panels are open on the upper storey, and two ladies have just come out from one of the rooms, and are speaking to a coolie, or man of some lower class, who is on his knees before them, the usual attitude of inferiors when in the presence of persons of superior rank. The elegantly dressed lady whose head appears to touch the woodwork of the upper verandah is looking on to the courtyard, where dwarfed trees and flowering shrubs are planted, and ponds with gold fish are often found. A female servant is on her knees, and has apparently a picture in her hand to show her mistress. The lady in front, whose head-dress is so elaborate and porcupine, has her basket on a mat on which she has been sitting *à la Japonaise*—i.e., on the heels. Lanterns are suspended at frequent intervals, and these will be lighted at night with fish oil. It will be clearly seen from this drawing how largely wood enters into the construction of a Japanese dwelling; every part is admirably fitted to the other, and each joint is neatly morticed, for the Japanese are excellent carpenters.

GARDENS AND COURTYARDS.

In the lower compartments of the houses and shops, the paper walls are generally pushed aside during the warm weather, and persons passing through the streets can see the courtyard at the back of the house. Here stands of flowers are arranged all round, bamboos and orange trees shade the miniature garden, and there is frequently a small pool of water, in which a kind of peculiarly delicate gold and silver fish are seen swimming about. Some Japanese ladies take great pains with their potted plants, those with variegated leaves being especially prized, and, by a curious system of dwarfing, forest trees are rendered small enough to be held in ordinary sized flower-pots. At Nagasaki, the chief of the Dutch interpreters, Metoske, has a valuable collection of plants in a space not larger than a London drawing-room. When it was shown to us, Mrs. Metoske seemed to share her

husband's botanical and horticultural tastes, and took as much interest as he did in displaying the pretty plants. One of the most beautiful of the hoyas, or wax flowers, is a native of Japan, and received its specific name from this Japanese, and is called the Hoya Metoske. A picture of it, from one of the English botanical works, was hung on the walls of his sitting-room, and he and his wife seemed very proud that it should bear his name.

Large spaces of ground surround the residences of the superior classes, and are kept in exquisite order, like the parks and gardens of our own landed proprietors. The various portions of the dwelling, which frequently cover a considerable space of ground, are connected by means of rustic bridges thrown over artificial ponds, where small islands, with lovely flowering plants, are placed. Japan is the natural habitat of the azalea and camellia, which there attain a size and beauty unknown in other climes. The delicate white-flowering azalea mingles its pure blossoms with the deep magenta and exquisite rose-tinted varieties; and in spring the gardens are rendered gorgeous by enormous masses of these lovely shrubs, which grow in the open air to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. The camellia, too, is very large, many of the double blossoms measuring nearly five inches in diameter, while the tree bearing the single blossoms is thirty and forty feet high, reaching almost the dimensions of a forest tree. The Japanese ladies often dress their hair with sprays of the azalea, whose rich colours contrast well with their dark hair. Orange and lemon trees shed their perfume on the air, and tall dark firs and bamboos afford a delightful shade during the heat of the day. Terraces commanding beautiful views, rock-work from whose crevices spring waving ferns and velvety cyclamen, trickling streams conducting the rivulets down the hillsides, all give charm and variety to these delicious spots, where the Japanese ladies pass many pleasant hours.

FURNITURE.

The rooms are, as has already been mentioned, almost destitute of furniture. The dining-tables are about six inches high and fifteen to eighteen inches square. These are placed on the clean mats. The guests seat themselves round, and partake of the savoury messes from variously-shaped cups and basins. The position they place themselves in is peculiar: their legs are doubled up under them, and they sit resting on their knees and heels. Custom enables them to continue thus doubled up for a long time in an attitude which a European finds absolutely unendurable. Chairs are entirely dispensed with, though a sort of low form is occasionally used. Bedsteads are unknown. Here again the mat comes into requisition, and sleepers place a small bolster on the ground, wrap themselves in a warm quilt, and slumber on what we should term the bare floor. Screens are sometimes used; they are made of a framework of wood, and covered with paper, whereon are painted flowers and birds, the attitudes of the latter generally being very beautifully and faithfully portrayed. To furnish a house is a matter of but little difficulty. A few pots and pans, cups and basins, with a fire-box to contain charcoal and keep the pot boiling, a set of drawers, and perhaps a picnic basket, will serve to start a modest establishment when once the house is complete and the mats are arranged.

Teapots and teakettles are, in fact, amongst the first requisites of furnishing. These are of various shapes and sizes, chiefly of earthenware and china, with occasionally bamboo handles. If the tea, the beverage in ordinary use, is to be drunk at once, it is made by

pouring boiling water on a small quantity of tea in a cup, and covering it over for a few minutes with a small saucer; teapots are only used when it is wished to keep some ready at hand. The kettles in the tea-houses are very large, made of copper, and capable of holding many gallons of water. To keep the water boiling a chamber is constructed in the centre of the kettle, and filled with burning charcoal. The vessel is suspended from a framework, and, like our swinging table tea-urns, is nicely balanced, and can be easily tilted to pour out its contents.

LANTERNS AND CANDLESTICKS.

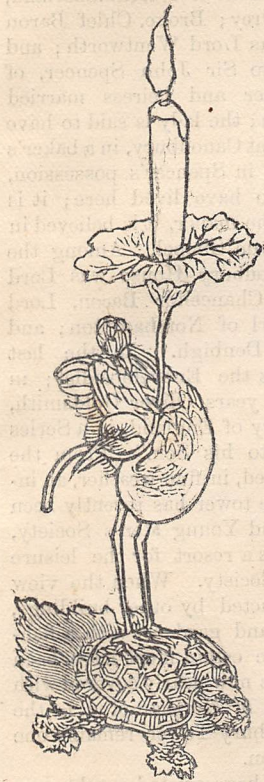
These also are so essential as to deserve a separate heading in describing the furnishing of a Japanese house.

Lanterns form conspicuous objects in the decoration of Japanese houses and temples, both externally and internally; and they are ornamental by day as well as by night.

Some are globular, made of paper, stretched on thin pieces of bamboo, painted with pictures of flower-stalks, figures, etc.; lacquer work forms the solid portions to which the other parts are attached; and silken tassels of various colours depend from the bottom. Of this kind are the lanterns suspended in the verandah. At the centre of the lower piece of lacquer, a sharp iron spike projects, on which the candle is stuck. Candles are made from the vegetable wax tree, or *Rhus Succedanea*; a rush forms the wick, and into this the spike at the bottom of the lantern passes, and supports the candle during combustion.

The common folding lantern is made of thin rings of bamboo of two sizes; paper is gummed from one ring to the other, and the whole can be shut up flat when not required for use.

There is also a curious



bronze candlestick in common use, which is equally economical of space. Two of these were sent over to England with a number of other curiosities; but their use could not be divined, till a former visitor to Japan solved the problem, and unfolded the candlestick. Other candlesticks remind one of the grotesque bronzes recently manufactured in Paris. For example, we give one formed by a crane, standing on a tortoise, and holding a lotus flower in his mouth. The idea is certainly pretty. Candles are also sheltered from the air by every variety of protection of paper and bamboo that can be devised.

CURIOSITIES OF ISLINGTON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

ONE of the most remarkable returns in the last census of the population of the metropolis is that showing the vast increase of the ten years in the suburbs; of which the extensive parish of Islington showed an addition of

within 32 of 60,000 souls; the excess of births over the deaths in the same period being 15,881, and the entire population in 1861 being 155,291. Now, the increase of St. Pancras in the ten years, in a population of 199,000, was little more than half that of Islington. These facts and figures explain the great stream of traffic which is ever pouring into and through Islington and its leading thoroughfares after nightfall; and it is not too much to expect that the Parliamentary return of the "lodgers" will be more numerous in Islington than in any other metropolitan suburb. The parish is reckoned to be sixteen miles in circumference.

The name "Islington" seems to be a vernacular corruption of *Yseldon*, anciently pronounced and written *Bysseldon*; but we find it written *Islington* certainly before the reign of Edward IV, when one of the judges of the King's Bench rode to Islington (*chevaucha à Islington*) and interrogated a woman on her death-bed in the case of an appeal of murder, as reported in the Year-book of the period. The name has a host of etymons, amongst which the Saxon derivation, according to Sharon Turner, is *Ysseldune*—i.e., the Down of the Yssel—taken to be the original name of some river, most likely the River of Wells, which joined or fell into the Fleet River. Another derivation is from the British word *Isheh*, lower, and *don* (from *duyn*), a fortified inclosure, inferring that *Iseldon*, according to that interpretation, meant the Lower Town or Fortification; and Mr. Cromwell seems to favour this derivation as agreeing with the site of the original village. The various other etymons given in Mr. Edlyne Tomlins' "Perambulation of Islington" are curious and interesting, as is every page of that treasurable work.

Upon the arrival of the Romans in Britain, when a thick wood stretched over the summits of the sister hills of the modern Hampstead and Highgate, the conquerors penetrated the dense forest of Middlesex, and civilised the barbarous inhabitants. The Romans formed works of importance within the limits of the present parish of Islington. They had a camp in the fields, near the present Barnsbury Park, and a summer camp at Highbury. "It is not very long since the camp at Barnsbury could be clearly traced; and within the last few years a stone with a Roman inscription has been found in a field at no great distance from the Barnsbury Camp, on the side of the Caledonian Road." (Lewis's "Islington as It is and as It was, 1854.") This inscription stone was found in 1842, upon the remains of Reedmont or Redmont Field, a camp of Suetonius Paulinus, between White Conduit House and Copenhagen House. Arrow-heads and figured pavement were also found at Reedmont in 1825; and one of the streets off the Caledonian Road is appropriately named *Roman Road*.

Before the Saxons were mingled with the Britons, rude habitations had no doubt been raised, forming the original hamlet of *Iseldon*. From the richness of the soil, the parish must have been at a very early period one of the chief sources from which London drew its supply of agricultural produce, and its meadow or pasture land, gardens, and nursery-grounds, must have been extensive; but these have mostly been cleared for the sites of streets and roads. The meadow, such as remains, is used as grazing-land, and occupied by cowkeepers for the purpose of feeding milch kine. "In fact," says Mr. Tomlins, "the land on the north side of London has been so applied from time immemorial." Its rich dairies are of great antiquity. Nay, we find, three centuries ago, the Squier Minstrels of Middlesex glorifying Islington with the motto, *Lac caseus infans*; and in 1628, Wither sung:—

"Hogsdone, Islington, and Tothnam Court,
For cakes and cream had then no small resort."

Islington was also famous for its cheese-cakes and custards; and cheese-cakes made at Holloway were cried about London by men on horseback. Islington still retains much of this kind of trade; and there is scarcely a suburb which so abounds with confectioners' shops and those of dealers in buns and cakes—just as Banbury is noted for its cakes, and, for the same reason, the rich nature of the soil.

The most ancient highway, connecting Islington with London, was that by Goswell Street, in Stow's time "replenished with small tenements, cottages and alleys, gardens, banqueting-houses, and bowling-places. Then the way stretched up towards Iseldon; and on the right hand, or east side, at a red cross, turneth into Old Street, so called for that it was the old highway from Aldersgate for the north-east parts of England, before Bishopsgate was built." Old Street was an old military road of the Romans. Another ancient road to Islington is Brick Lane, continued by the Bridle Lane or Bridle Way, the rough Frog Lane, to the Lower Road. Gerard, in his "Herbal," alludes to this road as follows:—"Our ordinary mustard, as also the mild and small, may all three be found on the banks about the back of Old Street, and in the way to Islington." Goswell Street Road is described by Strype as stretching up "towards Iseldon, commonly called Islington, a country town hard by, which in the former age was esteemed to be so pleasantly seated, that in 1581 Queen Elizabeth on an evening rode that way to take the air, where, near the town, she was environed with a number of begging rogues (as beggars usually haunt such places), which gave the queen much disturbance."

On the left-hand side of the High Street, Islington, it will be remembered, is a raised causeway, which has immemorially led from St. John Street end to the church, and was formerly called the *Long Causeway*. This extended below Sadler's Wells, and must have been very ancient; for Richard Cloudesley, 13th January, 1517, makes a bequest to the repairing of the causeway between his house and Islington Church; his house being "much above where the 'Angel' now stands, or perhaps a little lower down." Cloudesley was the great benefactor to Islington, and, among other bequests to the parish, he left to poor men gowns with the names of Jesu and Maria upon them; also a load of straw to be laid upon his grave. But superstition would not let Cloudesley's "bodie rest, until certain exorcisers, at dede of night," had quieted him "with diuers diuine exorcises by torchlight." The name of this benefactor is preserved in Cloudesley Square and Terrace.

The Saxon village of Islington has been placed by antiquaries chiefly on the sloping ground by the Lower Street, the neighbourhood of which—especially the narrow ways, such as Elder Walk—retains the irregular features of old thoroughfares in ancient towns. There stood the Saxon parish before the coming of the Normans. "As early as the second century Christianity had rejoiced many hearts in Britain; and the subsequent arrival of St. Augustine was gladly hailed by the victorious Saxons, who had refused to learn from, or had been too much disregarded by, the enslaved and irritated British Christians."—(Lewis's "Islington.")

It is a long leap from these early times to an institution of the thirteenth century, when one of the family of Berners (whose name is given to a recently built street in Islington) presented to the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, a manor, as a bury, or retiring place; and the estate thenceforth bore the name of *Canonbury*. The monks were thrifty cultivators of the productive soil, and moreover pro-

vided the Priory in Smithfield with a conduit-head, the water running in leaden pipes; and we are told that it was much prized for its clearness and purity. The manor retains its boundaries to the present day, its waste being the triangular plot of land called Islington Green. The oldest portion remaining of the buildings, re-edified by Prior Bolton, whose rebus, sculptured in stone—a bird-bolt through a tun—is still perfect and visible in one of the buildings—

"Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun"—

is Canonbury Tower, a square red brick tower, fifty-eight feet in height, and a fine specimen of brickwork. The adjoining houses are of various dates. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the priory and manor were granted to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; they were next settled by Henry VIII on Anne of Cleves, who received for the property an annuity of £20 until her death. The manor was then granted to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law to Lady Jane Grey; Broke, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and Thomas Lord Wentworth; and by the latter sold for £2000 to Sir John Spencer, of Crosby Place, whose daughter and heiress married William, second Lord Compton; the lady is said to have eloped from her father's house at Canonbury, in a baker's basket! When the estate was in Spencer's possession, Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have lived here; it is more certain that he lived on the manor, it is believed in a house near the site of Islington Chapel. Among the subsequent residents at Canonbury House was Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry; James, Earl of Northampton; and Viscount Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. In the last century lodged here Chambers the Encyclopædist; in the Tower House lodged two years Oliver Goldsmith, and here he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." From the roof of the tower may be enjoyed, in fine weather, an interesting view of London. The tower has recently been taken by the Church of England Young Men's Society, and fitted up and furnished as a resort for the leisure hours of the members of the Society. When the view from the tower was unobstructed by other buildings, and in the midst of a park and gardens, with a fish-pond and other accessories, the estate must have been a charming retreat. The site is now nearly covered with houses, of which the Marquis of Northampton is the ground landlord. Still, Canonbury Tower remains one of the curiosities of old Islington.

There was long believed to have existed a subterranean passage from Canonbury to the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield: such was the tradition, but, upon the opening of the supposed passage, it was proved, not many years since, to consist of a water-course, which is specified in a grant made at the suppression of the Priory, as "the water from the conduit-head of St. Bartholomew, within the manor of Canonbury, in the county of Middlesex, as enjoyed by Prior Bolton and his predecessors."

The Green was granted to the parish by the Marquis of Northampton in 1777, eight years before which the watch-house, cage, and stocks were built here. Less than a century ago, Islington, in prints, consisted of the High Street and Green, and houses at intervals here, as well as in the Lower Street, as far as the Thatched House. Building progressed but slowly, and Islington was then almost as solitary, and as much exposed to depredation and robbery, as it is certified to have been a century previous. "Surrounded by the fields," says Tomlins, "although connected by the highway of St. John Street Road with London, the appearance of Islington was

pleasant; nay, one topographer, not more than fifty years since, styled it picturesque."

Aged persons there are who recollect the High Street and Lower Street lined on each side with trees, like a boulevard; several large elms then stood opposite the "Angel" and "Nelson" Inns. And Islington had a rural aspect in the hay-making season. The ancient houses and inns were mostly, in former times, the residences of the nobility and gentry from the time of Henry VIII to the end of the reign of Charles I. The "Angel" resembled a large country inn, with a galleried court-yard, as shown by Hogarth in his print of "A Stage Coach," 1747. A water-colour drawing of the inn was hung, within our recollection, in the coffee-room of the present inn, which was built in 1820. It stands ninety-nine feet above Trinity high-water mark. The "Angel" Inn was formerly noted as a halting-place for travellers approaching London from the north, who, if they arrived after nightfall, generally waited till the morrow for fear of the thieves, who robbed, and sometimes murdered, persons at night on the road beyond leading to the metropolis. Persons who had to cross the fields to Clerkenwell usually went in a body, for mutual protection, and a bell was rung at the "Angel" to assemble the party before starting. And persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening, waited near the end of St. John Street until a sufficient party had collected, and who were then escorted by the armed patrols.

The "Peacock," a long-roofed and capacious building, bore the date of 1564. The "White Lion" figures in "Barnaby's Journal"—

"Veni Islington ad Leonem—
Thence to Islington, the Lion."

The "Pied Bull" was the abode of Sir John Miller, in the time of James I. Three other houses may be noted here. Near the Green, the "Duke's Head," kept by Topham, the "strong man of Islington," in Frog Lane, the "Barley Mow," where George Morland painted some of his pictures; and the "Old Boar's Head," in Upper Street, where Henderson, the tragedian, first acted. Opposite Rufford's Buildings, previous to 1812, there existed a large wood-framed mansion, dated 1688; and in Oldys' and Birch's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" this is stated to have been one of his residences. The "Three Hats," near the turnpike-gate, was noted for its equestrian performances before either Astley or Hughes; it was taken down in 1839. In Lower Street were more ancient mansions than on the upper side of High Street. We remember the "Queen's Head," curious and picturesque, of the time of Elizabeth, with projecting bays and porch, taken down in 1829; an old oak parlour has been preserved. Fisher House, a brick-built mansion, of the time of James I, stood opposite the end of Cross Street; and slight remains of Ward's Place exist in Greenman's Lane. Ward's Place was also called Hunsdon House, from having been the residence of Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, created Lord Hunsdon, 1559; and from the quarterings of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, having remained in a window of this mansion, it is probable that at some time he resided here. At the "Crown" public house, in Lower Street, long since taken down, Goldsmith met his club, while he was lodging at Canonbury; it was a curious old place, with painted glass, apparently of the reign of Henry VII, namely, the "Mercers' Arms," the demy virgin in which was mistaken for a portrait of Elizabeth, Henry VII's queen. In Cross Street also was the residence of the Fowler family, taken down in 1850; and at the extremity of what was the garden there yet stands a brick edifice that, till the last forty years, looked over

what were then Canonbury Fields; this edifice was called, though without authority, "Queen Elizabeth's Lodge;" it was built by Sir Thomas Fowler, and bears his sculptured arms and the date 1653.

"White Conduit House" takes its name from the white conduit, built as a reservoir to the Charter House, to which place water was conveyed by pipes. It was built in 1641, and bore the arms of Sutton, of Charter House; and it was granted to the monastery for the herbage of land in the manor of Barnsbury and the reserved rents. The conduit was arched, and built of stone, flint, and brick, and cased with *white* stone, whence its name; it remained until about 1812, after which it fell into decay, was stripped of its outer casing, and in 1831 was destroyed to make way for some new buildings in Barnsbury Road. The conduit stood upon part of the site of the house No. 10, Penton Street, the original spring being at forty-three perches west from the "Conduit House;" remains of the connecting brick channel were discovered some twelve or fourteen years since, and the leaden pipes have been met with about Pentonville. This conduit gave name to a house of entertainment, well known in the last and present centuries. The old house stood on the east side of a foot-path in the line of Amwell Street. A Grub Street poetaster of 1760 celebrated the "tea and cream and buttered rolls," and "china and gilt spoons," of "White Conduit;" and we remember its old garden, fish-pond, fountain, and grotesque costume figures, its assembly-rooms, garden, etc. Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," describes "White Conduit" as a place where "the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter." The loaves grew into such repute as to be cried about the streets of London as "White Conduit loaves," prior to the rise in the price of bread, brought about by the French revolutionary war. Goldsmith was a frequenter of "White Conduit," and here it was that he treated the tradesman's three daughters to tea, and then discovered that he had not money to pay the bill. The gardens flourished, and in 1826 one of the attractions was M. Chabert, the fire-eater, who, after a luncheon of phosphorus, arsenic, oxalic acid, boiling oil, and molten lead, walked into a hot oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a beef-steak; on the two last, when properly baked, the spectators dined with him. Graham ascended from here several times in his balloon; followed by fireworks. The house was then rebuilt, with a room to dine 2,000 persons, and opened in the summer of 1829; but within twenty years the large premises were taken down, and upon a portion of the garden were built a much smaller tavern, and White Conduit Street adjoining. Fourteen acres of land next White Conduit Fields were devised by Richard Cloudesley, in the year 1517, for the benefit of the poor of Islington parish. The estate now yields upwards of £1,000 a year in ground-rents. In White Conduit Fields was the cricket-ground of the White Conduit Club, who laid down the first rules of cricket, which are the basis of the laws of cricket to this day; and one of the attendants was Thomas Lord, who subsequently formed "Lord's Cricket-ground."

Where the "Belvedere" Tavern, facing the Pentonville Road, now stands, was formerly the site of "Busby's Folly," whence, every May, a club marched in mock procession to Highgate, bearing upon a staff a pair of horns, having reference to an ancient passage-toll levied upon horned cattle, and gathered by some park-keeper or manor-bailiff, who bore the above emblem of his office. The "Belvedere" has long been noted for its racket-grounds. Nearly opposite is "Dobney's Place," which

keeps in memory Daubigny's Gardens, noted for equestrianism; here, too, Wildman exhibited his docile bees in 1772.

Copenhagen House, upon the site of the London Cattle Market, was first opened by a Dane, and is named in Camden's "Britannia;" it was noted for fives and tennis to the day of its removal.

Among the more important notabilia of Islington is the tunnel, 970 yards (half-a-mile and ninety yards) in length, through which passes the Regent's Canal, *under the town of Islington and the New River*, and emerges into what was the field adjoining the City Gardens; where the water is received into a basin 1600 feet long by 110 feet wide, covering with its wharfs an area of twenty-five acres.

Islington has been, from the earliest times, the abode of many notable persons, to be hereafter noticed, with the institutions and other means by which the place has attained its importance as one of our great suburban centres.

THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.

BEING witness to the results of a remarkable phenomenon last autumn, and only regretting that it occurred without the complete observation of any competent naturalist, I am induced to offer the best account I could gather of what I have faithfully called *The Battle of the Bees*! And first let me say, that anything similar is unprecedented and unknown to the oldest inhabitants, gentle or simple, in this part of the country.* Therefore I am inclined to think the circumstances sufficiently extraordinary to deserve a report. Having accidentally seen the effects, I was curious to ascertain the cause, and the following narrative is the embodiment of the answers to my inquiries from the gardener, under-gardener, and one of the household servants.

Before presenting it, however, I must describe the position of the battle-field. A lawn and pleasure-grounds, of handsome extent, and enriched with flower-beds and flowering shrubs, was the seat of the apiary involved in the catastrophe. It consisted of three square box-hives, united on the same platform, and each glazed at the back, with a wooden slide opening to admit the works of their industrious inhabitants to be viewed in progress as they formed their combs and filled their cells. A single straw hive (which was not molested) stood near, and the whole were in most prosperous order, with the bees healthy and strong; as well they might be with the heaths on Harrow Weald and Stanmore Common close at hand to supplement their own abundant food in wood, field, and garden. Such was the *status quo ante bellum*.

Wednesday and Thursday, 21st and 22nd of August last, were two of the fine, warm, and sunny harvest-weather days which gladdened so important a portion of that month. About noon, on the 21st, the gardener noticed the large triple hive darkened, and instinct with the movements of a myriad of bees. He fancied that a swarm was being thrown off, but, on approaching the scene of action, discovered that the whole appearance was owing to a furious contest between the bees under his care (the family were from home) and the bees, as he inferred, of a foreign invasion, apparently assailing the centre hive with indomitable rage and perseverance. Every post, and pillar, and vantage space was crowded by them, and charge after charge upon the defenders of their sacred home was incessantly iterated with desperate courage and repulsed. The great point

attempted to be forced was the entrance to the centre hive; and, except that its warriors were on the outside of their wooden walls, nothing could more accurately represent the determination to storm a fortified place, only defeated by the bravest resistance of the besieged. The method of the defence, too, was very remarkable, as an example of insect (marvellously resembling human) strategy. Across and on each side (shall we say?) of the gateway, the hiveites were drawn up in strong lines on the platform, and opposed, as it were, a disciplined phalanx to the enemy; and the enemy, on their part, never ceased to form in sections or divisions, and rush to the encounter to break the lines and penetrate the hive. These feats they often partially effected. At and near about the entrance the struggle was astonishing, and the slaughter immense—the slaughter of the invaders, for there were no dead observed among the defenders. On the contrary, they were vindictively employed in overpowering and murdering their foes, and dragging and pushing them to the edge of the platform, and throwing them over upon the grass. In this way they made three heaps of the slain, one nearly opposite to each entrance, and of some variety. At one end the hecatomb was so large that you could lift the dead bees up in double handfuls (in short, by hundreds) at a time. At the other end the tumult was not so great, and at the centre the deposit of the killed was intermingled with many fragments of apparently broken, coarse, or formative wax. Two or three of the hive bees were generally engaged in the killing of one of their adversaries, and joined in hauling the victim of many vicious stings to the overthrow from the platform. Meanwhile the battle was tumultuously raging about the centre opening, into which if any of the attacking party succeeded in entering, they seemed to be immediately dispatched and brought out for disposal along with their butchered comrades. Knowing what we do of bee order and discipline, it is not in the least unlikely that the body employed as executioners and throwing over the dead were specially appointed for the service, and that no warrior ever stepped out of his ranks to assist in the office.

This continued all Wednesday afternoon. "No slackness was there found." The combat was going on till the shades of evening fell upon it, and the gardener left them still fighting when he went away, at the darkening of night. In the morning of Thursday, little or no change was observable; and, throughout the day, the battle was furiously contested. One different manoeuvre was noticed, viz.: bodies of perhaps fifty or sixty of the assailants flew off, hotly pressed by a posse of the home bees, by which they were pursued, pounced upon, and knocked down, and immediately followed to the ground and put to death. The lawn and gravel walks were extensively sprinkled with their remains, and a considerable number were found destroyed in a greenhouse and a garden toolhouse, not far from the spot—the latter, however, being on the other side of a high wooden paling fence, with shady trees, so that the flight and pursuit were as obstinate as they were hot and merciless.

On Friday, the 23rd, the battle had ceased, and the field was clear of combatants. Unfortunately, neither the commencement nor the termination of the contest was noticed; and, two days later, viz., the 25th, when the tale was told to me, I could only observe the entire corroboration of its truth in the multitudes of slain I have mentioned on the three tumuli under the platform, and the numbers of dead scattered over the gravel-walks, or swept into heaps off the lawn. There was proof enough that there had been a furious war and

* Bushey Heath, Herts.

immense loss of life. And the other visible signs were no less remarkable. The two outside hives were in full activity—a ceaseless current of departing and returning bees—whilst the centre was obviously deserted, and its desolate entrance, only a few inches distant from each of the other two, violated by an exploring wasp, or single occasional bee, which also just walked in as if to reconnoitre, and came immediately out again. In one instance, I noticed the spy returned, pushing a dead body before it.

Seeing that neither the origin nor the final issue of this mortal struggle could be ascertained, a curiosity for farther investigation was excited; and all remaining so long in the same condition I have described (on the 25th), it was resolved to examine the ruined hive, and discover what were the consequences of the sack, or desertion, or holocaust in which it had been sacrificed.

Accordingly, at the end of a fortnight, the middle hive was detached and examined (September 13th), previously to which all that could be seen was a comb occupying the whole transverse space at the box at the back window, and which was a perfectly clean cellular structure of wax, with a single bee, as it were, accidentally deposited, but nothing bearing any relation to the siege and battle except the absolute stillness which had followed the catastrophe. I am minute, because in my ignorance of apiarism I am not aware whether small incidents may be quite trifling or of a certain value.

On the floor, if we may call it so, six or eight dead bees were lying. There were nine complete walls of comb, in their usual admirable order, as built under properly selected architects, surveyors, superintendents, foremen, and police, by skilled working-bees, regularly paid in honey! Of these nine walls, all (except that next the window as I have described) were in ruinous plight—dirty brown mahogany colour, and clogged with morsels of bee-bread (perhaps a few clean pieces of comb about the skirts); the cells were empty, desolate! Forsaken or plundered? A more determinate clearance never was seen. What had become of all that the cells contained? Whither had gone the large honey provision (usually completed in September) for the winter? Who carried it away? When was it carried away (it must have been within a few hours or it would have been observed after the fray)? and where was it taken or consumed?

One of the specimens of comb has been kindly sent to me. Several queen bee cells are visible on one of its outer edges, and I may remark that among the slain bees the elongate remains of at least one of the queens have been distinguished. There is a perceptible odour resembling tobacco in the débris, which, if not attributable to the rotting wax or some other chemical cause, is unaccountable. The presence of such an ingredient might suggest an unpleasant origin to the phenomenon; but surrounding circumstances are all against the suspicion; and the supposition of any artificial introduction of "the weed," in any form, could not in the slightest degree account for the results of a determined battle of eight-and-forty hours, the spoliation of the hive, and the unanswered question, What has become of the survivors? But, in fact, the exactly similar condition of another hive in an adjoining garden settles the question, and leaves the inquiry, What became of the bees?

Before endeavouring farther to elucidate the problem, however, it may be very important to state that the multitude of the insects killed were smaller, say about two-thirds the size of those in the hive; as is still manifest from the appearance of the two yet living hives, which have no sign of having been disturbed, interfered with, or in any way affected by the desperate strife waged so

close to, and indeed just between, their respective domiciles. What then has become of the fugitive or the victorious legions? The former could not have been exterminated; the latter could not (could they?) have been absorbed by their neighbours. And had either swarmed (as it were) and settled in any near locality, there is hardly a doubt that they would have been heard of and traced.

Angry bees, much more numerous than usual, infested the neighbourhood for some time, and threatened, if they did not sting, people walking about. About a fortnight after the battle, a similar hive, as I have mentioned, in an adjacent garden, was found deserted and emptied of its stores, but no previous fight was noticed; and the only semblance of a cast, anywhere, was observed in another garden, where a considerable cluster took possession of the cornice of the villa porch, and were so troublesome that the inmates were obliged to shut doors and windows to protect themselves from nearer annoyance. This body took its flight about six o'clock in the evening, and of all I have described nothing more has ever been heard or seen.

The matter seemed altogether so curious that we thought it worth while to seek information at the British Museum, but their science could not here help us. Our next application was to well-known practical apiarists who had made a study of this interesting branch of natural history, and readily and courteously gave us the results of their experience. From all we could learn it would appear that a perfect knowledge of all the wonderful economy of the hive has not yet been acquired. The works published on the honey bee are elaborated to the utmost of actual observation; yet still there are points, the conditions and nature of which have not been ascertained. Into these points, however, it is not for a paper like this to enter; and they are only alluded to in order to show why we could not get a certain explanation of the *status quo ante bellum*, the war itself, and its inexplicable sequel. As we are told, it frequently happens when the honey gathering season closes (about the beginning of September), that bees will pillage other and weaker hives—our middle box might be in this condition, and who could answer for the pacific dispositions of even its next-door neighbours? But the invaders are, it is stated by one of our informants, invariably young bees just developed,* with all their passion for honey gathering at its height, when the honey-giving flowers to gratify it gradually fail; and this in the present case would account for their not being so large as their brethren.

The question we would here put also is, Do queens lead such forays? as no instance is known of a swarm of bees taking possession of a hive already tenanted; although it is a common thing in bee management to put a swarm into a hive already furnished with comb.

In the early part of November the middle hive was recolonised: the weather was then very mild, and the bees being fed with sugar (which they greedily devour), again constructed their combs, and filled them rapidly with honey.

W. J.

* Having broached the subject, I may take the opportunity to notice two matters connected with it, and I presume not generally known. Among the many species, or rather varieties of bees in England, there is only one, the honey bee, thoroughly domesticated. Within the last three or four years, however, a beautiful bee has been introduced from Italy, called the Ligurian or mountain bee, and hived like our native brown honey bee. It is, I am informed, of smaller size, not so pugnacious, a better honey gatherer (having a larger tongue), and a marked and handsome appearance, having the abdomen richly banded with yellow stripes. I shall only add that instead of "the perfect octagon," so commonly spoken of as a marvellous example of compactness and adaptation of capacity, Mr. Willich, the accomplished geometrician, long since demonstrated the cell to be truly a construction of seven oblique rhomboids, and, in fact, an elongated dodecahedron.

Varieties.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD.—M. Eugène Hatin, who may be regarded as the historian and statistician of French journalism, aided by the collection of newspapers in the Paris Exhibition, and other sources of information, has arrived at the following results respecting the number and circulation of newspapers in the world. In round numbers, he states that there are 7,000 published in Europe; 5,000 in America; and 500 in Asia, Australia, etc. Of the above, 3,000 are issued daily, and, assuming the average sale of each paper to be 2,000 copies, there are twelve million copies of newspapers printed daily. We apprehend, however, that M. Hatin's estimate of the daily sale of each paper is too high.—*Athenæum*.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.—Commodore Sands, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, describes the display of meteors on the morning of November 14 as the most brilliant that has been witnessed in America since the great shower of 1833. Very few were seen till one o'clock; after that time they increased in number till 4.25, which was the maximum point, as regards the number counted in a given period. One thousand meteors were counted in twenty-one minutes. Many of these were remarkable for their brilliancy and for having a bright greenish train, which usually vanished in a few seconds, but in some instances lasted several minutes. At New York the spectacle was very grand, according to Professor Thatcher. The meteors were of various colours—red, crimson, yellow, and green. Thirty were counted from 4.45 to 5 a.m., all of the first magnitude.

ABYSSINIA DESCRIBED BY GIBBON.—In the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon gives a striking account of Abyssinia and its people, and especially of the results of their alliance with the Emperor Justinian (ch. xlii). In a subsequent chapter (xlvii) he gives an outline of the history of the Abyssinian Church, from which we extract some characteristic sentences:—"Encompassed on all sides by the enemies of their religion, the Ethiopians slept near a thousand years, forgetful of the world, by whom they were forgotten. They were awakened by the Portuguese, who, turning the southern promontory of Africa, appeared in India and the Red Sea, as if they had descended through the air from a distant planet. . . . In their lonely situation the Ethiopians had almost relapsed into savage life. Their vessels, which had traded to Ceylon, scarcely presumed to navigate the rivers of Africa; the ruins of Axum were deserted, the nation was scattered in villages, and the Emperor, a pompous name, was content, both in peace and war, with the removable residence of a camp. Conscious of their own indigence, the Abyssinians had formed the rational project of importing the arts and ingenuity of Europe, and their ambassadors at Rome and Lisbon were instructed to solicit a colony of smiths, carpenters, tilers, masons, printers, surgeons, and physicians, for the use of their country." After narrating the success of the Portuguese invaders and of the Jesuit proselytism for a time, Gibbon continues the history in rapid summary, down to the expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1632, "when the gates of the solitary realm were for ever shut against the arts, the science, and the fanaticism of Europe."

THE WELL OF ST. CAVAN.—A correspondent at Ahascragh, Ireland, thus describes a recent visit: "I went to-day to see a most painful sight, worthy of a heathen rather than a Christian country. There is about two miles from this a holy well, dedicated to St. Cavan, to which the people make pilgrimages, and round which they go a certain number of times for penance. The water of it is filthy; but the deluded creatures buy glasses of it from a woman who takes charge of it, to drink and to cross themselves with. Evidently they do not at all enjoy the draught, but fear to show signs of disgust. For one penance they go fifteen times round the well, making a circuit of about fifty or sixty yards—there being two tracks, one much longer than the other—all the time telling their beads or muttering prayers. At a certain point a crucifix is erected, at which, of course, they always stop and bow. The well is in a meadow, and as there had been heavy rains for the two or three previous days, the ground was about half a foot deep in mud from the constant tramping. Of course their feet were bare, and anon some of them turned up their skirts or trowsers, and went on their knees. I never saw any more degraded sight than these poor creatures wallowing like beasts. There were hundreds of them tramping round and round. At a short distance from the well about a dozen booths were erected for the sale of pro-

visions, for many of the people come very long distances and remain all day; the evening is spent in dancing and drinking. One horrible spectacle was a number of cripples and infirm people making a gain of their miseries by begging from the people; one man exposing the bare stump of an arm which had been amputated below the shoulder, and positively yelling for pity and relief. Indeed all these poor wretches who were begging made the most terrible noises, such as Irish alone can make. I have never seen a more heart-sickening sight, nor one which so well gives you to understand the demoralisation of the people here, fostered by the influence of the Popish religion."—M. M. L.

SERMON IN A PICTURE.—Once as Sir David Wilkie (Mr. Washington and myself being then his fellow-travellers in Spain) was gazing on one of Titian's masterpieces—the famous picture of the Last Supper in the refectory of the Escurial—an old monk of the order of St. Jerome came to him, and said, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for nearly threescore years. During that time my companions have dropped off one after another; all who were my seniors, all who were of my own age, and many or most of those who were younger than myself. Nothing has been unchanged around me except those figures, large as life, in yonder painting; and I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities and we the shadows."—*Earl Stanhope*.

M. FOULD.—The late Minister of Finance, like his friend Véron, was an epicure, but in no way shared the doctor's aversion to truffles. All this was well known by petitioners, for it is not the first time a great man's failing has been made use of. One day a magnificent turkey, stuffed with truffles, made its appearance at the Ministry of Finance, was speedily transferred to a spit at the private residence, and served to the Minister. As the noble bird was being cut up, an enormous truffle, with a folded letter inserted in it, rolled out, to the astonishment and concealed amusement of the beholders, and the highly-scented missive was presented to M. Fould, who burst into a hearty laugh when he had made out its damaged contents. It was signed by an old officer, who long and in vain had solicited a place. Demands after demands had been delivered and committed to the waste paper basket; and at last the cunning lieutenant had had recourse to this epistolary ruse, which succeeded to perfection, for a month afterwards he was appointed to the office he had so long wished for.

SENNEN CHURCH AT THE LAND'S END.—Sennen Church, situated within half a mile of the Land's End, was last autumn re-opened, after having been restored at great cost. The old edifice was fast crumbling away, and at length became so bad that it was not considered prudent to hold divine service in it. Sennen, St. Levan, and Buryan formerly constituted a deanery, which for many decades was held by Mr. Stanhope, who was the subject of the Duke of York's brief and laconic epistle to the Bishop of Cork, more than half a century ago, and of the Bishop's equally interesting answer to his Grace:—"Dear Cork,—Ordain Stanhope. Yours, YORK."—"Dear York,—Stanhope's ordained. Yours, CORK." Dean Stanhope received annually more than £1,000 for his far-distant Cornish deanery; a curate was employed for each parish. At the dean's death the Ecclesiastical Commissioners divided the parishes into three different livings, each with a good stipend.

COURT OF PROBATE.—Among useful things not generally known is a regulation which became law some three years ago, by which wills may be proved and letters of administration obtained by "personal application," without the aid of a proctor or solicitor. The advantages of this plan were at once seen and appreciated by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar of Friendly Societies, who published directions as to its working in his annual Report to Parliament. Plain rules of a similar kind have been lately drawn up and sent to all postmasters in the United Kingdom, for the information of depositors in the Post-office Savings-banks, and those insured under the Government Insurance and Annuities Act. These "personal applications" can be made either at the Chief Office, 12, Great Knightbridge Street, Doctors' Commons, or at any one of forty district registries now established for that purpose in the provinces, if, as to the latter, the deceased person had a fixed place of abode within that particular district. A great saving may thus be effected by executors and others in the proving of wills representing only small sums, and it so furnishes an additional inducement for the investment of savings.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



MARY TALBOT AT WORK FOR THE DEALERS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER X.—MARY TALBOT ANSWERS AN ADVERTISEMENT, AND LEAVES HAMMERSMITH FOR ST. DAVID, CORNWALL.

FIVE months have elapsed since the date of Mrs. Talbot's decease. The cheerless winter has passed away, and given place to spring, and spring is merging into summer. One fine morning in the early summer, Mary Talbot was seated at the open window of a snug little parlour, in a small, neat, ornamental cottage in the village of Hammersmith, which metropolitan suburb presented, at the date of my story, many more of the pleasant characteristics of a rural village than it boasts at the pre-

sent day. The cottage stood in a little garden, laid out in small shrubberies, and flower-beds, cut up into squares and circles and rhomboids, after the pattern so often seen in old-fashioned china ware. In one corner stood a small, pagoda-like summer-house, the pride of the tenant of the cottage; and everything about the place was, like the dwelling itself, in miniature, with the solitary exception of the large brass plate on the front door, on which was conspicuously engraved the name of the occupant of the residence—"MRS. MARGARET JENKINS."

The worthy *ci-devant* housekeeper at Morton Hall, who was the lady in question, held tenaciously to the

belief that an extensive door-plate bore manifest and conclusive testimony to the high gentility of the occupant of a house, and that the larger the name appeared on the plate the better.

"I ain't noways ashamed of the name of Jenkins, my dear," the worthy woman was wont to say. "It were the name in which me and my good man, as is dead and gone, worked ourselves up'ards from sarvice to independence—sarvice, as the sayin' is, bein' no inheritance—in the coal and 'tater and general chandlery line. And, though Jenkins were summary cut off in his prime, just as he was app'inted churchwarding, which I says it as perhaps shouldn't—a more respectable man, nor a finer figure—though once a butler in a first-class family—the parish did never hold. He was an example to society, dying and leaving me a widdier with a hundred and fifty pounds per annum in the funds, which is all the more reason as I should show respect by upholding the name to his memory."

My readers will recollect that it was to Mrs. Margaret's cottage in Hammersmith that Mary Talbot went after the death of her mother, the old housekeeper having urged the young lady to make the cottage her home while she looked about her, and endeavoured to procure employment as a teacher of the various accomplishments which had once been a source of amusement to her. Through the exertions and recommendation of Mrs. Jenkins—who, as the independent widow of a retired shopkeeper, was looked up to with much respect by her neighbours—the young lady had been engaged by two or three ambitious shopkeepers of the vicinity to teach French and music and drawing to their daughters, and she had likewise found occupation for her spare hours by working for the picture dealers. Thus, from the very beginning of her struggles to earn a livelihood by her own exertions, Mary Talbot had saved her portica of the little capital which had accrued to her and her brother through the sale of the furniture of Rose Cottage, and had been spared the humiliation of absolute dependence upon the bounty of the kind-hearted old housekeeper.

She had, however, soon made the discovery that there is a wide difference between the practice of accomplishments for mere amusement, or for the admiration of partial or flattering friends, and the teaching of the same accomplishments for reward; and, naturally skilful as she was, she had also discovered that an early and thorough training is as essential to ensure success to a teacher or an artist, as it is to the worker in any other profession or calling. The remuneration she was able to earn by her incessant labour was barely sufficient to enable her to maintain herself, even in the most economical manner, and to keep up, at the same time, a respectable and lady-like appearance; while the confinement to which she was subjected was almost unendurable to one who had been accustomed from childhood to ramble freely about the fields, and breathe the pure air of the country. She began to suffer alike in health and spirits, and at length resolved to seek for some more congenial occupation.

To find such occupation, however, was, to a young lady in her position, a matter of no trifling difficulty. She began, in fact, to fear that she was unfitted for any other occupation than that in which she was engaged, and had almost given up her endeavours in despair, when one morning an advertisement in the "Chronicle" caught her eye. She determined to apply for the situation that was offered, though with scarcely a hope that her application would prove successful; since she feared that, even if all other matters were satisfactory, she was much

too young to occupy the post. She wrote, however, and, to her surprise and delight, a favourable answer was returned. The advertiser did not object to her youth—indeed, he said that it was rather in her favour than otherwise—but he required satisfactory references. These she readily procured, and again the advertiser wrote, to inform her that he was perfectly satisfied, and that he wished her to complete the engagement as soon as was convenient to herself.

As yet, however, Mary Talbot had not even hinted to Mrs. Margaret that she was desirous of a change; but now she felt that it was her duty to acquaint the kind old lady—who had become greatly attached to her—that she expected shortly to leave Hammersmith, and go far away into the country, and near the sea-side.

As the young lady sat at the parlour window on that early summer morning, she appeared but little altered since the period at which she was first presented to the reader. Perhaps her face had become a trifle paler, and the expression of her countenance somewhat more anxious and thoughtful; but just now it was lighted up with joy at the idea of once again breathing the fresh, pure air of the country, and listening once more to the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the cattle, and the blithe songs of the birds—sounds which had been sweet music to her ears since she had first learned to prattle at her mother's knee. Above all, however, she was delighted at the thought that she would behold the sea—to her, an inland country girl, a source of wonder and awe from the days of her childhood.

Still, withal, a shade of anxiety, from time to time, banished the smile from her lips, and the joyous light from her eyes, as she thought how sorry Mrs. Margaret would be to hear that she was going away, and how lonely she herself would feel at first, among total strangers, and of the onerous duties that she, a mere girl, had engaged to perform.

But youth is ever hopeful and sanguine, and Mary Talbot felt confident that, young and inexperienced though she was, she was still competent to fulfil the duties with which she would be entrusted. Her new employer—a clergyman—had written so kindly, had appeared to sympathise so feelingly with her orphaned condition, that she felt satisfied that he was a good, kind-hearted man, who would make allowances for her youth and inexperience; and Mrs. Margaret, disappointed as she might feel at first, would rejoice at any change which promised advantage to the child of her former beloved young mistress. So the shadows quickly passed away, and the young lady went on with her aerial castle-building as if they had never crossed it.

The little parlour in which she sat was furnished and arranged with unusual neatness and taste; for Mrs. Jenkins, having spent the earlier portion of her life, from the days of her girlhood, in the service of wealthy and aristocratic families, had acquired a taste in such matters superior to the generality of persons of her condition. The apartment was not overcrowded with furniture, nor were there any tawdry ornaments scattered about, nor any cheap, glaring pictures on the walls; everything, in fact, was in keeping with the size and style of the cottage itself. On a centre table, however, were several water-colour sketches in various stages towards completion, and scattered about the table were pencils, camel's-hair brushes, Indian ink, cakes of colour, and other drawing materials. Upon these Mary Talbot now cast a wearied and yet a triumphant glance.

"I have yet three sketches to finish," she murmured to herself. "They are promised for Friday, and I will

faithfully fulfil my engagement; and then farewell to drawing and painting—for a while at least. Heigh ho! I should at one time have smiled at the idea of ever being wearied and disgusted with drawing, and sketching, and music; and now I feel as though I shall never care to handle pencil or brush, or to touch a pianoforte again. But I must speak to Mrs. Margaret when she comes in. Where is the newspaper? Ah! here it is," and she took up the newspaper from the carpet where it had fallen. "Poor old lady! I know she will be sorry to lose me, and will miss me for some time after I am gone. And only to think of my going all the way to Cornwall—alone—among strangers! Why, it is as great a journey to me as it will be for poor Henry to go to America. I wish *he'd* alter his mind, poor, dear, obstinate boy! But really I wouldn't have given myself credit twelve months ago for so much courage and resolution—I'm sure I wouldn't."

She laughed a musical, girlish laugh, in the midst of which burst of merriment Mrs. Jenkins entered the parlour unperceived, and stood astonished at the unwonted gaiety of her youthful guest.

Although Mrs. Jenkins had already exceeded the threescore and ten years allotted to human life by the sacred psalmist, she was still more hale and active than many women ten years her junior. She was stout and matron-like in person, and her well-formed features were an expression of habitual benevolence and cheerfulness. Her fair forehead and ruddy cheeks, whose smoothness was unmarred by a solitary wrinkle, were set off to advantage by the soft silvery hair, which was neatly banded across her brow, and a few stray ringlets of which escaped from beneath her prim, snow-white cap. Her eyes were still bright, and her teeth still white and even; in fact, it would have been difficult to find a better preserved old lady in the whole village or suburb of Hammersmith. She almost invariably wore a plain black silk gown, with a shawl neatly folded, in old-fashioned style, across her bosom, and a necklace of small solid gold beads, which had been handed down as an heirloom from the days of her great-grandmother, who, like herself in early life, had served the Mortons of Morton Hall.

Her favourite adage, "Service is no inheritance," had certainly been negatived for several generations in her own family, although it had been verified in her own person in the end; since, as the old sexton, Matthew Budge, had told Mr. Aston, she had, at length, been summarily discharged from Morton Hall in consequence of her sympathy with the daughter of her former mistress. Altogether there was a something indescribable in the old lady's looks and manners which betrayed the fact that she was a retired upper servant, or housekeeper, and which her subsequent career as the wife of a respectable shopkeeper, and finally a widow of small independent means, had been insufficient to obliterate.

"Dear Mrs. Margaret," cried Mary Talbot, as the old lady approached towards her, "I am so glad you have come, for I have a great secret to tell you, that perhaps I ought, by right, to have told you before; though really until this morning it was still a doubtful matter."

"You've got some new or better-paying scholars, my dear, I hope," replied the old lady; "or may be them pictur-dealers is going to raise their prices, for I'm sure it's a scandal as they should pay so little as they do for picturs which, as I said to Mrs. Gibson next door, only yesterday, is a deal more nateral than natur itself."

"You have guessed wrong, Mrs. Margaret. I have got no new pupils, and I don't suppose the dealers would pay me a higher price for my daubs—I'm quite out of conceit with myself since I began to paint for

money)—if I were to work for them all the days of my life. More than that, I'm going to put aside my drawing and painting materials, perhaps for ever."

"And you draw and paint so beautiful, my dear!"

"I begin to fancy that I paint anything but well, Mrs. Margaret."

"Now can't I see with my own eyes, old as they be, my love? Don't I know how beautiful your dear ma draw'd when she were your age, and don't you do quite as well as she? Why, when I went down to Codford on a visit to your poor dear ma, just arter poor Jenkins died, didn't your ma tell me as you were cleverer than she, and had more of a nateral gift for drawin' and paintin'?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. When dear papa was living and I used to sketch and play for my own amusement, or that of others, those who looked on, or listened, used to say, 'How charming! Really, Miss Talbot, you possess wonderful talent. You could put to shame many a professional artist;' or, 'Dear me, Miss Talbot, you play *too* well for an amateur. Your touch is so light and delicate, your time so perfect, your style so un-hackneyed. I could sit and listen to you for ever.' And I, Mrs. Margaret—I was silly and vain enough to believe all they said! Ah! adversity is a stern teacher. Now it is—'Miss Talbot, your charges are, I think, very high for a non-professional, for of course you don't place yourself on a level with a trained teacher of music;' or, 'Miss Talbot, those sketches are pretty fair for an amateur; but you need practice—you need practice, miss. You require a firmer touch—more breadth of colouring. I really couldn't think of paying more than a trifle for these, though you will improve in course of time; and you may bring me some more—at the same price, mind you—not a penny more—as yet!'"

The young lady had mimicked the different tones of the speakers, and the old housekeeper stood amazed at her young guest's unaccustomed mood, having never heard a word of complaint fall from her lips before.

"Hark'ee, my dear, to an old 'ooman," she replied, presently seating herself on a chair opposite the young lady and leisurely putting on her spectacles.

"What matter about scholars, whether you have 'em or no? What matter what them pictur-dealers says or doo's? 'Twere your own will, or I'm sure I'd never have thought of your doing such things."

"Hark'ee to an old 'ooman, who knew and loved your poor ma when she were a baby, and see her grow up to be a young lady as there were none more thought of in the county—more sin and shame to them as wronged her out of her own. But that ain't what I were going to say."

"Jenkins and me, sorely as we wished for sich, hadn't no children. It pleased Providence to prosper us wonderful arter we come together—which many a year we courted before that time—and sot up in business. Often he says to me, 'Maggie'—he allers called me Maggie—'Maggie,' says he, 'seein' that we ain't like to 'ave no babes of our own—though very proud I'd be, and well able are we to purvide for 'em—what do you say to adoptin' some nice pretty child from them as has their olive branches crowdin' round 'em and nothin' to nurter 'em with?' He were very poetical, my good man were, and he might have writ po'try if he'd had eddication. But says I, allers—'Jenkins,' says I, 'we've been blessed with prosperity beyond what we'd a right to look for. Much I should like to have the crowning blessing of being a mother; but seeing as that blessing is withheld, I should like, as we have no kith or kin of our own to provide for, to leave sich as we 'ave to the children

of my young mistress as were wronged so shameful by them as were her app'nted guardings; and Jenkins, the dear creetur, as thought the ground weren't good enow for me to tread upon, he allers gave in to my views, and were content.

"Not, my child, as I thought you and your brother were like ever to come to want, for Captain Talbot were a real gentleman, and would have made a fortun if he'd lived. But I knew as the sea were a devouring element, and so long as your dear pa went to sea I were mistrustful.

"Now, my love, though you mightn't think it, Jenkins, when he died—which a churchwarding he were just made—he left me a clear income of one hundred and fifty pounds in the funds; which I'm told might come to two hundred or two hundred and fifty per annum, if it were put out to better interest. But my income is enow for my wants, and the money's safe, and gives me no trouble; and though I wouldn't have said nothing about my intentions if you hadn't spoke, I can leave that money to whom I choose, and you and your brother is down, equal shares, in my will.

"Now, then, since I look upon you as my own daughter, for your dear ma's sake, what need for you to demean yourself to teach children as their parints is beneath you, or to paint picturs for the dealers?

"Draw, and paint, and play for your own amusement, my love, or to please old Mrs. Margaret if you choose, and stay happy at home with me, and do as you please till I'm called away, when all I have will be yours and Master Henry's."

"Dear Mrs. Margaret," exclaimed Mary, springing from her chair, and throwing her arms round the old lady's neck and kissing her cheek, "you are the only real friend that Henry and I now have in the wide world. But, though I feel deeply grateful for your kindness, I should be very wrong if I were to avail myself of it to live a life of idleness. Though I am about to leave you for a while, I shall always feel that I have a friend to whom I can return, should the situation I have accepted prove unsuitable or distasteful to me. In such case I will return unhesitatingly, as I would come back to a mother's home. But I must do my duty while I may; and, meanwhile, I will write often to you, and you must sometimes write to me, if it be but a line to let me know that you are well. Should you be ill, I will return to you immediately, under any circumstances, and nurse you as tenderly as if you were really my mother. But, dear Mrs. Margaret, you yourself will acknowledge that it would be disgraceful for a young girl in my position to lead an idle life?"

The old lady had listened to her youthful guest in silence and astonishment.

"Leave me, child!" she now exclaimed. "Leave me! You don't mean to say that you are really going to leave me? I thought, my dear, you were merely tired of your hard work with your scholars. No, no, Miss Mary; you mustn't think of going away from me."

"It is my duty, dear Mrs. Margaret," returned Mary. "I'm sure you wouldn't wish me to shrink from that? You will still be the best and dearest friend I have in the world. But I have accepted a situation. I am going to be a governess."

"A governess in a family!" exclaimed the old lady, who had a dread of any one in whom she took an interest occupying such a position, perhaps because her experience while a servant had taught her that governesses are frequently treated—at least in some families—with less kindness and consideration than are favourite domestics. "You, my dear, you, brought up as you have

been, used to every comfort and kindness at home—you, going to be a governess?"

"Not such a governess as you are thinking of, Mrs. Margaret," replied Mary, "though perhaps you may look upon the situation I have accepted as still less desirable; but I shall have more liberty, and be more the mistress of my own time; and somehow, I fancy I shall like the situation, and be content—perhaps happy. The only fear I have is that I may be thought too youthful and girlish for such employment.

"I must tell you first that I have been so accustomed to a country life that I could not feel so happy in or near London. And then, as I have said, my labours have been so ill-required, so poorly valued, that I have for a long time felt dispirited, and at last I thought I would seek for some other employment. I advertised for a long time in vain; in vain I answered numerous advertisements that I read in the newspapers. I was too young to suit one, too inexperienced to suit another. I had been brought up to no trade—to none of those occupations by the exercise of which young women in humble circumstances are enabled to earn a living. I began to fear that I was fit for nothing save the ill-required and arduous work at which I have been for some months engaged, and I was on the point of giving up in despair any hope of procuring a change of employment, when one day, about three weeks ago, I saw an advertisement in the "Chronicle," and was vain enough to think it possible that I might meet the requirements of the advertiser, who is a clergyman, in Cornwall.

"Stay—here is the newspaper. I will read the advertisement to you."

The young lady took the paper from the table on which she had placed it, and read from it as follows:—

"A clergyman of the Church of England, residing on the sea-coast in a remote part of Cornwall, wishes to secure the services of a young woman of respectable parentage, of good moral character, and of good plain education, to superintend the schools for female children which he has established in his parish.

"The young person required will be expected to look chiefly after the religious, moral, and mental culture of the older girls, who are about to leave school, and enter upon the active duties of humble life. She must therefore have been accustomed to move in a higher class of society than that from which the average of village school teachers are supplied.

"She will not be required to take upon herself the drudgery of tuition, inasmuch as there are governesses already appointed to the schools; but will have the general control of all the pupils.

"To such an one, who can produce satisfactory testimonials to her moral and religious character, as well as to her general acquirements, a salary of £75 a year will be paid, and she will be provided with comfortable apartments—or a home to herself if she prefer it—with coals and candles. She will also have the free use of a large and well-assorted library, and will have much of her time at her own disposal.

"Address (giving name and address, and likewise names and addresses of persons to whom she may refer the advertiser, together with full particulars respecting age, qualifications, etc., etc.) to Rev. A. S., Post-office, Falmouth, Cornwall, for one week from date."

"It appeared to me," continued Mary, as she laid the newspaper aside, "that the advertisement was especially inserted in my behalf. I resolved to reply to it immediately, though I feared, even if all else were satisfactory, that I should be thought too young to fill such a situa-

tion. I wrote, however, the same day; and by the same post I despatched a letter to the Reverend George Hinton, who is the rector of the parish wherein papa and mamma lived for so many years, and in which Henry and I were born. Mr. Hinton was an intimate friend of poor mamma's, and I knew he would reply favourably in my behalf in so far as he could conscientiously do so.

"He responded forthwith, inclosing a letter, in which he spoke kindly and generously, and I fear even flatteringly, of my disposition and acquirements, and my suitability to the situation; and at the same time he wrote me that he had sent a private letter to the advertiser, which he thought would serve me.

"Of course I sent his testimonials to Falmouth after my own letter; and in a few days I received a reply from Cornwall, and learnt that the advertiser was the Rev. Archibald Sinclair, rector of the parish of St. David, and learnt also that Mr. Hinton and Mr. Sinclair had been school-fellows at Harrow, and had latterly renewed their school-boy acquaintanceship.

"Mr. Sinclair wrote that he was perfectly well satisfied with Mr. Hinton's testimonials in my favour, and also with that gentleman's account of my parentage; and he added that my youth was far from being an objection—in fact, that it was in my favour—since he wished the 'instructress'—so he phrased it—to be as nearly as possible of the age of those over whom he trusted she would exercise a beneficial influence.

"In a word, he said everything that was kind, courteous, and encouraging,—even"—Mary said this with a smile—"style me a young lady; and I'm sure he's a dear, kind old gentleman, and I shall like him very much. Indeed, I like him already before I have seen him.

"Of course I replied to his letter, and he then wrote that he wished me to come to Cornwall as soon as ever I could with convenience to myself.

"I wrote to say that I could set out from London on Monday, three weeks hence; for, you see, I have some drawings to finish and my other engagements to conclude, and then I wanted one whole week's holiday with you, my best friend; and this morning I received a letter from Mr. Sinclair, which informs me that he will send a carriage to meet me at Falmouth, and convey me to St. David, which I suspect is somewhere in the wilderness, where I should never find it of my own accord. All the better; I want to be away—in the country, where I shall see nothing but pretty cottages, and fields, and woods, and the seashore, by the way—for it's near the sea that I've so often longed to live.

"Now, dear Mrs. Margaret, I've told you all. I dare say you've wondered at the sudden increase in my correspondence of late—I, who never received a letter except from Henry, and who never wrote to any one else. You mustn't be angry or vexed. Only think, seventy-five pounds a year and a home, and all besides, to be earned by my own exertions! Tell me, now; don't you think it will be a real good thing for me?"

"My love," replied the old lady, "when young people makes up their minds to a thing, it ain't easy to turn 'em from it. Neither do I know as it's allers right. There's Master Henry, with all his larnin', will go to 'Merica, when I'm sure such as he 'ud do better at home; and now you, who I love as I'd ha' loved a darter of my own, are goin' to leave the old 'ooman. Well, well, my dear, I won't say no more about it. I see you've set your heart upon it, and p'raps it's all for the best. But mind, dear, if the situation arn't all it promises, you'll be welcome back so long as I live; and when I'm gone, all I have to leave 'll be yours and Master Henry's."

From that moment, though Mrs. Jenkins would gladly have kept Mary with her, she said not a word to dispirit her, but even encouraged her when, as the day of departure drew near, the young lady herself began to despond, by assuring her again and again that, if she were disappointed in her expectations, she had a home to which she could return, and to which she would be ever welcome, since it would one day be her own.

At length, on the appointed day, Miss Talbot took an affectionate farewell of her kind old friend, she and Mrs. Margaret parting with mutual promises to correspond frequently, and the old housekeeper promising that, if her health and the growing infirmities of age permitted, she would visit her adopted daughter in Cornwall before the autumn was over.

Henry Talbot, who was still employed at the lawyer's office in London, but who had by no means given up his original purpose to emigrate to America, accompanied his sister to the coach office, and saw her fairly off.

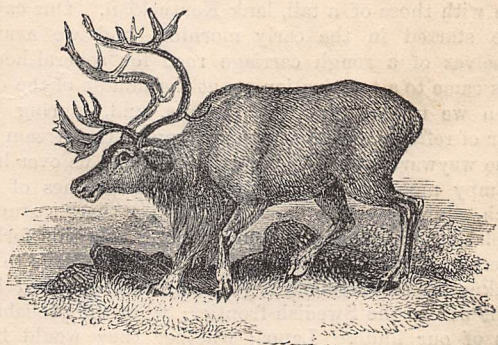
Henry had decided to embark for America in the October following, and it was arranged between the brother and sister that Henry should visit his sister at St. David, and spend a week or two with her before he sailed.

If Mary had listened to her brother, she would, even at the last moment, have resigned the situation she had accepted. Henry thought his sister was degrading herself in accepting, as he termed it, a situation as "a village schoolmistress." It would not be long, he argued, before he should be able to send her money enough to enable her to maintain herself in perfect independence.

Mary, however, wisely preferred to exercise her own judgment, and decided that it was her duty, so long as she had health and strength, to maintain herself through her own exertions. Little did either the brother or sister dream of the important results to both that would be brought about by Mary Talbot's acceptance of this engagement in the little village of St. David.

AMONG THE LAPPS.

BY THE REV. W. BRAMLEY-MOORE, M.A.



I.

Most of us know the mystery with which our young imaginations invested the name of some distant town or mountain, when after school drudgery it became graven upon our refractory memories. It was with such fugitive associations of the past that, in company with some friends, I commenced the ascent of that mountain plateau in the interior of Norway called the Dovre-Fjeld.

The top of a fjeld often runs for many miles at almost a dead level; and, in this respect, forms a great

contrast to the rest of Norway, which is proverbially hilly. Jerkin, the station at the foot of Sneehøtten, and at the crest of the upland steppe, is an oasis for the traveller, whether sportsman, angler, naturalist, or botanist. At this place we fell in with a party from Scotland; and, after the first diffidence had been overcome, we agreed to alter our programme, and make an excursion to the Lapps. This would cost us three days' travelling, as none could be found nearer than the borders of Sweden. What romance was infused into the name "Laplander," and how many a picture over which one had paused in boyhood was again imaged in the photographs of memory!

The road from Jerkin to the Glommen was very dreary, but we were much struck with the first appearance of a mountain covered with Arctic lichen. It was a high and conical hill, without a tree or shrub of any kind; and the moss looked chill and icy, more so as its white beauty glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

On the evening of the second day, we reached the town of Røraas, remarkable for its being the highest parish in Norway—being 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the only one south of the Arctic circle where corn cannot be cultivated. Its large population, which exceeds 3,000, is due to the copper mines in the neighbourhood, which from their purity rank among the richest in Europe. They were discovered, in 1644, by a peasant of the district, Hans Olsen Aasen, by an accident like that which revealed the silver mines of Potosi, in Bolivia.* Aasen had gone out to shoot reindeer; and the frightened herd, in making their escape, tore up some of the moss on the side of the mountain; and the fortunate huntsman was astonished to find veins of shining copper disclosed beneath. Owing to the destruction of wood in the neighbourhood for the smelting works, the country is now very barren, and the climate has gradually increased in severity.

After the usual difficulties in arranging conditions as to guides and horses, which beset travellers who can only advance in one way, and who will not recede without the attainment of their object, we effected the compromise between English stubbornness and Norwegian cupidity, through the intervention of a tall, sandy-haired citizen, who united the traits of a canny Scotchman with those of a tall, lank Kentuckian. Our cavalcade started in the early morning, and we availed ourselves of a rough carriage road for several hours. This came to a termination about the middle of the day, when we unharnessed our horses, and, during our hour of refreshment, cast a coy fly upon the stream for some wayward trout. Our route now led us over high swampy moorlands, interspersed with patches of low birch, edging pools or bogs, with here or there a stunted or blasted fir, inspiring a chill feeling o'er this forlorn aspect of nature. We should not have been true to the weaknesses of travellers if we had not often asked how far it was to the Swedish frontier; what the probability was of our finding Lapps; whether they would have their reindeer; with other inquiries, to relieve the monotony of our march. We travelled until seven p.m., when we saw, in the distance, a lake glistening in the

waning sunshine, on the borders of which rumour had located an encampment.

Having reached a mountain *gaard* or farm on the water's edge, we behold an object which excites our curiosity. He is a quaint specimen of male humanity, under five feet in height; his head is covered with a close-fitting cap made of a reindeer skin, under which peers a disfigured sensual countenance. The deep-set eyes, converging to a point and slanting downwards, the flat snub nose, the broad ugly mouth stained with tobacco juice, stamped the characteristics of the Lappish type upon the dwarf. As regards his clothing, he was encased in reindeer skin, of which his jacket or smock, his gloves, his girdle holding his knife, his pantaloons, and his large shoes were made. The skin is worn with the hair outwards, and, from its peculiar texture, is an excellent protection against cold. Beware lest your imagination asks when those robes were last laid aside, or when the crystal wave of the lake invaded that human shrine. The dwarf soon acts up to the spirit of the verse which convulsed the ancient theatre with admiration, *Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*, by stretching out his hand to the strangers, saying, with a sly expression, "Tabak, tabak;" and his eyes sparkle when the flask is produced, and he quaffs the brandy—alas! his acme of human bliss. After a round of "schnapps," our new acquaintance readily engaged to conduct us to the settlement. We forthwith straggled into the birch brake and juniper bushes, over bogs and swamps, hollaoing out, to guide each other by our shouts. The "half-mile" (three-and-a-half English), which was a very "old" one, came, like all things else, to an end; when, from the scrub, we emerged suddenly upon two wigwams. Shouts of terror arose from the half-naked urchins who were playing about, and whom only the presence of the enemy was sufficient to rout.

The site of a Lapp tent is generally selected with much taste. It is pitched in a sheltered place, commanding an extensive view, in the neighbourhood of a birch wood, and near a river or a lake. The summer tent is not so elaborate as a winter's one, consisting of reindeer skin stretched over long conically-placed poles, with a circular opening at their converging point. In winter, the Lapp constructs a log hut, covered with birch bark and turf, also in the form of a truncated cone.

We hastened into the hut, crawling in through a very "gate of humility," to wit, an opening about three feet high, covered over with a flap of reindeer skin. Being informed, however, that the deer were about to be milked, we deferred our minute survey, and proceeded to the inclosure, where the herd had been collected by the help of the faithful dogs. There were about 250 of these beautiful deer, full of frolicsome life, and rubbing against one another with skittish playfulness. They had sleek skins, of a grayish brown colour, and many of the males had magnificent branching antlers, coated with the softest velvet. A kind of lasso was thrown over the horns of a female, and the process of milking began. A Lappish woman soon presented us with some milk in a wooden bowl for us to taste, but it was so much richer than our cream that one sip was quite sufficient. It is used as an article of daily food, either liquid or thickened with meal (forming a sort of porridge or *gröd*), or in the form of butter and cheese. The presence of the reindeer in these regions is due to one of those kindly decrees of a gracious Creator, whose resources are infinite, and "whose tender mercies are over all His works." It is an example of nature's

* The discoveries of the mines at Røraas in North Europe, and of Potosi in South America, are somewhat similar both in their circumstances and results. An Indian was out hunting, and, chasing some wild goats, suddenly came upon a precipice. To save himself from falling, he caught hold of a shrub, which, giving way, brought with its roots lumps of silver, and disclosed beneath a still further mass of the rich metal. In the course of fifty years a city with a population of 150,000 stood there, and the yield of the mines reached three thousand millions of dollars annually. Potosi, moreover, is remarkable as being the highest city in the world, being 13,300 feet above the level of the sea.

multum in parvo. What the Polar bear is to the most northerly outcast; the agave to the Mexican, the palm-tree to the Orinoco Indian—such is the reindeer to the Laplander, supplying him with almost every necessary for the support of life. Its flesh is prepared in different ways; and, when cut into slices and dried, is used instead of bread—a rare luxury to the Lapp. Its skin furnishes the necessary articles of his clothing, the bed he lies on, and the covering of his tent. The sinews are chewed with the teeth, and form thread and cord; of its horns are made spoons, drinking cups, and other useful articles; its milk is made into butter and cheese, affording marketable articles; and last, but not least, it supplies means of locomotion to its nomade master, in the reindeer sledge, or “*pulk*.” Moreover, it supports itself, living on the greenish yellow lichen called reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) which covers those popularly misnamed “Scandinavian mountains” in great abundance. Though the moss apparently looks dry and valueless, yet it is a most important and providential gift, as the means of supporting thousands of reindeer, both tame and wild, in these barren regions. In the midst of winter, the deer will remove the snow to a depth of four or five feet with their hoofs, or with their short lower palmated horns, in order to get at this particular lichen, without which, together with bracing air and perpetual snow, they cannot thrive, nor indeed live for any considerable time. Some of the rich Lapps in Finmarken have herds of 2,000, and occasionally of 4,000 animals. It is computed that the tame reindeer in the provinces of Nordland and Finmarken belonging to the Lapps amount to 28,000. They are exposed in winter to many dangers from the wolves and other beasts of prey.

After inspecting the herd, we returned to the wigwams. On our first entrance the smoke was so dense as to make our eyes ache, and it is owing to this cause that so many of the Lapps suffer from blear eyes; for it must find egress from the circular outlet as best it can, in defiance of wind or storm. The scene round that wood fire in the centre was curious. More than thirty persons were crowded together in that outlying hut, the representatives of nations widely differing in habits and feelings. Our English party consisted of three ladies and seven gentlemen; next came our Norwegian *skyds-carls*, who looked down upon the Lapps with the hereditary contempt felt for a degraded and exotic race; and lastly our Lappish entertainers, behind whom divers children, guiltless of clothing, appeared and disappeared into miscellaneous piles of reindeer skins. Birch branches were cast on the fire, and threw a flickering glare on our various countenances. Tobacco was handed round, followed by “*schnapps*,” and all good wishes were duly given to the “*Fremde Folk*” (strange people). They then favoured us with some songs and hymns, in a strain which, like the rural minstrelsy of the north, was nasal, lugubrious, and most unmelodious. They showed us their prayer-books, and informed us that they attended the Lutheran worship whenever they had an opportunity. They were familiar with the name of our Saviour, and with the mission of redemption which He came to accomplish; and to all our remarks on this subject they gave a hearty assent. Various articles made of reindeer horn, thread made of the chewed sinews, ornaments, books, and domestic articles, were handed round and inspected.

There is considerable obscurity as to the origin of this race, as with the Gipsies or Zingarees in other parts of Europe. Some consider them to be descended from aboriginal Norwegians, others from a colony of Finns. They

have led a nomade life from the earliest times; and that which is dearer to them than wealth, civilisation, or aught else, is their liberty and vagrancy. The mountain Lapps call themselves “*Same*,” or “*Samie*,” and consider the term “*Laplander*” as a title of contempt given to them by the Norwegians. Those who have come down to the sea-coast and are more stationary, and support themselves by fishing, are called Quains, or Finns; but the term “*Finn*” really belongs to the inhabitants of Russian Finland, who have some affinity of race with the Lapps, but in many points are entirely distinct.

The Lapp is of a very hardy nature, and will go for thirty miles through swamp and over rock, quaff his milk, sleep in his wet clothes, and start again as brisk and active as at first. When overtaken by a snow-storm, he does not think it dangerous to allow himself to be “snowed up,” and after the storm is over he coolly digs himself out as if nothing particular had happened. Often does the Lapland woman become a mother in the midst of her wintry wanderings; but the child is put into a box made of hollowed wood, and covered with leather, called a “*stock*,” which she slips on her back, and after a short repose pursues her journey without any evil consequences. This rough exposure, however, makes them prematurely aged, and, like the old crones of South Italy, intensely ugly. When falling sick in old age, they are, like the African bushmen, sometimes left on the road under a tree with some provisions; and it has occasionally happened that their remains have been found gnawed by the wild beasts, who had hastened their death.

We talked of spending the night here; but a couch of birch branches and skin, well stocked with the plagues which civilisation extends, but cannot extirpate, a wooden box as hard as the nether millstone for a pillow, served to turn the romance into a very dreary penance. A few of us, however, determined to venture. Our first care was to place the iron tripod on the fire, anxious to join in the Lapps’ evening meal. It consisted of a thick porridge made of meal, milk, and salt, repulsive save to the hungry. We then turned our feet to the fire, and courted sleep under every disadvantage. The attempt on my part was hopeless, and I lay for three hours on my comfortless bedding; now raising myself up to contemplate the group of sleepers, now fretful under an icy draught, a shower of soot, or rain; now scarred with personal wounds. I realised that if the episode of a night in the Lapps’ camp was a pleasant subject of relation, it was in the reality a hard-wrung and unromantic experience.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

FEBRUARY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ON comparing our southern diagram for midnight in the middle of February* with that for the middle of January, it will at once be perceived that considerable changes with respect to the meridian have taken place, all the stars having bodily travelled towards the west. Beginning from the west, or right-hand side of the diagram, we find that the constellation Orion has, for the most part, passed out of its limits, though it is still visible in the heavens very near the horizon a little south of west.

* In the February maps the size of the stars is given larger than in January, both for greater clearness, and because the proportional sizes can be better preserved in printing. All the stars in the field of vision down to those of the sixth magnitude are laid down from accurate computation. There are about six hundred stars in the two maps.—E. D.

Throughout the evening hours this splendid constellation is the most conspicuous object in the heavens, passing the meridian, or highest point, about seven o'clock, and then gradually descending to the horizon, where it sets about one a.m. The reader is here once more reminded that, to obtain a sufficiently large scale, the stars near the east and west horizons are not included in the diagrams; consequently, only a small portion of Orion is inserted. Next to Orion, the great star Sirius is disappearing from view at midnight. Castor, Pollux, and Procyon, which were on the meridian in January, have now considerably advanced towards the west, while the large star Regulus, in Leo, is on the meridian. The stars Arcturus, in Boötes, and Spica, in Virgo, are just entering as brilliant objects, one red, the other white, Arcturus being distinguishable due east, and Spica in the south-east. The small constellation Corvus, low down in the south-east, is soon identified by its four moderately bright stars. No object worthy of notice is near the zenith, excepting a few stars of the third magnitude in Ursa Major, a part of which at this hour is directly overhead. The principal stars of this constellation are, however, north of the zenith, including all the seven stars in Charles's Wain.

We are now looking directly south, towards the meridian, the exact position of which we have determined by the rules given in January. We may reasonably assume, therefore, that there will be no more difficulty in ascertaining the true line of north and south. If we look upwards near the zenith, a few stars in Ursa Major will strike the eye. Two of them are comparatively near to each other. These are known as Lambda and Mu Ursæ Majoris. The others are also designated by the name of the constellation, with the prefix of a Greek letter. In future it will not be necessary to particularise these and similar stars, or those of small magnitude, unless of exceptional interest, because, were we to do so to any extent, confusion to the mind of the reader, rather than instruction, would be the result. Passing the eye down the meridian, we come to a group of stars in Leo, commonly called the Sickle, consisting of Regulus, and five other stars nearer the zenith. To the left of Regulus, towards the east, we have Denebola, or Beta Leonis. This star, with Arcturus, and Spica, form very nearly an equilateral triangle, which is an easy means for their identification. The following not very poetical lines refer to these stars:—

"From Deneb, in the lion's tail,
To Spica draw a line,
Then will these two with Arcturus
A bright triangle shine."

On the other side of the meridian, Castor and Pollux, and several bright stars in Gemini, are visible almost due west, about half-way towards the horizon. Lower down in the south-west is Canis Minor, with the brilliant star Procyon, and lower still Canis Major, with Sirius. The constellation Hydra is on the meridian, a short distance below Leo; but, excepting Alpha Hydra, a star of the second magnitude, a little to the west, it cannot boast of any stars worthy of special notice. This dearth of objects in that portion of the heavens forms a great contrast to the numerous stars in the neighbouring constellation, Leo. Immediately over Leo is Leo Minor, consisting principally of small stars, none being greater than the fourth magnitude. Sextans, between Leo and Hydra, like Leo Minor, contains nothing above the fourth magnitude. Between Hydra and Virgo, the two small constellations Crater and Corvus may be noticed by their several stars of the third magnitude. Monoceros separates Canis Major from Canis Minor. It is com-

posed generally of small stars, very few being above the fifth magnitude.

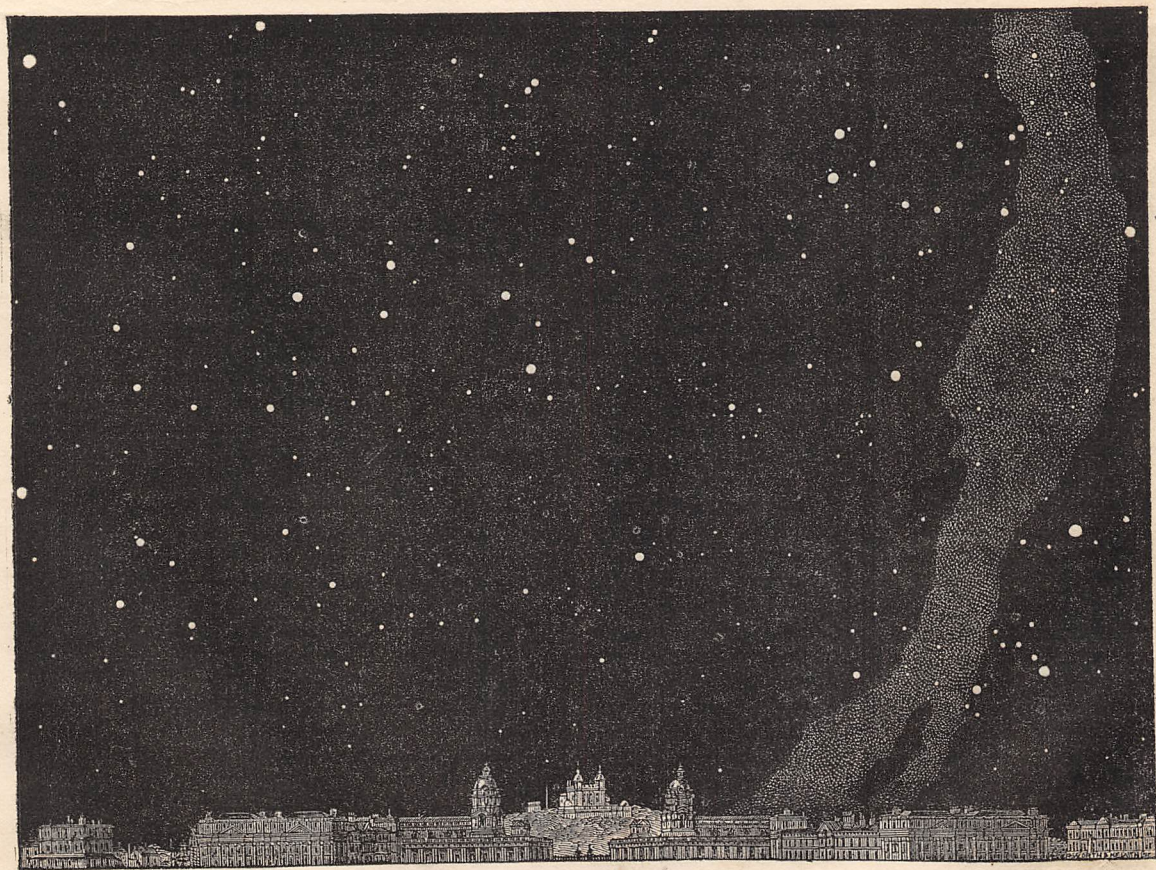
The constellations south of the zenith, which will come under special review on this occasion, will be Canis Major, but more particularly its brightest of all the fixed stars, Sirius; Canis Minor, with its principal object Procyon; and Gemini, known to all star-gazers by the two conspicuous stars Castor and Pollux. All these are west of the meridian at midnight, passing on gradually towards the horizon. Throughout the evening, however, these stars are, with those in Orion and Taurus, seen to the greatest advantage, and at that time are frequently undergoing observation for the determination of clock-error or for other purposes at most observatories.

Canis Major, the Great Dog, is in the southern hemisphere, below Orion, Sirius being reputed as one of the hounds of that noted celestial warrior. Besides Sirius, it contains several stars of the second and third magnitude, most of which are clearly visible below Sirius, near the horizon. From the brilliancy of this fine object, which is situated in the mouth of the Dog, it is scarcely possible not to identify it from the other stars almost at a glance. By reference to other large stars, there are several ways by which it can be pointed out. For example, a line drawn from the Pleiades through the three stars forming Orion's belt leads directly to it; and, as we have already mentioned, it forms with Betelgeuse and Procyon a fair equilateral triangle. It is a perfectly white star, though it has been asserted that some centuries ago it had a reddish appearance. In the time of Ptolemy, who flourished in the reigns of the Roman Emperors Adrian and Antoninus, Sirius was recorded of a red colour. That prince of ancient astronomers, in his celebrated catalogue of the fixed stars, has put down the following stars as being of a fiery red colour: Arcturus, Antares, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, Sirius, and Pollux. Of these, Arcturus and Antares have still a fiery red appearance, Aldebaran is of a rose tint, Betelgeuse and Pollux have an orange tinge, while Sirius is of a brilliant white. Alexander von Humboldt is of opinion that, taking for granted that the colour of Sirius had changed at some time from red to white, a great physical revolution must have taken place on the surface, or in the photosphere of this fixed star "before the process could have been disturbed by means of which the less refrangible rays had obtained the preponderance through the abstraction or absorption of other complementary rays, either in the photosphere of the star itself or in the moving cosmical clouds by which it is surrounded." It is to be regretted that in the interval between the time of Ptolemy and the present day no reference appears to have been made in history or poetry to this alleged remarkable change in the colour of Sirius. In the time of Tycho Brahe, however, we may reasonably infer that this star was white as at present, from the following circumstance:—In the year 1572, a celebrated temporary star suddenly appeared in Cassiopeia. During its continuance, Tycho observed it to change in colour in a short period from a dazzling white to a reddish hue, comparing it to the colour of Mars and Aldebaran. If Sirius had been red as in the days of Ptolemy it would most probably have been the star of comparison, Aldebaran being only of a reddish tint. It has, therefore, been concluded that the colour of this brilliant star is the same now as in 1572, and if any change has taken place it must have been antecedent to that date.

The brilliant appearance of Sirius among the stars must have attracted not only the attention of astronomers, but also of every person who occasionally gives a passing



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, FEBRUARY 15.



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, FEBRUARY 15.

thought upon the wonders of the universe above and around him. When this star was made to enter the field of view of Sir William Herschel's great forty-feet reflecting telescope, the glow of light before it became visible to the observer gave the appearance of the approach of sunrise; and when the star was fairly in the centre, the glare was always so great that it was scarcely possible to keep the eye directed to it without inconvenience, if not actual pain. Even in refracting telescopes with large object-glasses the image of this star is exceedingly bright, though not equal in intensity to that produced from reflection from such large polished metallic surfaces as those contained in the telescopes of Sir William Herschel or the Earl of Rosse. From the photometric observations of Sir John Herschel, the intensity of the light of Sirius has been found equal to 324 stars of the sixth magnitude.

A most remarkable series of researches has lately been made on the apparent irregular motion of Sirius in the heavens. Here it will be necessary to mention that, though the stars are termed "fixed stars," yet they are only comparatively so with respect to the planets of our solar system. For it has been found that almost every star has its own peculiar motion, small indeed as it appears to us, but still sufficiently large to be detected after many years' observations with standard meridional instruments. Now it has been discovered not very long ago, that this peculiar movement of Sirius is not regular like the rest of the stars, but that it is greater or less in different years, or in different series of years. The cause appeared inexplicable, till two astronomers undertook independently to investigate the subject by the application of the highest branches of mathematical analysis. It was soon announced that these irregular movements of Sirius could only be accounted for by supposing it to be affected by the attraction of some neighbouring body of sufficient magnitude. To detect this body, or satellite, was looked upon as a hopeless task, as it could only be situated within the bright rays of the star. However, Mr. Alvan Clark, of Boston, United States, with a powerful telescope of his own make, noticed a very small object on January 31st, 1862, while viewing Sirius under very favourable circumstances. After this, several astronomers in Europe and America have not only seen this small star, but have also succeeded in measuring its distance and angle of position; so that on comparing the observations made at different times with the theoretical results, the agreement has been found to be very close. It is therefore now believed that a planet or satellite of some kind has been discovered which is evidently a member of the Sirius system. It also shows that the same universal law of gravitation, by which the planets, etc., of our solar system are governed, is in action in the most distant regions of the universe, proving clearly that one great designer has called all these worlds into existence.

From the heliacal rising of Sirius the ancients reckoned the *dies caniculares*, or dog-days. It does not, however, require much acquaintance with astronomy to know that the commencement of this season can really have but little connection with the rising of Sirius, for in different latitudes the heliacal rising of that star varies considerably. There are other astronomical reasons which tend to show that Sirius is not guilty of the many evils attributed to his rising with the sun. As far as this country is concerned, the dog-days of the present generation can have no reference whatever to the rising of Sirius, for almanack-makers always include that usually warm period between July 3rd and August 11th, while Sirius rises heliacally on August 25th, or

thirteen days after the conclusion of the dog-days. The ancients, however, believed faithfully in the reputed unfavourable influences of Sirius on various kinds of diseases. Theon Alexandrinus, an astronomer in the olden time, left several precepts, among which was one "to find the exact time of the Dog star's rising with the sun; twenty days before which and twenty days after included the period of extreme heat, hydrophobia, and other evils."

Canis Minor is south of Gemini, west of Hydra, and north-east of Canis Major, the Milky Way passing between it and the last-mentioned constellation. It has always created great interest. In ancient times it was called the Precursor Dog, from its appearing in the morning dawn shortly before Sirius. Among the Arabians it was recognised not only as the forerunner of the Dog-star, but as the bright star of Syria, as well as the Lesser Dog. This interest of former ages evidently descended to the astrologers of later times, one of whom, Leonard Digges, has remarked, "What meteoroscooper, yea, who learned in matters astronomical, noteth not the great effects at the rising of the starre called the Litel Dogge?" Procyon, the principal star of Canis Minor, is of the first magnitude, and is situated in the centre of the body of the animal. In our illustration it is easily found, being below Castor and Pollux, towards the south-west. It is also one of the stars forming a triangle with Sirius and Betelgeuse already alluded to. Another way of pointing out Procyon is by drawing a line from the three stars in Orion's belt to Sirius, then a perpendicular raised over the latter star will pass through Procyon towards the north. This alignment has been put into rhyme thus:—

"Orion's belt from Taurus' eye
Leads down to Sirius bright;
His spreading shoulders guide you east,
'Bove Procyon's pleasing light."

The constellation Gemini, the Twins, is the third member of the zodiac, the two preceding being Aries and Taurus. It lies nearly midway between Orion and Ursa Major. The Twins are represented on most globes and celestial maps as two youths, or children, with their feet placed on the Milky Way, the idea originating at first with the ancient Greeks. The Orientals formerly adopted two kids, and the Arabians two peacocks. To the working astronomer, however, these imaginary forms go for nothing: he only sees in Gemini numerous interesting objects, including several double stars, clusters, and nebulae, with two splendid stars, Castor and Pollux. Castor is one of the most interesting double stars in the heavens. It will be remembered that the ship which conveyed St. Paul from Melita to Puteoli was named after these stars, by which it appears probable that they were esteemed by mariners in that age as propitious.

Castor, which is the more northerly of the two, consists of two white stars of nearly equal magnitude, belonging to a common system. It is what is termed a binary star. When Sir William Herschel observed it in 1778 the position angle was 302° , and when it was observed in 1821 by Sir John Herschel and Sir James South, the position of the secondary star had changed its quadrant to an angle of 267° . On examining the observations made by Dr. Bradley and other astronomers of the last century, and comparing them with those of more recent observers, the period of the orbit of Castor, or the time occupied in the revolution of one star around the other, has been found to be a little less than a thousand years. With a telescope of moderate power the duplicity of Castor can be easily seen; to the naked eye, however, it shines as one bright star. Pollux,

the brother of Castor, is a star with an orange tinge, and is between the first and second magnitudes. It has been suspected to have been variable in its lustre at different epochs: for example, Ptolemy, Tycho, and others have classified it among those of the second magnitude; some have recorded it of the third; while Dr. Bradley speaks of it as of the first. Probably these variations are only different methods of estimation. Castor and Pollux, with the other principal stars in Gemini, are very conspicuous, as they shine in a district of the heavens free from other bright objects, the greater number of the stars in the neighbouring constellations, Cancer and Lynx, not exceeding the fourth magnitude.

It is now time to devote a few words to the stars north of the zenith. Before doing so, however, we must suppose the observer has turned round with his face directed to the Pole star, which is sensibly in the same position as in January. The relative positions of the different stars and constellations have also undergone no sensible change; but, if we regard them with reference to the meridian, a comparison of the January and February diagrams will show a considerable alteration, the earth having traversed a twelfth part of her orbit in the meantime. The positions of the stars at midnight on February 15 are as follows:—Ursa Major is still on the eastern side of the meridian, to which it is gradually approaching, being nearly overhead. Perseus, Cassiopeia, Cepheus, and Draco, all of which are circumpolar, have advanced in like proportion from west to north and east; while parts of Andromeda, Cygnus, Lyra, Hercules, and Corona Borealis are visible at greater distances from the pole. A large part of Auriga has passed since January from south of the zenith to the north. Let us now look towards the west. The first objects attractive to the eye are the two brightest stars in Auriga, called Capella and Beta Aurigæ. These are about half-way between the zenith and horizon, a little north of west, Capella being the apparently lower star. Lower still, but more towards the north-west, the group of stars in Perseus; while, in the N.N.W., those forming the constellation Cassiopeia may be distinguished. Below Perseus and Cassiopeia, very near the horizon, is a part of Andromeda, and between Polaris and the horizon Cepheus is situated. The stars forming Ursa Minor can easily be found, by their similarity of arrangement to those of Ursa Major, the two terminating stars being much brighter than those intermediate. Below Ursa Minor, towards the horizon in the north-west, the bright stars in Draco are distinctly visible. It may be remarked here that, as Polaris is the nearest star of large magnitude to the pole of the equator, so Beta Draconis is the nearest to the pole of the ecliptic. Near the horizon, from north to north-west, the two bright stars Deneb, in Cygnus, and Vega, in Lyra, are visible, the latter being near the north-west horizon, directly under Draco. Passing on towards the west, several stars in Hercules, Corona Borealis, and Boötes can be seen, the last being due west. Between Boötes and the zenith, our old friend, Ursa Major, again attracts our notice. In the earlier hours of the evening, Ursa Major will be found in the north-east; and, by using this constellation as a point of reference, the positions of the others can be inferred.

Polaris is a yellowish star, about the second magnitude. It is accompanied by a faint companion, of the ninth. Several observers have made measures of their distance and angle of position at different epochs, to determine whether the two stars are physically, or only optically, connected. The evidence deduced from the observations seems to show that, though they are tele-

scopic companions, yet they are probably separated from each other by an almost infinite distance. In the northern hemisphere, Polaris is of great advantage to the astronomer and mariner, being used frequently for determining the latitude of places. Being of a good magnitude, it is visible through a telescope on the meridian twice in twenty-four hours; once above the pole, and once below the pole. As the angular elevation of the celestial pole above the north horizon is always the same as the latitude of the place of observation, the mean or average of the two measurements of meridian altitudes above and below the pole determines the latitude. The same can be found from any circumpolar star bright enough to be seen during the daytime; but, practically, Polaris is the best star for the purpose, as the small angular distance between the two positions is favourable for several reasons. This star is also observed regularly in most standard observatories for the determination of the azimuthal error of the transit-instrument, or the deviation of the telescope from the true meridian. Polaris is becoming year by year more truly the Pole star, as it will be gradually approaching the pole for the next 200 years or more. It will then begin to recede, continuing to do so for about 12,000 years, when the pole of the heavens will be somewhere in the constellation Lyra. In 12,000 years more it will be again in the same position as at present. In the interval of time between these distant epochs, Polaris will therefore cease for ages to bear the name of, or be useful in any way as, the Pole star.

The second bright star in Ursa Minor is Beta, or, as named by the Arabs, Kocab. It is of about the second magnitude, and is situated in the left shoulder of the Lesser Bear, Polaris being at the farthest end of the tail. The third star, Gamma, is of the third magnitude. The intermediate stars between Beta and Gamma at one extremity and Polaris at the other are much smaller; but on moonless nights they are quite distinct, and easily identified. Perhaps the following lines may help the observer to find the stars in Ursa Minor:—

“Kocab, one bright, and two faint stars,
Grace Lesser Ursa's side,
In oblong square; trace her bent tail,
And to the Pole you'll glide.”

In February, 1868, the planets Mars and Saturn are not in a favourable position for observation. Mars is invisible to the naked eye, rising and setting in daylight; and Saturn can only be seen as a morning star, low down in the heavens in the south-east. Venus will be a very conspicuous object among the stars in Aquarius and Pisces in the western sky soon after sunset, when it will be sure to attract the attention of everyone on account of its intense brilliancy. Venus sets at 7h. 34m. p.m. on the 1st of the month, at 8h. 18m. on the 15th, and at 9h. 1m. on the 29th. Jupiter will be near Venus during the first days of February, after which they will gradually recede from each other, Jupiter disappearing in the rays of the sun. Uranus is in the constellation Gemini, and is favourably situated for telescopic observation. The moon will be amongst the stars in Aries on the 1st of February; on the 2nd and 3rd among those in Taurus; on the 4th in the constellations Taurus and Gemini; on the 5th in Gemini; on the 6th in Cancer; from the 7th to the 9th in Leo; and from the 10th to the 13th in Virgo. During the remainder of the month the moon will pass successively through the other signs of the zodiac, and will rise daily at a later hour after midnight. On February 23rd an annular eclipse of the sun will take place, but it will be invisible in Great Britain. It begins at 11h. 17m. a.m., and ends at

5h. 25m. p.m., the line of central eclipse passing through Peru, Brazil, across the South Atlantic Ocean, to the western coast of Africa, near Sierra Leone.

Our diagrams, which illustrate the midnight sky on February 15th, will also serve for 10h. p.m. on March 15th; 8h. p.m. on April 15th; 6h. a.m. on November 15th; 4h. a.m. on December 15th; and for 2h. a.m. on January 15th.

CURIOSITIES OF ISLINGTON.

II.

HORNSEY WOOD HOUSE, a noted tea-house, was built at the entrance to a coppice of trees, called Hornsey Wood, in the footway from Hornsey to Highbury Barn. This house, being built on an eminence, afforded a delightful prospect of the neighbouring country; it had large rooms for company, and was much resorted to. Mount Pleasant was another famous spot; and hard by is Stroud Green, where, as in a secluded spot, some ninety years since parties of pleasure used to enjoy their picnics; and an Association of citizens used to make stated excursions, humorously styling themselves "The Mayor and Corporation of Stroud Green," reminding one of "The Mayor of Garratt," in Surrey. Hereabout, in a nook, about a century since, was Stapleton Hall, in front of which was this invitation to travellers: "Ye are welcome all—To Stapleton Hall." Mr. Tomlins believes this to have been built upon the site of the more ancient prebendal house of Stanestaple, where the Canons of St. Paul held four hides, now represented by their Prebendal Manor of Brownwood. The name is traceable to a Stone House and a Staple Hall; and according to Anthony à Wood, sub anno 1190, those halls that had staples to their doors (for our predecessors had only latch and catch) were written Staple Halls. And Mr. Tomlins further thinks that Stanestaple is suggestive of a Roman origin, when taken in connection with its proximity to the Roman Road called Ermine Street; which took its course over Stroud Green, where, according to Maitland, "there is a much greater appearance of a military way than in any other place in the neighbourhood of London, and much more so than the reputed Roman way, called the Devil's Lane." This name has been altered to Du Val's Lane, from its having been, traditionally, the scene of his exploits; and here is an old weather-board house, formerly moated, where this highwayman is said to have lived; but there is no circumstance to connect it with Du Val's history, and its more ancient name was "the Devil's House." Grose, the antiquary, used to observe that all ancient and uncommon structures, about which the vulgar could give no account, were by them ascribed either to the Devil or King John. An adjoining meadow is, to this day, called "the Devil's Field." The lane may have been named from the robberies committed there: almost within memory, it was so infested with highwaymen that few persons would venture to peep into it, even at midday; in 1831 it was lighted with gas.

We miss, in Upper Holloway, the "Crown," which had evidently once been a country mansion; it was taken down about 1857. The "Old Pied Bull" was partly burnt in 1866, but has been rebuilt. Higher up is the "Mother Red Cap," a modern public-house, but ancient in its site, for it occurs in "Drunken Barnaby," about 1630—

"Thence to Holloway, Mother Red Cap."

Pepys has an odd note, 24th September, 1661, of "drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with a cake in one hand and a pot of ale in the other, which

did give occasion of mirth, resembling her to the maid that served us." There exists a token circulated at this ale-house: on the obverse is Elinour Rummyn, with a pot in one hand and a cake in the other; and in the play of "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington" is the character of Mother Red Cap. It seems to have been not an unusual alehouse-sign in former days.

Before we leave the tavern traits, we shall pay a visit to some curious old resorts in and about Islington Road, as St. John Street Road was formerly called. Here the "Old Red Lion" dates its existence from 1415, as is shown in the middle distance of Hogarth's print of "Evening." Among the eminent frequenters of this house were Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons;" Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith. In a room here Thomas Paine wrote his infamous book, "The Rights of Man," which Burke and Bishop Watson demolished. The tavern has been almost rebuilt; opposite the "Red Lion" was "Goree Farm," let in suites of rooms; here lodged Cawse, the painter; and the mother and sister of Charles and Thomas Dibdin. The "Clown" sign, facing the gates leading to Sadler's Wells Theatre, was named in compliment to Old Grimaldi, who frequented the house. In his day it was known as the "King of Prussia," prior to which its sign had been the "Queen of Hungary." To this tavern, or rather to an older one, upon the same site, Goldsmith alludes in his "Essay on the Versatility of Popular Favour." "An ale-house keeper," he says, "near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the 'French King,' upon the commencement of the late war with France, pulled down his own sign, and put up that of the 'Queen of Hungary.' Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the 'King of Prussia,' which may, probably, be changed in time for the next name that shall be set up for vulgar admiration." The oldest sign of this house was the "Turk's Head." At the "Rising Sun," in the Islington Road, in 1762, on Shrove Tuesday, was advertised "a fine hog *barbaqu'd*—i.e., roasted whole, with spice, and basted with Madeira wine—at the house where the ox was roasted whole on Christmas last." And, in 1732, there were sold at the "Golden Ball," near Sadler's Wells, the valuable curiosities of Monsieur Boyle, of Islington, including "a most strange living creature, bearing a near resemblance to the human shape; he can utter some few sentences, and give pertinent answers to many questions. Here is likewise an Oriental oyster-shell, measuring three feet two inches over. The other curiosity is called the Philosopher's Stone, and is about the size of a pullet's egg; the colour of it is blue, more beautiful than ultramarine. This unparalleled curiosity was clandestinely stolen out of the Great Mogul's closet: this irreparable loss had so great an effect upon him that, in a few months after, he pined himself to death." Hereabout was Stokes's Amphitheatre, a low place, though much resorted to by the nobility and gentry. It was devoted to bull and bear baiting, dog-fighting, boxing, and sword-fighting: among the disgusting sights was a bull, illuminated with fireworks, turned loose, eating farthing pies, and drinking half a gallon of October beer in less than eight minutes. Happily, these brutalities and low exhibitions have been forbidden by law, and have been succeeded by pastimes of a better order, which at once delight and raise the public mind.

At two of the more elevated positions near Islington—namely, Barnsbury and Highbury—there existed recently moated sites, supposed to be vestiges of camps,

or, at least, summer encampments of the Romans. The claim of Barnsbury rests upon no solid foundation. Highbury Castle and Hill existed as a place of defence, Mr. Tomlins considers, "as early as the residence of the Romans in this country, and that armies have encamped there is still more probable; indeed, the Saxon word *bur-row* evidently points to some earthwork thrown up and raised either for defence or for burial of soldiers slain; while the name of Danebottom, the descriptive appellation of the valley below Highbury, in writings so far back as the reign of Henry II, demonstrates that this name of Danebottom has peculiar reference to some of those encounters our Saxon ancestors had with the Danes." Nevertheless, such vestiges and remains may with equal certainty be attributed to the British, the Romans, and also to the Danes. In 1787 Highbury Hill was abrupt and steep on the north and north-west; the eminence, rounded or artificially formed, may be consistently referred to the Romans; as may the embankments and terrace-work on the north-west of Highbury House, the site of the ancient Highbury Castle. The moat was filled up in 1855; no Roman coins were discovered. The words Castle Hill or Hills, and Castle Yard, that occur in the descriptions of Highbury Grange, or Highbury Barn, seem to point traditionally to a Roman origin. Since the destruction, in 1381, of the residential manor-house, or castle, by the coadjutor of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, who, as Stow informs us, "took in hand to rinate that house," it has borne the nick-name of "Jack Straw's Castle." Upon the site of Highbury Barn was built the noted house of entertainment of that name; and on Highbury Grange are built villas with gardens, and a brick house of the time of Charles II, called Cream Hall, about sixty years since a farm-house, but now a villa; and somewhat farther northward was Little St. John's Wood. The oak still lingers at Highbury, and on the hedgerows above Cream Hall; and thereabout are some gnarled stocks of great age. Gerard simplified in Highbury Wood, and saw-wort grew here, as well as in the wood adjoining Islington.

The present lane or road is parallel with the embankment of the New River, and terminated by the present Sluice House (the old stone sluice stood by the side of the green lanes), made in 1776, thus dispensing with the trough through which the stream was carried, called the "Boarded River," by which it entered Islington parish. But in 1776 a passage for the stream was made in a bank of earth nearly along the old track. The river, passing beneath Highbury to the east of Islington, engulfs itself under the road in a channel of three hundred yards. The stream between Bird's Buildings and the Head was covered by iron pipes in 1861.

The New River Head is a vast circular basin, inclosed by a brick wall, whence the water is conveyed by sluices into large brick cisterns, and thence by mains and riders, named according to the districts which they supply. Here is the Company's house, originally built in 1613. The board-room, over one of the cisterns, is wainscoted, and has a fine specimen of Gibbons' carving. On the ceiling are a portrait of King William III, and the arms of Sir Hugh Myddelton and Greene. The water, having reached the works at Islington, is there filtered, and delivered into a tunnel eight hundred feet long, and eight feet by six feet six inches diameter, whence it is passed by steam-engines of three hundred horse-power into the service reservoir and distributing mains. The channels at Islington, constructed by Mynne, contain two millions and a half of bricks. The east service reservoir at Pentonville, built in hydraulic lime, contains four millions of bricks, of which forty thousand were laid in one

day; the covering of this reservoir cost £21,000. The name of Sir Hugh Myddelton is honoured in Islington and Clerkenwell, and street and square still bear his name. Upon Islington Green is a Sicilian marble portrait-statue of Sir Hugh, in the costume of his period. This statue was presented by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. It is placed upon an embellished pedestal, which has two drinking-fountains. North of the New River Head, the stream was formerly let into a tank or reservoir under the stage of Sadler's Wells Theatre, originally the Sluice House, which was drawn up by machinery for "real water" scenes, the water being sufficiently deep for men to swim in. This canal has been drained dry and filled in, and large iron water-pipes placed in its bed. At the "Sir Hugh Myddelton's Head" Tavern, hard by, was formerly an old conversation picture, with twenty-eight portraits of the Sadler's Wells Club.

Islington, the "country town hard by London," as Strype termed it, has been the residence of many great and learned men from a remote period; and especially of persons of antiquarian pursuits. Sir Walter Raleigh and the distinguished occupants of Canonbury, from the peer to the poor poet, have been named. Addison came here for change of air. No. 393 of the "Spectator," signed L., has this note: "By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Islington, where he had a residence." Bagford, the antiquary, and book and print collector, died here, 1716; Collins, the poet, whilst labouring under mental infirmity, was visited at Islington by Dr. Johnson; and Alexander Cruden, compiler of the "Concordance," died here, 1770; John Nelson wrote here "The History and Antiquities of Islington;" John Nichols, editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," resided at Highbury; as did William Knight, F.S.A., a collector of books on angling, and missals; and William Upcott, the bibliographer and English topographer, who possessed "the most marvellous collection of autographs that was ever brought together by the unwearied research and good luck of one individual;" Charles Lamb, who had for a time lived in Chapel Street, removed to Colebrooke Cottage, on the banks of the New River—"rather elderly by this time, running (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house." One of his friends was George Daniel, "a certain bibliographical wight, with a biblical cognomen, who rejoiced in a bundle of old black-letter ballads, in sundry tiny, dingy tomes of merrie jestes, songs, garlands, penny drolleries, and profane stage playes, and a goodly row of Shakespearian quartos." Daniel groups his old neighbours in humorous verse, entitled "The Islington Garland." He died at Canonbury Square, April, 1864, in his seventy-fifth year, leaving a collection of rarities which it took the auctioneer ten days to dispose of. He wrote two volumes of "Merrie England in the Olden Time." Among his treasures was a collection of black-letter broadside ballads, printed between 1559 and 1597, which brought 750 guineas; his first folio Shakespeare, 682 guineas; quarto plays, £300 each and upwards; two missals of high class, etc. Quick, whom George III used to call his actor, lived in a small cottage in Hornsey Row. The passage and staircase were covered with Zoffany's paintings of Quick, in his capital characters. And in Cumberland Row lived Donald Davies, who had his coffin made some time previous to his decease, and placed it in one of his rooms for a corner cupboard. He is said to have returned one coffin upon the hands of the undertaker, because it did not please him as to size, on his getting into it.

The mother church of Islington is built upon the

site of a church with an embattled tower and bell turret, and presumed to be 300 years old when taken down in 1751. Rich Spencer's only daughter was christened here, from Canonbury. One of its oldest monuments was that to Thomas Gore, "parsonne of Iseldon," who died in 1499; and here was a memorial of Dame Katharine Brook, who "nourished with her milk" the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. Dame Alice Owen, foundress of the almshouses and school at the top of Goswell Road, was buried here; as was Dr. Cave, chaplain to Charles II; he became vicar of Islington at the age of twenty-five. Alice, wife of Robert Fowler, who died in 1540, lay here, with this inscription:—

'Behold and see: thus as I am so shall ye be.
When ye be dead and laid in the grave,
As ye have done so shall ye have.'

There were also some remarkably fine brasses here. After the Great Fire of London, 1666, the fields around Islington afforded an asylum to multitudes of homeless citizens; and £18 were collected in the parish church, on October 10, for the relief of distressed citizens, as recorded in the vestry minutes. Evelyn notes, "I went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."

In 1557, the rural village of Islington was the scene of this martyrdom: "In searching out," says Foxe, "the certain number of the faithful martyrs of God that suffered within the time and reign of Queen Mary, I find that, about the 17th day of September (1557), were burned at Islington, nigh unto London, these four constant professors of Christ—Ralph Allerton, James Austoe, Margery Austoe, his wife, and Richard Rolt." The four were martyred at Islington, giving up their spirits to Christ on one day, and in one furnace of trial.

After the Act of Uniformity was passed, in 1682, some of the ministers ejected from the Church of England opened schools in Islington. The Rev. Thomas Doolittle, late rector of St. Alphage, London Wall, had an academy at Islington about 1682, and prepared several young men for the ministry, among whom were the pious Dr. Henry and Dr. Edmund Calamy. The present church was built in 1754; its tower and stone spire are 164 feet high; it has a fine peal of eight bells, each inscribed with a couplet, inculcating loyalty, love, and harmony. Here is buried Earlom, the mezzotint engraver, remembered by his fine plates of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures; and, in a grave a few yards from the house in which he was born, lies John Nichols, F.S.A., of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

The single church long accommodated the suburban village of Islington, but in 1744 an Independent meeting-house was built in Lower Street, on the site now occupied by a larger chapel. Next, an episcopally-ordained clergyman ministered in a chapel in Church Street, which gave rise to the existing Islington Chapel. During the last forty years more than seventeen churches have been erected in the district of Islington; and dissenting chapels have multiplied in a similar proportion.

The increase in the value of land at Islington has been very remarkable. In 1859, at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new church there, the Rev. D. Wilson, the vicar, remarked that, twenty years ago, Mr. Thornhill offered him a piece of ground for nothing, provided he would build a church upon it; and, in addition, that he would give £300 in aid of building it,

because it would improve his property; now they were obliged to give £2,000 for that which, twenty years ago, they were offered £300 to accept. At that time, however, the land was in the midst of fields, now it is covered with houses, and densely populated.

Here we halt, to glance at the Caledonian Road, named from the Caledonian Asylum, and in its history showing us how metropolitan neighbourhoods grow. About thirty years ago, a statue of our fourth George, placed at the intersection of the roads, gave the spot the name of King's Cross; the statue has disappeared, as have the Fever and Small Pox Hospitals, to make room for the Great Northern Railway terminus, whose colossal arches and rich grilles are creditable to the taste of Mr. Lewis Cubitt. Adjoining is in course of erection another large terminus, for the Midland Railway.

At the above date there were two lines of road, leading from King's Cross, or Battle Bridge, northward—viz., Maiden Lane, now the York Road, and Chalk Road. The latter is now the Caledonian Road. Six-and-twenty years ago we remember its *chalk*, its hedges and palings broken down, its trodden-down turf, and its numerous small quarries; its hovels, its swings, ginger-beer and fruit stalls, and its Sabbath-breaking scenes. Then there were tile and brick makers, with an eye to the future formation of a line of communication of the north-west portion of Islington with Holloway and Highgate. The first important building here, below the heights of Barnsbury, was the Model Prison, as it was then called, its plan being proposed for the several gaols in the kingdom; but, from its partial success, the name has been changed to the Pentonville Prison, a costly experiment—each cell costing £180, and victualling and management nearly £36 a-head. The entrance gateway, with its massive portcullis, is not unpicturesque. Nearly opposite has since been built the Metropolitan Cattle Market, covering seventy-five acres. Near this was Copenhagen House, with its tennis and fives court. Towards the north, where a junction is formed with the Holloway Road, there is a view of the City Prison, whose picturesqueness in some measure masks the sad fact that here are shut out from society hundreds of offending fellow-men. In the prospect, however, the spires of churches and chapels are not wanting. Here are railway works, and lines of villas, indicative of prosperity; but our eye turns towards the road, where the scene on Saturday night is very imposing. The gaslights are blazing; the shops of grocers, butchers, bakers, greengrocers, coal-dealers, pawnbrokers, stationers, and newsmen, are thronged with customers; and out of doors are ballad-singers, beggars, costermongers whose goods are lighted with smoky lamps, and the stream of people seems never ending. The Caledonian Road is now a handsomely-appointed line, and all this change has come over the place within thirty years; and an industrious correspondent of the "Builder," who had an eye for such views of life, but has been removed by death from his sphere of usefulness, wrote: "Often, at night-time, we used to come westward from Islington; and when we think of the solitude which then reigned, and of the quiet nooks which were to be found about here, of sheep and cattle which fed in the Copenhagen Fields, it is difficult to imagine that this can be the same site, so completely changed in such a short time; that there can be employment for the long line of cabs; and that the thousands of foot passengers, the multitude of crowded omnibuses and carriages of different kinds, and other objects which meet the eye, are not the figures of a dream instead of reality."

ODE TO THE SUN.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.*

HAIL, owd friend! aw'm fain to see thee:
 Wheer has t' bin so mony days?
 Lots o' times aw've looked up for thee,
 Wishin' aw could see thi face.
 Th' little childer, reawnd abeawt here,
 Say they wonder wheer tha'rt gone;
 An' they wanten me to ax thee
 T' shew thisel' as oft as t' con.

Come an' see us every mornin';
 Come, these droopin' spirits cheer;
 Peep thro' every cottage window;
 Tha'll be welcome everywheer.
 Show thisel' i' o' thi splendour;
 Throw that gloomy veil aside;
 What does t' creep to th' back o' th' cleawds for?
 Tha's no faunts nor nowt to hide.

Flashy clooas an' bits o' foinery
 Help to mend sich loike as me:
 Veils improve some women's faces,
 But, owd friend, they'll noan mend thee.
 Things deawn here 'at we co'n pratty,
 Soon begin to spoil an' fade;
 But tha still keeps up thi polish,
 Tha'rt as breet as when new made.

Tha wur theer when th' hosts o' heaven
 Sweetly sang their mornin' song;
 But tha looks as young as ever,
 Tho' tha's bin up theer so long.
 An' for ages tha's bin shinin'—
 Smilin' o' this world o' eawers;
 Blessin' everythin' tha looks on—
 Mackin' th' fruit grow, oppenin' th' fleawers.

It wur thee 'at Adam looked on,
 When i' th' garden bi hissel';
 An' tha smoled upon his labour—
 Happen helped him—whoa can tell?
 It wur thee 'at Joshua spoke to,
 On his way to th' promised land;
 When, as th' good owd Bible tells us,
 Theaw obeyed his strange command.

Tha'll ha' seen some curious antics
 Played deawn here bi th' human race;
 Some tha couldn't bear to look on,
 For tha shawmed an' hid thi face.
 Mony a toime aw see thee blushin',
 When tha'rt leavin' us at neet;
 An' no wonder, for tha's noticed
 Things we'n done 'at's noan bin reet.

After o' tha comes to own us,
 Tho' we do so mich 'at's wrong;
 Even neaw tha'rt shinin' breetly,
 Helpin' me to write this song.
 Heaw refreshin'! heaw revivin'!
 Stay as long as ever t' con;
 We shall noan feel hawve as happy,
 Hawve as leetsome when tha'rt gone.

Oh! for th' sake o' foalk 'at's poorly,
 Come an' cheer us wi' thi rays;
 We forgotten 'at we ail owt
 When we see thi dear owd face.
 Every mornin' when it's gloomy
 Lots o' foalk are seen abeawt—
 Some at th' door-steps, some at th' windows—
 Watchin' for thee peepin' eawt.

* Samuel Laycock, the writer of these verses, is a native of Stalybridge, was a member of the Mechanics' Institute there, and is now in charge of the Whitworth Institute, Fleetwood. He has published various pieces, in the Lancashire dialect, which possess merit enough to be made known beyond the district where they are already widely circulated and duly appreciated. In one of his poems he describes "Bowton Yard," a lowly neighbourhood, in a style that reminds the reader of Crabbe's village scenes. Take, for instance, one stanza:—

"At number nine th' owd cobbler lives, the owd chap 'at mends mi shoon;
 He's getting every week an' done, he'll ha' to leev us soon:
 He reads his Bible every day, an' sings just like a lark,
 He says he's practisin' for heaven—he's nearly done his wark."

Varieties.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.—The Rev. Mr. Tristram, F.L.S., informs me of a most interesting discovery lately made in the Lebanon—viz., of several extensive groves of cedar trees—by Mr. Jessup, an American missionary, a friend of his own, to whom he pointed out the probable localities in the interior. Of these there are five, three of great extent, east of Ain Zabalteh, in the Southern Lebanon. This grove lately contained 10,000 trees, and had been purchased by a barbarous sheikh from the more barbarous (?) Turkish Government, for the purpose of trying to extract pitch from the wood. The experiment, of course, failed, and the sheikh was ruined; but several thousand trees were destroyed in the attempt. One of the trees measured fifteen feet in diameter; and the forest is full of young trees springing up with great vigour. He also found two small groves on the eastern slope of Lebanon, overlooking the Buka'a, above El Medenk; and two other large groves, containing many thousand trees, one above El Baruk, and another near Ma'asiv, where the trees are very large and equal to any others. All are being destroyed for firewood. Still another grove has been discovered near Duma, on the western slope of Lebanon, near the one discovered by Mr. Tristram himself. This gives ten distinct localities in the Lebanon to the south of the originally discovered one, and including it. Ehrenberg had already discovered one to the north of that locality; and, thence northwards, the chain is unexplored by voyager or naturalist.—*Dr. Hooker, in the "Gardener's Chronicle."*

[Mr. Tristram's announcement of his discovery of the first of these hitherto unknown cedar forests was made in a paper in the "Sunday at Home" for December, 1864.]

CATTLE MARKET OF LA VILETTE.—Towards the close of the Exhibition was opened the cattle market of La Vilette, from which all Paris is to be supplied with meat. No more sheep and oxen are to be sold in Paris, or taken through the streets; from all points they can now get to market by railway, and close to the market stand the shambles, which are arranged on the most approved principles. On the first day of opening there were sold 3,527 oxen, 467 cows, 250 calves, 13,997 sheep, 204 pigs, in all, 18,545 beasts, worth over three million francs. In Dulaure's "History of Paris" it is stated, that at the end of last century the city only consumed 70,000 oxen, 18,000 cows, 120,000 calves, 350,000 sheep, 35,000 pigs, or 1,280,000 lbs. of meat in the year.

SHODDY.—Under the name of shoddy an enormous weight of material is now used which once was waste. Shoddy was first brought into use about 1813 at Batley, near Dewsbury. Mungo was adopted in the same district, but at a later period. Shoddy is the produce of soft woollen rags, such as old worn-out carpets, flannels, guernseys, stockings, and similar fabrics. Mungo is the produce of worn-out broad or similar cloths of fine quality, and of the shreds and clippings of cloth. The Pollution of Rivers Commission, which has been visiting Yorkshire, was informed of the origin of the word "mungo." A manufacturer gave some of the materials to his foreman, who, after trial in the shoddy machines, came back with the remark, "It winna go;" when the master exclaimed, "But it mun go." These old woollen rags are collected and imported from India, China, Egypt, Turkey, Russia, and in fact, all parts of the world where woollen garments are worn. They come to Yorkshire from districts where plague, fever, smallpox, and loathsome skin diseases extensively prevail; they are sorted by human fingers when the bales are opened before being placed in machines which tear up, separate, and cleanse the fibre for manufacture; but it does not seem that these rags are specially dangerous to the health of those who work among them. The lapse of time in collecting, sorting, and transmitting the rags, and the possible destruction of any special poison by friction or otherwise, must be taken into account. The dirt, dust, and fine particles blown out by the machines are collected and sold for manure at from 10s. to 20s. per ton. The shoddy trade is a remarkable instance of the utilisation of waste material. It forms nearly one-fifth in weight of the woollen and worsted manufacture of the West Riding. Mixed with wool, shoddy or mungo is largely used in the manufacture of cheap broadcloths, finer cloths for ladies' capes and mantles, pilots, witneys, friezes, petershams, pea-jackets, and blankets. A considerable quantity is used in the form of flocks for beds. Felted cloth is extensively manufactured with it, and used for table-covers, carpets, druggets, and horse-cloths. From seventy to eighty million pounds weight of shoddy and extracts are used in a year in the woollen trade.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



THE INNKEEPER WOULD LIKE TO GIVE SQUIRE FOLEY A BIT OF HIS MIND.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XI.—IN WHICH SQUIRE FOLEY IS TROUBLED IN MIND, AND MR. ASTON SEEKS FOR NEEDLES IN A BUNDLE OF HAY.

MR. ASTON—whom, so long as it is essential to the interests of my story, I shall continue to designate by his assumed name—returned to London the day after his visit to old Matthew Budge's cottage, having, however, according to promise, previously paid the old sexton a second visit, when he repeated his injunction that his return to England should be kept a profound secret.

The arrival and abrupt departure of the ambassador of some great foreign potentate, whose mission was un-

known, could not, comparatively speaking, have created more excitement among the citizens of London than did the unexpected visit and sudden departure of the unknown stranger among the inhabitants of the little village of Fordham.

It was known that the stranger had visited Morton Hall, and had been particular in his inquiries after the old family; also that he had subsequently been seen coming out of the church, and wandering about the churchyard, searching among the tombstones, and that he had twice visited "owd Matthey's cot;" but what was his object in visiting Fordham no one could conceive.

The innkeeper, however, believed he was some friend of the old squire's who had been long absent in foreign lands, and had never heard of Squire Morton's death, and with respect to his visit to Matthew Budge, it was no uncommon thing for strangers visiting at the mansions of the neighbouring gentry to call and see the old sexton, who was looked upon as the patriarch of the village.

Old Matthew himself was silent on the subject of the stranger's visit. It pleased and gratified the pride of the old man to be the possessor of a secret, which, if divulged, would astonish his neighbours, and create the utmost surprise and consternation at the Hall. Old as he was he looked forward with eager anticipation to the day when the secret should become known, and when he would be able to boast that he had known it all along.

For some days, therefore, the stranger's visit was the general topic of the gossips of the village, and then it was almost forgotten.

A couple of months passed away, and Squire Foley and his family returned to the Hall earlier than had been expected, and not so much gratified with the results of their visit to the metropolis as the old Scotch gardener had anticipated.

To tell the truth, Squire Foley, although one of the largest landed proprietors of the county, lord of the manor of Fordham, and a justice of the peace, had never yet occupied the position of his predecessors—the Mortons. The lord lieutenant of the county patronised him to some extent, simply because he could make him useful when there was any disagreeable work to be done that none of the other magistrates cared to meddle with; but his brother squires, and the two or three baronets whose parks and mansions were situated near Morton Hall (the county is famous for the great number of gentlemen's seats it contains), though generally less wealthy men than himself, barely tolerated him.

In the first place Mr. Foley had, previous to his accession to the Morton Hall estates, been a comparatively poor man, though, as he was a scion of an old and wealthy county family, this fact would have been disregarded, had he not on several occasions displayed a degree of meanness and servility incompatible with his position and his aristocratic pretensions. Even these failings, however, might have been overlooked and forgiven when he took possession of Morton Hall, had he then behaved generously and uprightly—for the possession of wealth covers a multitude of failings in the estimation of the majority of mankind. But it was not in the man's nature to be generous, or upright in his conduct.

No sooner had he taken possession of the estates of the defunct Mortons, than he dismissed the gentleman whose father and grandfather, as well as himself, had, for the greater portion of a century, occupied the position of attorneys and stewards of the property under the Mortons, and employed a new steward, who at once set to work to raise the rents of the numerous farms and cottages on the estates. This man refused to renew or extend leases on the terms by which they had been held in the same families for generations, and, acting under the squire's authority, suppressed nearly all the numerous charities established by his predecessors.

The village schools were closed, the loan and clothing funds abolished, and even the hospitalities for which the Hall had been famed in days gone by were heard of no more. In a word, all the little amenities between each other and their inferiors, which tend to bind the gentry of a county together in the bonds of friendship and good-fellowship, and which cause them to be loved and

respected by their tenants, were forsworn by the new squire.

The Mortons (setting aside their own religious feelings) had held it to be the bounden duty of all landed proprietors to show a good example to their tenantry by appearing, with all the servants that could possibly be spared, in the family pews at the parish church twice on the Sabbath-day; and, though this might sometimes have been but an outward show, the respect shown even to the observances of religion had had a beneficial influence upon themselves and upon the morals of the villagers. Squire Foley was utterly careless in this respect. His family and servants were frequently absent from the church sabbath after sabbath—he himself was rarely present.

Then Squire Foley neither hunted himself nor subscribed to the hunt, and B—shire being a hunting county, this dereliction on his part from what his brother county magnates held to be one of the duties, as well as pleasures, of a country gentleman, served still further to estrange him from his equals in rank, and to lower his dignity in the estimation of his inferiors.

Thus, although he was possessed with an eager, almost cringing, desire to be received on terms of social equality among his compeers, Squire Foley acted in such a manner as to cause them to shrink from him with feelings of scorn and contempt.

The manner, however, in which the "new Squire," as he was still termed, after a lapse of thirty years, had behaved to the orphan daughter of his respected and beloved predecessor, had set the crowning seal upon his demerits in the eyes of those whom he would gladly have made his friends; and there is little doubt, had the young lady herself, or her husband on her behalf after her marriage, made any endeavour to dispute the right of her guardians to withhold her mother's fortune from her, she would have found many friends eager and willing to support her claim with their money as well as their influence.

But Lieutenant Talbot and his wife, after making one formal demand upon Squire Foley, had made no further sign, and had disappeared from the county, and gone none of their former friends knew whither.

It has been already stated that a Morton, of Morton Hall, had represented the county in Parliament from time immemorial, and Squire Foley, on succeeding to the estates, had hoped that this honour would be continued in his own family; but his hope had been vain, and, in spite of coercion brought to bear upon his own tenants, he, and his sons, one after another as they attained to manhood, had invariably been defeated at the hustings, until at length they desisted for very shame from appearing as candidates for the suffrages of the electors of the county.

At length a change took place. The lord-lieutenant heretofore alluded to was a needy, grasping nobleman, whose chief object in life was to increase the amount of his rent-roll, diminished through the extravagance of his ancestors; and, whether in recognition of some service secretly rendered by his sycophant, or whether in return for a loan of money, I am unable to say—public opinion was divided at the time on this point—but assuredly as a reward for some service rendered, for his lordship was not generous without an object, secret influences were set at work, and, in defiance of a fierce opposition, the squire's eldest son was declared duly elected as one of the representatives of the county in the House of Commons.

Squire Foley now believed that he had gained his end, in spite of the scorn and contempt of his haughty

neighbours. As the father of a county member, supported by the representative of an ancient peerage, Mr. Foley fancied that he, in his turn, would be able to look down upon his brother squires, and retaliate upon them some portion of the scorn and contumely with which he had been treated by them, or—as he would rather had occurred—that his proud and scornful neighbours would now forget the past and treat him as their equal. Hence the journey to London a month earlier than usual, and hence the absence of the family from the Hall on the occasion of Mr. Aston's visit.

Squire Foley, in fact, had taken a house for the season in one of the fashionable squares, resolved for once, in honour of the occasion, to make a display regardless of expense.

He had great hopes of his son and heir, who really was a clever youth, and had acquitted himself very creditably at Oxford University, and was believed to be the genius of the family. They looked forward to his attaining to high honours as a statesman, and hoped that in course of time he would be offered—and certainly, in such case, would accept—the coronet which it was said had more than once been declined by members of the elder branch of the family.

Alas for their full-blown anticipations! Young Foley was unseated, on an election petition, for bribery. The exasperation of the squire may be better conceived than described, and it was increased when he found that, in spite of his ostentatious display, and his earnest endeavours to thrust himself into society, his proffered friendship was spurned in London, as it had been in the country, by those whose intimacy he wished to secure. Friends he could find in abundance; but they were not the friends he sought; and thus, in shame, rage, and disgust, he gave up the mansion he had hired in the fashionable square in London, and returned to Morton Hall, long before the season had expired, and two months earlier than he had been expected.

The tenants of the Morton Hall estates, including all the inhabitants of the village of Fordham, though not, as a rule, great readers of the newspapers, had heard some inkling of the manner in which the new member for the county had been received in Parliament, and had listened, or read, with none of the indignation usually felt by a tenantry whose landlord or family have been disgraced. They had nothing to say particularly against young Master William; but they disliked his father, and several of the village gossips averred that the prediction they had uttered long ago was coming to pass, and that "T' squire 'ud come to shâame yet, for t' way he treated poor Miss Mary."

Squire Foley and his family returned to Fordham. But there were none of the rejoicings that had taken place in olden times, when the Mortons returned to the Hall after a long absence. The yeomanry did not ride forth to escort them home through the village from the neighbouring town. There was no merry peal of the old parish church-bells; no triumphal arches of evergreens were erected; no banners floated in the air; no cheers were heard; no crowd of humbler tenants assembled in their best attire to greet them as they entered the park gates, and to send audible blessings after them, as they had often assembled in times gone by to greet their landlord on his return home after a long absence, and to be invited themselves to partake of the good cheer abundantly provided for them in the Hall. But silently and sadly, as though it had been a funeral hearse, the huge family travelling carriage rolled through the quiet village to the Hall beyond, where hired menials alone were awaiting their master's return.

Ah! well indeed might many who watched the huge vehicle, as it rolled heavily and silently by, repeat the words of old Matthew Budge, and cry—

"Ay! times be changed i' Fordham sin' t' owd family wor at th' Briers!"

Scarcely, however, had Mr. Foley returned to his country seat, ere he discovered a fresh cause for disquietude.

Of late years he had sought to acquire a sort of cheap popularity among his humbler tenants, by visiting them at their cottages, and chatting condescendingly with them over the affairs of the village; and, on the morning after his return, he walked into the village with a view to ascertain the opinion of his tenantry respecting the treatment his son had received in Parliament. In the first place, however, he called upon the landlord of the Wheatsheaf; and, to his surprise, was asked whether his honour had met the strange gentleman who had come to Fordham to see Squire Morton, who had been dead thirty years.

"A stranger come to Fordham to see Mr. Morton!" exclaimed the squire. "Strange, indeed! What was the stranger's name?"

"Aston, sir—Henry Aston. At least, that was the name on the gentleman's portmanteau." And then the landlord went on to tell how the stranger had visited the Briers, and the church and churchyard, and had returned to the inn sorely disappointed, and how he had told him (the landlord) that he had known the Mortons in his boyhood, and had been absent from England ever since, and had never heard of the death of the old squire and his sons, and how he had inquired after several people who had formerly lived in the village and neighbourhood, and had gone to see old Matthew Budge, and had called again to visit the old sexton, before he departed for London.

"What description of person was this stranger?" asked Mr. Foley, when he had heard the landlord's story.

"A tall, stout gentleman, of near sixty, I should say, sir," replied the innkeeper.

"Strange that an old friend of the Mortons should have remained so long ignorant of the death of the old gentleman and his sons," said Mr. Foley.

"He was very particular in inquiring after the old squire's daughter, Miss Mary Morton, sir," continued the innkeeper.

"What could *you* tell him of Miss Morton? What could *you* know of the young lady?" asked Mr. Foley, sharply, and almost angrily.

"I know nothing, your honour, and so I told him," replied the innkeeper, deferentially, "so he went to see old Matthey—"

"Of course *you* sent him, or he wouldn't have known anything of the old gossip. I dislike very much this practice of strangers going to visit the old fellow, as if there was anything very wonderful in an old man living to become a hundred years of age. The old man makes mischief with his absurd gossip, for he hasn't full possession of his faculties, and doesn't know what he is saying. I'd dispossess him of the cottage and send him to the poorhouse but for his great age. I very much wonder that *you* haven't better sense than to be always talking about him to strangers."

"The gentleman particularly asked, sir, whether there was any one living in Fordham who was living here forty year ago," replied the innkeeper; but the squire had turned away without even saying "Good morning," and was walking back to the village.

"Dispossess the old man!" muttered the innkeeper, as

he looked after him. "It's more than you've any right to do, *and if you did*, old Matthey needn't go to the parish. I'll speak as I like to my guests; and, if you weren't my landlord—more's the pity—I'd tell *you* a bit o' my mind. There's something wrong somewhere, I guess, or you wouldn't be always so crusty."

Squire Foley called in at several cottages in the village, and heard from all the tenants that a stranger, whom no one had seen before, had visited the Briers during his absence; and, on his way home, he looked in upon old Matthew Budge, with whom he chatted familiarly for some time, and then observed, carelessly—

"So, I hear that a stranger has visited the village during my absence in London, Matthew. Came to see the old family who used to live at the Hall, they tell me. Strange, if it be true. I hear that he called twice to see *you*?"

"He gave me two gowd guineas, yer honour," replied the old sexton.

"And asked you to tell him all you knew of the village and the old family, I dare say?"

"Ay, yer honour; he ax'd a power o' questions, surely; but I moind little now whatten folks says—oi be so owd. My mem'ry be clean gone."

"He told you his name, I presume?"

"Ay, squoire; he said his nāame wor summat."

"Aston—was that it?"

"Ay, oi think thatten wor th' nāame, squoire."

"And he asked you about the old family? About Miss Mary, particularly?"

"He moight, an' then agin he moightn't, yer honour. My mem'ry be very bad."

"Do *you* recollect any person of the name of Aston? Any person or any family that lived hereabouts, or used to visit at the Hall in former days?"

"No, squoire; oi canna say as oi ever heerd o' th' nāame afore."

Nothing further could be got from old Matthew, and Mr. Foley returned to the Hall in no very good humour.

Before he entered the house he encountered the gardener, whom he also questioned about the stranger's visit.

"I understand, Sanderson," he said, "that a stranger called at the Hall to inquire after the Mortons on the day my family and myself left for London."

"Did your honour no see him in Lunnun?" answered the gardener, with another question.

"I did not. But I asked *you* whether a stranger visited the Hall: I did not bid you to question *me*."

"Weel, your honour, gin I remember richt, a gentle did ca' at the Ha'. He just speered o' me about the auld times till I thoct he wasna' a'thegether richt in his head. But ye mun ken he'd been lang awa', and may be he had na haird o' the deeth o' th' auld squoire and his bairns."

"What sort of man was this stranger?"

"Ow, sir, just an ordinair, douce, ceevil-spoken body, weel on tae saxty year auld, I suld say."

"Hem! Did he make any remark when you told him that the estates had changed owners thirty years ago?"

"Na, your honour; nane that I mind the noo. He turned as pale as a ghaist, and seemed o'ercoom for awhile, an' when he cam' roun' he just speered a wheen questions o' myself aboot the Morton folk and then gaed awa' till the Ha', and had a crack wi' t' auld housekeeper body, whilk is just a' I ken o' the matter."

From the deaf old housekeeper Mr. Foley could obtain no more satisfactory information, and he retired to his study, and went thence to the dinner table in an unusually thoughtful mood.

Mr. William Foley was still in London; the squire's second son, George, was abroad with his regiment; and his younger children had gone back to school or college; so that his only companions at the dinner table were his wife, and his eldest and favourite daughter—a young lady of sixteen years.

The squire was somewhat of an autocrat in the bosom of his family. His wife and daughter saw that he was annoyed, but dared not to question him as to the cause of his annoyance, and even if they had questioned him he would have been unable to answer them. He knew not himself the cause of his anxiety, though he felt a presentiment of some approaching trouble to which he was unable to give shape or form.

The brief visit of the unknown stranger to Fordham seemed to him like a warning from the tomb, and recalled, unpleasantly, almost forgotten memories of the past. He said nothing, however, respecting his anxiety until the evening, when he and his wife were alone together. Then he inquired abruptly—

"Jane, have you ever known, or do you recollect, any person of the name of Aston?—Henry Aston?"

"I can remember no such name among the persons of my acquaintance, my dear," replied Mrs. Foley, who was a slight, fragile, weakly woman, fond of her ease, and very good-tempered—a woman who would very probably have been liked by her neighbours and respected and loved by the poor of the village, but for the animosity they bore to her husband.

"I have been thinking to-day," continued Mr. Foley, apparently entering upon an entirely different topic, "of that poor, misguided girl, Mary Morton, who married that sailor fellow—Talbot. I wonder what has become of them?"

Mrs. Foley sighed, though she wondered to hear her husband speak compassionately of Mary Morton, whose name, in fact, she did not remember to have heard him mention for years.

Though completely subservient to her husband, she had at the time of the marriage, and indeed ever since, felt a sincere pity for Mary, though she had not dared to show her sympathy. Had she had the courage to do so, she would have besought her husband to restore to the young lady the legacy which he had, in her opinion, unjustly and cruelly withheld from her; and now that he himself had spoken of the young lady, she replied—

"Perhaps poor Mary—perhaps both she and her husband—are dead, my dear; for it is strange that we have heard nothing of them for years. Perhaps, William, they have left children in poverty. I think, my dear, if *you* wish it, and proper inquiries were instituted, we might find out something about them. If they should be in poverty or trouble, or if she or her husband be dead, and have left children behind them, unprovided for, perhaps, if we *were* to seek them out, it might be better for ourselves, better for—our own children, William."

Of all things Squire Foley hated any allusion to the failure of his ambitious hopes, or to the unfortunate result of the late effort he had made to exalt his social position in the estimation of his brother magistrates.

"Jane," he angrily replied, "how can you talk so absurdly? Never let me hear you utter such nonsense again—never. As to Mary Talbot, I did no more than my duty. I acted, as I was bound to act, in accordance with her mother's will. As she has made her bed, so must she lie upon it. Still, if I thought she, or her children, if she have any—I fancy she had one child when last we heard of her—if I thought they were in distress, and knew where to find them, I would assist them, but purely out of pity, nothing more."

Poor Mrs. Foley was silenced, and her husband did not again allude to the subject. For some time, however, his moodiness and disquietude continued; but as weeks and months passed away, and nothing came of the stranger's mysterious visit to Fordham, he recovered his usual spirits, and matters resumed their customary course at Morton Hall.

* * * * *

When Mr. Aston quitted Fordham after his brief and unsatisfactory visit, he returned to London, and had an interview with a lawyer; and from that time he was for several months unceasing in his efforts to discover whether the daughter of the late Edward Morton, of Morton Hall, B—shire, as he invariably spoke of his sister to strangers, was still living; and probably, had he been guided by the advice of the lawyer who assisted him in his researches, his efforts would have been crowned with success. But, in his determination to preserve the secret of his return to England, the measures he took were of little avail, and would perhaps have failed, even had they become known to the objects of his search.

He objected to advertise, or rather he refused to permit the names of the persons he sought to be made public, and thus the advertisements might have been passed over, even if seen by those most interested in them.

Even the lawyer himself was ignorant of the real object of his employer, though he suspected that there was some secret involved in the search, only to be divulged in the event of the discovery of the persons sought after.

But, though every town and village in Great Britain or Ireland in which any persons of the names of Talbot or Jenkins were known to live, or to have lived, were visited, either by Mr. Aston himself or his agents, and though many Talbots and hundreds of Jenkinsons were found, strange to say the Talbots who had lived for so many years in the little secluded Wiltshire village were somehow or other overlooked.

Mr. Aston, on searching the navy lists for many years back, discovered that a Lieutenant Talbot had voluntarily resigned his commission some eighteen or twenty years before, but he could learn nothing respecting this officer's subsequent career. Those who had once been the lieutenant's shipmates, or brother officers, were either dead or scattered, and it was quite uncertain whether the lieutenant himself were living or dead.

"Advertise, my dear sir, for information respecting Lieutenant Talbot, formerly of the Royal Navy, stating the date at which he retired from the service, and offering a reward for any information respecting himself, or respecting his widow or children, if he be dead and they are still living, and take my word for it, you will soon discover something about them," said the lawyer.

But by acting upon this advice Mr. Aston would, he fancied, jeopardise his secret. The Foleys might suspect something, and discover that the true heir to the estates they held in possession was still living and in England; and, anxious as he was to discover his relatives, if they were living, he obstinately adhered to the whim he had formed, not to disclose the fact of his existence and return to England, until he considered that the proper time had arrived.

He therefore continued to pursue his secret and far more troublesome and costly search, until at length he was overtaken by illness, and compelled, at least for awhile, to desist.

He had, as I have said, suffered some internal in-

jury at the time of his shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall, of which he had been unaware until some weeks afterwards, and which, though it was not of a very serious nature, had rendered him liable to sudden prostration after any extraordinary exertion. In the eagerness of his researches he neglected several warnings, until he at length became so ill that he was obliged to take to his bed; and when, after some weeks' illness, he became convalescent, he hesitated whether to renew a search which appeared hopeless, or to return forthwith to America. He decided upon the latter course, but his medical advisers interfered and declared that he needed absolute repose of mind and body for some months. The discomforts of a sea-voyage, they said, would tend to retard his recovery, and might bring about a relapse, though the sea air itself would be beneficial to him. They therefore recommended him to take up his residence somewhere on the sea coast for the remainder of the season, and as, notwithstanding his previous decision, he was still reluctant to leave England while a hope remained of his discovering the objects of his search, he listened to his doctor's advice, and bethought him of his Cornish friends, to whom he had promised to write; but whom he had, in his busy occupation, almost forgotten.

A few days after he came to this decision, Mr. Sinclair received the following letter:—

"London, June —, 18—.

"REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,—When, more than five months ago, I quitted your hospitable roof, I promised to write to you from London. I have, however, been so busily occupied in what has hitherto proved a fruitless research, that I have neglected everything besides.

"I have just risen from a sick-bed to which I have been for some weeks confined; but though I had almost resolved to give up my search and return to my children in America, my medical advisers forbid me to undertake the voyage until I am perfectly restored to health. They recommend me, however, to take up my residence for a few months by the sea side, and I have therefore decided upon revisiting my kind friends at St. David.

"Will you permit me to tax your friendship so far as to request you to look out for a comfortable residence in or near your pleasant village?

"When I left St. David there was a pretty cottage near the rectory, untenanted. I mean the cottage in which—as I was told—a Captain King, of the Royal Navy, formerly resided. If that cottage is still unoccupied, it will suit me exactly. The rent is of no consequence. I can purchase furniture in Falmouth; and if you can recommend me three good servants—a man and two women—I fancy that I can make a snug bachelor's hall of the place. In that case, it is not impossible, if I can settle my affairs in America satisfactorily, that I may send for my boy and girl, and 'fix' myself—as my Yankee friends would say—for good in England. However, I cannot yet decide upon that question.

"Please let me know, as soon as possible, whether I can have the cottage to which I allude, or any other decent residence in or near the village. If your reply is favourable, I shall probably be at St. David at the end of another fortnight.

"I am too feeble to write more just now, so I shall keep all else that I have to say until I see you.

"With kind regards, therefore, to Miss Wardour, Doctor Pendriggen, and Mr. Sharpe, believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"HENRY ASTON.

"Rev. A. Sinclair, St. David, Cornwall."

THE TALMUD.

MANY people do not know what the Talmud is, and some may be like him of whom we are told in the "Quarterly Review," that he thought the Talmud was a Jewish rabbi. It is not a rabbi, but a book, which ancient rabbis compiled, and which modern rabbis hold in very high esteem. There is a well-known sentence in one of the Jewish books which says, "The Scripture is like water, the Mishnah like wine, and the Talmud like spiced wine;" the meaning of which is, that the Scripture is good, but that the traditions of the elders are very much better. Thus in the Synagogue, as in the Church of Rome, the fathers and tradition are honoured at the expense of the inspired writers. It is as it was when our Lord said, "In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men;" and "Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition."

The Talmud must not be confounded with the Targums, which are a kind of version of Old Testament books, whereas the Talmud is a collection of the opinions of ancient Jewish doctors on all sorts of subjects, secular as well as sacred. The foundation of the Talmud, or traditional law of the Jews, is called the Mishnah, which consists of six parts, arranged under different headings. The first part, entitled "Seeds," commences with a chapter on prayers or blessings, and then goes on to treat of tithes and gifts, the Sabbatical year, the prohibition of mingled seeds and materials, and other matters. The second part, on feasts, treats of Sabbaths and holy days, and the ceremonies and sacrifices which belong to them. The third part, on "Women," is occupied about betrothal, marriage, divorce, vows, etc. The fourth part, on "Damages" or "Injuries," deals with sundry legal and commercial questions, idolatry, witnesses and punishments, moral maxims, etc. The fifth part, "Sacred Things," treats of sacrifices, the first-born, the temple, and various matters of ritual. The last part, on "Purifications," touches upon a host of topics connected with things clean and unclean.

It will be seen at once that the Mishnah is not for general reading, so much as a book of reference for the priests and doctors. But the Mishnah is not the whole of the Talmud. There is the Gemara, which bears some resemblance to a commentary, but is in fact a collection of sayings and opinions, including stories of the most extraordinary kind. Some of the lesser sections of the Mishnah have no Gemara or commentary, though most of them have, in one or other of the two forms in which the Talmud exists. These two forms of the Talmud are called the Jerusalem and the Babylonian, because one appeared in Palestine and the other in Babylonia.

The Mishnah was completed early in the third century after Christ, by rabbi Judah, surnamed the Holy. After the Mishnah came the Gemaras. The first, that of Jerusalem, was really compiled at Tiberias, about the close of the fourth century; and the second, or that of Babylonia, was drawn up at Syra, in Babylonia, a few years later, though not completed till the end of the fifth century. It is not possible to say what alterations have been made in these writings since then, under Christian influence or otherwise, but they do not now exist in complete form. And no wonder; for few books have been persecuted more than the Talmud, as no people have been more persecuted than the Jews.

The learned writer in the "Quarterly Review," (Oct. 1867), to whose article we have already alluded, says of the Talmud: "Ever since it existed—almost before it existed in a palpable shape—it has been treated much

like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella, down to Clement VIII and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls, and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale, by the waggon-load. Julius III issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the 'Gemarothe Thalmud,' in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV in 1559," (when it is said 2,000 copies were burnt), "Pius V in 1566, Clement VIII in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV, in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud." The mention of the popes' permitting a new edition, reminds us that although the work was printed correctly at first, the inquisitors afterwards took care to sift it, and to alter it where it seemed hostile to Christianity. They could not altogether destroy it, and so they tried to correct it. This is much to be regretted, as few even among Hebrew scholars can have access to the earliest complete edition, printed at Venice in thirteen volumes, 1520—1523.

It is really a matter of surprise that a work so large and so much persecuted should have been preserved through above a thousand years in manuscript. The Jews appear to have early copied and circulated it, so that if it was destroyed in one place, it was safe in another. And then, under the Mohammedan rule, the Jews were often favoured, and encouraged to pursue their studies. In Spain, for instance, this was the case; and the Talmud was copied, and translated and expounded there, by learned Jews during several centuries. Eminent Hebrew scholars settled in the south of France, and there also the Talmud, though persecuted by the Romish Church, was still studied. In Italy, too, the Jews found a lodgment at various points, and we have seen that Venice was the place where the whole Talmud was first printed. Whatever befel, the Bible, the Targums, and Talmud were the inseparable companions of the Jew, whether in prosperity or adversity.

The reader of the New Testament will remember the allusions to the honour in which the Jews held the opinions and even the idle fictions of their ancestors and their teachers. In fact, a body of traditions had already grown up, and was regarded with veneration. These traditions and stories went on increasing, and the love for them continued. When, therefore, they came to be embalmed in the written volumes of the Mishnah and Gemara, they were a source from which the teachers of the people derived both authority and information. With the loss of their national existence, and of an authorised government able to rule, the Talmud became of immense importance. It amplified and decided the meaning of the written law, and, claiming a sacred character, it could be appealed to in all cases of difficulty. On these and other accounts the Jews clung to it with wonderful tenacity, as they do to this day. They would listen to the "fathers," when they would scarcely heed a living teacher, without their authority to back him.

But, apart from all external considerations, there are reasons in the Talmud itself why it should be studied, not only by the Jew but by the Christian. It contains the collective thoughts of many men of different ages

and countries, upon a multitude of subjects, and scraps of information not to be found elsewhere, much of it both curious and useful. We can learn from it what the Jews of the ages before and after Christ thought of many portions of the Old Testament, and how they reasoned on philosophy, science, politics, and religion. We hear them speaking again in their peculiar style. We have their very words, as well as their ideas; and it requires but little imagination to picture the living Hillel or Gamaliel of the times of Christ. It is possible to compare their words and sayings, as well as their modes of thought, with much that we find in our New Testament; and if we do this, we shall encounter curious and startling analogies. It will be seen that in the New Testament we are in company with men of the same race and period, and that our Lord and his apostles used very much the same words and imagery as the rabbis, though they adapted them to higher and more spiritual ends. Nay, some of the better utterances of the Talmud correspond with some striking passages in the Christian Scriptures. The writer in the "Quarterly" says, "Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, 'among Jews, by Jews, for Jews,' cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form, and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realize; for such terms as 'redemption,' 'baptism,' 'grace,' 'faith,' 'salvation,' 'regeneration,' 'Son of man,' 'Son of God,' 'kingdom of heaven,' were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning."

It would be certainly an error to say that Christianity invented the terms just mentioned; but it would be no less an error to say that the Talmudists invented them, or more than one or two of them, for they are nearly all to be found in the Old Testament. However, it is curious to notice the frequent mention of "baptism" as a religious ceremony, in the Talmud. But Mr. Deutsch, the writer of the article in the "Quarterly Review," goes on to mention the Talmudical condemnation of lip-service and other abuses, which we also find in the Old Testament. The most remarkable example, perhaps, quoted by him, is "that grand dictum, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by,' " which, he says, was spoken by Hillel, who died ten years after the birth of Christ, "not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum that comprised the whole law." The law said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Lev. xix. 18); and an apocryphal book said, "Do to no man that which thou hatest;" and Hillel's words were, "Thou shalt not do to thy neighbour that which is hateful to thyself, for this is the whole law." The least we can say is that the words of Tobit come nearer to those of Hillel than the words of Christ, which are far more comprehensive and emphatic than either.

With regard to many of the resemblances between the Talmud and the New Testament, we have no difficulty; they represent modes of thought and forms of speech which were common among the pious Jews before and after the time of our Lord. There are other resemblances which infidels and sceptics have caught at, under the notion that the New Testament is indebted to the Talmud. A moment's reflection will generally set us

right, if we but remember that the Mishnah was not composed till long after the New Testament, and the Gemara at a still later period. It is more likely that the Talmudists imitated portions of the New Testament, than that the evangelists and apostles imitated the sayings and stories current among the Jews.* Whatever view we take, such similarities are incidental proofs of the genuineness of the Christian Scriptures.

The excellence of many of the moral and religious maxims of the Talmud is beyond all dispute, and they might be quoted as interesting illustrations of the manner in which the teachings of the Old Testament influenced the Jewish mind. Even heathen writings supply us with admirable precepts and sentiments; but the Hebrews were far in advance of them, as might be expected, from their writings being divinely inspired. Bearing in mind that the Jewish Scriptures were the professed foundation of sacred studies among the rabbis, we shall look in their writings for a clear statement of leading doctrines. Nor shall we be disappointed; for while, as on moral questions, there is foolish and idle speculation, there are also utterances of the truest and grandest principles. Happily, the men who rejected the Gospel of Christ, and perverted some of the more spiritual teachings of the Old Testament, retained not a few of the lessons which had been given by divine revelation. So that while the Talmud only reflects faithfully some portions of the ancient law, and distorts others, there are many things in it to which a Christian can turn with pleasure.

Of the "scientific" and "philosophical" parts of the Talmud, its grotesque legends, and its laborious trifling, this is not the place to speak. But, multifarious and heterogeneous as are its contents, it is a book which is interesting to us, and of immense importance to the Jew. As our readers will have already inferred, it throws light upon the views and habits of the Jews before and after Christ, and it may serve to illustrate some things in the New Testament. This is why it interests us; but to the Jew the Mishnah is the "Oral Law" which Moses taught, and was handed down by word of mouth from age to age until it was written. He therefore views it as of divine authority; while the Gemara is scarcely, if at all, less revered as embodying the opinions and collective wisdom of the fathers. "The Talmud," says a modern Jew, "is a complete system of all our learning, and a comprehensive rule of all the practical parts of our laws and religion."

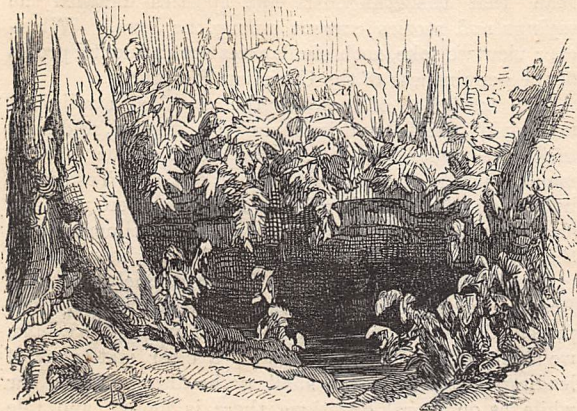
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER I.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the last lineal descendant of a Quaker family, who are supposed to have left England and settled in America under the auspices of William Penn. Little is known of his ancestors beyond the fact that they were a hardy race who fought with adverse circumstances in the forest and the wilderness, and trusted solely to their own energy and perseverance to conquer the difficulties that lay in their path. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was living in Kentucky, at a spot which was then a part of Hardin county, and distant about seven miles from Elizabeth Town, the county-seat. Our artist, who was employed to illustrate

* In our hearing, lately, when a sceptical Jew was urged with the doctrinal clearness of the Talmud on some great points, he immediately replied that the Talmud was not written till long after the Gospel was everywhere published, and that no doubt the rabbis learned very much from Christianity, which they so far imitated in self-defence. We think there is, at least, a nucleus of truth in this suggestion.

a biography published in the United States, went to see his birthplace, but found no house remaining. The spot where it stood was pointed out to him. He saw also a spring from which the farm, Rockspring, took its



ROCKSPRING,

From which the farm where Lincoln was born took its name.

name. Here, in 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. Of his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, few memorials remain; she had two other children—a daughter, born in 1807, who grew to womanhood and was married, but died shortly after; and a second son, born in 1811, who died in childhood; she is said to have been a woman possessing rare qualities of mind and heart.

There seemed to be but a poor chance for the education of young Lincoln. His parents were too poor to make much effort for his instruction, being engaged in the constant struggle to draw a subsistence from the soil. When they failed in one place they had to remove to another; and wherever they went they found little but hard work before them, while in those days there were no available schools at which children could be educated. Occasionally a teacher would settle in the

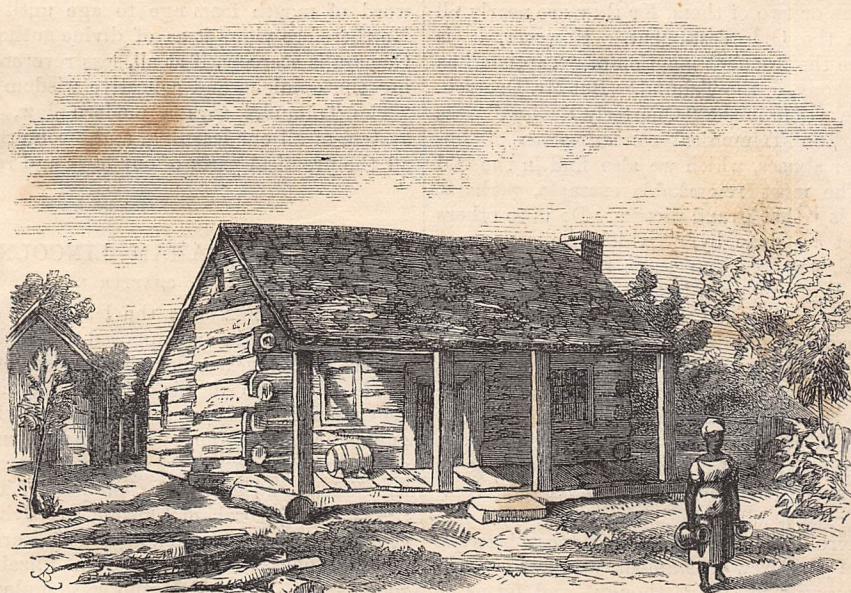
such wandering instructors, one of whom was a Roman Catholic; he derived little learning from both of them—the result of his studies at the age of seven being little more than the ability to read with tolerable fluency. Up to this age he had never seen even the exterior of any building set apart for religious worship, the religious services he attended being held either in some private dwelling, or log school-house, unless they took place in the open air.

In the year 1816, before the young Abraham was eight years old, his father, finding that affairs were not going on satisfactorily in Kentucky, and not relishing, it is conjectured, the increase of slavery in that state, resolved to remove to Indiana. In the autumn of that year, therefore, he packed all his goods into a waggon, in which he placed his wife and daughter, while himself



SITE OF BIRTHPLACE.

and young Abe followed on foot, driving before them their one indispensable cow, and accompanied by their constant guardian the household dog. They had to journey through woods and pathless plains for several days, in order to reach the spot where they would be able to cross the "Beautiful River"—their progress being necessarily slow, in conformity with the powers of the single draught horse who had to struggle with his



HOUSE NEAR GENTRYVILLE.

district for a time, accepting such remuneration, in money or in kind, for his services, as parents were in a condition to pay. Young Lincoln had the benefit of two

ponderous load along the untried route. There was nothing in this, however, to daunt the travellers; they were only doing as others had to do in like circum-

stances, and in all probability never dreamed of complaining. On reaching the ferry on the Ohio, they embarked their caravan in a flat-bottomed boat, and ultimately settled on the Indiana side, at a spot near where the town of Gentryville at present stands. Here

formed his share of the hard work. He learned to wield the axe and to hold the plough. He became inured to all the duties of seed-time and harvest. "On many a day during every one of those thirteen years, this Kentucky boy might have been seen with a long goad



ANDERSON CREEK FERRY, NEAR TROY, INDIANA.

they discovered a spring of wholesome water, and here accordingly they set about building the log-cabin which was to be their home during many of the coming years.

Young as he was, little Abe had to work in the building of the family home; but he was active and strong for his years, and, above all, willing at all times

in his hand driving his father's team in the field, or from the woods with a heavy draught, or on the rough path to the mill, the store, or the river landing. He was specially an adept at felling trees, and acquired a muscular strength in which he was equalled by few." As a sportsman he was less skilled. A vigorous constitution,



THE LINCOLN HOME IN ILLINOIS.

to exert himself to the utmost. Then the land had to be cleared so that grain might be sown for their common support; and in this arduous labour the boy became early inured to the realities of a pioneer's life, while he gained insensibly a spirit of self-reliance and learned to think lightly of any opposition that might be overcome. The next thirteen years of Abraham Lincoln's life were passed on this spot in working diligently under his father's eye. In 1818, when he was scarcely ten years old, his mother died, and a year or two later his father married again. As the boy grew old enough to take an active part in the labours of cultivation he manfully per-

formed his share of the hard work. He learned to wield the axe and to hold the plough. He became inured to all the duties of seed-time and harvest. "On many a day during every one of those thirteen years, this Kentucky boy might have been seen with a long goad

knowledge that he possessed, and which made him what he afterwards became, he was indebted almost solely to his own unaided exertions. As a youth he read with avidity any instructive work that he could obtain, often poring over books in the winter evenings, when candles were considered too costly a luxury, by the mere light of the blazing hearth-fire. Once, in his eagerness to acquire knowledge, young Lincoln borrowed of a neighbouring settler a copy of Weems' "Life of Washington"—the only one accessible in the district. Before he had done with it, he laid it inadvertently in the window; a rainstorm came on, and the book got so drenched as to be nearly worthless. Grieved at what had happened, the lad took the book to its owner, and, acknowledging his neglect, offered to "work out" the value of the book, not having money enough to pay for it. "Well, Abe," said the owner, "I won't be hard on you. Come over and pull fodder for me for two days, and we will call our accounts even." The offer was accepted, and thus the debt was paid. The anecdote is characteristic, and worth noting as showing the stuff that Lincoln was made of.

Leading a life that must have been half seclusion in the wilds, and reading at the same time of the deeds that make history, it was inevitable that the young man should entertain the desire to see a little more of the world. When he was about nineteen this longing was gratified by an excursion which he made to New Orleans. In order to make the journey, and see the world, he engaged himself as a "flat-boatman," and, as one of a rather rough crew, floated down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and so on to New Orleans. In the voyage he distinguished himself by his great muscular strength and his invariable good-humour.

It was about this period that Lincoln left his home at Gentryville, on one occasion with a drove of hogs to sell at the market town of Troy, on the Ohio (not an easy task—fifteen miles of bad roads, through gully, creek, and forest). After disposing of his stock, he engaged with a Mr. John Taylor to work about his farm and take charge of a ferry-boat that conveyed people or goods across the creek, at a salary of seven dollars per month and his board. He remained there nine months. Our artist had the story from Mr. Taylor's son, who is a respectable man, holding the same farm, and remembers Lincoln well.

The scenes in which Abraham Lincoln passed his youth are thus described in the "Reminiscences of the Hon. O. H. Smith." The sketch presents us with some strange social conditions worth bearing in mind in connection with the after-career of the great statesman. "The whole middle, north, and north-west portions of Indiana were an unbroken wilderness in possession of the Indians. . . . There were no public roads, no bridges over any of the streams. The traveller had literally to swim his way. No cultivated farms, no houses to shelter or feed the weary wayfarer on his jaded horse. The courts of law were held in log huts, and the juries sat under the shade of the forest trees. I was prosecuting attorney at the time of the trials at the falls of Fall Creek, where Pendleton now stands. Four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment which I had prepared upon his knee: there was not a petit-juror that had shoes on—all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side knives used by the hunter. The products of the country consisted of peltries, the wild game killed in the forest by

the Indian hunters, the fish caught in the interior lakes, rivers, and creeks, the pawpaw, wild plum, haws, small berries gathered by the squaws in the woods. The travel was confined to the single horse and his rider, the commerce to the pack-saddle, and the navigation to the Indian canoe. Many a time have I crossed our swollen streams, by day and by night, sometimes swimming my horse, and at others paddling the rude bark canoe of the Indian."

Amidst such surroundings the young Lincoln grew up to the verge of manhood. Trained in habits of sobriety, and accustomed to regular daily labour, he was a worthy example to the working man of his class. By the time he was twenty years old he had become a Saul among his fellows, having reached the height of nearly six feet four inches; and he was as remarkable for his mental shrewdness and moral integrity as for his physical proportions and muscular power.

In the year 1830, Thomas Lincoln, attracted by the reports of the fruitful soil of Illinois, left his home in Indiana and proceeded thither, and, pushing forward to the central part of the State, made choice of a location in the Sangamon valley, about ten miles from the town of Decatur. He was, of course, accompanied by his son, and it was at this settlement that Abraham Lincoln earned for himself the title of "rail-splitter," which clung to him through life, though it does not appear that he ever worked at rail-splitting after his one signal exploit. It being necessary to enclose a piece of land for immediate cultivation, the task was allotted to young Abe, who set about it with his usual vigour, and by the aid of a single assistant accomplished it with unprecedented rapidity, plying the maul and wedge from dawn to dark, and splitting no less than three thousand rails for the purpose.

In 1831 Abraham became of age, and quitting his father, who had now a rising family by his second wife, assumed his independence, and began life on his own account. The elder Lincoln about the same time removed to Coles county in the upper waters of the Kaskaskia, where he finally settled down, and spent the remainder of his life, dying at an advanced age in 1851. While young Lincoln was casting about for any opportunity of earning a living, he fell in with a man who was beating up for a crew to help him in a flat-boat voyage down the Mississippi. Knowing that Lincoln had made such a trip before, the man was anxious to secure his services, and Lincoln, who saw nothing better before him, having no other capital than his labour, and yielding perhaps to his innate preference for exciting adventure, at once accepted the proposal made to him. When he set out to fulfil his engagement, the spring floods had so swollen the streams that the Sangamon country was a vast sea, and he had to reach the place of rendezvous in a canoe. His employer being disappointed in obtaining the boat in which the proposed voyage was to be made, there was nothing left for the party of navigators but to build one—a business which all hands set about without delay and soon brought to a successful conclusion. Then they set forth on their long trip, in the course of which young Lincoln made himself doubly welcome, distinguishing himself not only by his alacrity and personal prowess, but also by constant cheerfulness and a characteristic humour which turned the severest labour into pastime.

After a successful voyage to New Orleans, and a return by the same route, the captain of the expedition, who was about establishing himself in business in New Salem, and who had had a good opportunity of judging of the character of young Lincoln, offered him a post in

the new enterprise in which he was about to embark. The young man accepted the offer without hesitation, and at once became clerk to a store-keeper and miller—keeping a watchful eye upon both departments of the business, and performing his duties with his characteristic thoroughness. He continued in this post about twelve months, when his duties were brought to an abrupt close by the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, in which he at once resolved to bear a part.

The noted "Black Hawk," better known to American than to English readers, was an old chief of the Sac tribe of Indians, who were bound by treaty to remain on the west side of the Mississippi, leaving the land formerly owned by the tribe on the eastern side, to the undisputed possession of the whites. The old warrior, however, had thought fit to repudiate the treaty, and had re-crossed the river with his women and children, and an army of Sac warriors, together with allies from the Kicapoo and Pottawatomie nations. His intention was to take possession of his old hunting-grounds, and re-establish the ancient rights of his tribe. The Indians began operations by plundering the property of the white settlers, destroying their crops, pulling down their fences, driving off and slaughtering their cattle, and ordering the settlers themselves to leave, under penalty of being massacred. The whites, under General Gaines, marched a small force against them, and Black Hawk was driven back and compelled to sue for peace, which was accorded, and again the rights of both parties were settled by treaty. No sooner, however, was the force of the whites withdrawn and disbanded, than Black Hawk and his followers began preparations for fresh hostilities, and in the spring of 1832 again renewed their depredations. The Governor of the State now issued a call for volunteers to protect the settlers: a company was promptly raised in Menard county, in the formation of which young Lincoln was particularly active; and when an efficient force had been organised, he found himself elected to the post of captain—the first promotion he had ever received by the suffrages of his fellows. The little army set forward on its campaign towards the end of April. In the beginning of May they were reinforced by two battalions of mounted volunteers, who shortly afterwards, in a rash engagement with Black Hawk, were put to the rout and fled in panic, after losing eleven of their number. The hardships of the campaign, which for a long time led to no decisive result, sickened most of the volunteers, who, at the end of the month for which they had enlisted, had to be discharged. Lincoln, whose hardy training fitted him for a soldier's duty, cared nothing for the hardships, and he immediately enrolled himself as a private in a new and larger levy which the Governor called into the field.

There is no necessity for detailing the incidents of the war which followed, and which, like most of the border wars with Indians in America, was remarkable chiefly for the savage cruelties practised by the Red men, and the retribution for them exacted by the settlers. Towards the close of July it was brought to an end by a successful onslaught upon the Indians at the bluffs of the Wisconsin, and the subsequent battle of the Bad Axe, where Black Hawk was taken prisoner with his surviving warriors. This second campaign lasted nearly three months, during which time Lincoln performed his duty admirably, and found real enjoyment in the excitements of a soldier's life. It does not appear, however, that he at any time came personally into contact with the enemy; indeed, he himself declares the contrary in one of his congressional speeches delivered during the canvass of 1848, in which he makes a

humorous reference to his own experiences as a soldier. The speech was in answer to the covert sneers of an opponent who affected in an ironical way to compliment him as a military hero. "By the way, Mr. Speaker," said he in 1848, "did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away . . . I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion . . . I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many struggles with the musquitoes; and though I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

I.

THE peoples of every clime in every age have evinced a desire to be recognised by some distinctive insignia. Ancient history furnishes ample evidence of the fact. Indeed, we have biblical authority for asserting that long before the advent of the Christian era it was customary for the members of each sept to acknowledge a peculiar device as the emblem of their clanship. Thus in Numbers (chap. ii. verse 1) we read, "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own *standard*, with the *ensign* of their father's house." *Æschylus*, also, in one of his tragedies, describes, with minute exactness, the designs that were borne by the chiefs who, prior to the Trojan war, besieged Thebes. The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians are known to have used symbolical figures to mark their nationality; the dragon has been the imperial ensign of China from time immemorial; the eagle is identified with the name of Rome; and even the uncultivated Indians tattoo their persons with the same symbols as did the fathers of their tribes.

Flags and banners in the earliest times formed part of the war personnel of every chieftain warrior, and in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, executed by the consort of William the Conqueror, were displayed representations of all the Norman and Saxon military ensigns that were in use in the eleventh century. This piece of royal embroidery is the first known attempt that was made in England at heraldic illustration. In the next two centuries flags became more general, but, being made of very ample dimensions, they were displayed on a species of car, and so conveyed from place to place. In this circumstance originated the name of "car standards," which are often alluded to in history.

It was not until the period of the Crusades that any real advance was made in the art of heraldry. When, however, the soldiers of the West met in the Holy Land with numerous warriors of other nations all clad in armour, it became a matter of policy that every chief should wear some distinctive badge by which he could be recognised. Therefore each baron and knight assumed a distinct device, which, with a little variation, was borne by his followers. Crests were first placed upon the tops of basinet and helmets, then further devices were displayed upon their coats of mail and banners, which insignia were again emblazoned upon the rich surcoats worn by the knights over their armour, and also upon their shields. In this circumstance there is the origin of crests, of shields of armour, and of coats

of armour. During the Crusades the use of flags was strictly defined. In the earlier period the only ensigns used were the portraiture of such then popular personages as St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, and St. John of Beverley. Later, however, the banners were strictly heraldic, and each had its proper signification. The pennon was small in size, and pointed at the end. It was generally fringed with rich gold, and borne immediately below the lance-head of the knight whose personal ensign it was. The devices upon it were the armorial bearings of the owner, which were so displayed that when the weapon was fixed for charging they could be distinctly seen. When a pennon was used that had its points torn off, it indicated that the bearer had been raised on the field of battle to the dignity of a knight-banneret by the king in person. The banner was nearly square, and upon it appeared the coat of arms of the sovereign, prince, baron, or knight-banneret to whom it referred, and which was used by his own retainers and followers, and by all others who, for the time being, were under his command.

In the reign of Henry III the popularity of heraldry greatly increased, and between the years 1272 and 1500 it was treated as a science. It reached its greatest zenith, however, in the reign of Edward III, and during the civil strifes of the Plantagenets it was practically useful. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, heraldry declined, and the heralds of those times meet with but little consideration from those of the present day. Since the commencement of this century, and particularly during the past twenty years, there has been a growing desire to popularise the subject. And this feeling has been greatly increased by the multiplication of those so called "heraldic offices," the proprietors of which offer to find anybody's armorial bearings for a small pecuniary consideration.

Whether or not these "heralds" do their work properly is beyond our province to consider here, though we can assert that they are beginning to make the public to consider as truth the great Lord Justice Coke's remarks that "every gentleman must be *arma gerens*, and the best test of gentle blood is the bearing of arms, which are the most certain proofs and evidences of nobility and gentry." The result is that the love of display has created an additional interest in the subject. Numerous persons have in consequence "found" arms, and thousands use crests to which they have not the remotest right; also being unmindful of the circumstance that by so doing they are liable to be taxed. The cost of engraving arms is, however, so much more than the expense of crests that but comparatively few persons adopt assumptive bearings. A hint to our fair friends here may not be amiss, as we think it well they should know that ladies properly only bear their arms upon a lozenge (in the shape of a diamond), and are not permitted by the laws of heraldry to use crests.

In the present series of papers it is not our intention to give either a history of heraldry, or to describe its technicalities. Our purpose is simply to string together a variety of historical facts and traditions concerning the grants of arms, the origin of mottoes, and cognate subjects. Many of the anecdotes will be found highly entertaining, and cannot fail to show that the study of heraldry is not so dry and uninteresting as is often supposed.

There is no doubt but that in ancient heraldry all insignia were symbolic of some attribute peculiar to the assumer or grantee. Thus, if a man were physically powerful, swift of foot, patient in misfortune, or fierce in demeanour, it is presumed that he selected, as an

emblem of his prowess or peculiarity, an inferior animal, known to be distinguished for the quality desired to be represented. Success in war, or in the chase, also gave rise to a diversity of symbols which would have the requisite signification. If then the head of a family became renowned for honourable superiority, and his excellence was acknowledged by some special badge indicative thereof, it is no wonder that his descendants should wish to perpetuate the achievements of their ancestor. In modern heraldry celebrated naval and military commanders have received grants of arms which minutely set forth their services, but they are of such an elaborate nature that heralds of the old school denounce them as abnormal.

The origin of many crests and coats of arms of a singular character is involved in obscurity, and much matter of historic interest is therefore lost. Traditions of the most romantic character, however, still exist in respect to the armorial insignia of some ancient families. Among these may be mentioned the crest borne by the Fitzgerald family, of which the present Duke of Leinster is the head. It is that of a monkey standing upon its four legs, and environed round the loins with a gold chain. This is said to have had its origin in an incident that befel Thomas, the fifth Earl of Kildare, when he was an infant, A.D. 1261. His father was killed at the battle of Callan; and, on the news arriving at the family seat, all the household became panic-struck, and rushed wildly out of the house, leaving the young earl in his cradle unprotected. During the absence of the servants, a large and favourite ape, or monkey, which was kept upon the premises, stealthily entered the house, removed the child from its cot, and, while in the act of rocking it in its arms in imitation of the nurse's movements, was surprised by a domestic who had returned to watch the infant. The monkey, on finding itself detected, ran away with its precious burden, and, being hotly pursued, escaped to the abbey, the steeple of which it mounted, but still retaining possession of the young earl. The spectators were horrified, and knew not what steps to take to recover the child and to prevent his being killed. For hours they watched, and still the monkey retained his position, grinning at them and rocking the baby. They feared to frighten the animal lest it should drop its charge, and, as a last resource, retired to a distance. When they had dispersed, the monkey, finding the coast clear, descended from its perilous position, leisurely returned home, and deposited in his cradle unhurt the infant earl, who, when he grew up to man's estate, honoured Master Jackey in the manner stated.

The crest borne by the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquess of Abercorn is supposed to have had its origin in a circumstance that occurred to their mutual ancestor, Sir William de Hambleton, A.D. 1325, in which he displayed great presence of mind. The gallant knight having slain in a duel one John de Spenser, fearing that he would not meet with fair justice in England, determined, by flight, to seek safety in Scotland. He was accompanied by a servant who in several ways displayed symptoms of extreme nervousness. The fugitives were for some time hotly pursued, but at last managed to secure shelter in a wood, in which they hoped to avoid detection. While rambling here they found two woodcutters at work. After much parley, and by the offer of a considerable bribe, they induced these men to exchange clothes with them, to lend them their frame-saw, and to leave them for a time by themselves. Scarcely, however, had they donned the rustic habiliments before the emissaries of the law arrived, and interrogated them severely as to whether they had seen aught of the fugitives. They

could tell nothing, and continued their occupation of sawing. The servant, however, lost his composure, and began to display evident signs of trepidation. Sir William, observing this, sternly bade him mind his work, and energetically ordered him to cut "through." The man thus recalled to a sense of his perilous position worked with a right good will, and the officers of justice, not being able to gain any satisfactory information, retraced their steps. On his return to safety, Sir William adopted as his crest an oak tree fructed with gold acorns, and penetrated through the stem transversely by a frame-saw, the blade thereof bearing the word "Through."

The armorial bearings of the Earl of Errol, and even his family name of Hay, are said to have originated from a historical incident. In the reign of Kenneth III of Scotland, A.D. 980, the Danes invaded Perthshire and routed the Scottish troops. The retreat, however, which threatened to be of a most complete nature, was unexpectedly prevented by the intrepidity of an old yeoman and his two sons. These persons, though only armed with yokes, managed, by their bravery and expostulations, to rally the Scotch soldiers and lead them to victory. In the battle the old man was severely wounded; and, on being asked his name, could only incoherently utter the word "Hay." The monarch, as a reward to the victor, gave him substantial pecuniary gifts, and also as much of the royal domain as a falcon, which was then sitting on his hand, should fly over before it alighted. The bird flew six miles, and alighted upon an eminence that is even to the present day styled the "Falconstone." In commemoration of this circumstance, the family of Hay has for centuries past, borne in its armorial bearings, some allusion to the prowess of its rustic ancestor. There are several branches of the family, but the one whose arms are now charged with the greatest number of references to the historical incident is Sir John C. D. Hay, M.P. for Stamford. In the second and third quarters, with other charges, he bears a yoke, and each of his two crests are symbolic. The first is a rock, over which is the motto "Firm;" the second being a falcon rising. The supporters are two men in country habits, the dexter one holding in his hand a ploughshare, and the sinister holding an ox-yoke; while the motto is "Serva jugum" (Preserve the yoke).

The crest borne by the Stanley family, the head of which is the Earl of Derby, is most peculiar, viz., an eagle with wings extended, preying upon a child swaddled in a cradle, placed upon a *chapeau*. There are two versions as to the origin of this device. One is that the head of the Lathom family (from whom Earl Derby is maternally descended), wishing to get rid of a natural child, caused it to be placed in an eagle's nest. The bird, however, instead of killing the infant fed it, a circumstance which so affected the father that he brought up the boy as his acknowledged heir. The other tradition is that, in the reign of Edward III, one Sir Thomas Lathom, having an only daughter, desired an heir; and, having a natural son by one Mary Oskatel, he determined to acknowledge the child. To give a colourable pretext for introducing the boy into his family, he directed that it should be laid at the foot of a rock, where an eagle had built its nest. He then, in company with other persons, went to the locality of the rock, and pretended that he had accidentally discovered the infant. His wife adopted the child, who was subsequently known as Sir Oskatel Lathom. Before his death, however, Sir Thomas revealed the fraud, and left the bulk of his property to his daughter, the wife of Sir John Stanley, whose descendants altered the Lathom crest of an eagle regardant to that previously described.

A bull's scalp, which is the crest of the Cheney family, owes its origin to a peculiar action that is stated to have been performed by an ancestor. Sir John Cheney, an eminent soldier fighting under the banner of Henry of Richmond, at Bosworth, personally encountered King Richard, and was felled to the ground by that monarch, who also laid open the knight's helmet and knocked off the crest. For some time Sir John lay upon the ground stunned and uncared-for. Recovering himself, however, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his own head to supply the loss of his helmet. Thus equipped, he returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service that, on being proclaimed king, Henry assigned to his faithful follower the crest since borne by his descendants.

For services of loyalty not performed on the battlefield many instances of grants of arms are extant. For instance, the Boycotts of Salop bear for their arms three grenades, and for a crest an armed arm casting a grenado. These were assigned by Charles II to Sylvanus Boycott, of Hinton, and his brother Francis, for having manifested their loyalty to his Majesty by sundry services in the times of his great distresses, in the same manner as their father had done to Charles I, by furnishing the army and garrisons with great shot, grenades, and other habiliments of war, and for their prudent deportment in sundry employments of trust, which deserved worthily of their prince and their country. The same monarch, who is not celebrated for acknowledging the claims of his adherents, also granted to Colonel Carlos the following arms, viz., an oak tree on a gold mount, and over these, on a red fesse (or band across the shield), three gold regal crowns, in recognition of the valuable services rendered in assisting him to preserve his life in the celebrated Royal Oak, and facilitating his escape at the battle of Worcester.

Among the curiosities of heraldry may be mentioned the crest borne by the Greenhill family, viz., a red demi-griffin, powdered with thirty-nine mullets (or stars of five pounds) which was granted in 1698 to a Mr. Greenhill, in commemoration of his being the thirty-ninth child of one father and mother. In future papers we shall return to the subject, as one not only of romantic incident but of historical interest.

AMONG THE LAPPS.

II.

AFTER various wanderings, we descended from the Fille Fjeld, and experienced the feelings which the new, the grand, the beautiful in nature can awaken, as we entered into those deep gorges which lead to the Sogne Fjord. This scenery was quite a contrast to the barren plateau of mountain, and even to the wider views of Southern Norway, with its dashing rivers and expanse of dusky firs. Colossal mountains hem in a narrow valley, which at last terminates in the fjord, or inland arm of the sea. It was the middle of June when we arrived at Leirdalsoren. There, from some cause or other, we had an altercation with our postboys in the streets, they doubtless presuming on our ignorance of the *skyds* law, and we on our part expressing the wrong idea with the wrong word. However, a gentleman passed by, and, seeing that we were English, interposed, solved the difficulty, and saw us comfortably settled in the inn. We asked our friend to tea, and obtained much interesting information from him. He informed us that he had a brother who was pastor among the Lapps up in Finmarken, and

who had been nearly murdered, owing to some religious outbreak which had taken place the year before. We were interested in the details, especially as we felt the romance attaching to the unknown; and, as our friend showed his confidence in our national character by a considerable loan to help us on our way to Bergen, we entertained, therefore, a grateful recollection of his services, his loan, and his information. As yet, the class of English who visit Norway for the most part are gentlemen; but we regret to have heard of instances of Englishmen not paying, and thus bringing disgrace on our national character, which stands high in Norway.

Three years afterwards I was travelling with the same two college friends up to the very north of Norway, in the coast steamer, and, as an election for the Storting was going to take place at Hammerfest, we began to get very crowded after leaving Tromsø, for the voters had to go to Hammerfest to vote personally. The member selected was an Englishman, who had long lived at Kaafjord, and had been naturalized, but who was the first instance of an Englishman being returned to sit in the Storting. Amongst other names, I heard that of Pastor Vosslef; and I thought, "Surely that was the name of the gentleman we met three years ago in the Sogne Fjord."

Awaiting an opportunity, I addressed the *prest*: "I believe your name is Vosslef; and, if so, I should be glad to know if you are brother to Herr Vosslef, who told us he had a brother who was *prest* in Finmarken."

"Undoubtedly that is my brother," he replied, in good English. "Did you meet him accidentally in your wanderings?"

"We did; and we are bound to entertain a grateful memory of him, for he was a good Samaritan to us in more ways than one, even to the practical lending us a handsome sum until we could reach our resources at Bergen. But he mentioned to us your adventure with the Lapps; are you the one to whom he alluded as having undergone that fearful ordeal?"

"Yes, I am the one. God be thanked we have survived it! I shall be happy to relate it to you briefly if you care to hear it."

"My parish," he began, "is at Kautskeino, a place now and then visited by English travellers, distant sixteen Norwegian miles from Alten. There are generally a great many Lapps in that neighbourhood who flit on the borders of Sweden or Norway, as the weather guides, the quantity of moss, or the state of the reindeer. Now, over the frontier in Sweden was a clergyman, by name Lestadius. This gentleman seemed more fitted for the Mosaic than for the Christian economy, from the austerity of his manners, and he used to preach very violent and exciting sermons. I need not tell you what is one of the prevailing sins of the Lapps."

"No; I have read of it in books, and perhaps saw glimpses of it when I visited some Lapps three years ago near Röraas. It is a sin which is a national disgrace to Englishmen as well as Laplanders—that sin of drunkenness."

The love of brandy is a great curse to these Arctic "Bushmen;" and, at marriages, fairs, or holiday-making, their reason returns only when the brandy is finished and the intoxication slept off; for, as long as there is any "Finkel," men and women, young and old, vie with each other in getting drunk, and are more like beasts than human creatures.

"Well, then, there was a great deal of drunkenness in his parish among the Lapps, and he was anxious to put down the evil to the best of his ability, and he suc-

ceeded in effecting a considerable outward reformation; but, with this reformation in manners, a great degree of spiritual pride and fanaticism was associated. The converts were urged to become preachers and apostles, whereupon they preached with the greatest violence, urging upon all the necessity of repentance. The contagion spread until it reached the Finns in the Norwegian territory, many of whom also became very fanatical. This was shown more and more by their behaviour. They began to treat their clergy and their superiors with marked insolence—to interrupt the service with howlings and other disturbances, so that broils during Divine service were of frequent occurrence."

"They forgot," I remarked, as the narrator paused, "that whatever may be our judgment as to the truth we hold, or the errors of our neighbours, the wrath of man can never work the righteousness of God."

"I remember well," continued the Norwegian pastor, "how once, in the middle of the service, one of them advanced towards the altar, and from thence cursed the officiating minister and denounced him as a traitor, and a wolf in sheep's clothing, whereupon a scene of great uproar ensued."

"Things went on getting worse and worse, until one morning our servant came running in to us in breathless haste to say that Lapps from the adjoining camp were coming, armed with weapons and intending to fight. They took us quite by surprise; they made an attack on the village, killing two persons, a tradesman and a policeman, and destroying property on all sides. A body of them attacked the parsonage; our resistance was hopeless: the windows were broken, the furniture was smashed, and they made me a prisoner, and, having bound me on the floor, I was, I may say, in immediate expectation of death. They then formed rods of birch boughs and commenced flogging me, which they continued to do more or less the whole day, until my flesh was raw and bleeding, and the room covered with the broken twigs. The only trait of humanity which I am glad to record is that they did not molest my wife, nor actually ill-treat her, on whose account I was in terrible suspense as she was on the eve of her confinement. In this way the miserable day dragged its slow length along; we were comparatively alone in these upland wilds, at the mercy of these fanatics, but one remove from savages; yet, nevertheless, under the protection of God. One of our peasants had made his escape early in the morning, and had gone to a neighbouring settlement to bring succour. But it was not until nightfall that the joyful shout announced that help was at hand. The pillagers hearing the noise, and suspecting that vengeance would ensue, left beating the prisoners and rallied for battle. An indiscriminate *mêlée* then began, which lasted for more than an hour, at the end of which the rioters had lost two or three killed, and several wounded, while the rest were overpowered and secured. In due time they were taken down the valley and tried on the charge of insurrection and murder; one of them was executed, and the rest sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour—some for life, others for a term of years."

"Your brother did not exaggerate when he told me in '53 that you had been nearly murdered by the Lapps in Finmarken, but I little expected to have the pleasure of meeting you and hearing the narrative from your own lips. As regards their views, did you learn any details, so as to be able to refer their conduct to any class of phenomena such as fallen, and especially fanatical, human nature from time to time presents?"

"I fear their character is described in 2 Peter ii. 10," continued he, referring to his Bible: "'But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.'"

"They, like the Anabaptists in Germany, were great adepts at quoting the Old Testament to suit their purposes, and to veil the self-righteous pride of their own bigotry. They forgot that religion must begin in the heart, and subdue every disposition to the law of Christ; that a humble and holy love, and a chastened will, are the brightest fruits of true godliness. They were satisfied with washing the outside of the cup and the platter, laying an undue emphasis on external reformation, as seen in their enforced temperance. Upon this an extraordinary, not to say absurd amount of spiritual pride and egotism developed itself, which, under circumstances less painful, would border on the ludicrous. They assumed to themselves a power in heaven and earth; they declared that they had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, direct from heaven; they were the sons of God, and therefore could sin no more; and I remember that when I was lying bound on the floor, between every stripe of their flogging they asked me, 'Are we the sons of God? Have we the Holy Ghost? Can we sin? Do you admit we are right?' To which I replied that their conduct did not afford any evidence of the truth of their tenets, if it was to be judged by its results and fruits. They then renewed their attack with redoubled vigour, shouting out these questions with a demoniacal wildness. Their further assertion was but a natural step in the path of self-delusion and arrogance. They declared that, having received the Holy Ghost from heaven, they were above the written Word of God, and did not need the Scripture, which they now both disregarded and despised. They paid great attention to the feelings, by which I mean the transient emotions which arise from heated brains and misguided impulses. They said that you must have a personal assurance from Christ himself, or an angel from heaven, of the forgiveness of your sin; and that you must have been present, in body and soul, both in heaven and hell. Those persons who could respond to the above tests of experience were acknowledged as brothers, while the moderate and sincere were branded as heretics and wicked sinners, worthy of vengeance and destruction. Many persons were, from their great fury and perseverance, frightened into compliance with their creed, lest they should have become objects for their vials of wrath."

"Thank you much for your narrative," I replied. "We know that history often reproduces itself in facts of this kind, and that as human nature, so far as its sinfulness goes, is the same everywhere, so its developments under parallel circumstances are often analogous. The setting oneself up above the written Word of God is one of the usual developments of spiritual pride and misguided fanaticism. But I suppose we shall soon reach Hammarfest, where perhaps we shall separate for ever. If so, may the bonds of the Gospel unite us to the great living Head of the Church, that we may meet with joy on the final day of the world's history."

Thus we parted with Pastor Vosslef.

ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

DR. BLANC'S DIARY.

In the "Times of India" has been published a long diary, written by Dr. Blanc, formerly resident surgeon at Massowah, one of the captives of King Theodore.

Like the journal of Mr. Rosenthal, printed in our January part, Dr. Blanc's manuscript is described as a marvel of neatness, exhibiting the utmost patience and care. Paper and ink being scarce at Magdala, the most has been made of a little space, and the writing is close and compressed. We may add that the Abyssinian ink is such that care had to be taken lest it should be rubbed off the paper.

Dr. Blanc's narrative gives an account of the first reception by the King, strangely contrasting with the subsequent treatment of the prisoners.

In a valley between the hills a large body of cavalry, about 20,000 strong, formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, and all bearing the silver shield and the Bitwa, the horses adorned with richly-plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, etc.; all were mounted, some on really noble-looking animals, tribute from the plateaux of Gedjars and the highlands of Shoa. On the left, the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact than its aristocratic *vis-à-vis*. The horses, though on the whole, perhaps, less graceful, were strong and in good condition, and seeing their iron ranks we could well understand how thunder-stricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodoros, at the head of the well-armed and well-mounted band of ruthless followers, suddenly appears among their peaceful homes, and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone. In the centre, opposite to us, stood Ras Engeddah, the prime minister, distinguished from all by his gentlemanly appearance and the great simplicity of his attire. Bareheaded, the shama girded in token of respect, he delivered the imperial message of welcome, translated into Arabic by Samuel, who stood by him, and whose finely-chiselled features and intellectual countenance at once proclaimed his superiority over the ignorant Abyssinian. Compliments delivered, Ras and ourselves mounted, and advanced towards the imperial tents, preceded by the body of mounted grandees, and followed by the cavalry. Arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismounted, and were conducted to a small red flannel tent pitched for our reception on the ascent itself. There we rested for a while, and partook of a slight collation. Towards three o'clock we were informed that the Emperor would receive us; we ascended the hill on foot, escorted by Samuel and several other officers of the imperial household. As soon as we reached the small plateau on the summit, an officer brought us renewed greetings and compliments from his Majesty. We advanced slowly towards the beautiful durbar-tent of red and yellow silk, between a double line of gunners, who, on a signal, fired a salute very creditable to their untaught skill. Arrived at the entrance of the tent, the Emperor again inquired after our health and welfare. Having acknowledged with due respect his courteous inquiries, we advanced towards the throne and delivered into his hands the letter from her Majesty the Queen. The Emperor received it civilly, and told us to sit down on the splendid carpets that covered the ground. The Emperor was seated on an alga, wrapt up to the eyes in a shama—the sign of greatness and of power in Abyssinia. On his right and left stood four of his principal officers, clad in rich and gay silks, and behind him watched one of his trusty familiars holding a double-barrelled pistol in each hand. The king made a few complaints about the European prisoners, and regretted that by their conduct they had interrupted the friendship formerly existing between the two nations. He was happy to see us, and hoped that all would be well again. After a few compliments had been exchanged, on the plea that we must be tired, having come so far, we were allowed to depart.

This was towards the end of January 1867. They travelled with the king, halting at various places, till the captives, whose freedom they had come to ask, were sent for. They arrived on the 16th of March at Zagay.

On the 17th we received a message from his Majesty, telling us to go to him, as he desired to try before us the Europeans who had, he said, formerly insulted him. As soon as we approached, his Majesty rose and saluted us—received us, in short, as if we were still his honoured guests, and not the heralds from a great Power he had recently so grossly insulted. We were told to sit down. A few minutes of silence followed, and we saw advancing from an outer gate our countrymen, guarded as criminals, and chained two by two. They were

arranged in a line in front of his Majesty, who, after observing them for a few seconds, "kindly" inquired after their health, and how they had spent their time. The captives acknowledged these compliments by repeatedly kissing the ground before the King, who all the time grinned in delight at the sight of the misery and humiliation of his victims. The Emperor's pedigree was first read; from Adam to David all went on smoothly enough; from Solomon's supposed son Messilek to Socinius few names were given, but perhaps they were patriarchs in their own way; but when it came to Theodorus's father and mother the difficulty increased—indeed, became serious; many witnesses were brought forward to testify to their royal descent, and even the opinion of the puppet Emperor Saharius was recorded in favour of Theodorus's legal right to the throne of his ancestors. After that the trial of the captives began. These unfortunate and injured men answered with all humility and meekness, and endeavoured by so doing to avert the wrath of the wretch in whose power they were. Their trial ended, we were called forward, and, in conclusion, his Majesty said, addressing himself to us, "Wherever I go, you will go; wherever I stay, you will stay." On that we were dismissed to our tents, and Captain Cameron was allowed to accompany us. The other Europeans, still in chains, were sent to another part of the camp, where several weeks before a fence had been erected, no one knew why. The following day we were again called before his Majesty, but this time it was quite a private affair. The prisoners were brought in; the Emperor bowed his head to the ground, and begged their pardon; they asked for his. The reconciliation effected, the Emperor dictated a letter for our Queen, and Mr. Flad was selected to convey it. The audience over, the prisoners were brought to our tents and their chains opened. We then all had our tents pitched into a large enclosure fenced that very morning, under his Majesty's supervision. We were once more all mixed, but this time all prisoners. Flad left; we expected that his mission would be successful, and that England, disgusted with so much treachery, would not condescend to treat further, but enforce her commands.

As the summer wore on, the king again commenced to ill-treat his guests. He had heard, or pretended to have heard, that the Turks were making a railway in the Soudan, to attack his country along with the English. He was angry with Mr. Rassam for not having told him of this.

On the 3rd of July an official brought us the Imperial compliments, and stated that his Majesty was coming to inspect the works, and that I might present myself before him. I went at once to the foundry, and on the road I met two of the Gaffat workmen also proceeding there. A little incident then occurred, which was followed by serious consequences. We met his Majesty near the foundry, riding ahead of his escort; he asked us how we were; and we all bowed and took off our hats. As he passed along, the two Europeans with whom I walked covered themselves, but, aware how touchy his Majesty was on all points of etiquette, I kept my head uncovered, though the sun was hot and fierce. Arrived at the foundry, his Majesty again greeted me cordially; examined for a few minutes the drawing of a gun his workmen proposed to cast for him, and then left, all of us following. In the courtyard he passed close to Mr. Rosenthal, who did not bow, as his Majesty took no notice of him. As soon as he issued from the foundry fence a poor old beggar asked for alms, saying, "My lords (gaitosh) the Europeans have always been kind to me; oh! my King, you also relieve my distress!" His Majesty on hearing the expression "lord" applied to his workmen got into a fearful passion. "How dare you call any one 'lord' but myself? beat him, beat him by my death." Two of the executioners at once rushed upon him, and began beating him with their long sticks, his Majesty all the while exclaiming, "Beat him, beat him by my death." The poor old cripple at first, in heartrending terms, implored for mercy, but his voice grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes more there lay his helpless corpse, that none dare remove or pray for. The laughing hyenas that night caroused undisturbed on his abandoned remains. Theodorus's rage was by no means abated by this act of cruelty; he advanced a few steps, stopped, turned his lance in its rest, looking around, the very image of ungovernable fury. His eyes fell upon Mr. Rosenthal—"Seize him!" cried he. Immediately several soldiers rushed forward to obey the imperial command, "Seize the man they call an akim." Instantly a dozen ruffians pounced upon me, and I was held fast by the arms, coat, trousers—by every place that afforded a grip.

He then addressed himself to Mr. Rosenthal: "You donkey, why did you call me the son of a poor woman? Why did you abuse me?" Mr. Rosenthal said, "If I have offended your Majesty, I beg for pardon." All the while his Majesty was shaking his lance in a threatening manner, and every minute I expected that he would throw it. Fortunately for us both he turned towards his European workmen, and abused them in no measured terms: "You slaves! have I not bought you with money? Who are you that you dare call yourselves 'lords'? Take care!" Then, addressing the two I had met on the road, he said: "You are proud, are you? Slaves! women! rotten donkeys! you cover your head in my presence; did you not see me? Did not the akim keep his head uncovered? Poor men that I have made rich!" He then turned towards me, and, seeing me held by a dozen soldiers, he cried out, "Let him go. Bring him before me." All drew back except one, who conducted me to a few feet from the Emperor. He then told Mr. Schange to translate what he was going to say: "You, akim, are my friend. I have nothing against you, but others have abused me, and you must come up with me to witness their trial." He then ordered Cantiba Hailo to give me his mule. He then mounted, I and Mr. Rosenthal following, the latter on foot, dragged the whole way by the soldiers who had first seized him. As soon as we reached Debra Tabor the King sent word to Mr. Rassam to come out with the other Europeans, as he had something to tell him. The King sat upon a rock about twenty yards in front of us; between him and ourselves stood a few of his high officers, and behind us a deep line of soldiers. He was still angry, breaking the edges of the rock with the butt-end of his lance, and spitting constantly between his words. He at once addressed himself to the Rev. Mr. Stern, and asked him, "Was it as a Christian, a heathen, or a Jew, that you abused me? Tell me where you find in the Bible that a Christian ought to abuse? When you wrote your book, by whose authority did you do it? Those who abused me to you, were they my enemies or yours? Who was it told you evil things concerning me?" etc. He then asked Mr. Rassam whether he knew or not that Jerusalem belonged to him, and the Abyssinian convent there had been seized by the Turks; that, being a descendant of Constantine and Alexander the Great, India and Arabia belonged to him? He put many foolish questions, and of the same kind. At last he said to Samuel, who was interpreting, "What have you to say if I chain your friends?" "Nothing," replied Samuel; "are you not the master?" Chains had been brought, but the answer somewhat pacified him. He then addressed one of his chiefs, saying, "Can you watch these people in the tent?" The other, who knew his answer, replied, "Your Majesty, the house would be better." On that he gave orders for our baggage to be conveyed from the black tent to a house contiguous to his own; and we were told to go.

The King sent us several messages. Mr. Rassam took advantage of the circumstance to complain bitterly of the unfair treatment inflicted upon us. His Majesty sent back word: "If I treat you well or not, it is the same; my enemies will always say that I have ill-treated you, so it does not matter." A little later we were rather startled by a message from his Majesty informing us that he could not rest before comforting his friend, and that he would come and see us. Amongst other things, he said, "My father was mad, and though people often say that I am mad also, I never would believe it; but now I know it is true." Mr. Rassam answered, "Pray do not say such a thing." His Majesty replied, "Yes, yes, I am mad!" Shortly before leaving he said, "Do not look at my face or take heed of my words when I speak to you before my people, but look at my heart; I have an object." As he returned he gave orders to the guards to withdraw outside, and not to inconvenience us. Though we have seen him since then once or twice, at a distance, it is the last time we conversed with him.

Theodorus is described as "about forty-eight years of age, darker than many of his countrymen; his black eyes are slightly depressed, the nose straight, the mouth large, the lips small; he is well knit, a splendid horseman, excels in the use of the spear, and on foot will tire his hardest followers. When in good humour the expression of his face is pleasing, his smile attractive, his manners courteous, really kingly; but when in anger his aspect is frightful, his black face acquires an ashy hue, his eyes are blood-shot and fierce, and his whole deportment is that of savage and ungovernable fury."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"STUPID WOMAN! IS THAT THE WAY YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO READ?"

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XII.—EXCITEMENT IN THE VILLAGE OF ST. DAVID.

MR. ASTON received a prompt and favourable reply to his letter. Mr. Sinclair stated that Cliff Cottage, which was the name of the dwelling to which Mr. Aston had alluded, might be engaged either for a few months or for a term of years, and that a few days would suffice to put it in perfect repair. Furniture, as Mr. Aston had said, could be easily procured from Falmouth, and though the engagement of suitable servants might be a somewhat difficult

matter, he (the rector) would use his best endeavours to procure the servants who would be required.

The rector and his niece both expressed their delight at the prospect of seeing Mr. Aston at St. David again, and invited him to come down forthwith and take up his abode in his old quarters at the Rectory, until the repairs going forward at the cottage were completed.

It was a stirring time at St. David. A very small matter suffices to create an excitement among the inhabitants of a secluded country village, and day after day, from dawn to nightfall, all the idlers and children of the village congregated around Cliff Cottage, and watched the

workmen as eagerly as if their own comfort and convenience depended upon the result of the various alterations and improvements that were being made.

Immediately after he had received Mr. Aston's letter Mr. Sinclair had sent directions to various tradesmen and shopkeepers at Falmouth, to commence and complete with all possible despatch the necessary repairs and alterations required at the cottage; and as the new tenant had declared that the cost was a matter of no consequence to him, these tradesmen and their *employés* were at work, busy as bees, from daylight until dark. Miss Wardour had been requested, and had promised to superintend the interior arrangements of the cottage, and the Falmouth upholsterers had received a *carte blanche* from Mr. Aston to furnish the rooms in suitable style, from cellars to attics, under the young lady's directions, without regard to expense. Gardeners were engaged to put the long-neglected gardens and shrubberies into perfect order; and the rector and Doctor Pendriggen, and even the new curate, Mr. Sharpe, each and all glad of some little change from the ordinarily quiet routine of their daily duties, occupied themselves in superintending the work, and were continually contradicting each other and themselves, and sometimes almost driving the gardener and his assistants frantic with their impracticable suggestions.

At this period Mary Talbot had been settled at St. David some five or six weeks, and had already won the respect and esteem of the rector and his friends.

With the exception of Doctor Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe, there were no residents within the parish of St. David who were on terms of intimacy with the rector and his niece, the great body of the population consisting of poor farmers and poorer fishermen and their wives and families—good, honest folk in their way, but not of a class with whom persons of education and refinement could mingle on terms of social equality.

Nor were there any resident gentry in the immediate neighbourhood of St. David. Sir Charles Meldrum, an old Cornish baronet, and his lady and family, were, in fact, the only visitors from beyond the limits of the parish who ever made their appearance at the Rectory, and their visits were only paid at long intervals.

Meldrum Abbey, the seat of Sir Charles Meldrum, was ten miles distant from St. David, in the adjoining parish of St. Colomb, and usually the family came down from London to spend a month or two of the autumn at their seat in Cornwall.

On these occasions Miss Wardour was in the habit of passing a week or two at the Abbey with Lady Meldrum and her daughter, and during their stay the family generally came over to St. David, and spent a few days with the rector and his niece. At all other times Miss Wardour was absolutely isolated from the society of young persons of her own sex and age, and as it sometimes happened that the baronet and his family missed their usual visit to the Abbey, the young lady was on these occasions deprived of the holiday to which she had looked forward for months with eager anticipation.

It may therefore be readily imagined that while Mary Talbot was regarded by the rector and Doctor Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe as an acquisition to the society of the little village, she was especially welcome to Miss Wardour, and that the two young ladies soon became intimate friends.

In his own parish Mr. Sinclair reigned paramount; and it would be well if every country parish in England were presided over by an autocrat of equal goodness and benevolence. Nevertheless, many of the clergy of the adjacent parishes smiled at what they termed the

Arcadian schemes of the worthy rector; and when they heard that he had engaged a young person of superior education to superintend his schools, they predicted the failure of his plans, as they had previously predicted the failure of various other philanthropic projects, which, however, had generally proved successful.

Even Doctor Pendriggen, who had a blunt habit of speaking his mind freely (acquired, probably, during his service on shipboard), which was apt to give offence to strangers, but which was tolerated and laughed at by those who knew his sterling qualities—even Doctor Pendriggen, I repeat, expressed his opinion to the rector that his present scheme was only calculated to turn the heads of the village girls, and render them unfit for the humble duties of their station.

The doctor was opposed to what he termed the over-education of the working classes.

"Teach them to read, and to write their names, and sum up their daily household expenses," he said, "and that's quite enough for girls whose lot it is to become the wives of farm labourers and fishermen. I don't know that it isn't too much. Their mothers and grandmothers got along without any education at all.

"Do tell me," he went on, "what this young lady whom you have engaged is to do? Is she to teach our rude honest fisher-girls fine ladyism, to teach them to dress smart, and waste their time in idleness, and scorn their humble homes, and rough, uneducated husbands—if they can find any honest hardworking men so foolish as to marry them?"

"On the contrary, my dear doctor," replied Mr. Sinclair, with a smile at the bluntness of his friend's speech, "I hope they will be taught *not* to waste their time in idleness, but to dress neatly, and to make the most of their humble homes, and to render their husbands happy and content with the comforts they can find at home, and thus keep them from spending their evenings in the alehouse. I hope," he continued, "that the new governess will instruct them by precept and example in those duties which are not generally taught within the walls of a school-room; and for that purpose I have engaged her. I have no fear of the result of the educational movement which is just beginning to make itself manifest in our land. I only regret that it has been so long delayed. I am aware that it is feared by many; but so has been every progressive movement from the earliest ages. Education, however humble, is a species of riches beyond the reach of misfortune. It cannot make itself wings and fly away from its possessor, and in my opinion, if it be properly imparted, so far from inducing the poor and lowly to neglect the rude yet necessary duties of humble life, it will lead them to strive to perform these duties more perfectly. I intend the young lady whom I have now engaged to teach the poor farm and village girls how to carry the instruction they receive at school into their homes, to teach them that their education need not and should not be ended when they quit school; and that intellectual culture is not incompatible with honest, humble labour.

"Moreover, Miss Talbot will be of great assistance to Miss Wardour in those parish duties which properly appertain to the clergyman's wife, but which, as I am not a married man, my niece has latterly undertaken to perform; and so far I am well satisfied with her zeal and ability."

"If your plan were generally followed," replied Doctor Pendriggen—partially convinced that the rector was right, yet unwilling to acknowledge that such was the case—"we should soon find none willing to be servants or to occupy menial situations. All would

want to be masters and mistresses, and society would become disorganised."

"I anticipate no such unhappy result," continued the rector. "The progress of one class of society necessitates the progress of all classes. I anticipate, therefore, no such social convulsion as you and others pretend to dread. At all events, I shall strive to do my duty to the utmost of my power, and shall endeavour to promote the temporal comfort and happiness, as well as the spiritual welfare of the people committed to my charge."

"Of that I am convinced," replied the doctor. "I may, and do sometimes, differ in opinion from you; but I know that your chief object in life is to benefit others, and that, from the happiness you diffuse around you, you derive your own greatest pleasure."

This conversation occurred very shortly after Mary Talbot's arrival at St. David, and before many more weeks had elapsed, Doctor Pendriggen, as was usual with him in the end, confessed to a change of opinion, and acknowledged that the new governess was likely to prove something more than a mere acquisition to the society of the village.

Mr. Sharpe had admired the young lady from the moment of his first introduction to her, and the people of the village thought well of her, though they generally thought her too young and too ladylike for a "school-missus."

The children of the schools, however, soon became very fond of their new teacher; and perhaps the only persons in the village who did not regard Mary with favour, were the two village schoolmistresses who had the immediate charge of the children, and who were naturally jealous of any interference with their authority, and unable to perceive the object of the rector in placing a governess over them.

Miss Wardour was glad to call Mary to her assistance when she took upon herself the task of superintending the furnishing and interior decoration of Cliff Cottage; and for more than a week the two young ladies were somewhat neglectful of their proper duties, while busily occupied in visiting half the shops of Falmouth, and in choosing carpets and curtains, and linen and crockery ware, and cooking materials, and all the various paraphernalia essential to a widower's, or bachelor's household.

As a matter of course, while thus occupied their conversation frequently turned upon the individual whose anticipated arrival had created such a stir in the usually quiet village, and whom Mary Talbot had never seen.

"We really know very little respecting this gentleman, my dear," said Miss Wardour one day, in response to Mary's inquiries, "though he was my uncle's guest for several weeks. He was shipwrecked on the coast, in the bay yonder, where, up to a few weeks since, portions of the wreck of the vessel in which he was a passenger were still to be seen at low tides.

"He suffered some injury from the wreck, and my uncle invited him to the Rectory rather than he should remain in the 'public'—the only accommodation for strangers that our village affords. He remained with us until he was able to travel, and we found him to be a very gentleman-like, intelligent man, though somewhat eccentric in his manner. When he set out for London he promised to write to us; but we heard nothing of or from him until the other day, when he wrote to say that he had met with some disappointment in searching after his friends or relatives; that he had been ill, and that, as he had been recommended by the doctor who attended him, to take up his residence on the sea coast, he proposed to occupy Cliff Cottage for a season, if it

were still untenanted. I presume he will be here in the course of another week; and now you know almost as much of Mr. Aston as any of us do."

"But what sort of person is he? Is he a young man? Is he rich? And what is he?"

"Four questions at once, my dear," said Miss Wardour, with a smile. "Well, I will reply to them to the best of my ability. He is certainly not a young man, neither is he *un beau garçon* for his years—for which I like him all the better. Still, he is evidently a gentleman, and I believe that he is a rich man. Indeed he showed my uncle several letters from a banker in London respecting the investment of his money, which afforded proof that he is the possessor of considerable wealth. Furthermore, he is an Englishman by birth, who has travelled far and wide, and has resided many years in America, where he married, and where his wife died. He is now a widower, with a grown-up son and daughter who are in America. As to what profession he follows, or has followed, or whence he has derived his wealth, I know no more than you. And now I think I have replied to the best of my ability to all your questions."

"What brought him to England?"

"You are really very inquisitive respecting this gentleman, my dear," replied Miss Wardour smilingly. "If he were a younger man I should not know what to think. Perhaps I might be jealous. But, joking apart, you ask more than I can answer. My uncle suspects that he has come to look after some property of which he has been deprived, or after some relatives or friends. But he was exceedingly reticent while with us respecting the object of his visit to England, though he was communicative enough on all other matters. You have not any relation of whom you have not heard for half a century, who might turn up and bequeath you a fortune, have you?"

"Indeed no," replied Mary, smiling at the idea. "My relations, both on my father and mother's side, are, I believe, all dead long ago. I have no relatives living, to my knowledge, excepting some distant cousins who would not care to acknowledge me in my present humble condition, and whom I do not care to know. So you see I have no other reason than mere curiosity in asking for information about this gentleman."

"Here is Langley's shop," said Miss Wardour; and the young ladies entered a linen draper's shop in the High Street of Falmouth, and were soon deeply engaged in selecting and matching patterns for blinds, window-curtains, etc., etc.; complaining the while of the irksomeness of the task of selecting and purchasing goods for another person, who might not be satisfied with their purchases, yet withal feeling a pleasurable excitement in the occupation of shopping, even though the goods they purchased were not for themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.—MR. ASTON LISTENS TO READINGS.

WHEN at length Mr. Aston arrived at St. David his friends found a great alteration in his appearance. He had never entirely recovered from the effects of the injuries he had sustained at the time of the wreck of the Powhattan; and the anxious, hurried life he had since led, the disappointments he had met with in his search after his lost relatives, and the long journey he had undertaken, from London to Cornwall, just after having risen from a sick-bed, at a time when travelling was neither so speedy nor so comfortable as it is at the present day, had told severely upon him. His medical advisers, when they recommended a sojourn by the seaside, had had no idea that he intended to travel farther than Ramsgate or Brighton, and he reached St. David

so completely exhausted that it was apparent to his friends that if he did not take great care of himself he would soon be again under the doctor's hands.

They advised him to keep himself perfectly quiet at the Rectory for a few days, until he had quite recovered from the fatigues of his journey. He, however, was not the man to heed such advice. Moreover, he was impatient to take possession of his new residence, with which he was perfectly delighted, and, despite the warning of his friends and the protestations of the doctor, he insisted upon removing to the cottage before the newly-repaired dwelling was thoroughly aired. The result was that he was attacked with acute rheumatism, and again confined to his bed.

Unused to confinement—for, until his return to England, he had never had a day's serious illness since his boyhood—he was a most intractable and refractory patient. Accustomed from the days of his childhood to a life of active exertion, he could not endure quietude and repose, and as he was forbidden, and indeed was unable to exert himself in any way, and was prohibited even from reading, time hung heavily and wearily upon his hands, and the man and two female servants, whom Mr. Sinclair had succeeded in engaging for him, had a hard time of it for a while with their new master.

Mr. Sinclair and his curate, and Doctor Pendriggen, of course visited him daily; but the visits of these gentlemen filled up but a small space in the long hours of daylight, and idle hours by day brought restless, sleepless nights, which tended to prolong the disease from which he suffered. At length, however, the doctor pronounced him convalescent. He was permitted to sit up, or recline upon the sofa in the parlour; but still, books were forbidden him, and, except by reading, his condition precluded any method of occupying his time.

The doctor suggested that he might engage one of the village school-girls to read to him.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the invalid, "I'll have no snivelling school-girl to sing-song to me. That would be worse than the purgatory I suffer."

"Our new governess, or Miss Wardour, would certainly be better adapted to the task," replied the doctor; "but it would not be exactly the thing for either of them to do, even if they were willing."

"I don't want any one to trouble themselves about me," answered the invalid, petulantly; and with this the doctor took his departure. But he had no sooner gone than Mr. Aston, in spite of the restrictions laid upon him, hobbled to the book-shelves, selected a book, and began to read. Very soon, however, he found his head begin to ache, and his eyes to grow dim; the letters seemed to swim before him, and in a rage he flung the book from him, and endangered a relapse through the passion into which he worked himself.

The next day Mr. Sinclair called at the cottage and was admitted by the man-servant.

"How is your master?" he inquired of the man.

"He's in a worsor tantrum than ever, I think, sir," replied the servant. "He be in the parlour 'long with the housekeeper."

The rector, who was accustomed to announce himself, stepped towards the parlour, but he stopped short outside the door on hearing the voice of the invalid raised in high altercation.

"You stupid woman!" cried the sick man. "Is that the way in which you have been taught to read?"

"Please sur, aw wun't read at a' never no more," replied the housekeeper; and as she was about to leave the room Mr. Sinclair entered, and inquired after the health of the invalid.

"I'm getting better, if I'm to believe what the doctor says," replied Mr. Aston; "but I'm bored out of my life by the stupidity of the servants." And as he spoke he looked earnestly at his visitor, as if ashamed that the rector had heard his angry voice.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Sinclair," he presently continued. "I'm glad to see you. It's really a charity on your part to call upon a poor querulous invalid like me. Upon my word I think Pendriggen is trying to drive me mad. Here I sit the livelong day, listening to the roar of the sea, like a captive in his dungeon, with nothing whatever to employ my time. I've been trying to get old Margery to read to me, but I'd as soon listen to a cat squalling. I asked Thomas whether he could play chess, and the fellow didn't know what I meant. He said he used to play 'cris-crass' when he were at schule, if that were it—the idiot!"

"Do *you* play chess?" inquired Mr. Sinclair. "I am very fond of a game at chess, and neither the doctor nor Mr. Sharpe can play the game. My niece plays a little, but it's too serious a game for her. I should be glad to meet an able antagonist, and I shall be very happy to play a game some evening with you, if it will be any pleasure to you."

"No!—would you indeed, though?" exclaimed the invalid, brightening up.

"I shall, really. You *must* be weary with sitting here so many long hours alone, with no one to amuse you or converse with you. Mr. Sharpe, I am sure, will be happy to visit you now and then; and Miss Wardour will call and see you, now that you are able to sit up. I'll tell her, and ask her to bring our new governess along with her. You haven't seen the young lady yet, I think, though you are indebted to her taste as well as to my niece's for the arrangement of your rooms. I'm sure you'll be pleased with her. She reads charmingly too, and I'm sure both Miss Wardour and she will be glad to read to you now and then, if you wish it."

"Doctor Pendriggen was speaking about the new governess yesterday," replied Mr. Aston, who did not seem to entertain the idea that a village school teacher would be a very desirable acquaintance. "Have you changed your schoolmistresses since I have been absent?"

"Oh no. This is a young lady whom I have engaged to *superintend* the schools, and to be a companion and assistant to my niece, who has really more to do than she is able to attend to."

"What is the young lady's name?"

"Talbot—Miss Mary Talbot."

"Talbot! Mary Talbot!" repeated Mr. Aston, starting with surprise.

"You know some person of that name?" inquired the rector, remarking the manner of the invalid.

"I have met with some Talbots," replied Mr. Aston, endeavouring to conceal the agitation the mention of the name had caused.

"Talbot is a good name for a village school governess to bear," he added.

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair, smilingly; "but we sometimes meet with Howards, and Percys, and Cavendishes among the lowest grades of society. However, Miss Talbot is a lady by birth and education. Both her parents, as I have learnt from a friend—for the young lady never boasts of her family connections—belonged to highly respectable families. Her father was formerly in the navy, and was lost at sea not very long since—in the same gale, in fact, during which you were shipwrecked—while in command of an East Indiaman. The family were reduced to poverty through his loss; the

widow died shortly afterwards, and Miss Talbot—very properly—determined to earn her livelihood by her own exertions, rather than be dependent on the benevolence or charity of others.”

“Her parents are both dead, then? Has she brothers and sisters?”

“One brother only—younger than herself.”

“She is young, I suppose?”

“About twenty or twenty-one years of age.”

“Poor thing! Hers must be an interesting story. I should very much like to see her. You will ask Miss Wardour to visit me, if she will so far favour a crusty old invalid; and tell her to bring this young governess with her.”

“I will,” returned Mr. Sinclair; “and I think I may promise that you shall receive a visit from both the young ladies to-morrow.”

“And don’t forget the game at chess.”

“Certainly not. You may expect me to-morrow evening. So prepare for defeat. I rather pride myself upon my skill at chess.”

Shortly after this Mr. Sinclair took his leave.

“Can it be possible that this young governess is Mary’s child?” soliloquised Mr. Aston, as soon as he was left alone. “It will be strange indeed if, after all my vain researches throughout Great Britain, I should find a niece in this secluded village. All that Mr. Sinclair has told me tends to confirm the suspicion that this young girl is the daughter of Lieutenant Talbot. The name is not a common one, and her father was a sailor. I must see the girl; and if she be indeed my niece, I will not yet make myself known to her. I will watch over her; and, if she be worthy of my regard, I will declare myself to be her uncle, and raise her from poverty to her proper position in society. Yet, if this girl be my niece, my sister is dead. Poor, poor Mary!”

Long after Mr. Sinclair had left him, Mr. Aston sat silently recalling the memories of the past; and that evening the servants of the household found a great change in the demeanour of their master. He was kind, and even gentle in his manner towards them; and they began to fear that the change betokened evil, and that he was going to die.

Many a story was told in the kitchen of Cliff Cottage that evening, of the sudden changes that had come over people who had been forewarned that their death was at hand, and the housekeeper declared that she would not be surprised if her master was found dead in his bed in the morning.

“Yet, arter a’,” she added, “we may be a troublin’ ourselves for nought. T’ rector heerd maister grum-pin’ at me t’ morn, and aw shouldn’t wonder if his reverence ha’ gin him a bit o’ lecture about it.”

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

“Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.”

COWPER.

II.—NEWSPAPER MAGIC AND MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

WHEN Cowper, from the snug Olney parlour, so heartily proclaimed the pleasure of contemplating the world at a distance, and peeping at it through the loopholes of retreat, he had that world’s epitome of news spread before him. It was in his day a modest “folio of four pages,” which had just been brought to him by the

“herald of a noisy world,” the postman, who is even now to be seen in country districts, in form and appearance not much altered from the “light-hearted wretch” who twanged his horn within hearing of the poet of “The Task.” But how changed is that newspaper which he carries and delivers! No longer is it a “happy work, which not even critics criticise;” for its contents are conned over and discussed with the most searching criticism, and now and then provide fruitful subjects for legal trials. But while it has grown far beyond the modest dimensions that it bore when Cowper welcomed it to his snug retreat, it has correspondingly increased and improved in all other particulars; becoming a leviathan in power as well as shape; gathering its information from a wider source; producing it in a far more intelligent manner; and disseminating it at a cheaper rate and with wondrous mechanism.

When Cowper received that modest sheet, where-with, as he read it aloud, he held “inquisitive attention fast bound in chains of silence,” there were barely, in all England, so many as sixty newspapers. But now, there are more than two hundred metropolitan and upwards of a thousand provincial newspapers published each week. They penetrate into every district throughout the length and breadth of the land; they largely influence the public mind, and thereby shape the course of public events; and they unquestionably exercise an important bearing on national education. The newspaper is the only modern production of literature that is read by thousands of Englishmen, especially in rural districts. And to meet their demands, if not to satisfy their wants, and to instruct them as to their neighbours’ doings, there are few villages at the present day, whose noteworthy events are not chronicled in the columns of a local newspaper. This paper, although published in the nearest county town, has, probably, the half of its contents printed in London; for by this method—which supplies similar sheets to a dozen or twenty different towns—the country proprietor is enabled to purchase, at a cheap rate, reams of London prepared journals, the blank half of which he can fill up with local news and advertisements, and sell for a penny a copy, to the mutual advantage of himself and the dwellers in his district.

The specimen of miscellaneous news, criticism, and information that he is thus enabled to set before his purchasers, is undoubtedly a vast improvement on “th’ important budget” of Cowper’s time. Every rustic who can spell the words of his penny paper is now enabled, by its magic power, to peep through the loopholes of retreat and see how the great world is stirring, and how it fared with far distant nations only a day or two before he handled that precious pennyworth of news. Sitting snugly by his own fireside, and reacting, in however distant a degree, the parlour scene at Olney, he cons the sheet of print, on which, with such wondrous skill, enterprise, and intelligence, the “map of busy life” is brought before him. And when upon that map he meets with the name of Abyssinia, although he may know no more of its geographical position than did the cultivated gentleman mentioned by Mr. Lowe, and though he may never have heard of Rasselas, Father Lobo, Prester John, or even of Bruce the traveller, yet that printed sheet makes him acquainted, through its epitome and digest of news, with what Beke and Baker, Parkyns and Dufton, and others since them have told us concerning that remarkable country and its still more remarkable people. He reads of King Theodore and the captives, and the onward march of Britain’s army, and the footing thereby gained for planting among

those nations something more than the flag of conquest, and opening a way for Christian work and civilisation. But "the sound of war has lost its terrors ere it reaches" him; it "grieves, but alarms" him not; for there he is, safe at home, and only taking peeps through the loopholes of retreat at the far-distant arena of strife. Newspaper magic brings it all before him, and then, with a turn of its kaleidoscope, takes him from the din of war to the hum of peace, and gives him peeps at those other varying sights and scenes nearer home that contribute their individual items to constitute the "stir of the great Babel." He roams from Abyssinia to the English House of Parliament, to the record of "the grand debate, the popular harangue, the tart reply;" he wanders from the labyrinth in which he meets the Emperor of the French, the Pope, and Garibaldi, into those stiller scenes where Christian charity walks calmly on, scattering with a liberal hand gifts to the destitute poor at home, to the colliery widows and orphans, or, reaching across the sea, to the sufferers from the West-Indian hurricane. He travels on and "oft turns aside," now to election news and the enfranchisement of working men; now to Fenian murders and riots, or those outrages by London roughs, garotters and street wolves, that make Charles Lamb's "sweet security of streets" a thing of the Elian past. Now he turns to exposures of workhouse mismanagement; now, to a wail at the high prices of provision; now, to a full report of a cabinet minister's great speech on education; and then, before he has time to pause and reflect how the circles of knowledge are widening and spreading on the great lake of life, he suddenly stumbles on a paragraph headed by the word "Witchcraft."

Surely this must be a heading that is quite out of place, or inserted by mistake, or as a quotation. Alas! no. In the very newspaper which announced the resolutions to be moved by Lord John Russell on the education of the people—the great question of the day—there appeared a saddening narrative of the belief in witchcraft! The more notable was this strange narrative from its occurring in Shakespeare's town; and it was brought to light at the last Warwick Assizes.

It was so recently as the 9th of last November, 1867, that a man named John Davis, living in Stratford-upon-Avon, was committed to gaol to take his trial at the ensuing Warwick Assizes, because he carried out his belief in witchcraft. Day after day, not only he, but his wife and children—as, indeed, they one and all alleged—were tormented by evil spirits, who visited them in the sunlight as well as in the darkness, and tossed them to and fro in the air, and played with them such fantastic tricks as made them unable to sleep or to take a moment's ease. And so, in such an astounding state of things, it had dawned on such intellects as they possessed, that nothing could free them from the persecution of these spirits unless the charm was broken by drawing blood from the witch who had laid them under such spells. But who was the witch? who, but their near neighbour, Jane Ward. Whereupon John Davis lies in wait for her, springs upon her, and, while he holds her fast, takes his knife and inflicts upon her cheek "a frightful gash, full three inches long," which, as a matter of course, "draws blood." This is all that he requires. The "spell is broken," and both he and the various members of his family profess to be "relieved," and even tell that ruthless policeman, who pays them a visit on the morrow, that "they had all slept well and undisturbed, which they had not done while the witch was left unexorcised." But the Stratford-upon-Avon magistrates, not being framed in the Dog-

berry or Justice Shallow moulds, were unable to look upon the occurrence in this happy light, and sent John Davis to the county gaol, where he would have the leisure to ponder on the disadvantage of being behind his neighbours in the march of civilisation.

This leisure time has been extended to eighteen months with hard labour, the sentence accorded at the Warwick Assizes by the judge, who told the prisoner that, had it not been for his previous good character, he would most certainly have been sentenced to penal servitude. Another Warwickshire case of pretension to supernatural powers also came to light in December last, when an old fortune-teller, at the fashionable town of Leamington, was sent to gaol for a month with hard labour. Her "specialty," as the phrase goes, appears to have consisted in her assumed powers "to send sweethearts to young women," and her trade in this respect was so flourishing, that, according to local newspapers, "carriages might be seen waiting after night-fall in the vicinity of her dwelling." The same month of December, 1867, also, through the medium of the magistrates—who, evidently, were not as favourable to the witches as were Lord Bacon and Judge Hale—brought into public notice two decided cases of witchcraft, the one from Durham, where a Mrs. Briggs "drew blood" from a Mrs. Clark with a darning-needle, in order to break the charm of her bewitchment; and the other, in Devonshire, where a professional witch at Plymouth extorted £4 10s. from a stupid farm-labourer, who, when the dearly-bought charms had failed to cure his wife of her paralysis, went to a wizard, "a white witch," as he called him, who supplied him with further potent charms, at a further outlay of money. The Plymouth lady-witch has been passing her Christmas in gaol, and is even now there; for the magistrates sentenced her to three months imprisonment with hard labour.

But, though noteworthy, these cases do not stand alone. For this is an age in which thousands of respectable and (up to a certain point) educated persons can be found to believe in the oracular out-pourings of the retired naval lieutenant "Zadkiel," and his brethren of the craft, who assume the mystic names of Raphael, Orion, and Old Moore, and have dressed themselves in the tattered mantles of Agrippa, Paracelsus, Doctor Dee, Lilly, Cagliostro, Gadbury, Partridge, Poor Robin, Merlin, Mother Shipton, Nixon, Lamb, Forman, and the tribe of Rosicrucians, alchemists, and proprietors of magic crystals, show-stones, philosophers' stones, and elixirs of life. It is an age in which table-turning, spirit-rapping, horoscope-casting, fortune-telling, planet-ruling, and all sorts of conjuring flourish and abound, together with clairvoyants, mediums, Davenport Brothers, astrologers, genethliologists, predictors, and other purveyors of the *vox stellarum*, who, in spite of a cheap press and healthy literature, can boast of annually selling, in this country alone, one million of astrological almanacks published and issued amid the congenial fogs and mists of November.

Since, therefore, superstition and credulity are thus publicly fostered in so many shapes, we can hardly feel it a matter for wonder that they should here and there crop up in the rank growth of old-fashioned witchcraft. To a certain extent, indeed, modern witchcraft differs from that which was so luxuriantly fruitful in the middle ages, when the wizards pretended to raise spirits from whom they could extort the particular object which they or their clients coveted. But the time has gone by when noble and gentle ladies could openly, and as a matter of course, profess their belief in, and employment

of, witches and warlocks. Three centuries have passed since this was done by the Ladies Buccleugh, Fowles, and Kerr, the Countesses of Huntley, Athol, Angus, and Lothian, and many others, whose witcheries would now be esteemed of a very different nature; and the same distance of time divides us from that period when the punishment of death was first decreed to witches and those who were in league with them, and when the wretched victims of superstition were taken to the stake, there, as their dreadful sentence ran, "to be burned in ashes, quick, to the death."

Happily we live in a milder and more enlightened age; and although the spirit of credulity is not exorcised, yet we have freed ourselves from those grosser and more barbarous surroundings with which it was once evoked. Demonism has dwindled to divination, which, for the most part, is practised and believed in after a very stupid fashion. While mediums, spirit-rappers, magic crystals, and marvellous cabinets have been admitted, among other follies of the day, into west-end drawing-rooms, the witches and their witchcraft are doomed to rusticate among illiterate hinds. Except for specimens of that attractive class of humanity to which the name of "Lancashire witches" has been assigned, we must not now look for our witches and warlocks among the upper ten thousand of society, but we must search for them in country towns and sequestered villages, and there only among the homes of the poorest and least educated. In certain spots of social stagnation we may expect, here and there, to find people who, from superior cunning, have so twisted their ordinary lives as to appear, in the sight of their duller-minded neighbours, to be beings invested with supernatural powers; and, in such cases, these cunning people have probably traded upon the local credulity, and have voluntarily adopted the magical character of "wizard"—which is but another name for "wiseacre"—witch, or fortune-teller; and, for certain fees and rewards, are ready to divine dreams, discover stolen property, cure diseases in man and beast, and impose or remove charms. The month of August, 1863, produced at least two English specimens of the modern belief in witchcraft. There was the Somersetshire case of Ann Hogg, who, in order to obtain what she called "a blood cure," stuck a knife into the back of the reputed witch, and repeated the experiment on the body of the witch's daughter. And there was also the well-remembered Essex case, where "Dummy," the old and eccentric deaf-and-dumb Frenchman, was "swum" by the people of Sible Hedingham for being a wizard and refusing to take a charm from off the village publican's wife; when, being twice thrown into a mill-sludge and barbarously hustled by the mob, he received injuries which terminated, a month afterwards, in his death, and led to the two ringleaders of the mob being sentenced, at the Chelmsford Assizes, to six months imprisonment with hard labour. This was as true a case of "witchcraft" as, probably, ever occurred; for Dummy had, to all appearance, caused the woman's illness and kept her under the "spells" which he refused to take from her, spurning golden bribes and those malignant threats which were, unhappily, carried into execution. The ignorant woman was really bewitched by the fear that the supposed diabolical arts of the old French wizard were potent to produce the sickness into which her frenzied perturbation of mind soon threw her; and, to all intents and purposes, Dummy caused her illness by his self-assumed powers of witchcraft. The catastrophe of his own death was, doubtless, as unlooked-for as it was unintended by the ignorant mob who caused it, and to whom the swimming of a wizard would seem to be

the natural and pre-ordained way for the subjugation of his obstinacy. They thought that they should bring him to do what was required of him by making him a partaker in an experiment through which he would pass harmlessly; but however great the savage fun may have been to them, it proved to be nothing less than death to the supposed frog-eater and wizard.*

In the autumn of 1866, the credulity of the rustics of Bathampton, near Bath, was evidenced in their persistent belief that the ghost of their recently deceased pastor nightly walked in the village churchyard; nor could this ghost be duly laid until the county police had been summoned to perform the task; albeit, their harmless necromancy resulted in nothing more than the apprehension of—a large white owl. No sooner had this ghostly subject been settled in a common-sense, matter-of-fact way, than a case of witchcraft occurred in the little village of North Leverton, Nottinghamshire, where lived a farmer named Ellis, to whom two men, named Swallow and Bellamy, acted as horse-keepers. Something was amiss with the teams; and Bellamy not only accused Swallow of bewitching the horses but also threatened to bleed him for doing so, and, as a preparatory measure, beat him unmercifully over the head and face with his heavy whip-stock, in order to drive the witchcraft out of him. For this assault Bellamy was heavily fined by the Retford Bench, who declined to recognise his conduct as a vigorous effort to expel witchcraft; although Bellamy sought to justify his act by alleging that his fellow-servant had really bewitched the horses, and that he himself had tried to counteract the witchery by giving the horses dragon's blood and putting a charm in the corner of the stable. He produced two copies of the charm and a tin canister of the magical dragon's blood; the words of the former being these:—"Omnes Spiritus laudent Dominum Misericordiam habere Deus Desinetur Inimicus D. V." In parting from the magistrates, out of pocket but not out of heart, Bellamy delivered to them, as his *ultimatum*, the following decision:—"There's witching the same now as ever there was, only they durst not show it; and there's the same books as there always was;" the books referred to being the charm-books from which the fragment of blundered Latin had been copied "by a man at the railway-station," who had thus brought one of the greatest marvels of modern times into the closest juxtaposition with a degraded relic of mediæval superstition.

Perhaps a superstitious belief in witchcraft is not, at the present day, restricted to any special nooks and corners of our country, but may be as wide-spread as ignorance itself; for the instances here mentioned afford a clear proof that what we usually deem the developments of civilisation have only partially penetrated into rural districts; and that a combination of churches, schools, railways, and penny newspapers, is not yet sufficiently powerful everywhere to sink witchcraft to the bottom of oblivion.

MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGES.

The largest orphanage in England is at Ashley Down, Bristol. It contains eleven hundred and fifty children,

* In the parochial records of Rushock, Worcestershire, it is mentioned, under date of 1660, that "One Joan Bibb was tyed and thrown ynto a poole as a witch, to see whether she could swim. And she did bringe her Act'n ag't Mr. Shaw, the Parson, and recov'rd 10 lb. Damages and 10 lb. for costes." Here the witch had the best of it. But it was a very exceptional case; for while, if she sank and was drowned, she was considered to have thereby proved her innocence; if, on the contrary, she swam, she was usually tried for being a witch, and was burnt, stoned, or otherwise made end of.

and this number will soon be increased to two thousand. This remarkable institution has grown to its present proportions in about thirty years, and its vicissitudes during this period are well known to the readers of the "Leisure Hour." The founder of the orphanage is a

And, while this was going on, he often had not a shilling in the world for himself. For years the life of the young orphanage was a continual struggle, but all the while the orphans continued to increase in number, and, at last, Mr. Müller, seeing the advantage that would



(No. 2.)

ORPHAN HOUSES, ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

(No. 1.)

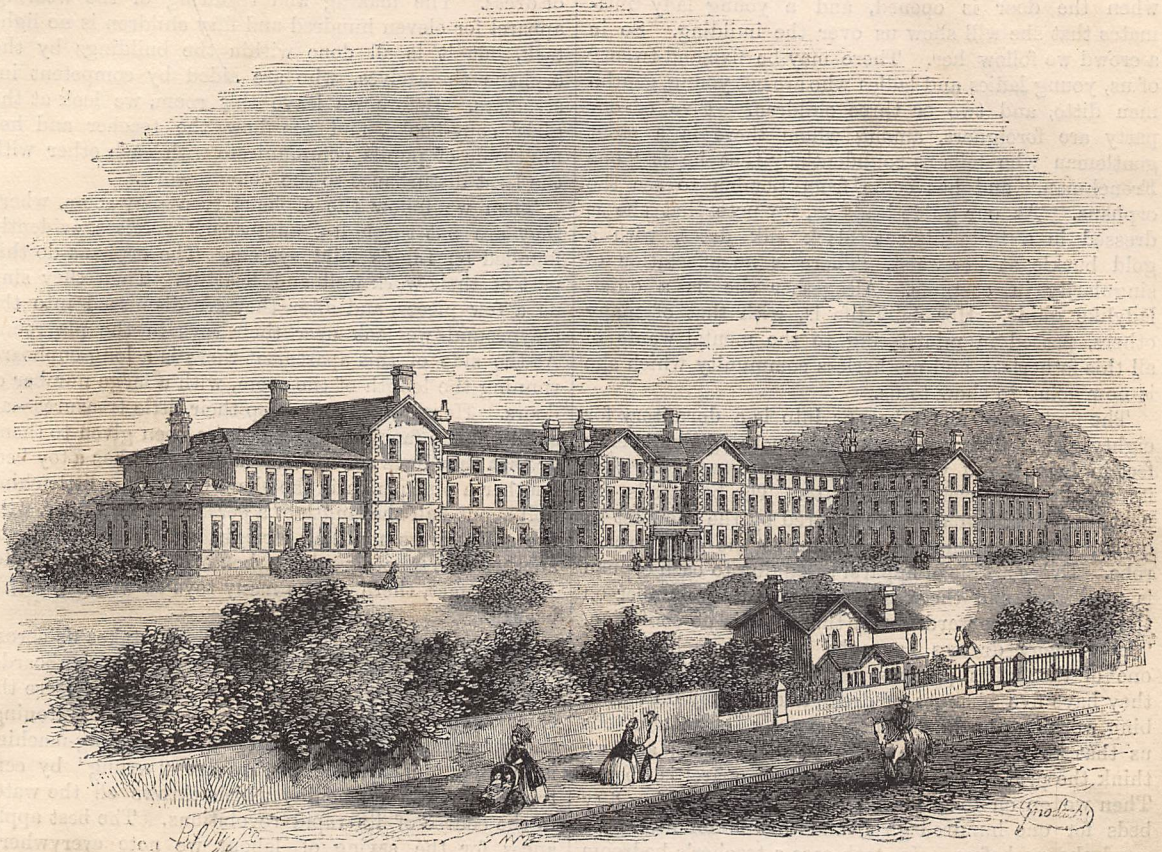
Prussian, named George Müller, a minister among the Brethren in Bristol. When he went to Bristol first, he stipulated with the congregation among whom he ministered that he should have no fixed salary—a very singular arrangement considering that he had no means of his own—and it was while he was in a condition of comparative poverty that he projected and commenced his orphanage. From that day to this he has never had a fixed salary, and he has never published any more than the initials of the donors who have supplied him with the means of carrying on the orphanage work. At first he took a few orphans into his own house, No. 6, Wilson Street, Bristol; and people in the neighbourhood, seeing that he was a poor man engaged in a humane work, began to help him; but, as he never had a regular list of subscribers, his means were very fluctuating, and occasionally the funds from which he supplied the orphans with food were completely exhausted. In this, its first stage, the institution was regarded as the work of an enthusiast, who would be sure to break down in the end; and certainly the straits into which he was driven seemed to justify the opinion. But, just as Mr. Müller ought, according to ordinary calculations, to have shut up his institution, he opened a second house, and took in more orphans, although there were no visible means of supporting them. Then he opened a third and a fourth.

arise from having a building properly constructed for the training of orphans, built a house to accommodate three hundred. This was followed by a second and a third still larger; and to these a fourth and a fifth have now been added, making a total accommodation for two thousand one hundred orphans. This work has cost over a quarter of a million sterling, every farthing of which has been supplied to Mr. Müller without solicitation; and the donations, which have varied from one penny to thousands of pounds in one sum, have never been published in connection with the names of the donors, so that there is no *éclat* to be obtained by giving. It will be seen from this that Mr. Müller is an extraordinary man, engaged in an extraordinary work. He has around him every day at the present time eleven hundred and fifty children, and these, as we have said, will very soon be increased to two thousand. Such an institution must be interesting not only to the philanthropist, but to all who are interested in the difficult question as to what is to be done with the destitute orphan poor.

Mr. Müller is a man of business and system, as well as of faith; and he would require to be systematic in the management of such a vast number of children. He opens each of his three great houses one afternoon in each week, and, taking advantage of this arrangement, we propose to have a peep at the orphanage as it is seen by a visitor.

The houses are called respectively Number One, Number Two, and Number Three—the order in which they were built. Number One contains boys and girls (300); Number Two contains girls only (400); and Number Three contains girls only (450). If we want to see

well-kept flower gardens. At the top of the hill we obtain extensive views over the county of Gloucester, and at no great distance we see the steam and hear the whistle of the locomotives on the South Wales Union Railway, which runs from Bristol to the Channel.



ORPHAN HOUSE, NUMBER THREE.

Number One—in which there are some special features, such as the bakery, which supplies the eleven hundred and fifty children with bread—we must go on Wednesday afternoon. If we want to see Number Two, which contains a nursery, with cots and cradles for the youngest infants, we must go on Tuesday. If we prefer to see the house most recently built, Number Three, we must go on Thursday. No exceptions are made to this order. The educational and other work is disturbed by the presence of the public, and, therefore, only one afternoon can be given up for their admission. If Croesus himself were to apply for admission on any other day he would be politely informed that “no exceptions are made;” and King Croesus need not stay to argue the matter, for no respect is paid to persons. So as this is Thursday afternoon, and as Number Three is open on Thursdays, let us take the legitimate opportunity of seeing this part of the home of the orphans.

At the top of Stoke's Croft, which verges on the old road from Bristol to Gloucester, there is a convenient cab-stand. We hail Jehu, and stepping into the cab we give the brief instruction—“Müller's—Number Three.” The next moment we are on our way to Ashley Down, for cabby, who has plenty of customers of the same sort, knows exactly where we want to be set down. After a drive of about a mile we ascend a rather long and steep hill, studded on either side with handsome villas and

Farther on we come in sight of the building we are about to visit—Number Three—and a very large and handsome stone building it is, without a single touch of eleemosynary repulsiveness about it. Number Three is on the right side of the road as we have approached it; on the left are Number One and Number Two; while a large scaffolding points out to us the sites of Number Four and Number Five, now nearly completed. We tell cabby to wait for us (he will have to wait rather more than an hour and a half, as it requires that time to walk through the building), and we ring the bell of the lodge. A pleasant-looking dame admits us and directs us to ring at the centre door. As we pass around the circular lawn we observe that the ground on our left is cultivated and has on it a good crop of potatoes; on the right are other kitchen herbs. We ring as directed, and a lady opens the door, and shows us up a fire-proof staircase to the waiting-room. Before we have arrived a large number of persons, on the same errand as ourselves, have set out with an attendant guide to look over the building, and we must wait a few minutes till a second party is made up. We soon find ourselves surrounded in the waiting-room by a number of people from different parts of the country. One lady has brought with her a large parcel of toys for the orphans, and another has brought presents to a particular orphan. The room we are sitting in is neatly carpeted and has a corniced

ceiling, and at one of the two large tables which are in the apartment there sits a lady who answers very affably such questions about the institution as the curiosity of visitors prompts them to put. We are just getting into a reverie on "individuality," as exemplified in the founder of this beautiful home for orphans, when the door is opened, and a young lady intimates that she will show us over the building. So in a crowd we follow her. There may be five-and-twenty of us, young ladies and ladies who are not young, gentlemen ditto, and two or three children. Five of our party are foreigners, among whom there is a stout gentleman who tells us confidentially that he is "one Frenchman," and has come from London to see the orphans. As our guide leads us, we note that she is dressed in a tastefully-cut black silk dress, with a gold buckle at her waist. There is no affectation of singularity in costume. Altogether she is a quiet, ladylike guide. Her daily life is, with that of many others, passed in ministering to the mental wants of all this fatherless and motherless community which she is now going to show to us.

The first room she takes us into is a dormitory for eighty girls. This room must be something like twenty feet in height, and you feel by the pure sweet air that its ventilation is well attended to. The bedsteads are neat iron ones, and they are covered by the snowiest of quilts. Passing through we come to the girls' wardrobe. Every article of apparel belonging to each orphan is numbered, and there is a corresponding number on the shelves in the wardrobe, so that there is no confusion. "How many dresses have the orphans each?" asks one of the ladies present, and our guide informs us they have five changes of dress, and if they do scrubbing work in the house they have six. She also tells us that they have three pairs of shoes each; and we think the provision as regards wearing apparel is liberal. Then we go on to a second dormitory containing fifty beds for one hundred girls, and this is followed by a wardrobe as before. In each case a teacher's bedroom overlooks the dormitories of the orphans. Then we pass on to a teacher's sitting-room, of which we afterwards see several very neatly furnished, with a few of the freshest of flowers on a table partially covered with books. The place, we begin to recognise, has an air of refinement, and the arrangements all point to health and comfort. Next we advance to smaller dormitories, first for twenty-four girls, then for twenty girls, and the latter has in it servants' boxes containing dresses, etc.; for these twenty are being prepared to be sent out to service. We advance again with our guide, and enter a dormitory for ninety girls, followed by the usual wardrobe, and then come to another for one hundred girls. We have not seen the orphans themselves yet, and as it is only three in the afternoon we do not expect to find them in the dormitories; but we wonder where they are, and as we do so there comes up through the open windows the sound of a vast number of young voices singing a cheery song, with a "tra-la-la" refrain. We advance to the window, and find that it looks out on one of the playgrounds—there are two playgrounds, one for each wing of the building—and that the children having joined hands form two vast circles, and are tripping round the centre swinging pole, to the merry music of their own voices. We listen to their "tra-la-la" for a short time, and then follow our guide down-stairs to the working and educational regions.

We find the schoolroom to be a large apartment hung round with maps and other educational appliances. The girls have been called in from the playground, where

they have been enjoying a short recess, and we find them at their work; for work and education alternate here. There is work at one part of the day, and school at another part, so as to give as much variety as possible. Some of the girls are making shirts for the boys, others are knitting, others are engaged on other useful articles of dress. The making and repairing of the wearing apparel for eleven hundred and fifty children is no light task, but it is all done within the buildings by the orphans themselves, who are aided by competent instructors. Before we leave this room, we look at the girls' copy-books, and see how the teacher and her multitude of pupils communicate with each other with the least disturbance to the general work.

Then we follow the orphans to a play-room, where they are put through a number of exercises, evidently founded on Ling's mild system. The orphans do this part of their work well and heartily. Then they sing us a few pieces, and after they are dismissed into the playground we look over their toys in the playroom. At the side of this apartment there is a long cupboard running the length of the room, with a large number of doors. Here the orphans keep their little treasures—all sorts of little fancy things that have been given to them, or that they have made themselves. One has a toy bed, another a pincushion in the shape of a boot, a little china doll about half the length of a person's little finger, with the satin dress standing straight out from the waist; another has photographs, a box of wooden bricks, etc. Here, in fact, there are as many toys as would set up a bazaar.

But we pass on with our guide, who takes us across the playground, fitted up with swings and springboards, and through the laundry into the washhouse. Here the elder orphans, with hired servants, are washing, ironing, and mangling. An American "ball" washing-machine is in operation, and the clothes are "wrung" by centripetal force in a machine which throws off the water in the course of its rapid revolutions. The best appliances for the saving of labour we note everywhere. Then we go on to the lavatory and bathroom—a large apartment with basins for washing on three sides, a large bath on the fourth side. A numbered bag containing combs and brushes, and a smaller bag containing a tooth-brush, hang over each basin. Next we come to the workroom for girls who are being prepared to go out to service, and you can here choose a servant, if you can satisfy Mr. Müller, who is very particular in selecting places for his orphans, that you are a person likely to give reasonable protection to a girl taken into your service from his institution. We next go on to the kitchen, where tea, which consists of a cup of milk and water and plenty of bread and butter, is being prepared. In this house there are 450 children to sit down, and the preparation of the meal is a matter of considerable labour. One fire, however, cooks the food for the whole of the orphans, and the same fire boils the four huge kettles for tea. From the kitchen we pass on to a second schoolroom, for we are in another wing of the building now, and we again see the orphans put through a variety of exercises. Then we go on to a second playroom with another bazaar of toys. From this we proceed to the storerooms and the cloakroom, the latter containing the winter cloaks of the orphans. We next enter the room in which the orphans are about to sit down to tea. There is a tablecloth on each table, and the elder orphans are preparing for the reception of the 450 who will shortly be here with good appetites. From this room we pass into a corridor in which we see the servants bringing forward from the

kitchen the supplies for tea, and then we take leave of our guide, and quit the building by the same door as we entered it, mentally acknowledging that we have seen a wonderful sight. Every one of the orphans we have seen was taken into the institution absolutely destitute, for no others are admitted; every one is well clothed, well educated for the position she is expected to fill; every one receives a liberal diet, and has her toys just as if she were at home. Nothing can possibly compensate for the loss of father and mother, and no "system" can make a real "home" for an orphan, in the sense in which home is understood by the children of well-to-do parents; but in the Orphan Houses at Ashley Down there is as near an approach to the domesticity of home life as it is possible to obtain in an institution in which there are a large number of children. Once a week the friends of the orphans may visit them, and the children are often taken out for a stroll into the country.

One peculiarity regarding these Ashley Down Orphan Houses is their expansiveness. Under the direction of their founder, George Müller, they have grown into their present dimensions; and, if they continue to expand as they have done, they must in the end include a large proportion of the destitute orphans in England.* In this aspect they assume a national importance, and make the question of orphanages exceedingly interesting. One great testimony to the efficiency of Mr. Müller's system is the healthfulness of orphans under his care. It is well known that, in foundling hospitals, the mortality caused by the separation of the child from the natural parent is enormous. The mortality in the Ashley Down Institution is exceedingly light. The rate of mortality in healthy towns is seventeen per year for every thousand. In many places this rate is greatly exceeded; but in some of the healthiest towns in England the rate is as low as thirteen. In Mr. Müller's institution the rate of mortality last year was only about ten per thousand, and this very low rate is remarkable, when it is remembered that a large number of orphans are the children of consumptive parents. This is very strong proof indeed that the system pursued at Ashley Down is in its physical results an admirable one, and well worthy of the attention of those philanthropists and humanitarians who interest themselves in the protection and training of the young in all kinds of benevolent institutions.

No influence or interest whatever is required to get a child into Müller's Orphanage. The only conditions are, that the child shall have been born in wedlock; that it is bereaved of both parents; and that it is in needy circumstances. When these conditions are fulfilled, the children are received in the order in which application is made for them, without any sectarian distinction whatever, and without partiality or favour. The annual cost of an orphan is about £12 8s., and the total amount Mr. Müller has received on behalf of his cosmopolitan institution is £259,089 0s. 11½d., an enormous sum, when it is remembered that not a penny has been asked for, and that the names of the donors are not made public. In all its aspects, the institution is extraordinary, and it is especially extraordinary as the work of a humble-minded foreigner who, thirty-six years ago, came to England a stranger, and who remains now, as he was then, a comparatively poor man.†

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

II.

WHEN, at the age of twenty-three, Abraham Lincoln returned from the Black Hawk war, it was with new aspirations and resolutions. Henceforth he would bid farewell to the toils of the backwoodsman and a life of manual labour, and prepare himself, by reading and study, for taking a part in public affairs. What it was that had brought about this change in his purposes it is of course impossible to say. Whether, like a certain sage of an older time, he had seen "with how little wisdom the world is governed," and had discovered in himself some aptitude for the calling of a senator; or whether the accident of the war, which had brought him into contact with other aspiring and adventurous spirits, had aroused an ambition hitherto dormant in his breast, certain it is that from this time he marked out for himself a new course of life, and set himself to the attainment of objects far different from those which had hitherto engaged his attention. On returning home he suffered himself to be nominated as a candidate for representative in the State Legislature, the election of which was close at hand. He could not hope to be elected, as he was all but unknown beyond his own district; but he probably reckoned on the fact of his being a candidate securing him effectually at some future period. So thoroughly, however, was he appreciated in his own precinct, that of the whole two hundred and eighty-four votes given, all but seven were in his favour. This unequivocal testimony to his worth made him in a manner a political celebrity at once; and in future elections it became a point with candidates to seek to combine his strength on their behalf and secure his battalion of voters.

He now commenced the study of the law, with a determination to qualify himself for practice at the bar. He had no funds wherewith to support himself during the years it would take him to acquire the necessary knowledge; but he had gained some practical skill in land-surveying, and was fortunately enabled to turn that skill to good account. About this time it was that the mania set in, which proved eventually so ruinous to many, for speculation in Western lands; and although Lincoln had neither money nor inclination to embark in such a speculation himself, it was the means of furnishing him profitable employment with the chain and compass. The mania for new settlements spread like a contagion through the State; towns and cities without number were laid out in all directions, and innumerable fortunes were made in anticipation, by the purchase of imaginary properties whose value existed only in the brain of the projector. For nearly five years this delusion lasted, under the fostering care of the rogues who profited by it; and then came the crisis and crash of 1837, which tumbled the whole fabric into dust. But Lincoln had made good use of his time, and when his surveying was brought to an abrupt conclusion, the change served only to excite him to renewed energy in the prosecution of his law studies.

Meanwhile, during his practice as a surveyor, he was elected, in 1834, to the State Legislature, being the youngest member in the assembly, with one exception. His election, which was carried by a large majority, was solely due to character. He had as yet acquired no position—was known only for his straightforwardness and integrity, and in all other respects had his reputation to make. At this time he was very plain in his costume, and rather uncourtly in his address and general appearance. His dress was of homely Kentucky jean, and the

* There are about 12,000 orphans in the workhouses in the United Kingdom.

† Previous accounts of the Bristol Orphanages will be found in "The Leisure Hour" for January 1862, and in "The Sunday at Home" for July 1859.

impression made by his tall lank figure upon those who saw him for the first time was not very prepossessing. He had not outgrown his hard backwoods experience, or been able to lay aside the unpolished exterior of his earlier days; at the same time his deportment was frank and natural, without a trace of rusticity or awkwardness. During his first session he was for the most part a silent member, contenting himself with watching the proceedings, and thus gaining experience for the future. He manifested, however, an aptitude for business, and was appointed to the second place on the Committee on Public Accounts and Expenditure.

In 1836 Mr. Lincoln was elected for a second time as one of the representatives from Sangamon county; and again he was assigned a place on the Finance Committee. At the two sessions of this legislature, in 1836 and 1837, he spoke modestly, but to the purpose, in the interests of his party, and by degrees came forward more prominently in debate, and ere long became recognised as a leading man on the Whig side. When, in the winter of 1836-37, resolutions of an extreme Southern character were introduced, and, after discussion, adopted by the democratic party, Lincoln, who then little imagined that he was one day to be a chief instrument in the destruction of slavery on the American continent, refused to vote for the resolutions, and exercised his constitutional privilege, along with Daniel Stone, one of his colleagues from Sangamon county, of entering upon the Journal of the House his reasons for thus acting. The protest bears date March 3rd, 1837, and sets forth, among other things, that the undersigned "believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." The sentiments of Lincoln on this subject, it need hardly be said, underwent little change or modification up to the time of his death.

In 1838 he was for the third time elected a representative in the legislature for the two years ensuing, one of his fellow representatives for Sangamon county being John Calhoun, subsequently notorious for his connection with the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Lincoln's position was now so well recognised that his party would have voted him to the Speakership; but in the contest that ensued he was outvoted by the partisans of Colonel Ewing, who had been a comrade of Lincoln's in the Black Hawk war. Being now regarded as the champion of the popular cause, and especially as the advocate of all local improvements, he was repeatedly called on to oppose the measures of the democratic party, and almost invariably did so with success. This was the last time that Abraham Lincoln would consent to accept a seat in the State Legislature. First elected at the age of twenty-five, he had continued in office without interruption as long as he chose, and until, by his uniform courtesy and kindness of manner, his marked ability, and his straightforward integrity, he had won an enviable repute throughout the State, and was virtually, when but little past thirty, placed at the head of his party in Illinois. At the close of his career as a State legislator his fame as a close and convincing debater was established. His native talent as an orator had at once been demonstrated and disciplined. His zeal and earnestness in behalf of a party whose principles he believed to be right, had rallied strong troops of political friends about him, while his unfeigned modesty and his unpretending and simple bearing, in marked contrast with that of so many imperious leaders, had won him general and lasting esteem. He preferred no claim as a partisan, and showed no overweening anxiety to advance himself, but was always a disinterested and

generous co-worker with his colleagues, only ready to accept the post of honour and responsibility when it was clearly their will, and satisfactory to the people whose interests were involved. At the termination of this period, with scarcely any consciousness of the fact himself, and with no noisy demonstration or flashy ostentation in his behalf from his friends, he was really one of the foremost political men in the State; while those who knew him most intimately augured for him a far more brilliant future. We must now go back a little in point of time.

During the period of his service in the legislature, Mr. Lincoln was sedulously occupied in mastering the profession of the law. This he was compelled to do in a somewhat desultory manner, at such leisure as he could command, from the necessity he was under, as already stated, to support himself meanwhile by his own labour, to say nothing of the attention which the position he had accepted compelled him to pay to politics. Nothing, however, could prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. He completed his preliminary studies, and was licensed to practise in 1836. His reputation at this date was such, that he found a good amount of business, and began to rise to the front rank in his profession. He was a most effective jury-advocate, and manifested a sound judgment of the turning legal points of a case. His clear practical sense, and his skill in homely or humorous illustration, were notable traits in his arguments. The graces, and the cold artificialities of a polished rhetoric, he certainly had not; nor did he aim to acquire them. His style of expression and the cast of his thought were his own, having all the native force of a genuine originality.

An interesting story is told of one of Lincoln's first essays as an advocate in a criminal court. The only son of a man who had shown him much kindness in his youth was accused of murder. In the district where the crime was committed the prejudice was so strong against the unfortunate prisoner, that it was evident there could be no chance of a fair trial. Lincoln, without being applied to, came forward to defend the accused. He first obtained a change of venue, so that the trial might take place in another county. There he appeared as the prisoner's counsel; and having with much pains made himself master of the real facts of the case, together with evidence to substantiate the same, he was able not only to prove a strong animus on the part of the accuser against the accused, but to show that the former had wilfully borne false evidence from an evil spirit of revenge. The address to the jury on this occasion was characterised by signal eloquence and fervour, and the result was a speedy acquittal of the prisoner, whom the young lawyer had the happiness of restoring—his innocence of the charge completely established—to his widowed mother.

In the year 1837, having gained some repute in his profession, Mr. Lincoln took up his permanent residence at Springfield, the county seat of Sangamon county. For several years he lived the life of a bachelor, and was an inmate of the family of the Hon. William Butler, Treasurer of the State.

In November, 1842, Abraham Lincoln was married to Mary, second daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. Four sons were the fruits of this union, one of whom died in his infancy. The other three, we believe, yet survive.

After his marriage Mr. Lincoln disappeared for a time from the stirring stage of political life, and, in the enjoyment of his domestic happiness, limited his energies to the active practice of his profession, in the pursuit of

which he met with a more than ordinary share of encouragement. His talents were, however, too useful to his party for them to suffer him to remain for an indefinite period in seclusion. He had always been a profound admirer of Henry Clay, and indeed had set that statesman before him as a model for imitation on his first entrance on the political arena. When, therefore, in May 1844, Clay was nominated by the party to which Lincoln was attached, as candidate for the presidency, and at the same time a democrat of ultra principles was put in nomination against him, Lincoln yielded to the demands of the Illinois Whigs, and accepted a leading position as canvasser in behalf of Clay, an office which, however it might prejudice a professional man in this country, never has any such effect in America, where the conditions of political antagonisms differ greatly from those attending the like contests among ourselves. He traversed various parts of the State, attracting large audiences and keeping their fixed attention for hours, as he held up to admiration the character and doctrines of Henry Clay, and contrasted them with those of his opponent. He had always a fund of anecdote and illustration with which to relieve his close logical disquisitions, and to elucidate and enforce his views in a manner intelligible as well as pleasing to his hearers. When he had done all that could be done in Illinois he crossed over to his former State, Indiana, where he was equally well known and appreciated, and, by exerting himself to the utmost, did all that was possible towards turning the tide of battle in Clay's favour. His eloquence and active enthusiasm were, however, in this instance, fated to be of no avail beyond the effect of placing his own reputation as a political orator on a still broader and more permanent foundation. Mr. Clay was defeated, contrary to the hopes and confident expectations of his friends, and much to the chagrin of the intelligent portion of the American people.

In 1846 Mr. Lincoln was elected by a large and unprecedented majority as member of Congress for the Sangamon district. He took his seat in the national House of Representatives on the 6th of December, 1847. Though comparatively a young man he was fully equal to the business of legislation, and at once took a part in the discussion of public matters, never missing a division, and voting on all leading national subjects as he knew Clay or Webster would have voted had they occupied his place. He objected strongly to the conduct of the war then raging in Mexico, and introduced a series of resolutions of inquiry in regard to the origin of the war, which in his opinion "had been unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States;" and his first speech—a speech remarkable for its uncompromising frankness and comprehensiveness of view—was on this subject.

The first session of this Congress was prolonged beyond the date of the Presidential nominations of 1848, and the canvas was actually carried on by members on the floor of the House. Mr. Lincoln sustained the nomination of General Taylor, and was equally bold and unsparing in the use of argument and ridicule, and humorous sarcasm, in setting before the people the real issues of the contest. We shall quote a paragraph from one of his speeches at this time, to show the way in which he could handle an opponent when he chose to return a Rowland for an Oliver, and also as a sample of his rough humour.

"I have introduced General Cass's accounts," he says, "to show the wonderful physical capacities of the man. They show that he not only did the labour of several men at the same time, but that he often did it at several

places many hundred miles apart at the same time. And at eating, too, his capacities are shown to be quite as wonderful. From October, 1821, to May 1822, he ate ten rations a day in Michigan, ten rations a day here in Washington, and near five dollars' worth a day besides, partly on the road between the two places. And then there is an important discovery in his example—the art of being paid for what one eats, instead of having to pay for it. Hereafter if any nice young man shall owe a bill which he cannot pay in any other way, he can just board it out. Mr. Speaker, we have all heard of the animal standing in doubt between two stacks of hay, and starving to death; the like of that would never happen to General Cass. Place the stacks a thousand miles apart, he would stand stock-still, midway between them, and eat them both at once; and the green grass along the line would be apt to suffer some too at the same time. By all means make him President, gentlemen. He will feed you bounteously—if—if there is anything left after he shall have helped himself."

At the close of the first session of this Congress, in August, Mr. Lincoln made a journey to New England, where he delivered some most telling speeches, and spent the remainder of the recess in the West, canvassing for Taylor with redoubled energy among the partisans of Cass, the opposing nominee. This time his unwearyed exertions were crowned with success, and he reaped, in the return of General Taylor over all odds against him, a compensation for the defeat of 1844. Returning to Washington in December, Mr. Lincoln resumed his seat in the House, sedulously attending to his public duties until the close of Congress in March 1849. At this date he finished his career as a Congressman, refusing to become a candidate for re-election. It does not appear that he desired or would have accepted any place at Washington among the many at the disposal of the incoming administration in whose behalf he had so zealously laboured. He retired once more to private life, renewing the professional practice which had been temporarily interrupted by his public employment. The duties of his responsible position had been discharged with assiduity, and with fearless adherence to his convictions of right under whatever circumstances. As to deriving any profit, either immediate or remote, from the services he was able to render to his party or his country—the idea seems never to have entered his mind.

AMONG THE LAPPS.

III.

HAMMERFEST is remarkable as being the most northerly town in Europe, its latitude being 70° 49'; but its surroundings are dreary, and not such as to detain the wanderer, for health or pleasure. It has a considerable trade with Spitzbergen, for which sloops of about thirty or forty tons are fitted out, manned by eight hands. The object of the voyage is the capture of white bears, walrus, reindeer, and eider-down nests. The cost of a vessel chartered for pleasure is about £50 a month. From this latitude the Aurora Borealis presents, at seasons, a magnificent spectacle—stretched across the sky like a rainbow of white light, then varying in form, now dipped in the colours of the bow, now broken into a golden shower, again shaped like an outspreading fan, or changing with weird-like mystery, as if the plaything of the spirits of the North.

The North Cape is about 91 miles from Hammerfest; but, apart from the fact that it is the North Cape,

presents little of interest in the way of scenery. The Cape is 935 feet high, and forms part of the island of Magerøe, a desolate moorland tract, all the romance of which must centre in the royal eagle or the free falcons. The sun is visible at the North Cape for about eight weeks, and at Hammerfest for about six weeks, day and night without intermission.*

Driven from Hammerfest by the aroma of oil, and discarding all phantasies of visiting Spitzbergen, we returned from the North in the same steamer. On our southward journey we stopped at Tromsø, to see the first ordination conducted by Bishop Gislesen, the new chief pastor of this the most northerly of the five dioceses of Norway, who had been our fellow-traveller in our passage northward. The church was crowded, and the ceremony interesting. The Bishop preached a most appropriate sermon, full of the distinctive doctrines of vital Christianity. He was a man of an excellent spirit, with a calm depth of religious feeling, and anxious for the welfare of his diocese. I had much pleasant intercourse with himself and his wife, who was known in Norwegian circles as the translator of several works, and the authoress of some religious poems. On parting with them, he wrote in my Norwegian Testament the text Gal. iii. 28, "In Memoriam Knud Gislesen, Bishop of Tromsø. June 25, 1856." Beneath is the autograph of his wife, "Henriette Gislesen," who gave me a small marker, composed of flowers, with the writing, "In die Bibel zu legen bei Joh. xiv. 27." When in Norway in 1864, it was with sincere regret that I heard they were both dead; their memories are much respected.

It was the 9th of July, 1856, when we reached Kaaffjord, the station for Bossekop, where are the copper works, now under English management; and the river Alten, famous for its splendid salmon fishing. We parted with many of our passengers, who had been to Hammerfest to record their votes; but in their stead we received fresh accessions. After we had left the fjord, I rambled about the ship, and was surprised at beholding some strange figures who had lately come on board huddled together in the bows. They seemed to be short in stature, with an oblique cast of eye, a square-built face, with low forehead, and something of the look of the Bushmen, or Root-diggers of the Pampas. They were curiously clad in skins, which I recognised as those of the reindeer. But one feature could not escape notice: not only had each one his feet chained together, but round the necks of several were large heavy iron collars, firmly riveted, so that it was impossible for the wearer to divest himself of his load at any time. The groups attracted my attention; I pronounced them to be Lapps; and, as they had been sent on board at Kaaffjord, I conjectured that they might possibly be some of the very men who had taken part in the riot at Kauto Keino in 1852. On inquiry from Mr. Vosslef, my conjecture proved to be correct, and they became a source of increased interest. There was one man among them who arrested our attention: the very expression of his face was stubbornness and unhumiliated self-will; he sat crouching with his knees together, and his head leaning on them, careless of being the observed of many observers. A vacant look of blighted hopes, withal, was visible in his expression, though his neck was iron and his brow brass. This man's name was Aslak; and, during the four years which had passed since the outbreak, he had never shown the least sign of contrition or remorse. It was difficult to hold any conversation with these people, as their *patois* would be almost unintelligible to a Norwegian. I endeavoured,

however, to establish communication with them by the help of Mr. Vosslef, who did not leave the steamer until Gildeskal.

Strange that he who had been once their victim should meet them in this casual manner four years afterwards under such altered circumstances. Having borrowed a Finnish Testament, I went near them and read, first, that exquisite passage in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was no slight privilege to rehearse these words of eternal life in the ears of these degraded outlaws, whom human justice had sentenced to bonds and imprisonment during the term of their natural life. After this I read the three last verses of the first chapter of St. John's first Epistle, and a portion of the third chapter of the Ephesians. It was very difficult to extract much from them, owing to their dialect, and not being myself a fluent scholar in Norsk. I gathered, however, that all, except the one named above, were penitent, and regretted their past conduct. These unhappy men were now being taken far from Arctic regions, hundreds of miles away to Christiania, the capital, to finish, it might be, their lives, in the sweat of their brows and amid the clank of chains. And yet even these, notwithstanding their degeneracy and low rank in the scale of society, had had glowing memories in earlier life. Some of these men were husbands, some were fathers, and surely their hearts had some time beaten with a quicker throb to the inspiration of such ties.

In order to see the effect of kindness—that key which unlocks the human heart—I went to the steward and ordered some coffee for these poor creatures; and it did one's heart good to behold their pleasure and gratitude. They lay there huddled together for the five days of our voyage, until we reached Drontheim, without comfort or shelter, their only pleasure arising from the gift of some tobacco from some stray passenger. As the steamer remained two days at Drontheim, we were obliged to disembark; but on our return we found our unfortunate Lappish fellow-travellers still on board. Their next destination would be Bergen, where they would change steamers, in order to round the Naze, *en route* for Christiania.

It appeared strange that in our wanderings three years previously we should have met Mr. Vosslef in the Sogne Fjord; then that we should have encountered his brother, the sufferer in the tragedy of '52; and, further, that we should have accidentally selected the very steamer for our return, which gave us as fellow-passengers the very actors themselves. But we are nearing Aalesund, where we are to disembark. Before leaving I went to the bows of the steamer to bid them farewell, and before long the smoke in the dim distance announced to us their southerly course for their distant destination.

Although, as we have already stated, the generality of Lapps in Norway profess the Lutheran religion, attend "preaching" as opportunity offers, and have their children baptized, yet no doubt many vestiges of pagan manners and superstitions would be found if their interior life were better known. They appear formerly to have worshipped a deity under the name of *Iremala*, who was probably the same as Thor, or Stourra Passe, who was represented under the figure of a stone. The latter was a familiar household deity, every family having some stone with a supposed resemblance to a human being, which they worshipped. The stone,

* A paper on the "Midnight Sun," by the author of these articles, appeared in the "Sunday at Home" for June, 1864.

which was usually a large one, was placed upon a pile of reindeer horns, while around the centre one were others of various sizes, which were honoured as the wife and children or servants of the presiding deity, according to their scale of magnitude. A Frenchman, by name Regnard, who travelled in Lapland in 1681, mentions having seen stones like these, which he declares were secretly worshipped by the Lapps, although they were nominally Christians. In their rites a sacred drum figured largely, which, as they had no official priesthood, might be inquired of by any private worshipper. This drum was made of the hollow trunk of a pine or birch tree, and was covered with skins. A variety of brass rings were placed on the drum, which was beaten with a hammer made of the horn of a reindeer; and, according to their movement to the left or the right, and their ultimate position, were the responses of the oracle favourable or the reverse. Divine honours were likewise paid to the sun, as in Persia and Peru; to the souls of the dead; and to aerial spirits, called *Irchles*, for whom they provided refreshments in baskets hung upon branches of trees. When a man died, they used, like the ancient Danes and Saxons, to bury his hatchet and warlike instruments with him—a practice common to many of the heathen nations of the world. The records of every unenlightened nation are the same: though varying in customs and superstitions, yet a monotony of folly, inconsistency, and ignorance stamps them all as the product of fallen human nature; which, though in its fears craving for something to worship, cannot, nevertheless, without revelation, rise to the conception of a pure, holy, and reasonable object of worship.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

THE OLD BEE'S HINT.

"WHAT! on a *dandelion*!" exclaimed a young Bee to an old one, in surprise and contempt.

"Why not?" said the old Bee; "do you suppose honey is to be found only in roses? If you do, learn this: honey is honey wherever it comes from, and there's no flower so humble but a little painstaking may get some out of it. I am not ashamed to confess that I have made a more profitable visit to this homely dandelion than I have idly done to many a splendid exotic. Besides, more depends on the way we use our opportunities than on the opportunities themselves."

UNDERSTANDING A HINT.

"It's time to go," said the Swallows to the Starlings.

"Why?" said the Starlings; "winter is not come yet."

"No," said the Swallows, "not *come* exactly; but there have been chilling winds and gloomy skies frequent of late, and we prefer leaving with this gentle hint, to being *starved* or *stormed out*."

WHERE IT COMES SHARP.

"WELL! that is surprising!" said a young Jackal to his mother. "I have seen the hunters rattle balls from their rifles against that elephant, and they fell from his tough hide like hailstones; and those flies have actually made him caper about quite in a fury!"

"Ah, son!" replied the old Jackal, "the secret is, that the flies have found out where his skin is thin; most of us have a tender spot somewhere; and even an elephant, *when that is touched*, feels the bite of a contemptible fly more than he would the stoutest rifle where he is invulnerable."

NOT ALWAYS FLATTERING TO BE "LET ALONE."

"They never shoot *us*," said an old Crow to a Partridge, that after a flight of terror from a murderous gun had escaped to a quiet spot where some crows were feeding. She did not

answer, but cowered beneath the long grass, still panting with alarm.

"I say," said the old Crow, sidling up to her, "they never attempt to shoot *us*."

"Don't they?" said the Partridge.

"No; I can't think why. We are very handsome, and very useful, and highly respectable. I can't think why they let us alone, and are so fond of shooting you," said the old Crow, with an inquisitive look.

"Ah—I didn't know there was any difficulty about it. Are you not *carrión*?" said the Partridge.

"Caw, caw!" said the old Crow, "that didn't strike me!"

UNDER A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"WELL! there's a great deal in knowing one's self," said Grim the yard-dog to a poor half-starved Cur that ran in and out by sufferance and picked up a bit or a bone as he could.

"Oh, yes, sir, I quite agree with you; only sometimes, as in my case, there's nothing worth knowing," said the Cur.

"Self-knowledge," observed Grim, "saves us from conceit. It is quite sad to observe the mistakes people make through ignorance."

"Well, there's a great advantage that way in being poor; for nobody flatters the poor, so they are in less danger of being conceited," remarked the hungry Cur.

"True," replied Grim; "but there's Mopsy—did you ever notice her? She is so self-satisfied, so full of admiration of her charms, she can hardly walk."

"Ah, she is very pretty indeed; I suppose her head is a little turned. Now there, you, sir, see the advantage of being ugly, for the ugly, like the poor, have no flatterers. So we—"

"We!—ugly! What do you mean by your impudence!" said Grim, showing his teeth. "I should hope I am as handsome as she is any day, only my beauty is of a different kind."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, sir—I hope no offence—only hers is a more common sort of beauty that strikes everybody, you see," said the Cur, in a fright.

"True; mine, I admit, is more refined, severe, and classical—greatly, you see, to be preferred to hers."

"Oh, no doubt, sir," said the Cur, much relieved to see the turn things had taken, for he had been afraid of entire banishment from the yard.

"And yet," continued Grim, "I never strut, nor assume airs. No! Aware of what I am, I am satisfied with the silent homage that I am sure I *must* receive from all competent judges; and were I to be petted and praised to the full as much as Mopsy, I should not be lifted a hair'sbreadth in my own esteem, so thoroughly do I know myself."

"Ah, self-knowledge is a fine thing indeed!" cried the Cur, "and I'm quite convinced by what your worship has said, that it's a very wise dog indeed that arrives at it. As for my poor self, I shall henceforth make sure of nothing concerning the subject, but that I am nearly always hungry—a fact that admits of no mistake."

THE DISCONTENTED CROW AND HER WISE NEIGHBOUR.

"Oh, dear! how tired I am," said a Crow, as she rested from building, and rocked gently backwards and forwards on the tree-top beside a neighbour.

"Don't you wish," she said again, "don't you wish you were a raven? Great and strong he is; never can feel tired as we do, I'm sure."

"I don't want to be a raven, though," replied her neighbour; "the sound of his voice frightens folks terribly; I shouldn't like to be feared and shunned."

"Well, no—that's true; but I should like at least to be a *rook*: they are so aristocratic. Wouldn't you rather be a rook? we are very vulgar in comparison, you must own."

"Rooks?" answered the neighbour; "rooks get shot and put into pies. No; I'd rather be a vulgar live crow than a genteel baked rook."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I really *should* like to be a magpie; they are so handsome and so swift of flight."

"Should you?" said the neighbour; "I wouldn't be branded as a thief and a busybody, the very tip-top of all mischief, as *she* is, to be ten times as handsome. Why, the folks go about destroying her nest wherever they find it, because she is so good for nothing."

"Certainly, certainly; I agree with you her nest is never safe; but as to that, neither are ours. A storm comes, and

then where are we? The jackdaws are the best off. Nobody disturbs them, the wind cannot reach them, and their nests never want repairing. Oh, I wish I were a jackdaw, don't you?"

"What!" cried the neighbour, weary of her complainings; "would you like to spend all your life in the gloom of the old church tower, gliding in and out of a hole all day long, instead of rocking about in the breeze on this glorious green tree? Not I! Ravens and rooks, and pies and daws, are heartily welcome to all their advantages. I envy none of them; but, taking the bad and good together, am quite satisfied that no lot can beat the lot of a crow."

SOFT WORDS AND HARD DEEDS NOT PLAIN TO RECONCILE.

"I HOPE I don't disturb you, ladies and gentlemen," said a powerful young Horse, galloping at the top of his speed through the meadow, and scaring all the sheep into a corner.

"I hope I don't disturb you, friends," he cried again, as he coursed all round, and hunted them from their rest in his wild pastime.

"I trust I don't disturb you, dears," he shouted, as he sent them flying a third time from the terrors of his reckless racing.

"What does he mean by his 'hopes,' and his 'trusts,' and his 'friends,' and his 'dears?'" said an old sheep, when they had huddled together in the ditch to be safe out of his way; "he might content himself with frightening us out of our wits without insulting us with his impertinent falsehoods."

NOTHING TOO BAD FOR A TRAITOR.

"WHAT'S up now?" said Bolt, the poacher's dog, to Snatch, his companion.

"Why, it looks as if—yes, *positively* they are! Bolt, would you believe it? they are going to hang Drover."

"What! the shepherd's dog?" asked Bolt, running to the top of the bank to see.

"Ay, to be sure. Well, well, and all he did was to worry a lamb or two; if that isn't a shame!" said Snatch.

"A shame? No shame at all; he richly deserves it," said Bolt.

"Ahem," said Snatch; "I should like to know how long your neck and mine would be if they had been stretched every time we had made free with a lamb?"

"We! we are thieves, known, professed thieves, and if we allow ourselves to be caught, let them hang us: it's all fair that they should; but wasn't that fellow put over the flock to preserve it from us and all other enemies? Wasn't he trusted, fed, housed, and honoured as a faithful servant and friend? I say hanging is too good for him; he ought to be shot first and hung afterwards."

NOT ALWAYS FAIR TO JUDGE OF OTHERS BY OURSELVES.

Nobody could think what made Mr. Pug, the new pet's, nose so black.

"I know what it is," said Miss Floss, the lapdog; "he's been upsetting the ink, that's it"—a severe beating for doing the same in her lady's boudoir being fresh in her memory.

"No, miss, it's not that; he's been routing among the pots," said the turnspit, who often got a kick and a cuff from cook for meddling with her affairs in that way.

"You're wrong, both of you," said Grumps, the old house-dog, who was renowned for his surliness; "it's his bad tempers—they've all settled in his face; bad tempers always make black looks!"

ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE.

"Don't cut me down! Consider how old I am," said the Tree to the Woodman, who stood to deliberate, and replied—

"Old? well *that* you are, but are you sound?"

"Sound? there's not a bit of good timber in me, and hasn't been for years. I'm little else but touchwood," said the Tree.

"Well, but I suppose you will put out leaves to look pleasant in the summer?" said the Woodman.

"Leaves! alas no leaves have I put forth for many summers," cried the Tree, "I am so *very* old!"

"Is that it? then down with you. It's plain, if there's no hope of getting use or ornament from you, you ought to give place to others; you've been on the ground long enough."

Varieties.

THE POPE'S CURSE.—The Archbishop of Paris, in a recent speech in the French Senate on the Roman question, observed that if the Pope was obliged to quit Rome and wander through the world as a pilgrim, "the earth would tremble beneath his footsteps, and his words would be maledictions." In plain English, if turned out of Rome, the Pope would go about the world cursing! The following is the substance of "the Pope's dreadful curse, as being the form of excommunication of the Church of Rome." We quote it as given by Dr. Keith (from Harleian MSS., vol. viii. pp. 553-5), in his "History and Destiny of the Church and the World." "By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, the mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubim and seraphim, etc., we excommunicate and anathematise him or them; and from the thresholds of the holy Church of God Almighty we sequester them, that he or they may be tormented, disposed, and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord, 'By the authority of us, we know not thy ways.' And, as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him or them, for evermore, unless it shall repent him or them, and they make satisfaction. Amen. May the Father, who created man, curse him or them. . . . May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, curse him or them. . . . May the heavens and earth, and all holy things remaining therein, curse him or them. May he or they be cursed, wherever he or they may be; whether in the house, or in the field, or in the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church. May he or they be cursed in living, in dying, in eating, in drinking, etc.; in the faculties of their body—inwardly and outwardly—in their brain—their head—their nostrils—their heart—their veins. . . . May he or they be cursed in all their joints, from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. . . . May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty, curse him or them; and may heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him or them, to damn him or them, unless it shall repent him or them, or that he or they shall make satisfaction. Amen." Dr. Keith quotes this Pope's curse in illustration of that trait in the prophetic character of the pretended vicar of Christ, when it is said (Rev. xiii. 11-18), "He had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

THE SERJEANT-SURGEONCY TO THE QUEEN.—The appointment of serjeant-surgeon is one of great antiquity. One of the duties is to be in attendance on the king when he ventures to battle, and the earliest record of this appears when John of Arden, in 1349, accompanied Edward III to the Battle of Crecy. The office of serjeant-surgeon was not, however, confirmed until 1461, when William Hobbys was appointed, with a salary of forty marks yearly. There were several perquisites attached, such as drawing a certain amount of wine from the king's cellars, the right to all the fine linen stained with the royal blood, and, during war, to take prisoners, retaining the amount of ransom paid for them. The surgeon to the sovereign was, moreover, the twelfth person in rank, and took precedence accordingly. Abroad the surgeons filling this appointment were treated with distinguished consideration, as, on the death of the sovereign, they were beheaded and buried with that potentate. Thus it appears that Austrigilda, wife of Gontram, King of Burgundy, had, in compliance with her dying request, her two physicians slain and buried with her. The chronicler adds that these were probably the only two medical gentlemen ever privileged to lie in the tombs of kings.

THE ISLE OF DOGS.—This island, formerly a waste swamp, has for many years been the scene of busy manufacturing industry. Here, in the various departments of iron-ship-building, are congregated several thousands of the most skilled and intelligent artisans and labourers. The terrible distress prevailing this winter in the east of London is sorely felt in the Isle of Dogs. An impression has gone abroad that much of this distress has been the result of trades union agencies. Knowing the facts of the case, we can affirm that this is a mistake, no strike having taken place for years. The men, with proper independent feelings, shrink from mere charity, but are appealing to the public to help them to employment to support themselves and their families, even at greatly reduced wages. In the true spirit of co-operation they are willing to give their labour at rates enabling Thames ship builders to compete with those on the Tyne, Wear or Clyde.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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LIFE OR DEATH?

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE LADIES VISIT THE INVALID AT CLIFF COTTAGE.

Miss WARDOUR and Mary Talbot visited Mr. Aston, agreeably to the rector's promise.

The invalid was seated at the parlour-window when the two young ladies entered the garden gate, and as they advanced up the gravel-walk he obtained a full view of Mary Talbot's features, and felt satisfied that she was indeed his sister's child.

He had anticipated the visit, and he held in his hand

a miniature portrait which he had taken from the pocket-book saved from the wreck.

"The likeness is perfect," he said to himself. "I could fancy that I saw my sister before me. There *can* be no mistake."

It cost him a great effort to conceal his agitation, and he had hardly time to replace the miniature in his pocket-book, ere the ladies were announced by the servant. When, however, they entered the parlour, he had so far recovered the control of his features that the emotion he betrayed when he met them might have been reasonably attributed to the effects of his recent illness.

"Mr. Aston," said Miss Wardour, coming cheerfully forward and offering her hand to the invalid, "let me introduce to you Miss Mary Talbot. My uncle, I understand, has spoken to you of the young lady; therefore I need say no more, but leave you to make each other's acquaintance."

"I am very happy to make the acquaintance of Miss Talbot," replied the invalid; but despite his efforts to appear at ease, his voice trembled as he spoke, and when he grasped Mary's hand in his own, he gazed so earnestly into her face that she blushed, and turned away her head.

Miss Wardour, however, thought the invalid's unwonted agitation of voice and manner was caused by weakness, and observed feelingly—

"I am truly sorry to find you looking so ill, Mr. Aston; still I hope you are improving rapidly, and that we shall soon see you at the Rectory again?"

"I am recovering as fast as Doctor Pendriggen will let me," replied the invalid, assuming an aspect of cheerfulness; "but when once an unfortunate being finds himself under the doctor's hands, there's no knowing when he will be permitted to escape from the thrall. I've learnt that much to my cost since I've been in England. Now, however, that you young ladies have once broken the ice, I hope you will visit me frequently, and I am sure your visits will do me vastly more good than all the medicines in the Pharmacopœia."

"A very gallant speech," replied Miss Wardour; "but I'm afraid there's more flattery than truth in it."

"Not at all; I mean what I say. And moreover, I'm going to put your good nature to the test. The doctor won't permit me to read, and Mr. Sinclair assured me that you—both of you—would gratify me, and enable me to pass away pleasantly what will be otherwise long weary hours—by reading to me; I would add, and by playing, but I have no pianoforte in the cottage. Still I mean to get one from Falmouth. It was an oversight of yours, not to order a piano, Miss Wardour."

"Was it likely, Mr. Aston, that I should order a pianoforte without receiving especial directions to do so from you? How was I to know that you played, or even that you were fond of music?"

"I do not play. But you must think me a great flatterer indeed if you don't know whether I am fond of music, after the admiration you have heard me express of your execution at the piano when I was your guest at the Rectory. Besides, did you imagine that I never intended to invite ladies to my cottage?"

"And then I have a daughter, whom you may perhaps see some day, and she, I assure you, is quite a proficient in music, although she is a backwoods girl."

"However, the mistake is easily rectified. I'll send an order to Falmouth to-morrow, and then, when the instrument arrives, you and Miss Talbot must choose a place where to put it. Does Miss Talbot play?"

"Very much better than I do, Mr. Aston. I am really ashamed of my performance since I have listened to hers."

"I am glad to hear that the young lady plays music"—and as he spoke he glanced so approvingly at Mary, that she blushed deeply beneath his gaze. "If, however, she plays better than you, Miss Sinclair," he added, "she must play well indeed; for, though I am no musician myself, I am something of a critic in music."

"At all events you read admirably well, and so I hear does Miss Talbot. May I hope that you will soon give me an opportunity to judge of your merits in that rare accomplishment?"

"I am afraid that you are a severe critic in that as well as in other things," replied Miss Wardour.

"I've heard of your severe disapproval of poor Margery's readings. My uncle says you described it as something terrible, and—if I mistake not—he added that you intend putting the poor woman through a series of nursery readings, to commence with "Goody Two Shoes," and "Cinderella?"

Mr. Aston looked somewhat foolish, as both the young ladies laughed at the idea of the old servant reading "Goody Two Shoes" to her master. He, however, soon joined in the laugh.

"I wasn't aware that Mr. Sinclair heard me," he explained. "I did set Margery to read Shakespeare to me, which I acknowledge was very silly on my part, and I was still more silly to be angry because the poor woman failed; but you cannot conceive how weary I sometimes feel of this life of utter inactivity and confinement. However, the 'Goody Two Shoes' readings were, I assure you, Margery's own proposition—not mine."

After this sally on the part of Miss Wardour, and Mr. Aston's explanation, the whole party were more at their ease. The young ladies remained chatting cheerfully upon various topics for an hour, and when they took their departure they promised to call the next day and read to him if he felt inclined to listen.

During his conversation with his visitors, Mr. Aston had, as it were, carelessly put several questions to Mary Talbot, whose replies would have satisfied him that she was indeed the daughter of his sister Mary if he had still entertained any doubt that such was the case.

No doubt, however, existed in his mind, and when he was again alone he gave free scope to his feelings, which were embittered by the thought that he would never again see his sister in this world. He learnt from Mary that her brother was expected to visit St. David previous to his departure for America, and he resolved that he would keep his secret intact until he had seen the youth.

"When the boy is about to embark," he thought to himself, "I will furnish him with letters to his cousins, and others who may be able to serve him; for I will not oppose his going to America. Even if he soon return to England, the experience he will thus acquire will be of service to him in future; but before he sails I will reveal my relationship both to him and his sister. They shall learn, poor children, that they are not alone in the world, and that the day is not far distant when the oppressors of the orphan child shall find to their sorrow that though Heaven's justice appears sometimes to move slowly it never sleeps."

From that day Mr. Aston took great interest in Mary Talbot. He rapidly improved in health, and was soon able to walk abroad and visit the schools and the Rectory, though the internal injuries he had received at the time of the wreck necessitated great caution on his part, and above all, perfect freedom from excitement. These injuries, however, were not very serious, and Doctor Pendriggen was satisfied that with the exercise of due care on his own part he would in course of time perfectly recover his health. The only fear was lest in his utter carelessness of himself when he felt in tolerably good health, he might by over-exertion bring about a relapse.

As may be readily imagined, Mr. Aston was felt to be a great acquisition to a parish which contained so few residents above the labouring classes; for though a few of the farmers and master-fishermen were in easy pecuniary circumstances, the adult population were almost wholly uneducated. Few could do more than

read and write, and even the village school-mistresses, who were regarded by the simple villagers as marvels of scholarship, were only qualified to instruct the children in the commonest rudiments of education.

Even Doctor Pendriggen, with his peculiar theory respecting the impolicy of over-educating the labouring classes, had no cause to dread the effects of the education these two elderly dames were capable of imparting to the children under their charge.

Mary Talbot had experienced so much unexpected kindness since she had come among her new friends, that Mr. Aston's evident partiality towards her did not surprise her as it might have done otherwise. The day after her first visit to Cliff Cottage he ordered a piano-forte from Falmouth, and he made the possession of this instrument a pretext for frequent invitations to Miss Wardour and Mary to repeat their visits; and moreover, he never invited a party to dine or spend the evening at the cottage without including the young governess in the list of his invited guests.

Thus several weeks passed away, until at length Henry Talbot arrived on his long-promised visit to his sister before he should embark for America.

CHAPTER XV.—HENRY TALBOT'S VISIT TO ST. DAVID IS BROUGHT TO AN UNLOOKED-FOR CONCLUSION.

MR. ASTON had held frequent conversations with Mary respecting her brother's visit to America, and through his advice, imparted by Mary, Henry Talbot, who cared not to what particular portion of the United States he emigrated, was induced to alter his original intention of proceeding to New York, and to take passage instead to New Orleans, where Mr. Aston had influential friends to whom he promised to give the young man letters of introduction.

Henry Talbot's visit had, however, been so frequently unavoidably postponed, that when at length he arrived at St. David, but a few days remained to him ere he expected to be summoned back to London to join the ship on board of which he had taken passage.

Mary had previously engaged lodgings for her brother at the farmhouse where she herself resided, in order that he might be with her as much as possible during the period of his brief sojourn. She wished to render his visit as agreeable as possible, and to gratify her, Mr. Sinclair and his niece, and Dr. Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe extended a cordial welcome to the young man. Of all Mary Talbot's friends, however, Mr. Aston attached himself to her brother in the kindest manner. He seemed, in fact, to take as much interest in the youth as he had previously taken in Mary herself, and hardly a day passed in which he and Henry did not walk together, either into the country or along the seashore, the elder leaning on the arm of the younger, and conversing with him respecting the distant land for which he was so soon to embark.

Mary, however, was not so happy in her brother's visit as she had expected to be. As day after day flew rapidly by she could not conceal from herself the fact that each passing day brought the hour nearer when she must part from the only relative whom she knew or cared for on earth—perhaps for ever in this world.

She was also troubled with other anxieties. As has been told, the money which the sale of the furniture at Rose Cottage had brought had been equally divided between the brother and sister; but while Mary had hitherto kept her portion intact, she was well aware that her brother's share had been almost wholly absorbed in the purchase of his outfit, the payment of his passage to New Orleans, and other expenses. Acting under

Mr. Aston's advice, Henry intended to proceed from New Orleans to the great western emporium of St. Louis, and Mary was perfectly well aware that the cost of the passage to New Orleans was greater than that to New York, and that her brother would likewise have to defray the expenses of a long inland river journey after his arrival on the American shore, in order to reach St. Louis.

She almost wished now that Henry, notwithstanding Mr. Aston's liberal promises, had adhered to his original intention, and taken passage for New York. She could not bear to think of his landing, a stranger and almost penniless, in a foreign land; and at length she spoke to him on the subject.

"Henry, dear," she said, "what will you do? how will you manage, landing in America, as you necessarily must, almost destitute of money?"

"I must do as others do, I suppose, Mary. I must do as many have done before me, and as many more will do after me—earn money as soon as possible," replied the young man gaily. "However," he added, "I shall not be absolutely without money. I shall have fifteen or twenty pounds in my pocket."

"Fifteen or twenty pounds, Henry! What is that?"

"Oh, I don't know *how* many dollars—nearly a hundred, I suspect: more than a great many emigrants land with, Mary. It's a capital plan to count in dollars, it has such a sound with it; though the French system of reckoning in francs is better still for those who, like myself, have not a great amount to reckon."

"Seriously, Henry," replied Mary, "you must accept the money that I have lying useless at the bank. I have asked you to do so before. Now this change—this going to New Orleans instead of to New York—renders your acceptance of the money imperative."

"Seriously, my dear Mary, I shall do nothing of the kind," returned Henry.

"Recollect," continued Mary, "the long journey you have before you after you reach New Orleans. Suppose you should fall sick? Suppose that, after all your hopeful anticipations, you should fail to procure immediate employment at St. Louis? A hundred accidents may happen. I wish, Henry, that you would not leave me at all; but if you will go away, the money I have laid by, which is really of no service to me, may be very necessary to you."

"No, Mary," replied Henry, "I cannot and will not accept your money. You may require it yourself; and suppose you *should* need it, what should I think of myself, knowing that I had left you penniless?"

"It is not likely that I shall need it, Henry," replied Mary. "You see how comfortably I am situated here. I have a sufficient salary, and kind friends, and even if those friends should fail me, I can find a home, and a friend in Mrs. Margaret."

Henry, however, persisted in declining his sister's generous offer. He was sanguine in his belief that he would be immediately successful in America; and, reduced in circumstances as he and his sister had become through the sad and untimely fate of their father, he had as yet no idea of the crushing poverty which makes people feel the real use—the absolute need of money. Even though he had known that he would be left really penniless in America, he could not yet have conceived any notion of the terrible distress to which he might be reduced.

"Mary," he said, "there is no knowing what may happen to either of us. I know that money is useful in America as well as here; and if I had a few hundred pounds to spare I should be very glad of it. But your

share of the money brought by the sale I will not touch. I have no doubt that I have enough for my needs; but whether or no, I will not take yours, so please not to ask me again. Promise me, for every time you urge me to do so you make me uncomfortable;" and at length Mary reluctantly gave the required promise, and the subject was not again alluded to by either of them.

But three days of Henry Talbot's visit remained to him, when one morning Mr. Aston called at the farmhouse and invited the young man to accompany him on a ramble along the sea shore.

"You will soon leave us," he said, "and I want to have a long talk with you, and to explain to you what I have done to forward your prospects when you reach America. We will then return together to Cliff Cottage, where perhaps Miss Talbot will rejoin us, when she has completed her duties for the day. I have something to explain which I think may be of interest to both of you."

To this proposition Mary gladly assented, and Mr. Aston and her brother went forth together.

As they passed through the village they met the postman, who handed Henry a letter.

"From the captain of the New Orleans packet-ship Amazon," said the young man, glancing at the post mark and the superscription. "I know its purport," he went on; "it is to summon me to meet the ship in London on Saturday. The captain promised me he would drop me a line. Well, unpleasant news will keep. I would gladly stay here another week for poor Mary's sake;" and with this he slipped the letter into his coat pocket, to be read on his return home.

Mr. Aston had by this time apparently perfectly recovered from his illness. Still he was cautioned by Dr. Pendrighen not to over-exert himself, nor to excite himself in any way whatever. This morning, however, he walked along the shore to a much greater distance than was usual with him; and, though he had told Henry that he had something particular to communicate to him, he continued to converse upon ordinary topics. He hesitated, however, from time to time, as if he had something on his mind of which he found it difficult to disburden himself.

Henry could not help remarking his companion's unusual nervousness. He fancied also that Mr. Aston leant more heavily than usual on his arm, and at length he hinted that he thought they had rambled far enough, and had better begin to turn their steps homewards.

Mr. Aston, however, replied that he was not at all fatigued, and continued his walk, leaning still more heavily upon the young man's arm, and sometimes, as Henry fancied, talking somewhat wildly.

The young man began to feel alarmed, when at length Mr. Aston said—

"I think I *will* rest a while. The sun has affected my head. I shall feel better after a short rest, and then we will return homeward. I think, after all, I will put off what I had to say to you until we meet Mary in the evening."

A smooth, dry rock, often used as a seat by ramblers along the shore, and by the fishermen when mending their nets, was not far distant. They walked towards it, and Mr. Aston seated himself upon it.

"I think I will now glance at my letter," said Henry, when his companion had seated himself, "though I can guess beforehand what are its contents."

As he spoke he drew the letter from his pocket, broke the seal, and had just glanced at the very brief

contents, when he was startled by a deep groan, and, turning quickly round, he saw that Mr. Aston had fainted, and was in the act of falling forward from the rock. The young man dropped the letter, and, springing towards his elder companion, was just in time to catch him in his arms, and probably to save him from injuring himself severely against the rough, sharp pebbles of the beach.

It was the first time he had ever seen any one in such a condition, for Mr. Aston was deathly pale, and totally unconscious; nevertheless, he loosened his neck-cloth and unbuttoned his coat and waistcoat, and then looked round in search of help.

A party of fishermen were busy drying their nets a short distance off, and Henry shouted and beckoned to them, until at length they heard him and came running to his assistance.

"Bring water, quick," cried the young man, and the fishermen, all of whom knew Mr. Aston by sight, promptly obeyed. Salt water was brought from the pools in the sand, and dashed into the fainting man's face, and various other rude means were employed to bring him back to life, without the slightest apparent success.

"Aw do b'lieve un be dead, puir genelman!" said one of the fishermen.

"What *is* to be done?" cried Henry, in an agony of alarm. "He must be carried home. A doctor must be sent for. He *can't* be dead! But just now he was talking with me, apparently quite well in health. Can *you* carry him home? I will pay you for your trouble?"

"Ay wull us, measter, an' i'thout pay too," cried two or three voices at the same moment; and some of the party went to their boats for oars and stretchers, while others took off their heavy pilot-coats, wherewith to form a couch.

While this was being done Henry saw the letter he had dropped lying on the pebbles at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, and in so doing glanced hurriedly at the yet unknown contents.

Then a new alarm came over him. He drew forth his watch, and saw that it was already eleven o'clock.

"What is to be done?" he exclaimed. "The mail-coach passes by the village at half-past twelve, and if I cannot take passage in it I shall be ruined!"

He addressed himself to the fishermen, in his alarm and bewilderment, as though they were acquainted with all his plans.

"I have taken passage on board ship for New Orleans," he continued. "The vessel *was* to have sailed on Thursday next, and I have just received a letter from the captain to acquaint me that she will sail positively on Wednesday. If I do not leave here by the mail to-day, I shall lose my passage-money and all my clothing and outfit. What on earth can I do?"

He addressed himself to men accustomed to, and prompt to meet emergencies.

"Thou mun be off, young measter," replied the oldest of the fishermen. "We'll carr' th' poor genelman whoam. Bless tha, *we* know's un well enow, an' thou'll mayhap do more good if tha goes whoam, an' sends for t' doctor to meet un, nor if tha stays here."

"Will you promise me to convey him quickly and carefully to Cliff Cottage?"

"Sure us wull, measter. What do tha tak' us for?" Henry took a guinea from his purse, one of the few coins that remained to him. "I don't know what else I *can* do," he said; "be careful—very careful. I may perhaps be of more service by preparing the servants

and sending for the doctor. I don't like to leave him, but I have no alternative. Take this, (he held forth the guinea); I would give you more if I could afford it, and I will hasten to the village and give the alarm before I go."

"Us doan't want thy money, measter," replied one of the men for his companions; "go tha away and send for doctor, an' we'll bring un whoam."

Henry cast a glance of deep concern and pity upon his kind friend. His heart smote him for leaving him in such a condition; but he really had no alternative save the ruin of all his hopes, and he thought, as the fishermen said, he might do more service by hastening home than by remaining.

He was turning away when he saw Jemmy Tapley, the old wooden-legged seaman, who has before been introduced to the readers of this history, approaching towards him.

Henry had already made the acquaintance of the old man, whom he knew to be a favourite of Mr. Aston's; he therefore hastened to meet him, and briefly explained what had occurred.

"I don't know these men, Tapley," he said to him. "They will be careful, I daresay; but I'm sure if I entrust him to *your* charge, you'll see that he is carried carefully. I may be of more service by hastening to give the alarm than by remaining here. At all events, I *must* go."

Jemmy Tapley readily promised to take charge of the sick gentleman, and see that he was carried carefully and quickly home; and, scarcely waiting to hear the old sailor's promise, Henry hastened away at the top of his speed, and soon reached the schoolhouse, where, as he expected, he found his sister.

Terrified at her brother's wild looks, Mary started up from her seat, and inquired in a faltering voice what had occurred to alarm him.

Henry briefly explained the circumstances of Mr. Aston's sudden and serious, if not fatal attack, and then, holding forth the letter, added—

"And I, Mary, have received a letter from Captain Dobson, of the Amazon. The vessel leaves the London Docks positively on Wednesday morning. I must leave St. David immediately and haste to London by the mail, which will pass by the village in less than an hour, or I shall miss the ship, forfeit my passage-money, and lose my whole outfit, which is already on board. I am very sorry. I hoped to have spent three more days with you; but there is no help for it. Then it seems so heartless, so unfeeling, to leave Mr. Aston, who has shown us both so much kindness, in his present condition, without waiting even to hear the result of the seizure. But what can I do? What *can* I do? You know that an hour's delay would blight all my hopes in the future."

For a few moments Mary stood pale and trembling. Mr. Aston's sudden attack of illness, and her brother's equally sudden and unexpected summons to return to London, both told to her in the same breath, shocked and bewildered her; but she presently recovered herself.

"You must go, Henry dear," she said, "if now, at the last moment, you will not listen to my request and remain in England. If you will do that, let your outfit go, forfeit your passage-money, and make use of the money I possess, lying idle in the bank."

Henry shook his head.

"It would be a cowardly act on my part to shrink—to slink away at the last moment. If Mr. Aston recover, which I hope he will do, he would be the first to

blame me; and once again, Mary, I repeat that I will not stoop so low as to rob *you* of your small store of money."

"Then you must lose no time, Henry. Much as I regret your sudden departure, I should do wrong to detain you a single moment. You have, of course, despatched a messenger to Dr. Pendriggen?"

"I have not. In my confusion I forgot to do so."

"Oh, Henry dear," replied Mary; and there was a slight tone of reproach in her voice. Then she continued—

"Go you to Dr. Pendriggen's house, Jane Harvey, and you too, Betsy Wilcox" (addressing two of the elder girls of the class). "Try which can be the swifter messenger. Tell the doctor that Mr. Aston has been seized with a fainting fit on the beach, and is being brought home by some of the fishermen. Hasten, girls, and tell the doctor to come at once, or—Stay, I will give you a note, Jane—you start off at once, Betsy."

She wrote in pencil on a slip of paper—

"Dr. Pendriggen,—Mr. Aston is seriously ill—perhaps dying. Come immediately to Cliff Cottage."

"MARY TALBOT."

This note she handed to her youthful pupil, and bade her hasten after Betsy. Another of the girls was sent with a message to the Rectory, and yet another to Mr. Sharpe. Then, again addressing her brother, Mary continued—"You have not a moment to lose, Henry. You had better go home and pack your trunk forthwith, and get Farmer Hobson to drive you to the end of the lane where the coach passes. I will excuse you to Mr. Aston. Write, if it be but a line, the moment you arrive in London, and write again by the pilot who will take the ship out of the river. I will write you a letter to-night and let you know how Mr. Aston is. And now, goodbye my dear brother, and may the blessing of Heaven attend and protect you. I will explain to Mr. Sinclair and the rest how you came to leave us so suddenly. Good bye, and never forget me, Henry. I shall think of *you* day and night, and never forget you when I kneel to pray."

Tears prevented further utterance. The brother and sister tenderly embraced each other, and parted, as they expected, for years—for ought they knew, for ever.

Henry Talbot hastened to his lodgings, hurriedly packed his portmanteau, and was driven to the end of the lane by Farmer Hobson. He just barely managed to catch the mail-stage, which always stopped to change horses at an inn about half a mile from the village, and the next minute was whirling rapidly away towards the great metropolis.

SPERM WHALE FISHING.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

THE sperm whale is not confined to one part of the ocean, but wanders in search of its food much farther than the true or Greenland whale. It is found on both sides of the line in the Pacific; as far north as California, on the American coast, and off Japan on the west; among many of the numerous groups of islands scattered over that ocean, off Australia, and New Zealand; in the China Seas and Persian Gulf, and in the Atlantic; he not only crosses the line, but has occasionally been seen not far off the Chops of the British Channel.

He wanders into these various regions, not on account of a peculiarly roving disposition, but in search of his favourite food, a hideous animal of the cuttle-fish

kind, called by sailors the sea squid, and known to naturalists as the "Sepia Octopus," one of an interesting family of mollusca denominated Cephasopoda, or creatures with arms and feet growing out of their heads. Even the shark seems disposed to allow the whale the monopoly of this charming animal for food. Its head is armed with a sharp beak, and its long tentacula are terminated by claws with which it catches hold of its prey. It varies greatly in size. The arms of those commonly seen are from one to two feet long, but they have been found with tentacula six feet in length; and there is on record one which was discovered in the inside of a whale, with a tentaculum twenty-seven feet long. With these powerful arms the creature encircles its prey, and the natives of the South Sea Islands, who will boldly attack a shark with a knife in the water, have a dread of falling into its deadly embrace. The squid is, however, eaten by the inhabitants of many coasts, and among others by those of the Mediterranean, where, however, the sperm whale does not venture.

There is a species of the Sepia Octopus known as the rock squid, from its being able to move along over rocks out of the water, somewhat in spider fashion. A naturalist, on one occasion hunting for shells, had his arm grasped by one of these creatures, and it was not without difficulty that he prevented it from fixing its horned beak in his arm, nor could he get it off until it was cut away piece by piece with a knife.

Besides the squid, the sperm whale swallows certain fish of the size of a small cod. They and the squid are both attracted into his huge mouth, it is said, by a certain white glittering appearance in the lining.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the whale is, properly speaking, a sea animal or beast, and not a fish, for it produces its young and suckles them as do land animals, being viviparous and a mammifer.

The sperm whale is very unlike the Greenland whale. Its head, which constitutes about one-third of the length of the animal, has a thick blunt extremity called the snout, in shape not unlike the bottom of a black porter bottle. Immediately behind this huge head, or what may be called the shoulder, is a protuberance known as the bunch of the neck. This is the thickest part of the body, which from this point very gradually diminishes for about another third of the whole length, when the tail commences. Here also is a protuberance called the "hump," succeeded by lesser humps called the "ridge," half-way down the tail. The tail is known as the "small" by whalers; towards the end it is not thicker than the body of a man, and at the end it expands into a triangular fin something like the tail of a fish, six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in width in a full-grown male. This formidable implement, called by whalers the "flukes," enables the creature to swim at a rapid rate, to dive, and even to leap out of the water, while one blow from it dashes the stoutest whale-boat to fragments.

The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. Both jaws, especially the lower, are contracted in front to a very narrow point, and serve the same purpose which a cutwater does to a ship. In the lower are forty-two large teeth, which fit into cases in the upper, which has none. The throat is large enough to admit the body of a man. The eyes, placed a little above and behind the angle of the mouth, are small, and furnished with eyelids. At a short distance behind them are the openings for the ears, large enough to admit a small quill. Not far behind the mouth are the fins, analogous to the arms of a man; they are less used by the animal for swimming, which is performed by the tail, than for

balancing, or diving, or supporting its young. They are about six feet long. It has but a single blowing-hole or nostril, placed in the upper and front angle of the head. In blowing, the jet of water is thrown upwards and forwards, spreading out like a stalked plume. In the head is a large triangular cavity called the "case," which contains often a ton, or more than ten large barrels, of spermaceti. This oily fluid, from its extreme lightness enables the animal to keep its vast head out of the water. Below the case is a thick elastic mass, infiltrated with oil and spermaceti, which also contributes to the lightness of the head.

The skin of the sperm whale is generally black, and immediately under it is an oily mass on the breast, about fourteen inches thick, and on other parts of the body eight to eleven inches thick. It is called by sailors the "blanket," an appropriate name, as it serves to protect the animal from the cold of the water as it approaches Antarctic regions, and also adds greatly to its buoyancy.

When cut off it is known as blubber, and furnishes the greater part of the oil for which the creature is killed. A full-sized sperm whale, such as has been described, is about eighty-four feet long, with a depth of body of twelve or fourteen feet, and a circumference, therefore, of thirty-six feet. The head is from eight to nine feet deep, and five to six wide. Such is a very brief description of the mighty Leviathan of the South Seas. He is also powerful in strength, and sagacious, and is believed to be capable of feelings of revenge against those who attack him.

Among the earliest captors of the sperm whale were settlers in what were then British colonies of North America. They pursued the animal when it appeared off their own coasts, in open boats, after a rude fashion learned from the native Indians. Their descendants have persevered in the occupation, and at the present day they send out more vessels to the South Seas, from Boston and other parts of the United States, than do all the other nations of the world put together.

About ninety-two years ago the first expeditions were fitted out for the capture of the sperm whale, from English ports, encouraged by high bounties. The principal resorts of the animal not being known, and the seamen probably not being very expert, no great success was achieved.

English vessels were, however, the first to follow the chase in the Pacific and off New Zealand and Japan, where they met with abundant success. The most enterprising merchant who engaged in the trade was Mr. Enderby, at the end of the last century, and his descendants have till within a few years continued to carry it on with great vigour. Their last enterprise was the formation of a whaling establishment on the Auckland Islands, granted by Government to their firm; but it was after a time, from various causes abandoned. At one time a number of South Sea whalers sailed from London, Liverpool, and other British ports, but at the present day there is not one engaged in the trade belonging to any English port. The reason of this is simple: they had to remain out two, three, and even four years, and often in a battered condition, to make the long voyage home. It was therefore found to answer better to fit out vessels at Sydney and other Australian and New Zealand ports in the very centre of the regions where the whales abound, and to bring home the oil in ordinary traders, sailed at a much less expense than are whalers. To those ports, therefore, the English trade has been completely transferred, though it is still pursued vigorously from Boston and other ports in the United States.

The vessels employed in the trade were and are of from three to four hundred tons, barge-rigged, with somewhat short yards, so as to be easily handled, wall-sided, and painted black. They carry six boats, long, narrow, and sharp at both ends, hoisted up three on either side, and about thirty-two men, including a surgeon. They are furnished with casks and huge cauldrons for boiling down the blubber, part of which serves for fuel.

The boats are fitted in a peculiar manner. At one end, looked upon as the stern, is an upright piece of wood called the logger-head, and at the other a groove through which the harpoon-line runs out. Each boat has two lines of 200 fathoms in length, coiled carefully away in their respective tubs. There are also four harpoons, three lances, a keg containing a lantern, tinder-box, and other small articles; the object of the lantern being to show a light in case of being benighted; three or four small flags, called whiffs, to be inserted in the dead whale, should the boats have to leave it in pursuit of another; and also some pieces of board called drougues, to be attached to the harpoon-line, in order to check the speed of the whale when running or sounding. Four of these boats are generally employed at a time, with six men in each, commanded by the captain and his mates, who steer the boats till the moment for attacking the whale arrives, when they change places with the headmen and act as harpooners.

Arrived on the ground the vessels are kept ready, with two men aloft on the look-out for whales. "There she spouts!" cries one of them. "There again!" pointing in the direction where he has seen the spout. In an instant all is activity. The boats are manned; away they go at full speed after the whale. Before they reach it the animal sounds, that is, dives beneath the surface. The experienced captain has marked where he went down, and, as the whale cannot remain under water beyond a certain time, looks anxiously for his re-appearance. Up the whale comes. Again the boats are in hot pursuit. The captain, who has been steering in the leading boat, springs to the bows, and seizing the harpoon darts it with all the force of his muscular arm into the animal's side. "Stern all!" he then cries; and high time it is to be out of the huge creature's reach, for he begins to lash with his tail, and turn and twist in every way, till the surrounding water is a mass of foam. Sometimes he darts off, with the boat dragging after him at a furious rate. At other times he sounds, and then, when the first line has nearly run out, the second is attached, and at times the other boats, coming up, their lines are also joined on, to such a depth does the whale sink. In this case, however, as well as from running, the whale soon exhausts himself, and the boats, dashing after him directly he appears, more lances are plunged into his side, and the death flurry soon comes on. A violent shudder passes through the vast frame, and the animal then begins to lash his tail and twist and struggle more furiously than before. Woe betide the boat and her crew within reach of those vast flukes at that moment. One blow from them would dash her to fragments, and send the men swimming for their lives. When sounding, a large whale has been known to take out 800 fathoms of line—that is, four lines; at other times, having upset one or more boats, he breaks away, with harpoons fixed in him, 200 fathoms of line, and a drougue or two on to it. In most instances he is overtaken by the other boats, and finally killed, when he turns over on his side.

It is very exciting when a "school" of whales are found, and perhaps each boat is fast to one of them or

again, when several rival whalers are together, and their boats are in chase of the same whale. The prize belongs in such cases to the boat which first is fast.

The whale being killed, the vessel sails up to him, or if there is a calm he is towed alongside. He is first hooked on through a hole cut near the head. The head is next cut off and secured, snout downwards, astern. Then, with ropes round their waists and armed with spades, they descend on the carcass and commence the operation of "cutting in." This is to cut with the spade a strip between two and three feet broad, in a spiral direction round the body of the whale. This strip, called the blanket-piece, or pieces, is hauled on deck by tackles from the main yard, worked by the capstan, and as the blanket-pieces ascend the body turns round and round until the whole is cut off to the flukes. The lean carcass is then cast loose to float away, and the fluid spermaceti is drawn up by a bucket out of the case, astern, and when that is done the junk is cut off and hoisted on board.

The next operation is that of "trying out," that is, boiling down the blanket-pieces and spermaceti. The cauldrons, or "try-pots," are fixed in their places on deck. The crisp membranous parts, after the oil is extracted, called "scraps," are employed as fuel. The valuable spermaceti from the head is boiled by itself, and of course kept in separate casks.

The operation of boiling down the blubber of a large whale, and stowing away the casks into which the oil is put, amounting to about eighty for each, occupies about three days. A whaler, while this business is going on at night, presents a wild and curious scene, the light of the flames falling on the smoke-begrimed countenances and figures of the men, as with brawny arms they handle their long forks to throw the blanket-pieces into the pots or to feed the fire with scraps. It has, as may be supposed, a repulsive appearance, though in reality the dirt produced is not so great as might be expected, nor does any disagreeable smell attend the operation.

Vessels have been known to return home with upwards of three hundred tons of oil, while others, after an absence of three years, have come back with a shattered hull and worn-out sails, not half full. No wonder, then, that, after the discontinuance of the bounty system, English merchants found more profitable ways for the investment of capital. The largest amount of sperm oil brought into the port of London in one year appears to have been about 8,000 tons. Still, Americans find it answer: the reason is, that the masters are part, if not entire, owners of the ships. They often take their wives and families with them, and make their ships their homes during the cruise; they have followed the calling from father to son; and, what is more, they have picked crews, who remain with them from voyage to voyage, and have an interest in the enterprise, each man, according to his rating, sharing in the profits.

Of late years fire-arms have been used to project harpoons, and it is believed that they answer their purpose, and prevent the necessity of boats approaching quite so close to the whales as was required with the common harpoon; and by this means the risk is somewhat lessened. The chase of the whale still remains, however, the most dangerous pursuit followed by the hardy sons of the ocean.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

III.

For the next five years after leaving Congress, Mr. Lincoln quietly pursued his profession of the law, taking

no part in politics during General Taylor's administration. His great political leader, Henry Clay, had resumed his place in the Senate, and was earnestly striving to avert the dangers to the country, which he believed to be threatened by the fierce contests over the

question; so much so indeed that he reduced the Douglas party in the state of Illinois to a hopeless minority.

Proud of his eloquent advocacy and uncompromising zeal, the people of Illinois, when called upon in 1855 to elect a United States senator, chose Mr. Lincoln. This



J. Rowbotham, del.

LITTLE PIGEON BAPTIST CHURCH, WHERE THE LINCOLNS WORSHIPPED.

question of slavery. It was, with the slave States, a desperate struggle to retain the balance of power in the Senate by rejecting the application of another free State for admission, the granting of which would destroy the exact equilibrium then existing. The policy of admitting a slave State along with every new free one had substantially prevailed for years; but at this time, despite the extensive additions of Mexican territory, there was no counterbalancing slave State ready for admission. When California was admitted as a free State it was by compromise with the Southerners; and an agitation followed which threatened serious consequences, and which only subsided on the agreement, in 1852, of both parties to accept the compromise as a final settlement. Mr. Lincoln had no share in this settlement, though it is likely that, on the whole, he approved of it.

In 1854 came a shock to all opponents to the spread of slavery, which, like an alarm of "Fire!" in the night, startled them all into immediate action. This was the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—a bill to admit Nebraska and Kansas as slave-holding States, and which was the cause of the anarchy and bloodshed that prevailed in Kansas during the following year. Indignant at this gross violation of the most solemn pledges, Mr. Lincoln at once addressed himself to the task of opposing so great a wrong. He laid aside his profession, and, determining to do battle for the right, entered into the canvass of 1854, as one of the most active leaders of the anti-Nebraska movement. He addressed the people repeatedly with all his characteristic earnestness and energy. He met, and cowed, Judge Douglas, the author of the "Nebraska Iniquity," in the presence of the masses, and powerfully influenced public feeling on the

was an honour greater than any he had yet attained to; but he saw that his acceptance of it would damage the popular interest, and he at once besought his friends to transfer their votes to Mr. Trumbull, whose election he well knew would be more to their advantage. Mr. Trumbull was accordingly elected, and Lincoln's voluntary self-sacrifice had the effect of giving permanent organisation to the anti-Nebraska party.

In the formation of the Republican party, which in a manner superseded the old Whig party to which he had hitherto adhered, Mr. Lincoln took a prominent part. In 1856, the year of the nomination of Presidential candidates, he adopted the platform of the Republicans of Illinois, which was totally opposed to the spread of slavery, and, starting on the canvass, laboured strenuously during the campaign in sustaining the nominations of Fremont and Dayton. Buchanan, however, was elected President, and came into power in March 1857, and ere long was found to be favourable to the foul policy pursued towards Kansas, and acting in accordance with the dictates of the pro-slavery interest. Then came the Lecompton Convention, which, under its leader, Calhoun, was nothing less than a conspiracy to force in an underhand way a slave constitution on the people of Kansas. Judge Douglas supported the Convention with all the eloquence at his command, and with still greater sophistry; but Lincoln met him, or followed after him, and was successful in overthrowing his arguments and exposing his casuistry. Much of the dispute turned on the Dred Scott decision, the purport of which was, as the reader will recollect, that an escaped slave should be restored to his owner when caught in a free State. Judge Douglas would have made this decision

a perpetual law—a charter, in fact, for slavery; Lincoln would have it reconsidered and reversed, so that it might be quoted as a charter for freedom. His arguments on this question, which we have not space to give here, were most subtle and ingenious, while they were

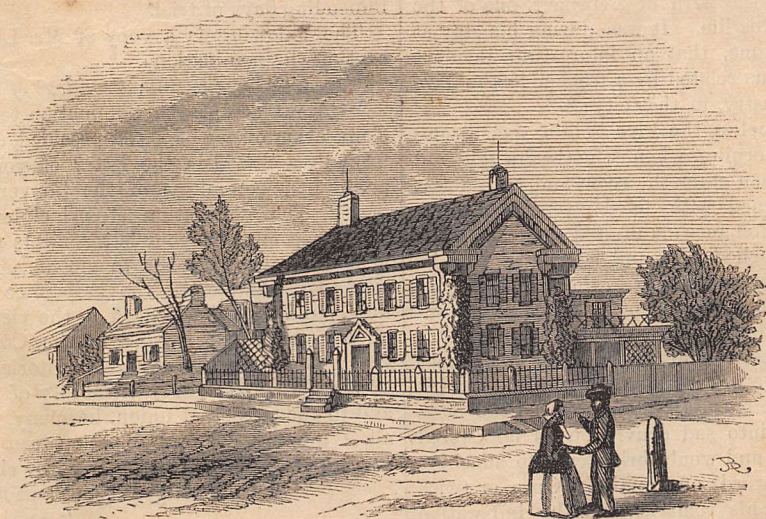
its work, Judge Douglas, who more than any one else had nursed it with strength, suddenly turned round and embraced the opposite side of the question. Whatever his motive, people did not fail to attribute his tergiversation to the fact that his seat in the senate would



A. Lincoln

obviously unanswerable. They were indeed so little to the taste of his learned opponent, that that worthy

depend on the election which was shortly about to come off in Illinois, where the disputant whose arguments he



LINCOLN HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

showed ever afterwards a decided disinclination to a personal renewal of the dispute.

In 1858, after the Lecompton Convention had done

so little relished had already been nominated, and where, on the 15th of June, a resolution had been passed at Springfield, declaring "That Abraham Lincoln is the

first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois, for the United States Senate, as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas."

The contest was both sharp and severe, and none the less so that it was carried on without any show of acrimony on either side. It was prolonged until the end of October, and created an extraordinary interest, not only in Illinois but throughout the whole country. It was evident to most observers that Lincoln was from day to day gaining a decided advantage over his antagonist, whom he repeatedly forced into admissions essentially damaging to his political character and prospects. In the joint discussions held from time to time, the balance of argument seemed invariably to the credit of Lincoln. In the end, however, Lincoln was defeated, not for want of votes, for he had, altogether, more than a thousand majority over Douglas, but by the clever tactics of Douglas's party, who, by diverting their votes, managed ingeniously to obtain majorities in the greatest number of the legislative districts, and thus to make their candidate secure.

The great talent and the manly conduct manifested by Lincoln in this contest were, however, in the end productive of more advantage to him than the gaining of his election as a senator would have been. Throughout the whole campaign he showed himself an able statesman, a powerful orator, a true gentleman, and an honest man; and it was these qualities which now led to the spontaneous suggestion of his name in various parts of the country as a candidate for the presidency. While, therefore, Douglas was returned to the senate, there was a general presentiment that a juster verdict was to be had yet, and that Lincoln and his cause would ultimately triumph.

In 1859, Mr. Lincoln was again on the canvass for the Republican party, and earnestly opposing measures, the tendency of which was to encourage slavery. He visited the State of Ohio, speaking first at Columbus and then at Cincinnati, in both places with marked good effect. In the spring of 1860, in answer to calls made upon him, he visited and spoke at various places in Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island; and journeyed also to New York, where, at the Coopers' Institute, he delivered, on the 27th of February, one of the greatest speeches of his life. It was during his stay at New York at this time, that an interesting incident occurred, which is thus related by a teacher in the Five Points House of Industry, in that city:—

"Our Sunday school in the Five Points was assembled, one Sabbath morning, when I noticed a tall and remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance manifested such a genuine interest, that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and, coming forward, began a simple address which at once fascinated every little hearer and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intensest feeling. The little faces around would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on! Oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the speaker, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him; and when he was

quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, 'It is Abra'm Lincoln, from Illinois.'"

In the spring of 1860 all eyes were turned towards Chicago, where the Republican National Convention was to meet, to consider what names should be put on the Presidential ticket, and to discuss the merits and availability of the men who should be proposed. On the morning of the 18th of May, amidst the most intense though subdued excitement of the twelve thousand people inside the "Wigwam," in which the Convention was held, and the anxious solicitude and suspense of the still greater number outside who could not gain admission, it was voted to proceed at once to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States. Seven names were presented in the following order:—Seward, Lincoln, Dayton, Cameron, Chase, Bates, and McLean. Loud and long-continued applause greeted the first two of these names, and it was soon apparent that between them the chief contest was to be. On the third ballot the name of Lincoln was fifty votes ahead of that of the highest of the competitors. The scene which followed—the wild manifestations of approval and delight within and without the hall, prolonged uninterruptedly for twenty minutes, and renewed again and again for half-an-hour more—it is impossible to describe. Never was a popular assembly more stirred with a contagious and all-pervading enthusiasm. The nomination was made unanimous on the motion of Mr. Everts of New York, and speedily the news of the event sped along the electric wires to all parts of the land. The demonstrations at Chicago were but a representation of the common sentiments of the masses of the Republican party, and of thousands among the people, not before included in its ranks, in the country at large. From that day forth the wisdom of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the highest place in the American Government was universally acknowledged. As a man of the people, in cordial sympathy with the masses, he had the unreserved confidence of the sincere friends of free labour, regardless of party distinctions. As a man of sterling integrity and incorruptible honesty, he was felt to be a suitable agent for upholding the Federal Government in its impending days of trial.

The following is a copy of Mr. Lincoln's letter, accepting the nomination:—

"HON. GEO. ASHMUN, *President of the Rep. Nat. Con.*

"SIR,—I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprised in the letter of yourself and others, acting as a committee of the Convention for that purpose. The declaration of principles and sentiments which accompanies your letter meets my approval; and it shall be my care not to violate, nor disregard it in any part. Implying the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States and Territories, and the people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and to the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.

"Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

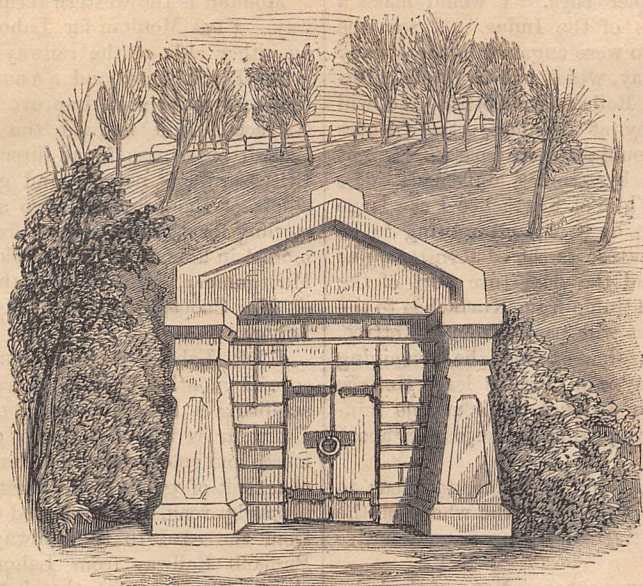
The popular favour with which the nomination of Mr. Lincoln had been received was strengthened by the spirited canvass that followed. The result of operations was not declared until the 13th of February, 1861, when it was found that for Abraham Lincoln the electoral votes were more than double the number

obtained for any one of the other candidates. The Vice-President, Mr. Breckenridge, therefore officially declared Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1861.

On the morning of February 11th, Mr. Lincoln, with his family, left Springfield for Washington. A large concourse of citizens had assembled at the depôt on the occasion of his departure, whom, with deep emotion, he addressed as follows:—"My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He could never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive

that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Having traced the career of Abraham Lincoln from infancy to mature manhood, and from the humblest industrial labour to the possession of the highest dignity which his country could bestow, we take leave of him here, feeling very sure that the lesson of his life can hardly be lost or misapprehended. The events of the four years that followed his assumption of the Government—years of unparalleled suffering and trial, and of unflinching adherence to right and justice amidst the horrors and alarms of the bloodiest struggle of modern times—these are too well known to need recapitulation. How thoroughly the man of the people redeemed his pledge to the people, and postponed every consideration of his own interest or ease to their welfare—how ready and prompt he was to stay the shedding of blood and quench the spirit of revenge when his enemies were at his feet—and how, in a moment of seeming rest and tranquillity, he fell by the assassin's hand—all these things are still fresh in our memories, and we recall them involuntarily with the honoured name of Abraham Lincoln.



THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

COTTON AND RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

At the end of last autumn Mr. William Campbell, a gentleman connected with railways in India, and recently returned from the East, communicated valuable information upon the capabilities of the Punjab and other districts for growing cotton. He was asked by the Council of the Cotton Supply Association to furnish them with a written report. Residing at Umritsur, which he describes as the Manchester of the Punjab for commerce and enterprise, he had opportunities of witnessing the marvellous changes effected by the opening of the railway from Lahore to Multan. He is of opinion that the Punjab could by railways and by irrigation be made one of the most fertile and prosperous countries of the world. Scinde and the Punjab, with the States under control, cover an area of 130,000 square miles, with a population of about 25,000,000, industrious and hardy for labour; and the administration is a model to all parts of India.

Mr. Campbell's report, apart from its mere commercial aspect, presents so interesting a view of the progress and prospects of railways in India, that we are sure our readers will be glad to have some extracts from the personal narrative:—

I visited the railway stations at Bombay, and saw the passenger trains arrive and depart. There were crowds of native passengers, all of whom were quiet and orderly. I saw also the goods trains, and every waggon was well loaded, and full of cotton and general merchandise. It was said all over Bombay that the railway companies could not meet the wishes of the trading community, arising from a deficiency of rolling stock. Parties in the cotton districts had to wait for weeks before they could get their goods sent to port for shipment.

The passenger trains were well filled with second and third-class passengers. Many of the Parsee ladies rode

in the trains unveiled, a proof that caste is gradually giving way to modern customs.

After spending a few days at Bombay I left by steamer for Kurrachee, where we arrived on the second day at eight a.m. We landed, and proceeded at once to the Scinde railway-station. The traffic passing to and from the custom-house was very great, and increasing daily. The goods were being carried on bullock carts, camels, ponies, bullocks, mules, and on men's heads.

Kurrachee is the head-quarters of the Indo-European Telegraph, and has now become the port at which all European troops arrive or depart from India. It is also the western terminus of the Scinde Railway. The late General Sir Charles Napier said, in 1842, "If any civilised man should ask—Were you ruler of Scinde, what would you do? I would abolish the tolls on the rivers, make Kurrachee a free port, protect Shikarpore from robbers, make Sukkur a mart for trade on the Indus. I would make a trackway along its banks. I would get steamboats." These words were written twenty-three years ago, when Sir Charles Napier was Governor of Scinde, and I could not help thinking how prophetic they were when I was travelling through Kurrachee, and up the Indus. Sir Charles Napier says, "I would make a trackway along the banks of the Indus." I saw the staff of civil engineers who were engaged in the survey of the Indus Valley Railway, which will be the connecting link with the Scinde Railway at Kottree, and will join the Punjab Railway at Moulton. Sir Charles Napier further says, "I would get steamboats." I went from Kottree to Moulton by steamer, and made some of my notes on board. While at Kurrachee I saw large quantities of cotton arrive by train, and waiting to be shipped for England. Kottree is the eastern terminus of the Scinde Railway, and the departure port of the Indus steam flotilla. The traffic from Kurrachee to the Punjab and Central Asia will pass through Kottree. Here river travelling terminates, and the remaining distance is accomplished by rail. Trains leave Kottree for Kurrachee daily. The distance is about one hundred miles, and the time occupied upon the journey about five hours.

At Kottree, on the banks of the Indus, and near to the railway-station, was to be seen the whole of the cotton coming down the river by steamers and native boats.

The cotton occupied a large space. None of the bales were pressed. The Indus was high and rapid, and the current strong, and we proceeded only a very short distance the first day. We stopped every night at sundown at one of the wood or fuel stations. I landed and walked some distance inland to collect wild plants and flowers, and examine the quality of the land. The soil is in very good condition, and, in my opinion, well adapted for the growth of cotton. It is an alluvial deposit of great depth. I was a month journeying on the Indus, and I examined the soil at sundown (at twenty-eight different places) for twenty-eight days. I never saw anything to equal the rich quality of the soil on the banks of the Indus.

At Sukkur we stopped for half a day and a night to land goods and stores for the English army in Peshawur and Rawal Pindee, and other places in the Punjab. The goods were transhipped on small steamers, which plied on the Sutlej and some of the other rivers, from which great quantities of cotton were conveyed and left at Sukkur for the return of the Indus steam flotilla steamers.

I saw piles of cotton on the banks of the river at Jukhar, and ascended one of the highest minarets, and

had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. There is a very large tract of land, stretching as far as the eye can see, capable by a judicious system of irrigation of producing crops of wheat or cotton or of rice. A branch railway in connection with or from the Indus Valley Railway, from Sukkur by Shirkapore, and Jacobabad to Dodur, near to the entrance of the Bolan Pass, will add much to the prosperity of the town. Sukkur is the *entrepôt* of the produce and the manufactures of Kandahar, Bokhara, Herat, and other places, from whence come quantities of dried fruit, Persian carpets of beautiful texture and designs, wool, etc., for exportation. I saw the Bolan Pass from the steamer. When we entered the province of the Punjab, I observed a marked difference in the wheat, barley, and other crops. The wheat looked healthy and abundant, and the whole country along the banks of the river looked delightfully green and grateful to the sight after the dry and parched land of Scinde. The Persian wells were to be seen in great numbers on the banks of the Indus. At Moulton there were some thousands of bales of cotton waiting to be shipped on board the steamers and other boats for Kottree, thence by railway to Kurrachee.

Moulton is the western terminus of the Punjab Railway. I left Moulton for Lahore by rail. The country on either side of the railway is a jungle, but the land is level and good, and a canal made from Lahore to Moulton would soon improve the state of the country. As soon as I entered the Punjab I saw signs of British enterprise in all directions, and as a proof that British rule is popular and good, the maharajahs and chiefs of the province have subscribed nearly £20,000 sterling for the purpose of erecting some suitable testimonial in honour of the previous governor, Sir Robert Montgomery. The whole of this sum is left in the hands of Mr. Cooper, C.B., her Majesty's Commissioner at Lahore.

I left Lahore for Umritsur, where I remained for several months. While there I had opportunities of acquiring a local knowledge of the traffic of this city. Umritsur is the Manchester of the Punjab for commerce and enterprising merchants. I saw the old mode of transit of goods from Umritsur to Moulton and other places by road, and witnessed the transfer of that traffic from the road to the railway, on the opening of the Punjab Railway from Lahore to Moulton, and the change was so great that I was deeply impressed with it, more so than by any similar change I have witnessed, though closely engaged in railway work in England for more than a quarter of a century. When telegrams were received from England for cotton, a demand was made all over the city and in the country for vehicles and camels. I saw the native mode of transit, which I note, so that you may have some idea of the change. There were thousands of camels employed, and the bullock train was used for the conveyance of general merchandise and cotton. I saw this wretched bullock train—the necks of the animals being covered with dreadful sores, going at the speed of two and a half miles per hour. Cotton was also carried by every other conceivable method—on camels, ponies, bullocks, mules, donkeys, hackneys, and on men's heads, going from Umritsur to Moulton, a journey of upwards of 258 miles, there to be shipped to Kurrachee, thence to England. Man and animal used to travel day and night, resting but very little on the journey, exposed by day to a blazing sun and clouds of dust, and to the dews and deadly fogs at night. The time occupied on the journey varied from ten to twenty days. The goods are now sent 258 miles by railway in one day,

This, then, is a simple account of the change effected in the conveyance of goods; and, when I think of the dreadful torture to dumb animals all over India previous to the introduction of the railway system, I cannot help expressing my admiration of the immense benefits derived from the change, and the pleasure produced by the extinction of a practice at once barbarous and cruel.

Umritsur, besides being the wealthiest city in the Punjab, is a place of pilgrimage for the Sikh nation. There are 600 priests attached to the temple, and service is performed in it day and night. I shall now note the change in the passenger traffic. I witnessed the change from the road to the rail in England. I now witness the change in India, which is much greater. The native pilgrims to and from the Ganges, native pilgrims to and from Mecca, the pilgrims to and from the Golden Temple of Umritsur, the poorest native woman with her baby, to and from the Bazaar, now feel that they travel in perfect safety. All classes and castes have taken kindly to railway travelling. Passenger traffic is on the increase all over India. I have myself assisted in putting as many as 3,200 natives in one train in perfect order. Some of the carriages in the Punjab contain two storeys. The native women have carriages for themselves, and they prefer to ride in the top storey. The starting of the train is orderly, much more so than a train containing a similar number of passengers in any part of England. But on the arrival of a train the noise is perfectly deafening, particularly if the night is dark—wives calling for their husbands, husbands responding and calling upon their wives, make it a scene of noise, bustle, and confusion that once seen can never be forgotten. All is over in about twenty minutes, the platform cleared, peace restored, without any accident or harm happening to any of them.

The journey from Lahore to the base of the Murree Hills was performed during the night in a garry, or native two-horse vehicle. I arrived at the ferry of the Jhelum river at three o'clock in the morning. I was actually six hours in crossing. Every second yard the boat stuck in the mud. A correspondent of an Indian newspaper, as far back as April, 1855, says, "I brought to England a small quantity of cotton (the raw material), grown from acclimatised American cotton seed, in a district on the banks of the river Jhelum. This specimen I had shown to several cotton spinners in Manchester. They pronounced it to be the finest specimen of cotton they had seen grown in India, even directly from American seed, and to be worth from $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb."

The rivers in the Punjab are the Indus, which flows under Attock; the Jhelum, which flows under Jhelum city; the Chenab runs between Guzerat and Wuzerabad; the Ravee flows under Lahore; the Beas, between Umritsur and Jullender. The Sutlej flows near Lodiana, and the Jumna, near Delhi. The Trenab is formed by three rivers flowing into it—the Jhelum, Ravee, and Chenab. Along the banks of these rivers lie portions of land admirably adapted for the growth of cotton.

I saw in the Bazaar at Rawal Pindee a large space of ground occupied with cotton bales, to be sent by bullock trains. At Rawal Pindee I engaged a doolie, that I might be carried some 8,000 or 9,000 feet up in the Himalayas. I may remark that the first bales of cotton I saw were in the harbour of Alexandria, and the last far away in the Himalayas, many thousands of miles apart. I met about twenty men early one morning loaded with cotton: they looked tired and footsore. Each had a heavy load of cotton on his back, and to each burden was attached six pairs of straw sandals.

They were very fine men and very courteous. They said they came from (or near) Gilzit, a region occupied by a class of people whose traditions tell them that they are the descendants of Alexander the Great's army.

As a proof of how general the growth of cotton has become in the East, besides the places already quoted, I may state that I saw it on my return journey to Delhi and Calcutta, at every station and in every town, and on the roads, being there carried by camels and bullocks.

Appended to Mr. Campbell's narrative is a statement of the existing condition of the railways of India:—

The East India Railway Company, the head offices and eastern terminus of which are at Calcutta. The north-western terminus is at Delhi. At present the trains start from Delhi, on the east side of the Jumna river. A railway bridge over the Jumna and a terminus were nearly finished when I passed through Delhi. This bridge will connect Delhi with Calcutta and the Delhi Railway to Umritsur without any inconvenience to travellers.

The Madras Railway Company has its head office and terminus at Madras, and its western terminus at Beypoor. It will join the Great Indian Peninsular Railway at or near Hyderabad. By this junction Madras and Bombay can exchange traffic.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway has its head office and its eastern terminus in Bombay. A branch of this line goes to Jubbulpore, and joins there the East Indian Branch Railway to Allahabad, thence to Delhi or Calcutta.

The Bombay and Baroda Railway Company has its head office in Bombay. It is proposed to make a branch to Hyderabad, the great military station in Scinde, where it will join the eastern terminus of the Scinde Railway and the junction of the proposed Indus Valley Railway.

The Scinde Railway Company has its head office and western terminus at Kurrachee. Its eastern terminus is at Kottree, the starting-point of the Indus steam flotilla. It will join the Bombay and Baroda, as stated above, and exchange traffic with the Bombay Presidency at or near Kottree.

The Indus Valley Railway Company. This line will be a continuation of the Scinde Railway. It has been surveyed, and is only waiting the Government sanction to construct it. It will join the Scinde Railway at Kottree, and follow the course of the Indus to Mooltan, where it will join the Punjab Railway. It will have a branch from Sukkur to the Bolan Pass. This line will be one of the connecting links which will join Central Asia to Central India, by which passengers and goods will be conveyed to and from those countries.

The Punjab Railway Company has its head office and western terminus at Lahore; its eastern terminus at Mooltan. It was opened for public traffic from Lahore to Mooltan in May, 1865. It will join the Indus Valley at Mooltan.

The Umritsur Railway has its head office and eastern terminus at Lahore; its western terminus at Umritsur. It has been opened for several years, and is about thirty miles in length. It joins the Mooltan line at Lahore. Trains for passengers and goods run regularly between Umritsur, Lahore, and Mooltan. Umritsur, it is thought, will be the terminus of the Delhi Railway Company.

The Delhi Railway Company. This line has its head office in Lahore: it is being constructed, and is expected to be opened in a few years. It will connect the East India Railway at Delhi, and the Punjab and Umritsur Railways at Umritsur.

The Lahore and Peshawar Railway Company. This line has been surveyed, and will be a most important link with all the great railways in India and Peshawar, at the entrance of the Kyber Pass. It has to cross three rivers—the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Jhelum. The country from Lahore (its southern terminus) for eighty miles is flat, so that there will be no engineering difficulties. The northern terminus will be at Peshawar, the north-west boundary of British India, and near to the Kyber Pass. I saw the traffic locally on the Grand Trunk Road by day and by night. It is proposed to make a branch to the salt range, the mines of which the Government have the monopoly, and they are inexhaustible. There will be a tunnel in the salt range about a mile and a half long. Mr. Lee Smith, civil engineer, who was in charge of the survey of the line, kindly showed me all his plans, which he was preparing for the Indian Government. The subject of a railway to Peshawar I found to be the engrossing topic among all classes along that part of India, which is the only apology I can offer for the length of my remarks on it.

During my journey through the cotton districts in India, I observed immense piles of cotton and other goods at the railway-stations, waiting the arrival of waggons to convey the traffic to seaport towns to be shipped to England. It was found perfectly impossible to meet the demand for rolling stock; in reference to which Mr. Danvers, the Government director of the Indian railways, in his report of 1865-66 to the Secretary of State for India in council, says: "At some of the stations on the East Indian Railway such was the demand for trucks, that it is supposed bribes were given to secure a preference, and it was proposed by a committee appointed to apply a remedy, that the trucks should be put up to auction, ignoring altogether the established rates. This would not have been a proper arrangement, and it was accordingly decided to fix higher charges generally. The rolling stock is inadequate for the present traffic. Orders have been given for 418 engines, delivery of which will, however, be spread over three or four years."

Since then the companies have made great exertions to get the necessary supply of engines and waggons, and in the Government official report of 1866-67, I find that most of the railways have increased their rolling stock. The number of locomotives added in 1866 was 70. The number of passenger carriages in 1866 was 250. The number of trucks and waggons in 1866 was 1,273, which, added to the rolling stock on hand, made a gross total on all the railways on the 31st December, 1866, of 19,280 vehicles.

"The length of line open for traffic had, during the year 1866, been increased from 3,331 miles to 3,638 miles, and the extent now sanctioned (including the Indian Branch Railway) is 5,641, instead of 4,924 miles. One-third of the whole will probably have to be made with a double line within the next five or six years.

"On the 1st January last, the total amount of goods which had been provided for the railways from this country was 3,195,862 tons, which cost about £20,200,000."

In 1864-65 the number of passengers was about 12,500,000. In 1865-66, they amounted to about 12,867,000, and 10,120,920 train miles were run.

It appears that 94 per cent. travel in third, 4·78 travel in the second, and 1·12 in the first class, from which it will be seen that "cheap fares are stronger than caste."

It is fully expected that by the beginning of 1869 continuous railway communication between Calcutta, Madras,

Bombay, and the Punjaub will be established. The clearing-house system of this country will soon be applied to India, and the most satisfactory arrangements will be made for the interchange of traffic, which must be advantageous both for the companies and the public. There will also be a thorough audit of accounts by well qualified persons.

The railway system in India is a great boon to the English soldier. Nothing so tends to swell the sick list of a corps as the ordinary march through the country, owing to the men being exposed to varieties of temperature, dew, and chill, and to bad water, fertile sources of dysentery and other fatal diseases.

Those who have travelled much through the north-west provinces and parts of the Punjaub must frequently have remarked the numerous rude pieces of tin bearing a name, probably half obliterated, nailed to trees and posts in the vicinity of encamping grounds, these homely mementoes being placed there to denote the last resting-place of a comrade or friend.

Such scenes are of course rarer now than formerly. The large number of deaths constantly occurring on the line of march must naturally diminish on the completion of railway communication.

There are many men now in India who will recollect being on the march during the Sutlej and Punjaub campaign from five to six months, and after all they did not arrive at the scene of conflict in sufficient time to participate in what they reckoned the honour of an engagement with the enemy.

When the Presidencies are joined by the railway system each with the other, the Commander-in-Chief can, in the event of mutiny, invasion, or war, telegraph to all the military stations, and order, if necessary, from Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, simultaneously, by the various railways, an army of 100,000 soldiers, including every arm of the service. This army can be landed in one week at the Khyber Pass, or in any part of India to which the railway system will be extended.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

WHY should a man "*be dead a hundred years*"—by which time nobody cares much about him—before it is reckoned quite timely to illustrate his character by publishing any of his correspondence? Assuredly there are very many letters of the recently lost, and even of the living, which may be laid before the world, not only to the profit of the readers but to the honour of the writers. Her Majesty has afforded us a most admirable example of this in the publication of the Memoirs of her lamented Consort. And it must have occurred to every thoughtful mind, that a single letter, or a single expression in a letter, has often marked a striking trait in the character of the writer, which might furnish a key to the right interpretation of much of his outward life and action.

My present object, however, is far from discussing the general question, and simply refers to the first of these propositions, and a desire to submit some characteristic examples from a few letters which may possess peculiar individuality, and sometimes throw a light upon points of public interest. They are taken from a mass of papers accumulated during a long period, in correspondence with many of the memorable men of the times; and I trust that not a line has escaped me which could hurt a feeling of the living or violate a sanctuary of the dead. I regret that the necessity for conveying

the complete sense of the letters should have forced me to allow passages complimentary to myself to pass, but the dilemma could not be avoided; and it would be easy (without claiming personal desert) to show the reason why such liberal praise was bestowed upon the conductor of a periodical (the "Literary Gazette") which had the merit of originating a new and popular form of intellectual intercommunication, opening hitherto sealed sources of information, and supplying a more frequent channel for letting the world know what was doing by the working men in science, literature, and the fine arts. They were pleased with this ready means, and during many years contributed to the success of their medium, till numbers divided attention, and it passed away, leaving the enlarged and important sphere to be enlightened by the great amount of talent now illuminating the periodical press with every succeeding week. And I trust that small apology may be deemed necessary for an editor who could not regret that his holding the candle was recompensed by so much laudation.*

So, without further preface, I begin my series with one estimable friend, lately lost to the science he so especially adorned—

MICHAEL FARADAY.

His simplicity of manner, genial character, and scientific attainments, have been so unanimously dwelt upon by the public press, that I will confine my introductory remarks to a very few words. Without a trace of assumption or self-assertion, the great philosophical unfold of the hidden phenomena of Nature resembled in society a fine ingenuous boy, quick and "all-alive" to whatever was going forward, with a merry laugh on occasion, and never a dogmatic brow. He was truly a delightful companion, and a wonderfully clear instructor when drawn upon for the latest discovered secrets, of which he held the master-key. The annexed, relating to an important epoch in the Royal Institution, is, in my humble judgment, purely characteristic of the writer:—

Royal Institution, January 23rd, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—So soon as I was allowed I hasten to tell you of what I am sure will, in your public and private capacity, give you great pleasure—Mr. Fuller's splendid patronage of science at our Institution. He has communicated to the managers his intention of founding a Professorship of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, with a salary of £100 per annum. He is now engaged in securing trustees of the highest national character, in whose name he may invest the large sum necessary to produce this income; and in a week or two you will hear of the act being completed.

I need not tell you what pleasure and encouragement it gives us, at this commencement of a new season, to find that our exertions at the Institution are not in vain, but that, besides the award of high praise as to scientific character, both abroad and at home, we are also securing a continued existence by obtaining support.

I cannot resist telling you that Mr. Fuller makes it a condition that I should be the first to fill the new chair. You may be sure that I will endeavour to fill it honorably, and, if possible, make the Fullerian Professorship high in character from its very commencement.

I am allowed to tell you these things as matter of conversation; but, if you think right to use the knowledge, you must not refer to me as the source: it would look too like quackery. Whether you care about noticing Mr. Fuller's generous intentions or not, I am sure you will be glad to know them.

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

I am tempted to add an extract from a much later letter, to show how prompt he was to acknowledge the

merit and spread abroad the fame of his contemporary labourers.

Royal Institution, 11 January, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write this note principally for the purpose of stating the subject of the opening ceremony, which I must give. I thought that perhaps you would like to mention it in the next Gazette, as being new to English men of science. Mossotti, who is, I believe, appointed a Professor at Corfu, has, by recent clever and deep investigation, shown that it is probable the phenomena of *electric* attraction and repulsion, with the attraction of *aggregation* and the attraction of *gravitation*, may be reduced to one simple law, as much more universal than gravitation as these three sets of effects exceed those of gravity alone. It will, of course, be my business to give this as popular a form as I can at the meeting in question.

Ever, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

M. FARADAY.

It was with great gratification that I have observed Her Majesty's spontaneous command to the Earl of Derby, as Prime Minister, to take into consideration the claim of Mr. Faraday's widow to national consideration. For our quiet philosopher was not only most worthy of honour for his splendid achievements in the highest walks of science, but eminently deserving of reward for the application of his researches to public services of general utility. In 1842 I was one of the witnesses of the experiments on his admirable invention for carrying off the heat and products of combustion from artificial light (an invention worthy to compete with his predecessor Davy's safety-lamp); but this was only one of many of the beneficial improvements in the general requirements of civilised society, which he was always suggesting or bringing forward. His portrait, engraved by C. Turner in 1838, ought now to be revived and published.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

On selecting a foreign subject for my next illustration, a brief explanatory introduction may serve to give it more point. In October 1846, noticing in the "Literary Gazette" the author's "Poets' Bazaar," I expressed a hope that he would fulfil "his intentions of coming to visit us in London." A letter from Copenhagen, to his friend Mr. Lahmeyer in London, and courteously communicated to me, informed us of, at any rate, merely the postponement of this hope, as Andersen had returned from Naples, broken down in health, though shielded by three royal orders, and was forced to discontinue his projected travels through Spain and Portugal to England. He, however, soon after made out the journey direct, and, expressing a wish to be introduced to me, I met him with most cordial feelings, and had my admiration of the poet exalted by an equal esteem for the man. To me his genius seemed to revel within a sphere of perfect purity. He was simplicity itself—the child of nature. I had great delight in doing what I could to render his stay amongst us agreeable to his wishes.

I can imagine no other human being expressing more frankly the genuine feelings of the heart, with the utmost sincerity and without the least reserve, than Hans C. Andersen. The following note, brief as it is, may be reckoned a fair specimen of his enthusiastic and poetic spirit* :—

Lexmount, Trinity, near Edinburgh.

16 August, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am in Scotland, in the town of Walter Scott, in the mountains of Burns; it is beautiful sunshine, and I am in a hospitable Danish home: it cannot be better. Next

* The needful introductory matter is as brief as possible, and if a brief anecdote is here and there thrown in, it will, it is hoped, be found in harmony with the design.

* The names of places, it will be seen, are not correctly spelled: but I have given the writer liberality, and the localities will be readily recognised not only by Scottish but English readers. Andersen's mastery of our language is far beyond the ordinary foreign mark.

Thursday I intend going to the Highland, and, if health and strength permit, to Loch Lagan, where Prince Albert will see me; but first of all, my dear friend, I must send you my kind regards and sincere thanks for all your friendly attentions. In ten or twelve days I shall return to London, where I only remain two days; time will not permit a longer stay, as I must be in Lipsic on the first of September. Do you think I could have the pleasure of meeting Bulwer and Dickens—my dear Dickens—in these two days? I shall previously inform you of the day of my arrival. Pray present my kind regards to your home, and remember me to Lady Blessington.

Yours truly,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

I have only to explain that his compliment to Lady Blessington was due to her hospitality in having invited him the first on his arrival, under my charge, to Gore House, where, to his unfeigned and never-forgotten astonishment, he dined with the present Emperor of the French and the Duke of Wellington, (then Prince Napoleon and Marquis of Douro), at the head of the table. The bewildered author could by no means reconcile himself to the fact that the nephew of the mighty Napoleon, and the son of the conquering hero, could sit down, even with a lady between them, without fighting à l'outrance.

In the way of illustrating by characteristic letters, I may here introduce another tribute to the Danish Knight (of Danneburg), an invitation at once cordial and flattering, but amusing from the contrast, and the "base use" of being one of the attractions in a Lord Mayor's fête. The note is from the celebrated civic magnate, Sir Peter Laurie:—

7, Park Square, 29 June, 1847.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have this moment received a note from Mr. Andersen, saying he is engaged for to-morrow. Now I have told the Lord Mayor, &c., &c., and they are coming to see him, and Haynes is coming to report his speech. Can you see him? and, as we dine at five, he can get to a fashionable dinner at half-past seven. Pray see him; he says some other opportunity we shall have. No other opportunity for twelve months. I want a "lion;" poor Sir Geo. Pollock is not well enough.*

Yours truly,

P. LAURIE.

After his return home I received the following:—

Copenhagen, 17 March, 1848.

Dronningens tvegade, 147.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My happy stay in England, where you, in particular, contributed so much to my comfort, stands so vividly in my thoughts that it almost appears to me as if it were but a few weeks since I was there; if, however, I look into the almanac it shows me that it is months since, and I reproach myself for not having written to you, not thanked you for the indescribably hearty reception you gave me, and that good feeling you have shown towards me. Almost every week have I thought of writing to you; but a new story, a chapter of my new work, or a business letter which I was compelled to answer, has sprung in between. But now I will write, and in thought look into your clear, honest eyes, &c. * * * * * But this is altogether in thought; yet this letter is but a shadow thereof, and this I send you, and know that thoughts are realities.

I have, since we saw each other, had the great misfortune to lose my beloved King Christian the Eighth. He was a noble, an accomplished, and an amiable man, who felt warmly for all that was good and clever. To me he was more than

gracious, he showed the most sincere sympathy and kindness towards me. I cannot as yet accustom myself to the thought that I have lost him for ever in this world. I will here give you a little trait of him, which shows how thoughtful he was even in minor affairs. When I left here for England, he said to me, on taking leave, "It is expensive to live in England; I should not like you to be in any pecuniary embarrassment there, and if it should be the case, then write to me." I felt this tender care for me, it affected me, and I thanked him, at the same time telling him that I should not be in any difficulty, as I had a certain sum which I had received for the German edition of my collected works, and that more I should not and could not expend. "I mean it with the best intention," said the king: "it might happen that you required more; if so, write to me." It was said so kindly and so heartily, and I answered as I ought to do, "No, your Majesty, I cannot accept your offer, I do not require it, and I have already had so many and different proofs of your great condescension; but if you will permit me to write a letter to you, and tell you how it fares with me, what impression the country and the people make on me." And the king allowed it, and I wrote such a letter as he received with his whole heart and mind.

You know not how firmly, how sincerely I loved that man; not for his crown's sake, but for his whole personality. May God gladden him in heaven, as he would willingly have gladdened all on earth. It was, of course, only an accident, but there often lies in that accident a strangely poetic one. It is said here that on the very day the king died a wild swan came flying towards Roeskilde church (the cathedral church in which all the Danish kings are entombed); the swan's flight was so rapid that it struck its breast against one of the spires, and fell down dead.

The late great events that have taken place in France have also affected me deeply; it is a serious time that now unfolds itself; yet, whatever may happen, however much may change and fall, there is One who will never change, never fall—God!

Among the few sunbeams that have of late fallen on me, and which I gather to my heart, like a cheerful scene on a gloomy day, is a kindly letter from Charles Dickens, and a truly sisterly one from Jenny Lind, in Stockholm. She speaks with much pleasure of her coming departure for London; I wish that I could think of a similar one, but it will not be. The Grand-Duke of Weimar has done me the honour to send me a knight order, and the King Oscar of Sweden has conferred on me the order of the North Star. These proofs of a desire to honour and gratify me always make a sad impression on me; and yet I am glad, but feel an anxiety as if I did not deserve them.

My new work I think will appear in London in July. It is now twelve years since I wrote my first novel, "Only a Fiddler." I hope that this will surpass the earlier ones in the rounding off and drawing of the characters.

How is that excellent young man Mr. Durham? He promised me that I should have a cast of Jenny Lind's and my own bust early in the spring. Glad as I should be at any time to receive such a gift, yet I think I must beg you to remind him, if it interests him, to leave these two works of art in the Danish Gallery of Art, which opens on the second of April, and continues open for five weeks; that, if he sends the busts well packed to Mr. Hambro and Son, 70, Old Broad Street, London, they will forward them by the first vessel.

Will you give my most hearty and respectful compliments to the Countess of Blessington? I have a little story for her next Annual, which I will take the liberty to send her. I hope she received a book from me through Mr. Bentley.

My compliments to Dickens—I will write to him myself soon, to thank him for his friendly letter. Give my heartfelt greeting to your family, and be you yourself a friend, as I shall be, and am,

Your sincerely attached

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The "excellent young man Mr. Durham" has since risen to be the eminent sculptor, and member of the Royal Academy, to which distinction his busts of Hans Andersen and of Jenny Lind were admirable stepping-stones to pave the way.

Of Andersen's second visit to London, though the novelty had worn off, much might be written; but I have already for the present filled my space, and have to bid my dearly valued friend farewell.

* Poor Sir George Pollock had returned, laden with laurels, from the India he had redeemed by his daring and glorious march through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, and had not yet recovered from his warring labours and responsibilities. He is now healthily and happily enjoying the highest Indian honours he so nobly won; and how cheering must be the reflection of our youthful friends, that by their own conduct the respected chief citizen of London, and the victorious general, had raised themselves from the ranks. Sir P. Laurie had been a saddler in the employment of Her Majesty's saddler, Mr. Pollock, King's Mews, Charing Cross, when George his son was a young boy!

† Further praises, in anticipation of meeting, though extremely characteristic of the writer, are omitted.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



THE OLD LOCKET.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XVI.—TELLS HOW HENRY TALBOT MET WITH AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW, AND WHAT CAME OF THE MEETING.

FOUR days after Henry Talbot's abrupt departure from St. David, Mary received the expected letter which announced that he had reached London in safety and in time to embark on board the American packet-ship Amazon, which was to "haul out" of the West India Dock on the following morning. It was therefore with a mingled feeling of surprise and dread that she received

a second letter a few days later, bearing the London post-mark, and directed in her brother's well-known handwriting.

"What can have happened?" she thought to herself. "Has Henry lost his passage after all?" The handwriting, clear and firm, forbade the supposition that her brother was ill—at all events so ill as necessarily to prevent him from embarking, and a feeling of gladness, for which she blamed herself, crossed her mind as she thought that the ship must have sailed without him.

"It is wrong," she thought, "for me to wish that Henry has met with disappointment, and forfeited his

passage-money, and—at least until the Amazon returns to London—has lost his outfit and all his effects; and yet, if the mishap would only induce him to remain in England I could not regret it. He could take the little store of money I possess, and make all right again. I wonder what *has* happened.”

While the young lady was thus puzzling her brains to conceive the reason wherefore her brother had not already sailed for America—for that very morning Miss Wardour had brought her a newspaper just arrived from London, which announced the fact that the Amazon *had* sailed on her voyage—she might easily have ascertained all she wished to learn by simply breaking the seal and reading the contents of the letter. But, like the majority of persons who have not a large correspondence, who receive a letter they have not expected, or one which they fear may contain disagreeable tidings, she turned it about in her hands, and examined the superscription in various lights, as though, through some mesmeric influence, she could thus acquire an inkling of its contents.

At length, however, the seal was broken with trembling fingers, and the mystery disclosed.

Thus Henry had written—

“Hammersmith, September 10th, 18—.

“MY DEAR SISTER—You will doubtless be surprised when you receive this lengthy epistle, which is penned at old Mrs. Margaret’s snug little cottage at Hammersmith.

“The Amazon duly sailed from London on the appointed day; and now I fancy I hear you say, ‘Henry has lost his passage, and I really am not much grieved at it.’ (I don’t really think the loss *would* grieve you very much). No such misfortune, my little sister, has occurred. The Amazon sailed from London on the morning after my arrival from St. David, it is true, but, luckily, I called very early in the morning at the Jerusalem Coffee-House, and saw Captain Dobson.

“‘So you received my letter, and have come up to go on board the ship, young gentleman,’ quoth the captain.

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘and greatly to my disappointment. I expected to remain three days longer with my sister.’

“‘Waal now, I hardly thought you’d come up,’ continued the captain; ‘but as you wished me to write you when the ship was about to haul out of dock, I dropped you a line, ’cording to promise.’

“‘You thought I’d forfeit my passage-money, did you?’ said I, ‘or did you think I’d swim off on board as the vessel sailed past the coast?’

“‘Now, I reckon you think yourself uncommon spry,’ returned the captain; ‘but I didn’t think nothing of the kind. I thought, though, you’d join the ship at Southampton, where she’ll remain a week, to receive freight and passengers. I shall join her there myself. You must be uncommon fond of being on shipboard.’

“‘Remain at Southampton a week to receive freight and passengers!’ said I, somewhat nettled, I can tell you, to think that I’d torn myself away from St. David in such an unpleasant manner, and under such disagreeable circumstances, to come all the way to London, and pass an unnecessary fortnight (between the British Channel and Southampton together), on board ship; besides putting myself to needless expense, when I might have remained quietly in the village. ‘Why didn’t you mention in your letter that such was to be the case? Why, in fact, did not you tell me that the ship would put into Southampton when I paid my passage?’

“‘As to telling you when you paid your passage-

money,’ replied the captain, ‘I didn’t know of it myself till a week ago. I thought to sail right away from London as usual. And as to writin’ a long rigmarole in my letter, you must think a shipmaster has precious little to do, specially when you might have seen for yourself, if you’d sarched the noospapers. ‘Ta’n’t every captain as ’ud have writ at all; but I promised, and I kep’ my word; though, if you’d have staid where you were, I’d have saved feedin’ ye for a fortnight.’

“‘But I’m not obliged to join the ship *now*?’ I put in.

“‘Not by no manner o’ means,’ returned the captain. ‘You’re safe enow for another fortnight, good, if you’re a mind to go back ag’in, and you’ll see in the papers when the ship’s goin’ to sail from Southampton.’

“‘Then I go back, I assure you,’ said I. ‘I have no wish to be cooped up on shipboard in the Channel, and in Southampton, when I can be free on shore.’

“‘Very good, youngster,’ replied the captain. ‘I reckon you’re wise myself. On’y don’t say as I ha’n’t done my dooty to’ards ye. And now, since you’ll save me boarding you a fortnight, suppose you just bring yourself to an anchor, and take breakfast along with me? I’m just a goin’ to sot to.’

“So Captain Dobson and I sat down to a capital breakfast together, excellent friends; and, when breakfast was over, the captain shook hands with me, and told me he hoped to welcome me, ‘all right and spry,’ on board the Amazon at Southampton, that day fortnight.

“Now, my dear Mary, you’ll be saying, ‘Why didn’t Henry come back to St. David immediately?’

‘I’ll tell you why. While roaming through St. James’s Park, that same afternoon, I met an old school-fellow, who has recently come of age. He was a minor, and has just stepped into a large fortune and a baronetcy, and he positively insisted that I should run down with him to his seat in Kent, and spend a day or two. I refused; but he pressed me so earnestly (and he belonged to the same form with me at Eton), that at last I consented, and a lucky visit it has turned out to be to me. But I’ll tell you all about *that* when I see you. I have but just returned from Kent, and have run down here to see old Mrs. Margaret, who sends all manner of good wishes and blessings, and has loaded me with kind messages for you.

“To-night I shall start for Falmouth, and to-morrow night I hope to be with you again.

“Until then, when I shall have a week to remain at St. David, believe me,

“Sincerely your affectionate brother,

“HENRY.

“P.S.—I was rejoiced to learn from your letter that poor Mr. Aston has partially recovered consciousness, though I am sorry to hear that Doctor Pendriggen fears that a long time must elapse ere he will perfectly recover his health. H. T.”

Mary Talbot was alike surprised and delighted on reading the contents of her brother’s letter; though she could not very easily forgive him for spending two or three days of his brief respite even with an old Eton schoolfellow.

However, Henry arrived at the farmhouse the next evening, shortly after dark, and was rapturously welcomed by his expectant sister, who in her gladness forgot to scold him for his brief truancy.

The first question put by the young man, after an interchange of brotherly and sisterly greetings, was respecting the condition of Mr. Aston.

“He is still *very* ill,” replied Mary, “though Doctor

Pendriggen says he is improving as fast as he can expect; and the doctor believes that, in course of time, he will perfectly recover his health. But the shock to his system was a severe one. The doctor says he must have been in a state of great nervous excitement when he was seized with the fit, and that he was probably endeavouring to overcome this excitement. You now may be able to explain something about it. As yet he has not spoken a word himself. Poor gentleman! I am very sorry for him. I like him very much, and he has behaved in such a kind, almost fatherly manner to me, and to you too, Henry. I should so like to see him; but as yet, no one except the doctor and the nurses may enter his room."

"Then I cannot see him?"

"I fear not, Henry. I doubt whether he would recognise you. His mind sometimes wanders throughout the whole day, although he has occasional glimpses of consciousness."

"Then he has not yet been able to explain anything about the attack?"

"No. We know nothing more than what I learnt from you, and what the fishermen who brought him home have told us."

"Well, I'm sure I sincerely hope he will recover, although I should not care to see him myself, until you have had an opportunity to explain to him the circumstances which compelled me to leave him in such an apparently careless, unfeeling manner."

"Was there any cause for excitement, Henry? Did you remark anything strange in his manner previous to the attack? Surely there had been no quarrel with any one? He had had no words with you?"

"On the contrary, Mary, he had been unusually kind in his manner and conversation, and we did not meet a soul until he was suddenly struck down. Still, I did fancy there was something strange—something peculiar in his conversation that morning."

"We talked chiefly about America, and about his children, to whom he was to give me letters of introduction that he had written, he said, the night before."

"But he spoke like a man who has something on his mind which he wishes to disclose, and who yet scarcely knows how to introduce the topic. Sometimes his voice and manner were really affectionate."

"Poor gentleman! Depend upon it, Henry dear, I will explain to him fully the cause of your quitting him, and all of us, so abruptly, as soon as I have an opportunity; and possibly, before you leave me again, he may so far recover that you may be admitted to him, and bid him good-bye."

"But now, Henry, about yourself. Who is this old schoolfellow whom you have visited, and for whom you could spare three whole days from your sister?"

"I don't recollect hearing you speak of any very particular favourite at Eton, though I suppose all boys have their chosen friends. And what has been the good fortune you met with? You wrote that you had a story to tell me, and I am all impatience to hear it. You know that women are naturally curious. Now, sir, please to explain your delinquency. What kept you so long in London?"

"Too many questions at once, Mary," replied Henry. "I shall begin by exciting your curiosity still further, and perhaps by exciting your cupidity also;" and, drawing forth a new pocket-book, the young man took from it four brand new crisp Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each, and spread them open upon the table before his sister's wondering eyes.

"What is the meaning of this, Henry dear!" ex-

claimed Mary. "Where did you get so much money from? It is not your own?"

"It is my own, Mary," replied the young man, enjoying the amazement of his sister. "My own, at all events, to make what use of I please, until I am in a position to repay it—without inconvenience."

"Under no other conditions would I accept the money."

"Henry dear," said Mary, gently, and placing her hand on her brother's shoulder, "do you not remember that dear mamma begged us never to involve ourselves in debt willingly, or to an amount that we had no prospect of being enabled to repay? You would not borrow of *me* what would have been no loan, but a free gift."

"Because if I were starving I could not rob you of your little pittance, Mary. But, as to this money. It is a loan. Had I willed it, it might have been a free gift—twice as much, if I would have accepted it. I refused even to borrow, until the old schoolfellow of whom I wrote, and who is the owner of a vast fortune—to whom this sum is in fact a mere bagatelle—was angry at my refusal. He urged me, pressed me to accept the loan, wanted to make it five hundred pounds, and at length I felt almost obliged to accept it. 'I shall never be able to repay you,' I said. 'I shall never ask you to do so,' he replied; and at length, as I have said, perceiving that he was hurt at my obstinate refusal, I consented, feeling that the money would really be of service to me. But I accepted it on the express condition that I was to repay it as soon as I was really able; but that—this *he* insisted upon—I was not to think of repaying it until I could do so without inconvenience to myself."

"And who is this generous friend who has shown so much kindness to my brother?" inquired Mary, placing one hand again upon the young man's shoulder, while she passed the other fondly across his brow.

"That is a secret I am bound not to disclose even to you, Mary."

"A secret! why a secret, Henry?"

"Oh, there's no mystery—nothing wrong—nothing that I need to be ashamed of, unless it be a crime to be poor, and to accept a favour from a friend," replied Henry, smiling at his sister's amazement.

"You need not look as if you thought I had been an accomplice in some terrible crime," he went on, "or had received a reward for wrong doing. The secret, dear Mary, is simply this. When at length I consented to accept the loan, I said—

"There is not another person in the world who would act so generously, old fellow; and I don't know that I would lay myself under an obligation to any other—"

"Not even to your sister," put in Mary, reproachfully.

"Not to my sister, when by so doing I should deprive her of her little all," replied Henry. "But to my story—

"Don't speak of it, then," said my schoolfellow. 'Never allude to it under any circumstances, to me nor to any other person, or I shall think you are pained at the thought, and that you don't regard me as a friend. Promise that you will never mention to any living creature that you have gratified me by permitting me to help you with such a trifle.'

"And I did promise."

"Arthur," I said, 'I must tell my sister that a friend has assisted me with a loan; but even to her I will not mention that friend's name, until I am able to repay the money. Then I shall introduce you to my sister, and

say, 'Mary, this is the friend to whom I am indebted for the loan which has enabled me to help myself forward in the world.'

"For, to tell you the truth, Mary," continued the young man, "though I spoke lightly of it, I *have* thought at times, that, in case of any unforeseen accident or delay at New Orleans, I might find myself awkwardly situated."

"At least tell me where your friend—Arthur, resides," said Mary.

"Ah!" cried Henry, with a laugh, "I have, I find, unwittingly spoken of my old schoolfellow by his Christian name. "Now, you would have me say where he lives, and then your curiosity would lead you to hunt up some county directory, until, between the Christian name and the residence, you succeed in discovering the secret—eh?"

Mary smiled in reply, and Henry went on—

"I didn't forget *you*, Mary, though in truth, in my hurry I came near doing so. I have got a little present for you."

"For me, Henry dear?"

"Yes, for *you*—a keepsake."

"I shall need none, Henry, to keep you in my memory."

"Nevertheless, I have purchased one, and here it is."

Taking a small parcel from his pocket, Henry opened it, and displayed—carefully wrapped in floss cotton and tissue-paper—a slender gold chain, to which a small but heavy and beautifully chased gold locket was appended.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Mary, with a natural feminine admiration of such costly ornaments, as her brother held the chain and locket to the light. "How *very* beautiful! But you should not have spent so much money as those trinkets must have cost you, upon me, dear," she added. "It is very extravagant; and then it would ill beseem me to wear such a costly ornament here, at St. David, and in my present position."

"Why not? At any rate you can keep it until you *are* in a position to wear it, which time, I trust, will not be long in coming. Or you can wear it without exposing it to view. However, as I just now hinted, it was by mere chance that I came to buy it. Touch the spring, Mary."

The locket flew open at a touch of the spring, and disclosed inside a miniature portrait, beautifully painted on ivory, of a little girl of ten or twelve years of age.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, "that *is* pretty; but, Henry, what does it mean?" and the young lady glanced at her brother with a look of surprise and perplexity.

"You recognise the portrait, then?" said Henry.

"It is very like the miniature portrait of mamma when she was a little girl—the miniature that poor papa took to sea with him on his last voyage."

"It is very like *yourself*, Mary, when *you* were a few years younger. In fact, it resembles you *now*. Any one would perceive the resemblance."

"The miniature I speak of was said to be very like me, Henry. But what does it mean?"

"The portrait? It means, unless I am very much mistaken, that that locket, which, as you perceive, is of massive gold and old-fashioned workmanship, was once in mamma's family. I do not speak from the miniature alone. That may be but a singular coincidence. Sometimes people do greatly resemble each other. But look at the locket itself. You remember papa's gold seal, that was given to him by mamma soon after they were married, with her father's motto and crest engraved

upon it? And you recollect the coat-of-arms and seal in mamma's Bible, that she had kept from the time of her childhood?"

"Yes, perfectly well, Henry."

"Well, then, look at the outside case of the locket, and you will see that the crest and motto are the same. There is the shield with the same quarterings, containing two daggers and two stars, surmounted by a griffin, and in a scroll beneath, the motto of the Mortons—

'Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam.'

You remember mamma often saying how proud our uncle Charles—whom we never knew, and who was slain at the siege of Gibraltar—was of the motto?"

"Yes—it means—I have almost forgotten——"

"It means, 'I will either find my way or make it.' Poor uncle Charles! He fought *his* way to a glorious death, as it is called, at Gibraltar, and the rest of the Mortons have found their way to the grave. Well, I shall adopt the motto *now*, and we shall see if it be not to me a brighter omen. But to the locket in question.

"I saw it—open—exposed for sale in the window of a jeweller's shop, and the striking resemblance of the miniature to that of which we have just spoken, and to mamma and yourself, Mary, induced me to enter the shop and inquire the price of the trinket. No sooner, however, had the jeweller handed it to me, that I might examine the portrait more closely, than I immediately recognised the motto and crest. I was determined now to possess it, and again I asked the price.

"'It is very solid and heavy, sir,' replied the shopman; 'heavier than they make these articles nowadays. The price is seven guineas, and that is little more than the value of the gold, which is very fine. It weighs nearly two ounces.'

"It was a high price. Still I thought, 'it *is* gold, and will always fetch nearly its value,' so I paid the man his price, and then he suggested that—as I probably intended it as a present to a lady—it needed a gold chain. Then I thought it would do as an ornament for you; so I selected a chain, for which I paid five guineas—twelve guineas in all; so don't say that it is a paltry gift."

"It is far too costly a gift, Henry. But if it really once belonged to mamma, or grandmamma, more likely——"

"You're glad to possess it as an heirloom? So am I. I do not doubt that it once belonged to the Mortons, Mary. The crest and motto of no other family would exactly resemble theirs.

"When I had fairly secured my purchase, I told the shopman that the crest and motto were those of my grandfather Morton, and asked him how he became possessed of the locket. He hesitated, and seemed not to care to tell me. At length, when I pressed him closely, he said he had purchased it of a stranger, who looked like a gentleman's servant, and who told him (the jeweller) that it belonged to his wife, who had been a lady's maid, and that it had been given to her by her mistress. The man added that he and his wife were compelled to sell it against their will, through the pressure of poverty, both being out of employment. I should have endeavoured to learn more, but some ladies entered the shop, and, being in a hurry, I came away."

Various surmises were made by both the brother and sister as to the way in which the trinket, if it really, as they did not doubt, once belonged to the Mortons, had come into the jeweller's possession—of course, to no purpose; and at length, after having been again admired by

Mary, it was carefully wrapped up and put away in the drawer of the young lady's writing-desk.

Henry and his sister sat chatting over family and other affairs until a late hour, and then they bade each other good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

"You must have spent all your money, Henry, with the exception of your friend's generous loan—all the money you had in your possession when you left St. David, I mean—between the cost of your journey and the price of the locket and chain," said Mary Talbot to her brother the next morning.

"Not all," replied Henry; "I have still a few guineas left. I was very careful in London, I assure you, until I met with my lucky adventure. Now I have the four new fifty pound notes intact, besides the loose gold, none of which I need to spend until I set out for Southampton."

"Because," continued Mary, "if you *should* need money, it would be a pity to change the notes until you arrive in America, and—I—"

"Could supply me with money, you want to say. You are really very anxious to persuade me to dispossess you of your spare cash, sister mine; but, really and truly, there is no need of any such generosity and self-sacrifice on your part;" and Henry again proudly displayed his crisp Bank of England notes.

Satisfied on this score, Mary made no further attempt to force her money on her brother's acceptance, and while she went forth on her daily duties Henry renewed his acquaintance with his former friends, and apologised for his abrupt departure without even bidding them good-bye.

A week soon slipped away, and the day came round when Henry Talbot was to set sail for Southampton to join Captain Dobson, and embark on board the packet-ship Amazon.

Before he quitted St. David on this occasion, however, he bade farewell, individually, to all his friends, with the exception of him who had, on his previous visit, shown him more kindness and attention than all the rest.

Poor Mr. Aston was still confined to his bed, and still Doctor Pendriggen would allow none but the hired nurses from the Falmouth Hospital to enter the sick chamber. The invalid was, however, rapidly improving; but he had sunk so low that the doctor was fearful, until his patient grew stronger, of the effect upon him of the slightest excitement. So Henry was compelled to leave it to Mary to explain, whenever Mr. Aston should be in a condition to listen to her, the urgent reasons which had induced him to leave St. David so hurriedly, and to part from one who had shown him so much kindness at such a critical moment.

Mary Talbot accompanied her brother to Southampton, and took her latest farewell of him—for she knew not how long, nor whether it might not be for ever—on board the ship.

She stood on the quay late into the evening twilight, watching the vessel as it slowly sailed down channel before the faint autumnal breeze, until the hull at length disappeared from her view, and she saw but the shadowy sails; and at length, when they too had disappeared, she returned slowly and sadly to the hotel at which she had engaged a room for the night.

The second parting seemed to her more sorrowful than the first, when Henry had hastily bade her good-bye, and left no time for thought, and grief, and tears. She had then sorrowed after he had gone, when she returned to her lodgings at night and missed his

cheerful greeting; but now she had anticipated his departure, and had grieved while he was still with her, dreading the parting moment.

That night, before she retired to rest, she prayed long and earnestly for her brother's spiritual and temporal welfare. But though she strove to comfort herself with the thought that the same gracious Providence that had watched over him on his native shores from the days of his infancy, could equally as well guide and protect him over the waters of the deep, and in a foreign and far-distant land, it was long before she could compose herself to sleep; and even then, when sleep closed her eyelids, her slumbers were broken and troubled by uneasy dreams, and she rose in the morning unrefreshed, and possessed with a sense of indescribable loneliness.

That day she returned to St. David; but though the rector and Miss Wardour, and her other friends—compassionating her, and sympathizing with her natural grief—redoubled their kindness towards her, a long time elapsed before she recovered her former cheerfulness.

Are there such things as presentiments, forewarnings, as it were, of forthcoming trouble or peril? Or are those forebodings which most of us have experienced at some period of our lives, and which we have believed to have been subsequently realised, simply caused by some peculiar position of attending circumstances, or by events, trivial perchance, and perhaps apparently disregarded at the moment, which have yet lingered in our memory, and, affected by certain conditions, have brought about the evil which we have mysteriously dreaded? Providence has wisely and mercifully veiled the future from our eyes. It is well for us that we know not what is to befall us, either for good or evil. Yet, if trouble be brought about through attendant circumstances, it is possible that by dwelling upon or brooding, unconsciously perhaps, over these circumstances, certain results may be foreshadowed in our minds, which, when eventually they come to pass, lead us to believe that we had a presentiment of their forthcoming; while, if nothing occur to cause us uneasiness, the circumstances and the fancied presentiment of forthcoming evil are alike forgotten.

Mary Talbot, after her brother's departure, felt her spirits depressed by a dread of some impending trouble. Whence it would arise, or what form it would assume, she could not conceive, and in her brighter moments she struggled hard to shake off these—as she then regarded them—idle, foolish fears; but her efforts were in vain. The shadow loomed larger and darker, and day by day seemed to be drawing nearer, until at length, in her case, the presentiment of impending evil was verified—the trouble she had dreaded came upon her.

THE MONEY MARKET.

To the vast majority of English men and women outside the commercial circle, the Money Market is a mysterious intangible something, of which they have no definite conception. Though they see it figuring in the columns of the newspaper whenever they take one in hand, if you were to ask them "What is the Money Market?" or "Where is the Money Market?" most of them would be puzzled to answer. Perhaps some would refer it to the Stock Exchange, and some to the Bank of England, while the idea of others would be that it was connected with the change-houses and bullion-shops where they see the big piles of notes and bowls full of gold displayed in the barricaded windows in Lombard Street and the neighbourhood. For the benefit of readers

who entertain such indefinite notions, we shall jot down a few sentences concerning the Money Market, not with any intention of treating the matter fully—for to do that would require a pretty large volume—but with the view of giving them some elemental knowledge of a subject fraught with interest, and a knowledge of which may lead to a right understanding of matters with which it has not always an obvious connection—matters, for instance, of history or of home politics.

The Money Market, then, has no visible existence, and, of course, cannot have any definite locality. It may be said to exist only in the imagination; for it is impossible to point it out and say "Here it is," or "There it is." People may suppose that it lives somewhere in the atmosphere of Threadneedle Street, the Exchange, in Lombard Street; but such a supposition would be fanciful, and, if not absolutely false, yet infinitely wide of the truth. The truth is that the Money Market is everywhere, and it has been well compared to the principle of life in the human body, active in all the members but having its seat in the heart; for the Money Market is the circulating system of the whole material organisation of society—its controlling masses being in London, but the channels through which sensation and vitality are received and transmitted, ramifying in all conceivable directions, and spreading out through all parts of the kingdom. Many people belong to it all unconsciously to themselves, for it includes all who are lenders or borrowers of money, from the contractors of a national loan of millions to the thrifty lass who deposits her savings in the Post-office Savings Bank. The central force is the Bank of England, which at times has the power to retard and suspend the action of all the other forces, and will exercise that power if necessary. The City private banks come next, who, by virtue of the familiar combination that exists among them, and their common clearing-house, may be regarded as one institution. Then come the numerous joint-stock banks, whose number has much increased of late years, and whose deposits, amounting to many millions, have more than doubled within the last decade. After the City banks come the City brokers, men whose establishments consist perhaps of a single up-stairs room, who make no show and court no observance, but not a few of whom, nevertheless, are the possessors of immense wealth, won for the most part by the exercise of a talent peculiar to themselves. They affect a class of business about which bankers care little; they know everybody from whom it is possible to borrow, and to whom it is safe to lend, and are thoroughly posted up in everything that has the remotest practical relation to money. They have the faculty of reading men's faces, and can get at the financial predicaments of a borrower through the quiver of his lip or the unsteady glance of his eye. They are said, figuratively, to know a bad bill by the *feel* of it, and to be able to scent the taint of insolvency miles off, snuffing it in the air. From their intimate knowledge they are able to engage in transactions which a banker would refuse, and would not, indeed, be justified in accepting. They calculate risks to a hair's-breadth, and regulate their terms accordingly, and, confident in the security their system guarantees them, will extend their accommodations to the utmost limits of prudence.

A different section of the Money Market are the bankers of the West-end, old firms some of them, who date their origin back to the time of Charles II. These are the bankers of the aristocracy, the peers, and the landed gentry; they do not dabble much in speculation, do not offer sliding-scale interest on deposits, and can keep themselves perfectly comfortable in times of panic,

without sending delegations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Kindred with these, though of a more humble rank, are the provincial bankers of the market towns and rural districts—warm men, with well-furnished pockets, well acquainted with the fiscal liabilities of the gentry around them, and seldom averse to advancing a good solid sum in mortgage upon the "dirty acres," every tree and hedge-row on which have been familiar to them for years. The provinces also have their joint-stock banks, many of which have stood the test of severe trial and bravely weathered the storms under which they were expected to succumb. The farthest from London, but more than rivalling the London bankers in the soundness of their theories and in their practical skill, are the bankers of Scotland—men who justly pride themselves upon carrying out a system of banking which has not its equal in the world—a system which has been worked for a hundred and twenty years together, with the rare occurrence of anything like run or panic, and the still rarer occurrence of loss to the shareholders. The Scotch banking system is admitted to be the strongest in existence; but it is said to be peculiar to the Scotch people, and not transplantable to an alien soil. Last to be mentioned as lying within the domain of the Money Market are the banks of Ireland, which on the whole have been extremely well conducted and bear a high character. The Bank of Ireland, managed much after the system of the Bank of England, occupies the noble building in Dublin which was the Parliament House when Ireland had a Parliament. It is to Ireland what the Bank of England is to this country—steadfast to all its engagements, and ever faithful to its trust. The Irish joint-stock banks have also been of signal service to the country, in developing its industry, and, with a single exception only, have suffered no taint of discredit.

All this multitude of banks, scattered throughout the United Kingdom, may be considered as forming one system; because, in the first place, all of them are under the frequent necessity of making payments in London, which they do by commissioning their agents, by letter, to make such payments; and in the second place, all are occasionally liable to the need of accommodation which only the London banker or broker could afford them. Paying by correspondence, instead of by sending the cash, is the grand medium by which modern commerce is facilitated and accelerated: it is said to have been derived from the Jews of the Middle Ages, who by its means were able to baffle the designs of marauders and the hatred of priests and kings; but the plan did not originate with the Jews, who are supposed to have derived it from the money-dealers of India, where it has been in operation from time immemorial. With us it has long been naturalised, and has been worked in every practicable way, its last and most popular phase being the system of post-office orders, which may be said to be the banking of the people.

As London is the great centre of the Money Market, it will be evident that the tendency of all balances not wanted in the country is to flow up to London, because country bankers will seek to make a profit of their surplus by putting it out to interest, while private investors are willing to do the same; and neither of them, as a rule, can have recourse to any other quarter, seeing that the London Stock Exchange is the regular mart for stock of every description. If the flow of money into the market were uniform and regular, the distribution of it could be so systematised as to prevent any great scarcity or over-abundance; but it is not so, being, on the contrary, exceedingly fluctuating and uncertain. One result of this irregularity shows itself in occasional gluts

of money in the hands of London money-dealers, and such gluts, if they are continuous, are apt to lead to reckless speculation, culminating in panic and ruin to thousands. For there are always a host of speculators who will borrow cash on almost any terms, and embark in any venture, however rash or unprincipled, and who will contrive to make a gain out of it by the loss of others. When money is scarce and stocks are low, such speculators would not be listened to, and they keep in the background; but in seasons of glut they come forward with their specious projects and grand and delusive promises; and then that section of the silly public which is always ready to be devoured rushes to the lure like the moth to the flame, and, in the foolish expectation of twenty per cent., parts with its capital, never to touch it again. One would think there were always investments enough open to those who have savings to place out, without having recourse to new ventures; and so indeed there are, as a glance at the Share-list will show. Every morning's "Times" gives a catalogue of from four to five hundred different ventures in which a man may embark his capital if he chooses, but none of these ventures have the dazzling aspect of the speculator's bubble; and though some of these shares may be had cheap enough, supposing they paid a dividend, there may be the ugly fact with regard to them, that they do not pay any dividend at all. A little study of the Share-list, with a reference to the rates of dividend, will serve to show the justice of the Duke of Wellington's maxim, that "high interest means bad security." The student will see that Consols, at the average at which they have sold for some years past, pay but three and a quarter per cent.; that railway shares in the aggregate pay no more than four; and that our colonial Government securities oscillate between five and six. He knows that of these the only infallible security is the Consols; that the security afforded by railways, though based on solid property, is not so firm, and that colonial security, assuming it to be unimpeachable in all respects, is at least liable to be shaken, perhaps shattered to pieces, in the event of a general war. If he look further he may find shares that have paid and are yet paying their seven and eight per cent. and even more, but he will find on examination that their high dividends are compensated by risks proportionately high; and he would be pretty sure to find, if he could get at the truth, that those who buy them seldom keep them long—regarding their transactions in such wares rather as speculations than investments.

Assuming that the reader has now gathered some idea of what is meant by the "Money Market," we will turn our attention to this morning's paper, and see what further light the money article will afford us. The first sentence tells us that Consols drooped a little, and left off one-eighth lower than yesterday, the cause being some anxiety concerning affairs on the continent. Then we are told of depression in the railway market, and certain lines are mentioned as having fallen rather heavily. Then comes a special feature in to-day's market, a serious fall in the Royal Mail Steam Company's shares, on intelligence of the disastrous hurricane at St. Thomas, by which four steamers were lost and others damaged. The shares, says the report, were done to-day as low as 65, but rallied a little, and closed at 65 to 70—a fall of more than £8 below the quotations of yesterday. The next paragraph tells us that there has been an increase in the demand for discount, and the rates have tended upwards. Then there is an extract from the Bank return for the past week, showing that the bullion has been reduced so much, the reserve of notes

so much, that other securities have fallen off so much, and private balances have diminished so much. Then follows an account of stocks of all kinds, showing the prices at which they stood after the business of the day was over, and the fluctuations, if any, which they underwent during the day, in the following order:—Consols, Foreign Stock, English Railway Shares, Foreign ditto, Colonial Railways, Colonial Government Bonds, American Securities, Miscellaneous Securities, and Bank Shares. To the above may be added the latest quotations from the continent, through Reuter's telegraph, comprising accounts of operations in the money-markets of Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna. Once a week the money article contains also the Bank return for the week, showing the state of its issue department and banking department, and comparing the business done with the business of the week preceding. Every kind of intelligence which has a practical bearing on commerce and money-dealing may be also looked for in the money article—such as the failures of great firms, the loss of vessels at sea richly laden, financial schemes at home or abroad, insurrections in continental states, etc., etc. Appended to the money article is the Share-list, containing from four to five hundred different stocks, and showing the prices at which they all stood at the close of the day's business.

Now let us look at some of these items, and note how their publication is calculated to be useful. The first item is to the effect that Consols are falling in value; then, if you wanted to sell Consols, it might be wiser for you to wait a day or two until they had risen again; or if you wanted to buy, it might be prudent to buy at once, before they rise again. The second item tells of certain railway lines which have fallen heavily; then, if you happen to have confidence in these lines, or any of them, and feel that your confidence is well founded, you may do a good stroke of business by purchasing as many shares as you can while the depression continues, and selling them again when they rally and recover their value. The third item is that sad account of the disaster at St. Thomas, which has cast down the shares of the Royal Mail Steam Company; then, if you had been alert when that news came and produced its first depressing effect, you might have made a good thing by buying up shares at the depression price and selling them again, perhaps on the same day, when they rose to their just level. The fourth item records an increase in the demand for discount; then, if you are a money-lender you can increase your rate of discount, and if you are a borrower you know that you will have to borrow at a higher rate, whether you do business with the Bank or with any one else. The fifth item tells of a reduction in the bullion, the resources, etc., of the Bank, and you will know if that reduction goes on that the Bank will have to contract its issues, and you may calculate how far that may affect you, either as a borrower or a lender.

But we need not pursue this examination further. We see now that there is not, there cannot be, an atom of intelligence set down, either in the money article or in the tabulated Share-list, which is not calculated to be interesting to somebody. Indeed, it is a question whether these financial columns are not more studied every day in the year than any other portion of the newspaper. Of the upper, middle, and professional classes—the classes who find the morning paper on their breakfast-tables—a very large proportion are given to speculation in stock or shares to a greater or less extent, at some time or other. To many of them the Share-list, dry and repulsive as it looks to the ordinary

reader, presents the most startling details—the minute figures and fractions, when read by the light of experience, being far more eloquent than the tropes of rhetoric, and fraught with the evidence, now of enormous gains, now of the most frightful loss and domestic ruin. Any man conversant with the history of the Money Market for the last dozen years, needs but to glance down the Share-list of to-day, to discover the source of many a rich man's wealth, and of many a poor man's poverty. When he sees shares which were once at a premium of ninety or a hundred per cent. now quoted at a discount, he knows what that means; he knows that the difference between the paltry values now registered and the excessive values of a past period—a difference representing vast sums—has all gone into the pockets of the knowing ones, and out of the pockets of the simple, leaving their “larders lean and cellars dry.” Not that people consult the money article to moralise over it. Nothing of the sort. The shareholder looks into it to see whether his shares have risen or fallen, whether he is worth more to-day than he was yesterday, or is worth less. He likes to see his investments going up, even though he has no thought of selling, and it annoys him to see them going down. If he have a little cash to place out, he will run over the list to see how certain shares stand, and perhaps, if he likes the look of them, he will write to his broker and commission him to buy a certain number. Or perhaps he sees that certain shares he holds have gone up to a point which will pay him a good profit on their original cost; and, having reason to think they will go no higher, he sells them out at once and secures the profit. Stockbrokers may examine the list as a guide to their transactions. Perhaps they have commissions standing over to buy in or sell out such or such securities when they touch a certain point, and they do buy or sell accordingly, when that point is reached; or, having no such commissions, they do business on their own account, when, judging from experience, they infer from the state of prices that it may be done advantageously. In short, everybody at all interested peruses the list from an interested standpoint, and acts, or refrains from acting, according to the view each takes of the information it affords. In a country like ours, where commerce is all in all, the mutations of the Money Market are of paramount import, not to money-dealers only, but to every department of trade, and to the workers in all descriptions of industry. Some trades stop altogether when money is what is called “tight,” that is, procurable only at a high rate of discount; and it happens again and again that thousands are thrown out of employ when money is at eight or nine per cent., who would be in constant work if the rate could be maintained at anything below five. Meanwhile, it must be evident that, even to the industrious classes, who can have no personal interest in the rise and fall of the values of securities, the publication of the money article is a boon, inasmuch as its tendency is to shed a light on all kinds of monetary transactions—to place hindrances in the path of underhand dealers—to give timely warnings by casting the shadows of coming events on the dial-plate of to-day—and to promote free trade in money.

ROBERT GROSTESTE.

ONE hundred and fifty years before Wickliffe protested against the authority of the popes and the temporalities of the Roman church, and upheld that the common people should be instructed out of the Holy Scriptures,

a prelate sitting in the see of Lincoln had done the same. His name deserves one of the loftiest niches among the noble band of worthies who have been called “Reformers before the Reformation.” Not unlike Wickliffe in character, in steadfastness, and in some of the circumstances of his life, both had the same peaceful death, surrounded by faithful friends, despite the ravings of fierce enemies who would have longed to burn them; both were honoured by a papal rescript ordering the disinterment and destruction of their mortal remains. But the good they had done lived after them, immortal as their faithful and steadfast souls.

Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was of mean descent, born at Stradbroke in Suffolk, about the year 1175. When he was charged with his obscure parentage in after life—for even in the reign of the second Henry, plebeian birth could be taunted as a crime—Grosteste was wont frankly to acknowledge and in nowise to extenuate the charge. Yet what a dead level of the forgotten do all the Norman-blooded of the age, except a handful of names, appear to us of the nineteenth century! His name, it may be remarked, was merely a Christian name, Robert: the affix was given him at Paris, after the manner of the times, either from a personal peculiarity, (it signifies “greathead”), or from admiration of his uncommon mental capacity. His contemporaries, in writing of him, style him simply Robert, or Bishop Robert.

The earliest picture we have of his life is a touching one. A friendless boy, begging about the streets of Lincoln, he chanced to come to the door of the mayor. Here was the turning-point for Grosteste, as for a certain little Luther some three hundred years afterwards, standing before the house of the burgher Cotta. The good mayor speaks to the little mendicant, is charmed with the child's artless story, takes him up as a *protégé*, and puts him to school.

Thenceforth we find Robert always a student. In due time he went to Oxford, and made the fullest use of all the advantages of that seat of learning. He studied the Greek language, and became an excellent proficient therein, while it was almost unknown throughout Europe, and rarely heard of in the universities. His tutor was called Nicholas the Greek, being one by nation: a man of fortune, who attached himself warmly to his clever pupil, and went with him subsequently to Paris.

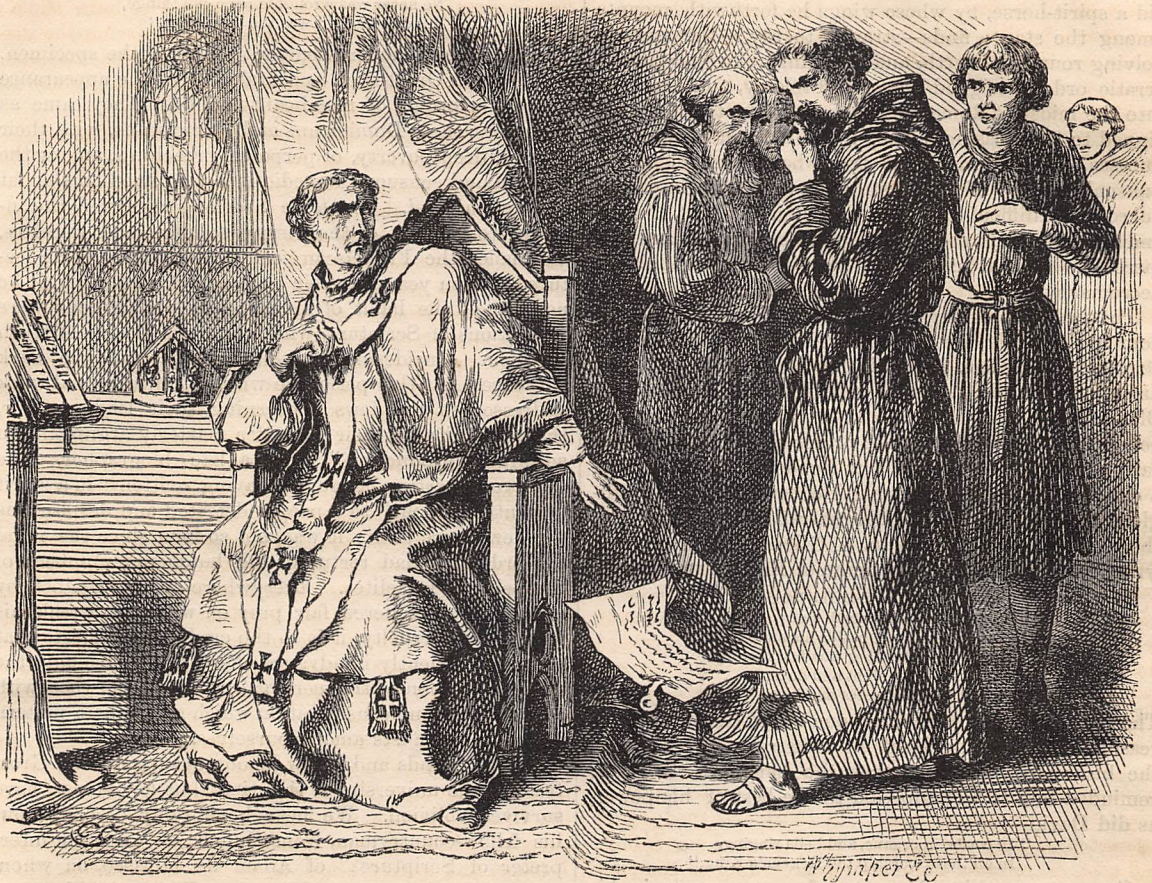
Grosteste learned Hebrew from Jews living in the Jewry at Oxford. Both these acquirements brought him face to face with Scripture, and helped him to the consummate knowledge of theology ascribed to him. If we are to believe his admiring contemporaries, the young Oxonian knew well-nigh everything—“logic, ethics, economics, the branches of natural philosophy then known, such as the doctrine of the sphere, of comets, the rainbow, the atmosphere, light, catoptrics, motion, together with arithmetic, geometry, music, the learned languages, medicine and ecclesiastical law, astronomy, metaphysics, and theology.” A tolerable list of attainments, requiring a pretty “large head” to stow them all away! And we are to remember that at the period there was not a single book, in our acceptance of the word, throughout Europe—nothing but manuscripts; “and a good manuscript was worth a good horse.” More than two hundred years were to pass ere Koster of Haarlem should cut his wooden types, and give the earliest idea of printing. How lessened would be the number of our own literati if their only means of learning was through the difficult and varying caligraphy and contractions of manuscripts! I suppose the only person in our day qualified to estimate the hardship of

such study is an editor; and I have looked with reverence and with pity at his piles of papers, wondering how one poor pair of eyes could get through them all.

The embryo bishop acquired manuscripts in Paris, and also learned to speak and write the language of the country to perfection. A *patois* of French was the current tongue

Grotesteste's humble prebendal stall for four successive archdeaconries; and so the former beggar-boy climbed onward to his bishopric.

For many years of this period, Robert Grotesteste had been more remarkable for science than spirituality. Severely merited he was always, even when a high-spirited



BISHOP ROBERT'S CONTEMPT FOR THE POPE'S BULL.

of the higher classes in England at that time; our marvellous composite English was spoken only by the churl and the serf, in terms unrecognisable by ears polite of the present. As yet the very earliest premonition of a national literature was not; Latin was the medium of monkish annalists, and Norman-French that of social intercourse.

While very young, Robert Grotesteste lectured in his university on the grave subjects of philosophy and divinity; and at the age of twenty-three had acquired a reputation for learning and steadiness, which caused William de Vere, Bishop of Hereford, to send him an invitation to become one of his household or ecclesiastical establishment. On this occasion Giraldus Cambrensis, whose name is known to most of our readers as an historian of eminence, wrote a letter of the highest encomium to the Bishop concerning the youthful Robert. But this patron died very soon, and Grotesteste continued lecturing in his college until he came under the notice of Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln, an eminently pious man, which was not always an episcopal qualification in those turbulent times; and finding in his diocese this ripe scholar (for Oxford was then a part of the Lincoln diocese), he was glad to advance him as he could. In the course of twelve years he had exchanged

youth among crowds of foolish young men; and, as an ecclesiastic, he was irreproachable where reproach was common. But it would appear to have been a dangerous illness, in 1232, which caused him fully to dedicate himself to the service of God. His sincerity was evinced by the immediate giving up of all his church preferments, and his return to the prebend's stall. We are told that his sister, a nun, wrote to him to inquire for his health; and in his reply he informs her of this resignation of his dignities, and hopes she will not fret about it, as his object was the better fulfilment of his duties.

Heretofore he had amused himself with experiments in natural science, which had gotten him the name of a magician, and with calculations in astronomy, which had caused him to be dubbed astrologer. The poet Gower, writing of "the great clerk Grotesteste," tells a story of a brazen head which he forged, and which could speak, and "give counsel in doubtful cases." One day, as it was being set up, it fell and was broken in pieces—the work of seven years destroyed in a moment, quoth the legend—and the fragments lie dormant in some vault of that very noble pile, Lincoln Cathedral, of course amid supernatural company. Another story, detailed by Richard of Bardney, a monk who composed a rhythmical life of

Groteste in Latin, is to the effect that once when the Bishop of Salisbury had promised to officiate at Rome on a certain day, and was unable to go, he sent for his archdeacon Robert the very day before, and stated his difficulty. Groteste bade him be comforted, for he himself would get to Rome that night and officiate in his stead. Away goes the archdeacon; summons to his aid a spirit-horse, by whose wings he forthwith mounts among the stars; finds—strange to say!—the sun revolving round the earth, and all things planetary in the erratic order assigned them by Ptolemy, and descends into the midst of Rome just in time to do the duty assigned to the missing bishop! A modern biographer guesses that the nucleus of truth here consists in the unusual energy of Groteste's character having conquered the difficulties of transit, and brought him to and from Rome in some space of time so short as to be incredible to that credulous age without the aid of necromancy.

That was the minstrel period, when bard and troubadour were largely honoured throughout Europe. During Groteste's lifetime, Richard the Lion-heart had been discovered in his Austrian dungeon by his musician Blondel, the lay sung and harped without the fortress being taken up by the captive prince within; and in the early ecclesiastical years of our Robert, the harp formed a chief delight of his leisure. He composed long religious "romances," or lyrical narratives, to be set to the harp; and De Brunne, a Gilbertine monk, who wrote concerning him in the reign of Edward III, says:—

"He lovèd much to hear the harp,
For man's wit it maketh sharp:
Next his chamber, beside his study,
His harper's chamber was fast thereby.
Many times, by night and days,
He had solace of notes and lays."

The poet goes on to state that one asked Groteste "the reason why he had delight in minstrelsy?" To which the bishop gave answer, that the harp and its music reminded him to worship God to the best of his power, as did David—

"In cords, in organs, and bells ringing,
In all these worship the Heaven's King."

Groteste was himself a poet of no mean note in his times. Seventeen hundred verses is the length of his "Roman des Romans," or Romance of Romances; also entitled "The Castle of Love," signifying thereby the love of God to men. It is an allegory of the fall and the redemption of the human race; written, as those testify who have read it, in the vivid manner of a mind which lived continually in the conscious presence of things unseen and eternal. The key to the theme of the poem is found in the lines—

"We oughten over alle thing
Worship Him with truë love."

These words are not Groteste's original, which was composed in Anglo-French; but from an ancient translation into what philologists call "early English." Another poem of the bishop's is his "Manuel Peche," wherein he treats of the Commandments, and especially those seven offences which the church of Rome is pleased to style "deadly sins." The before-mentioned Robert de Brunne published a translation of this popular composition about 1320, more than a century after the poem was written; his manuscript is still preserved in the Bodleian library. He states that his object was that it might be sung to the harp in public entertainments; some of his introductory words are as follows:—

"For lewede (unlearned) men I undertoke
In Englysh tunge to make thys boke.
For many be of such mannere
That tales and rymes wyl blythely hear."

There is a passage in Groteste's "Castle of Love," at the opening, which deserves transcription, and was eminently characteristic of the subsequent life of the man.

"The good one thinketh, good may do,
And God wyl helpe him thereto:
For was never good work wroughte,
Without beginning of good thoughte,
Ne never was wroughte none evil thinge,
But evil thought was the beginning."

We have much modernised the spelling of the specimen.

An era in Groteste's spiritual life was the appearance of the new orders of mendicant monks. They came as reformers, these Dominicans and Franciscans, with their vows of deep poverty, of perpetual preaching, among the slothful and sensuous Benedictines who lived on the fat of English land. Groteste had long regretted the intense worldliness of the clergy, seculars and regulars, and hailed the Franciscan zeal with gladness. He lectured for ten years in their chapel at Oxford, though he never took the habit of a friar; and his sermons were expositions of Scripture, with wondrous gleams of truth in them, considering the dark times and the dark audience. At this period he wrote a controversial work addressed to the Jews concerning their leading error, the perpetuity of their law: "a masterly argument, an admirable production," says a late biographer. He deserves a certain honour for having written "in a spirit of gentle candour" to a people detested and despised as the Jews were then; it was not so long since the regal dastard John had tortured and butchered numbers of the helpless Israelites. Everywhere spoken against, by every man considered fair prey on which to wreak his rapacity and cruelty, it is to the credit of Groteste that he was sufficiently in advance of his age to use only the modern weapon of the pen against them, and that with a gentleness and consideration which might be a pattern to controversialists among ourselves.

Of the friends and fellow-labourers surrounding Groteste in the university at this time, but few names have survived oblivion. We hear honourably of one Stow, his fellow-countryman, from Suffolk, as "a clear interpreter of Scripture;" of Adam de Morisco, on whom was bestowed the title of Illustrious Doctor for his learning and piety; above all, of Friar Roger Bacon, who calls Bishop Robert his "great master," and in 1234 was joined with him in a commission from Henry III for the better regulation of the University of Oxford.

Bishop Hugh de Welles died in 1235, and Groteste was his successor. He was sixty years of age; but nearly twenty years of good work for the church (not understanding by that term the Romish apostacy) was before him. A humble-minded man—there is extant from him a letter of touching modesty, penned when he was Archdeacon of Leicester, in which he states that he felt his acquirements trifling, when compared with the vast abyss of unsounded truth. "In innumerable matters which are objects of knowledge, I perceive myself enveloped in the darkness of ignorance;" and it was no mean proof of his advanced knowledge, that he could see the vast extent of undiscovered country beyond. Now was this humble man signing himself "Robert, by divine permission, the poor minister of the church of Lincoln." He owed his preferment to personal merit, and the free election of his brother priests. Six furnished palaces were for the residence of the former pauper boy; and never did a man "risen from the ranks" conduct himself in a more unassuming manner.

We have a picture of his entertaining the king at one time, the weak and unprincipled Henry III, during one of his royal progresses, and the monarch observed that

he was surprised to find a person of the bishop's mean extraction and severe habits of study able to acquit himself so elegantly as host. Whereunto Grosteste replied by acknowledging his obscure descent, but stated that he had, from the time of his beginning to read the Scriptures, always endeavoured to imitate the models of behaviour that he found therein. The king and his subject were not always on such friendly terms of conversation. Henry was determined to evade Magna Charta as much as he could, and constantly supported the pope in his illegal oppressions of the English church. Bishop Robert would not yield one jot of the national freedom to either prince or pope. Hence came many sharp contests.

His rule about the promotions in his diocese cut right at the king's and the pope's habits of presentation to non-resident persons, whose qualifications to fulfil the offices they undertook was the very last consideration in the minds of those who gave the benefices. But Grosteste wrote thus: "I dare not, for the love of God, confer the care of souls upon any person who will not sedulously discharge the office in person. For the office is of the greatest importance, requiring one who applies himself to it with vigilance, prudence, diligence, and fervour; who preaches the word of the Lord in season and out of season; who exhibits himself as an example of good works; who, when he gives salutary admonition, and is not regarded, can grieve and lament; whom no prejudice, passion, entreaty, gift, nor partiality can divert from the path of rectitude; who delights in labour, and whose sole desire is to profit souls." Under which description, from the pen of a medieval bishop, might be written, "Portrait of a true Christian Pastor."

Acting upon such principles, he utterly refused to consecrate a young man who came to him clothed in scarlet, and wearing a ring, as candidate for a large cure, though backed by a powerful courtier. This was almost the first act of his episcopate, as almost the last was his firm stand against a similar aggression of Pope Innocent's. The bishop had received a Bull of Provision commanding him to appoint one Frederick Savonia, an Italian youth, to the first canonry that fell vacant. Should the bishop presume to institute any one else, it would be null and void. Should he refuse to obey, or should he obstruct the appointment of Savonia, he must look for excommunication; and the bull ends with the celebrated clause of *non obstante*, or notwithstanding, setting aside all laws that could contravene.

Grosteste wrote a letter in reply, which has survived, and identifies his memory with the boldest of reformers. "It almost retorts excommunication for excommunication." "Your provisions are to destruction," he tells the pope. "Flesh and blood, and not the heavenly Father, hath revealed such doctrines. Your *non obstante* clause overflows with uncertainty, fraud, and deceit, and strikes at the root of all confidence between man and man. . . . No sin can be more adverse to the doctrine of the apostles, more abominable to Jesus Christ, than to defraud and rob these souls which ought to be the objects of pastoral care, of that instruction which, by the Scriptures, they have a right to. Such mandates ought not to be obeyed, though an angel from heaven should command it."

Never had the Holy Father heard such language in all his sacerdotal existence. No wonder that he burst into a storm of rage. "Who is this old dotard, deaf and absurd, who thus rashly presumes to judge of my actions? If I were not restrained by the goodness of my own heart," added Innocent, with an appropriate papal oath, "I would make such an example of him as would

astonish the world. Is not his king my vassal, my slave?" And the bishop was excommunicated; it was the year of his death, 1253.

But in the interval before this period he had worked well in his vast diocese. The city of Lincoln alone contained fifty-two churches; whence may be judged the magnitude of the concerns which Grosteste had to manage. He found reformation imperatively needed. Crowds of useless clergy and indolent monks met him on every side, who had taken orders to escape into a luxurious life from among the hard-working commonalty. He was continually making progresses throughout his province, and preaching himself in every place to which he went. Almost immediately on his accession he removed seven abbots and four priors for various offences. The clergy grumbled, waxed wroth, stirred up against him whatever powers they could. But he persevered. Once, having given notice of his intention to visit his cathedral, the prebendal churches and others, his dean headed the malcontents, and issued a mandate that the bishop should not be obeyed when he appeared. With his usual meekness of temper, Grosteste wrote a reply, averring his purity of intention, and praying his clergy, in all friendship, to show him any mistakes he had made or might make: he was willing to rectify any such, and make what reparation lay in his power. The dean and canons would not even answer his letter. When he arrived on the appointed day, no bells were ringing, no respect was shown to the diocesan. The dean and chief clergy had set out for Rome, the other clergy were not to be found. They had appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would do nothing; and then they forged a foundation charter of the church of Lincoln, which named the king as arbiter of all disputes between the clergy and their bishop. The decision was referred to the pope, finally, and a bull was given partly in Grosteste's favour. His canons again fling his mean extraction in his face, and declare their bitter repentance for having elected him bishop, and procure a secret assassin to give him poison, whence he recovered with difficulty, by the help of the Dominican Friar John de St. Giles, who had once been physician to the French king.

It came to his ears that Pope Gregory ix had promised to his Romans all the vacant benefices in England. After the news came a confirmatory bull, desiring the Bishop of Lincoln not to dispose of any preferment until 300 young Italians had been served. Grosteste cast the parchment from his hand with indignation. "If I should commit the care of souls to them, I should be the friend of Satan." Thereupon the pope deposed him, and sent a foreign prelate to take his diocese; but the people rose in arms, and protected their bishop.

The Legate Otho was called "fleece of the land, gulf of Roman avarice." Grosteste had frequent skirmishes with him, as may be imagined. When Otho revenged an affray of the Oxford students by an interdict and confiscation, the re-establishment of the University fell into Grosteste's hands. He wrote to the divinity teachers, requiring that they laid well the foundation of true theology. "The fundamental stones are the books of Moses and the prophets, the apostles and the evangelists; which you rightly lay, when you explain those books to your auditors by the gift of discerning spirits, according to the sense of the text." He adjures them in Christ Jesus to let their lectures be upon the New and Old Testaments only, and not on other matters compiled by worthy writers, and supposed to conduce to this end." He would have Scripture the sole textbook of theology: surely a Protestant principle.

A stormy episcopate had Grosteste. Twice excommunicated by popes, often obliged to contend with his monarch, and with his own priests, we find him once under the last ban of Canterbury, pronounced solemnly with bell, book, and candle. He had refused to put his seal to a circular letter for forcibly raising money to pay off the Archbishop's debts.

Three times he was cited to Lyons, then the papal residence. When seventy-seven years of age and very infirm, he appeared for the last time. We are told of his uttering, in the very presence of Innocent, the bold words—"O money! how great is thy power, especially at the court of Rome!" He composed a long sermon on the vices of the papacy, and gave copies of it to the pope and cardinals. We can only wonder that he ever came back to England.

He was dying on the sixth of October in that year. During the long wakeful night of restlessness which almost always precedes dissolution, he conversed with his chaplains on spiritual matters. Speaking of the state of the church, he said that nought but the edge of the sword could deliver it from the Egyptian bondage under which it laboured; he declared the pope a heretic, who for earthly and fleshly gain abused his trust of the care of souls. Some of the dying man's words seem distinct prophecies of the Reformation. And so, as Matthew Paris writes, "the holy bishop Robert departed this world, which he never loved."

Perhaps one of the best eulogiums on him was the triumph and delight of his papal foe Innocent. "I rejoice," he exclaimed, "I rejoice; my great enemy is removed." But all righteous men and faithful "clerks" throughout England went mourning for Robert Grosteste.

E. H. W.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

II. FOOD.

JAPANESE dinners are not very tempting to European tastes, consisting so much of what we are apt to term "messes." Beef, mutton, and pork, the substantial viands to which we are accustomed, are not eaten by the Japanese. The ocean, which surrounds and intersects their islands in every direction, is their store-house, and fish is their principal article of food. When presents are sent from one friend to another, a small piece of dried or salted fish, and some seaweed, accompanies them, tied with a red and white string, and wrapped in a paper, on which is written a sentence that, translated, means, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors." This is done to keep them in remembrance of their origin from a race of fishermen, and their dependence on the ocean for their daily food.

The dinner-service consists of lacquered or china bowls and plates, on which the dainties are placed. The dining-table is not more than nine inches high, and the guests sit round it on their heels, using chop-sticks to convey the food to their mouths. Dried fish, prawns on a kind of sweetmeat resembling toffee, rock-leeches, pickled eggs, salted ginger, boiled rice, yams, pears, a kind of wild raspberry and radish, with capsi-cums, are amongst the principal dishes at a Japanese repast. Bread is represented by a sweet sponge-cake, and saki or rice wine, in great variety, is the invariable accompaniment. Tea is also largely drunk. A very delicate kind, used only on special occasions, is made from an infusion of dried peach-blossoms.

The coarse brown flesh of the whale is eaten by this nation of fishermen and women. Sharks' fins are par-

ticularly sought after. Bêche de mer, cray fish, dried shrimps, salmon fresh and dried, in fact, almost every kind of inhabitant of the waters, pay tribute to the dwellers on land. Even seaweed is compelled to furnish a nutritious food. Rice is the staple grain; the flour of millet makes nice little cakes; the lotus-seed (a kind of nut) is much appreciated. The Japanese raise a great variety of vegetables, but they are coarse, and without flavour. Beans, peas, lettuce, cabbage, etc., grow well on their fertile soil. Potatoes, also, are successfully cultivated on the hill sides. Large quantities are exported to the neighbouring Chinese coast, where they form a grateful addition to the tables of our countrymen and women in the Far East. Some other vegetables have also been introduced into Japan since it was opened to western intercourse. The cauliflower in particular has been most successfully acclimatised. Some seeds were obtained from England, and planted in the European gardens on the Bluff, near Yokohama, and the result was somewhat startling; for the stems attained the height of five or six feet, and one head was sufficient to supply a large dinner party.

The native vegetables are wanting in flavour, and the people seem to have no delicacy of palate. Many fruits flourish, but the fruit is not permitted to ripen, being gathered before it has attained maturity; thus all their peaches are rendered valueless to foreigners; pomegranates and persimmons are also wasted. Grapes are better appreciated; they are grown on some of the Damios' estates, and are said to belong to the ladies, who, if so, certainly bestow much care upon them. This fruit is occasionally sent great distances, carefully packed in boxes of arrowroot, which effectually secure it from the light and air, and when taken out it is perfectly fresh, with even the delicate bloom untouched, though it may have been transported some thousand miles.

The tender shoots of the bamboo are boiled as an esculent; it has a woody, but not disagreeable flavour; preserved as a sweetmeat it is very nice.

COOKING.

Stewing and boiling are the native methods of dressing food. In countries where coal is not in general use, strict economy in the matter of fuel must be practised, and therefore we see in Japan no vast kitchen ranges consuming large quantities of the black diamond, but instead, various stoves, in which a small amount of charcoal is burnt, just sufficient to produce the necessary degree of heat to cook the food. The kitchens attached to the temples and monasteries are spacious; and stewing, boiling, and soup-making are carried on, on a comparatively large scale, over charcoal fires embedded in brick-work.

In private houses, such as those which belong to the well-to-do shopkeepers and merchants, the cooking is accomplished without much display. A wooden fire-box, about the size of a cubic foot, lined with a substance which answers the purpose of a fire-brick, contains sufficient fuel to prepare a dinner; for, with proper attention from the cook, several pots containing rice, small pieces of fish, and vegetables can be kept at the due simmering degree of temperature.

Baking is done on a small scale, to prepare cakes and biscuits of different kinds from wheaten and rice flour.

Like their neighbours the Chinese, the Japanese convey food to their mouths by the aid of chop-sticks, or thin pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, about nine or ten inches long. It requires considerable dexterity to manage these implements properly. The two sticks are held in a peculiar way between the fingers of the right

hand, and if the rice be the edible undergoing consumption, the small basin containing it is held close to the mouth, and the contents are, as it were, shovelled in in a very ungraceful manner, according to our ideas. Then, if it is desired to partake of any fish, or meat, or vegetables, small pieces are taken out of their respective dishes by the help of the same chop-sticks which had been previously used in the rice, carving-knives being entirely dispensed with, as the food is cut up small before being cooked.

The Japanese china ware used for dishes, plates, cups, and basins is very beautiful. The material itself is excellent, and the colouring with which it is decorated is generally in very good taste and well harmonised. The egg-shell porcelain, which is as thin as the fragile article from which it derives its name, can be used, but it is, of course, too delicate for ordinary purposes. China cups, round which bamboo is beautifully interwoven, like basket-work, or strengthened with lacquer-ware, ornamented with mother-of-pearl, are also seen, but the common china is white, with a blue pattern running over it.

DRINKS.

The stimulating drinks of the Japanese are prepared from rice, and are generally known to foreigners under the name of sakee. They vary much in strength and flavour, probably to as great an extent as our own wines. Sakee is usually drunk warm. Some kinds resemble pale sherry in colour, and are by no means disagreeable; others are very strong, and their effect is soon seen on the people, numbers of whom are, unhappily, addicted to drinking—even the women indulging in this vicious habit. So general is this practice of drinking to excess, that towards evening the streets of a Japanese town become dangerous for quiet people, many two-sworded men, or Yaonins, frequenting them, who, when under the influence of sakee, become peculiarly quarrelsome, more especially towards foreigners; and murders have several times been committed in consequence.

We have already mentioned a delicate drink made from an infusion of peach blossoms, which is offered to favoured guests. The leaves of the tea shrub afford the most common, as well as the most refreshing drink. It is taken without either milk or sugar. Milk is not in any form an article of diet, cattle being kept for agricultural purposes only, such as ploughing, irrigation, etc. Some very choice delicate kinds of tea grow in Japan, the sandy hill sides being well adapted for the successful cultivation of this useful species of camellia. It is a pretty plant, having dark-green shiny leaves with serrated edges, and white blossoms, somewhat like our small dog-rose. The fresh leaf, when eaten, leaves a delicious flavour on the palate, and the odour which pervades the building where tea is being fired or dried resembles the delicate perfume of a hay-field on a dewy summer evening.

Our sisters in Japan are largely engaged in the manufacture of tea. The female hand is well suited to the delicate process of gathering the choice tender leaves of the early crops; and it is women who manipulate the tea in iron pans over charcoal fires, when preparing it for the foreign market. The tea used in Japan is merely picked and sun-dried, and does not require any further preparation. The firing and preparing tea for shipment give employment to large numbers of very poor women, whose appearance becomes exceedingly unattractive after they have been occupied for some time in the warm and dusty rooms, their complexions assuming a greenish hue from the light particles of the tea floating in the air and settling on them.

PETS.

All over the world dogs take the first position, when one wishes to speak of creatures of the animal kingdom selected as objects of care and interest by men and women.

The Japanese ladies possess a very choice breed of pet dog, supposed to be the same as that known in Europe as the Charles the Second spaniel. As some intercourse was still kept up with Japan by England, through the East India Company, during the reign of the Merry Monarch, it is probable that these pets of his court were introduced to this country from the land of the Tycoon. These dogs are small, with beautiful silky hair, fringed paws, and pug nose. So completely is this feature diverted from the purpose it ordinarily serves in dogs as a breathing passage, that it is difficult to believe the effect has not been artificially produced. It was not until we saw some very young puppies quite as deficient in useful noses as their parents, that we could believe the pretty little doggies were not cruelly used in their infancy, by their noses being in some way compressed. They are very delicate little creatures, and the utmost care is bestowed upon them by their mistresses, which they repay by manifesting much satisfaction when in female society, and selecting the long dresses to sleep on. Owing to the peculiar formation of the nose, they snuffle and snort during sleep, and the tongue hangs out from the left side of the mouth. We recollect once going to a dog-fancier's at Nagasaki, where numbers of these little animals were collected for the purposes of sale. They lived in elegant kennels, and at certain times were let out into a small dry courtyard for their morning airing, where they frisked, and barked and snuffled together to their hearts' content, and then these dear little things, dear in more senses than one—for the price ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars, or from £6 to £12 each—were fed on boiled rice and fish, and replaced in their domiciles.

Japanese cats are different from our English tabbies, inasmuch as their tails are merely stumps. In that respect they resemble the Manx cats. Pussy, without her long curved appendage, loses much of her grace of form and movement, and it is some time before the eye becomes accustomed to the deficiency. Cats are there, as here, the household pets, and are encouraged for the same services which they render to us, viz., that of preying on rats and mice. If Dr. Rolleston's theory be correct, that the white-breasted marten used to be the mouser of the Romans, perhaps pussy has come to us from Japan; only it is curious she should have developed a tail in every other country but the Isle of Man.

A small pond, containing gold, silver, and purple-spotted fish is often introduced into the gardens. These fish are, of course, privileged pets, and swim about in happy ignorance of the fish-devouring propensities of their mistresses. The fins and tails differ much from those of the species we are accustomed to; they are particularly large and diaphanous, and the fish appear to move through the water by the aid of delicate white lace sweeps. The head is square and large, and the prominent eyes give it a singular appearance. A particularly choice kind has a round white body, with a golden head, and tail divided into three.

Japan is the land of pheasants, and the denizens of its woods have been caught and caged, to charm, with their brilliant plumage, those who care for and tend them. That gem of birds, the golden pheasant, with its bright crest, elegantly-marked ruff and rich orange-red breast, graces the aviaries, as well as the quieter silver pheasant, whose delicately-pencilled plumage has

a quiet charm of its own. The purple-breasted and copper varieties are also found in them.

Sportsmen and battues are unknown in Japan, so that the happy pheasants do not number man amongst their natural and most dreaded enemies.

The wild fowl around Yeddo—geese, ducks, teal, etc.—are never disturbed by the sound of fire-arms, it being contrary to the decrees of the government to fire a gun within a certain distance, (10 re.) of the Imperial city; so that they are perfectly tame, and the foreigner has some difficulty in believing that they are not domesticated birds. The bantams are particularly pretty—just such delicate-plumed little creatures that lovers of birds would choose for their pets. The tail of the cock bird is very curved and long, and quite sweeps the ground as he proudly struts about. The eggs are small, delicate in flavour, with very thin shells.

ON BOARD THE GALATEA.

IN our December part we gave some account of the good ship *Galatea*, and of her gallant and royal commander, the Duke of Edinburgh. The progress of the voyage is well known to the public from the official announcements in the press, but our readers may be glad of some further notes from the private letters to which we were indebted for our former communication.

The *Galatea* steamed out of Simons' Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on Wednesday morning, October 2nd, without any ceremonies, but merely a signal from the fleet, wishing her a pleasant voyage. She proceeded on her course with favouring weather, and making way at the rate of from ten to thirteen knots an hour. All went, according to the wish, as merrily as marriage bells, till Saturday the 12th, "when," as our correspondent writes, "after blowing fresh all the forenoon, we got into the fury of a cyclone, and had 'a regular sneezer' during the night. At 12:30 the lower deck was cleared, and all the men in the ship were up and at work on the upper deck to reduce sail, which it took three hours to do, the ship rolling so heavily that they could not stand, and were being continually washed into the lee scuppers. One of the young-officers* set a brave example to the crew, by running out himself upon the fore-yard, and showing the most timid (and, though British sailors, there were some such) what was to be done. Thus the duty was performed and the sail reefed."

Our informant, writing not for public, but private information, goes on with his description, in a manner which we trust will be found of sufficient general interest. "You know," he says, "what a cyclone is. It is a circular wind, and rather a disagreeable thing to encounter, as it sometimes shifts so rapidly as to leave but short time for meeting its tempestuous changes. To give you some idea of its force last night, you must conceive one of the coppers with which ships' bottoms are sheathed, and there were three or four of them lying on the upper deck, which were lifted up and thrown overboard as if they were so many sheets of paper. We were obliged to run before the gale, and for some time in a direct line for the Cape again. It was at times quite terrific. The ocean was one mass of white foam, and the seas immense, rising up and rushing along like so many living monsters, as if threatening every moment to devour the ship. Are you aware that

the waves in these parts are supposed to be the largest in the world? and I believe the supposition is nearly correct. I never saw such, and the *Galatea*,* being so long, works a good deal, and was set leaking like an old basket. I do not mean any serious leak, but annoying little drops dripping from every square foot of the berths, sides, top and bottom, and making dry clothing impossible—every deck wet, and the water washing about everywhere. The gale lasted, on and off, nearly a week, and through it all the gallant ship rolled on. By the 19th the angry winds had moderated, and the weather was again auspicious, with a fine breeze. She had sailed over 300 miles a day, and made 3050 in fourteen days."

On the Sunday our friend treats of an altogether different scene; but if its simplicity touches our readers as it touched our feelings, they will not be displeased if we present, in his own words, his account of a funeral at sea.

"The only new thing in the monotony of a sea voyage is the very old thing, death; and *that* came on board of us last night in the middle watch, and seized its victim, a poor marine, and so departed for the time, satisfied, but who knows how long? We buried him this afternoon at half-past three. If our burial service on land is considered beautiful and impressive, how much more so is the same ceremony performed at sea! Surrounded and alone, as it were, with only the greatest of His works, the mind has nothing to distract it from the contemplation of the solemn and last duty we pay to a fellow creature, taken from the midst of familiar comrades. Dong! dong! dong! Hark, there sounds the bell, and all officers and men, assemble on the deck. All is prepared and ready, the chaplain, in his surplice, waiting for the body, as the first glimpse of the white, red, and blue of the Union-jack appears, as it is carried up from below. We all uncover save the marines, and they present and then reverse arms, forming a lane for the bearers and their burden. After the rattle of the arms has died away, the silence, only broken by the tolling of the bell, the creaking timbers and the sighing wind, is absolute. Even 'look-out' in the fore-top, a hundred feet away, is, I see, standing reverently and bareheaded, to witness the last of one who till late last night was a shipmate. Up into the daylight comes the Union-jack, and as it reaches the upper deck the wind raises the bunting gently, but enough for me to see the grating, and a red stain of a deeper colour than the flag, oozing through the hammock† (his coffin), and marking the wood. And now it is resting on the gangway, partly overhanging the heaving water. I hear the murmur of the chaplain's voice (for I am too far away to hear the words), then a splash sudden and solemn, and the gangway is empty. We have committed the body of our brother to the deep, and before the service is over, and the three volleys of musketry have died away, he is far astern and many fathoms down:

"The bright blue sky above his head,
The waters all around him."

And so ends the last of this strange eventful history. Yet what of that? we are one the less; the band will play, the crew make sail, and the lost mariner will be by most forgotten. Yet he may be missed in some expectant quiet nook of old England as a good husband, a loving father, and a dutiful son, when the sad news

* We may be pardoned for extracting the name of this gallant midshipman—the Hon. Mr. Curzon—whose "pluck" was rewarded by the prince calling him aft when the service was over, and commending him warmly for the intrepid conduct he had displayed.

* Our correspondent, like all true sailors, speaks of his ship as if he loved her. There is nothing to compare with her on the ocean, except, perhaps, her companion, the *Ariadne*, and on the present occasion she "rather astonished some of them" by the manner in which she strained and worked.

† The cause of death to account for this is not stated.

reaches his early home." On the 22nd another man, who died suddenly, was in the same manner committed to his ocean grave.

Our letters of later date tell of the loyal reception and stirring events of the Australian visit; but most of this has been transferred to the English from the colonial newspapers. One thing we may notice, that the duke's "service dinners," of about a dozen guests at a sitting, astonished the colonists who heard of them, and elicited admiration at the cook's art, with materials so limited by the length of the voyage, and the absence of shore supplies. All that foresight and skill could arrange were certainly supplied for the voyage of the Galatea.

A few words in conclusion, about the picture of the Galatea, which forms the frontispiece to our monthly part. It represents the ship, not in the recent cyclone, but in a yet more fearful storm, which she encountered when under another command. She proved herself on that occasion a truly sea-worthy craft. It was one of those tremendous West Indian hurricanes so fatal to many a strong vessel, manned by many a gallant crew. Captain Maguire,* since dead, was the commander. It was a perilous ordeal, out of which the good ship came so severely shaken that it was for some time a question whether she must be left in these seas a shattered wreck, or risk the home voyage.† It was an anxious time for the commander. If assailed on the homeward voyage, could she outlive another storm? Fortunately the substantial safety of the hull was ascertained, and temporary repairs proved sufficient for the return, and the Galatea survived to become more than ever noted in the annals of the Royal Navy.

FAR-OFF VISION.

FROM Apia, Navigators' Islands, Mr. Trood has sent the following summary of his theory and experience as to far-off vision, in reply to the criticisms that appeared on his former paper in the "Leisure Hour." It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mr. Trood, like M. Bonniveau, formerly in the Mauritius, claimed the faculty of seeing ships and other objects long before they were visible to ordinary vision.

* The Galatea becoming historical, any little anecdote connected with her may, at any rate, like the following, be amusing. His royal highness's predecessor, an excellent and highly esteemed officer, had in him a rich dash of the impetuous and genuine Irish character. Once, when earnestly reproving a delinquent sailor, he crowned the lecture with the bitter reproach, "Worse than all, you are a disgrace to the flag you are flying under!" On another occasion, signalling an invitation to a colonial governor and his lady to dine on board, he was adding that he would be happy to receive the family and their governess (a very pretty woman) also, when one of his officers near him hinted that the message might possibly be misconstrued. "Indeed, truly," exclaimed the captain to the signal-man; "*belay the governess!*"

† Mr. Sear, the skilful and experienced chief engineer, was anxious about the machinery, and wished to know the state of matters below the surface. There happened to be a diving-dress on board, but no divers. One of his staff, a young assistant engineer, had been permitted, in calm weather, to disport himself in this panoply, and, somehow, a look towards him was cast in the emergency. But diving was no part of an engineer's duty, and the task was dangerous—so dangerous that the captain would not run the responsible risk of ordering it out of the ordinary line of service. Nor did the youth think it right to volunteer it in a foolhardy manner, but had it intimated to his commander that if he requested, or expressed a wish for it, he would at once equip himself and do his best. The result of his exploration appears in the following record from his captain, and entered as a memorandum at the Admiralty:—"Great credit is due to Mr. Jerdan, assistant engineer, for services rendered in examining the ship's stern and screw well, by diving. He went down in the diving-dress seven or eight times." To this recommendation it is probably owing that the diver was reappointed to the vessel, with whose hull he was so well acquainted, has had the honour to accompany the royal duke, and received his farther promotion to engineer as rapidly as the rules of the service could allow.

The following is Mr. Trood's communication, which we give in full for the sake of those who take interest in the subject:—

I conceive that all clouds exhibit on their outline the outline of terrestrial objects.

Clouds above the horizon exhibit on their outline the outline form of objects above the spectator's horizon.

Clouds on, that is, touching the horizon, exhibit on their outline the outline form of objects beneath the spectator's horizon.

Such outline images appear at times to be reflected from cloud to cloud.

Clear weather, involving a condition of the atmosphere unfavourable to the formation of cloud, exhibits but few form-clouds of objects above the horizon; and the form-clouds of objects at a distance are consequently then less liable to be intercepted by such. Land and vessels at a distance are then indicated by their respective form-clouds, according to the condition of the atmosphere in their several localities. And, in clear weather, it sometimes happens that while objects at a distance of 300 to 350 miles are plainly pointed out by their form-clouds, objects much nearer, say 50 to 100 miles, give no sign of their existence; but usually I found that on a clear day every object within, say 300 miles, was for a few minutes, at some time or other during the day, indicated by its clouds, either in vraisemblance small black form-clouds, or jaunesemblance small yellow, etc., or blancseemblance small white, etc. (See "Leisure Hour," 1866, p. 486.)*

In a state of the atmosphere neither clear nor thick, only objects at a moderate distance, say 100 to 120 miles, can be made out; and, as the atmosphere is then favourable to the formation of cloud, their form-clouds will be larger and more extended, appearing in yellow or black masses (see "Leisure Hour," 1866), according to the hour of the day at which they appear.

In thick weather, the dense masses which fill the heaven wall in the horizon, and bear on their outline the outline forms of objects either above the spectator's horizon or else just beneath it.

Thus, in thick weather, the great number and size of the form-clouds of objects close to the spectator prevent him from perceiving the form-clouds of objects at a limited distance; while, in moderately clear weather, the form-cloud of objects at a moderate distance prevents him from perceiving the form-clouds of objects at a great distance. Also, in thick weather, the clouds just above objects above the horizon exhibit on their outlines, in a more marked manner than in clear weather, the outline forms of such.

Land at a distance is indicated to the spectator by round or pyramid clouds.

Vessels at a distance are indicated by clouds bearing on their outline the outline form of the said vessels, according to their position as regards the spectator; viz., whether broadside on or standing from or to him, etc. If a drawing of a ship or schooner in full sail be cut into relief, placed on a sheet of paper, and pencilled round, the rough outline form thus obtained will present a tolerably perfect resemblance to nine out of every ten vessel-clouds. If the vessel be only from forty to seventy miles off, there may be many such form-clouds on the

* May I point out some errors in the letters published in the "Leisure Hour," 1866 (pp. 485-6):—For "Bottineau" read "Bonniveau" (p. 485). For "at this port" (p. 486, line 22) read "on the south side of this island—Upolu." For "westward" (p. 486, line 54), read "eastward." For "about the same distance" (p. 486, 2nd col., line 53), read "various distances."

horizon at and over the spot where she is. Such form-clouds, though constantly changing, never wholly lose their resemblance to the object; and the two-masted or three-masted image (as the case may be) and bowsprit always emerge from each change of form, and declare distinctly the character of the object. Sometimes the form-clouds of both land and vessels at a distance form an angle with the horizon of 45° to 65° . I noticed, at night at sea, this peculiarity with a two-masted vessel, distant about fifty miles. We sighted her next morning. Her form-cloud extended one-fourth way to the zenith.

The best time for observations is a little before and after sunrise for objects to the eastward; and a little before and after sunset for objects to the westward. When the moon is near or at the full a good observation of objects to the eastward, at moderate distance, may be obtained just before her rising. And note particularly, all clouds that do not touch the horizon are valueless as indicators.

When success first attended my inquiry, I was sanguine that far-off vision might be turned to daily practical use by the navigator, but now doubt of this, unless an instrument can be invented to resolve the cloud distortions into the exact images of the objects. I yet hope that this discovery is destined to act an important part in future voyages of exploration.

In conclusion, it is well for me to remark that I have long since ceased to make regular observations. Unless, therefore, scientific men think the subject worth examining, and (either at the Mauritius, or some other place equally well suited, by its clearness of atmosphere, to the investigation) set on foot horizon-cloud observations, there is every reason for fearing that far-off vision will meet the same fate under my auspices that it did under those of my predecessor, Bonniveau, a hundred years ago; and that its vast and sublime phenomena, which open to science a new and unexplored region of useful research, will continue to pass unheeded before unseeing eyes.

THOMAS TROOD.

P.S. With reference to some doubts raised by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, (see "Leisure Hour," 1866, p. 512), I would submit to that gentleman—First. Although *vraisemblances*, *jaunesemblances*, and *blancseemblances* of land may proceed from change of temperature in the circumambient atmosphere of the land they shadow forth, yet it is unlikely that *vraisemblances*, etc., etc., of vessels are produced in this manner. This argument is supported by the fact that the size of objects appears to be a secondary matter in observation, —small vessels evincing themselves with sometimes greater distinctness than do islands equally distant, that are twenty to thirty miles in circumference. Secondly. Vessels seen by far-off-vision are not reflected by the face of the clouds, as in a mirror, but their presence is declared by each whole cloud. [While on this part of the subject, I may remark, however, that the leading features of near land sometimes appear to be reflected by the face of large clouds.] If, on a clear day, horizon-clouds appear in a direction in which there is no land within four hundred miles, they denote a vessel, and their outlines, not their face, will determine whether she has two or three masts, etc. Lastly. Many sailors can see what is called the loom of land and ships long before the latter appear to landmen; and in small ports, visited by few strange vessels, the residents, especially if nautical men, can generally tell, by the cut of particular sails, and other peculiarities of rig, the names of vessels that frequent the port, almost as soon as they heave in sight.

T. T.

Having submitted the foregoing paper in manuscript to Mr. Dunkin, he appends the following reply:—

The explanation given by Mr. Trood of the phenomenon of "Far-off Vision," as observed by himself and M. Bonniveau, is certainly very ingenious, and I have no doubt he is perfectly sincere in his conviction that the apparent indications which he has perceived in the form of the outline of clouds have originated as he describes. But I must confess that my mind is not sufficiently clear on the subject to believe the possibility of such an occurrence taking place at the distances which he mentions, from 300 to 350 miles. In a former note ("Leisure Hour," No. 763) I pointed out clearly that the small horizon-clouds "may indicate distant land, and can be explained by some of the fundamental rules of meteorological science." Of this there is no doubt whatever; but with regard to vessels this explanation would not account for the phenomenon described by Mr. Trood, because the radiation of heat from any vessel would be far too insignificant to form sensible cloud. Mr. Trood says that "vessels seen by far-off vision are not reflected by the face of the clouds, as in a mirror, but their presence is declared by each whole cloud." By this I am led to infer that the vessel-like cloud-forms are not produced solely by reflection, but that the cloud itself has in some measure originated by an influence which the vessel may have over the immediate atmosphere above it. Now this idea appears to me very unlikely, if not impossible. Again, granting that the origin of these "*vraisemblance* small black form-clouds" do arise from the influence of the vessel on the local atmosphere, such a phenomenon could not possibly be seen at a distance of 300 or 350 miles. I have taken the trouble to calculate what would be the apparent magnitude of an object seen 350 miles off. Let us suppose that the cloud-formed vessel is a mile in absolute length: its height above the surface of the earth does not alter our result. The image reflected on the retina of the eye of the observer situated at 350 miles distance would equal only about ten seconds of arc. In a powerful telescope, magnifying 150 times, this quantity would probably be no greater than a pea, while to the naked eye, looking towards the horizon, it would be scarcely visible, or if so to very acute eyes, it would not be much larger than a pin's point. But I have assumed in my calculation that the earth is flat, which we know for certainty is not the case; consequently, it is a very doubtful question whether the clouds localised at a distance of 350 miles can be seen under any circumstances so far.

Notwithstanding, however, my disbelief in the accuracy of this reputed "far-off vision," I have no hesitation in saying that the vision of Mr. Trood, and also that of M. Bonniveau, has been most singularly acute, and that they have been able to perceive distant objects before persons with ordinary sight. In my opinion the fancied vessel-like forms in the outline of clouds, "coupled with some happy coincidences of arrival, have somewhat deceived them." With the last paragraph of Mr. Trood's postscript I decidedly agree, an illustration of which I gave in my former note. It is a very natural circumstance that when people have been accustomed to use the eye for years for any special purpose, they should be enabled to view minute objects of which others have no visible perception. For example, as it is with the sailor accustomed to be on the look-out for distant objects, so it is with the astronomer, who at noonday is able to observe objects in a telescope, which would be invisible to the most acute eye of strangers, even when looked for through the same telescope.

E. DUNKIN.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE SEARCH FOR THE POCKET-BOOK.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XVII.—MR. ASTON DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS BEEN PLUNDERED OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY.

MR. ASTON'S recovery was slow and painful. During the early period of his illness he had lain in an utterly passive condition, seeming to recognise nothing that was passing around him, and apparently perfectly oblivious of the past, making neither sign nor motion, and silent save when he gave utterance to a low moan of pain.

Gradually, however, he recovered the use of his

faculties, and then his improvement became more rapid, until—about a month after Henry Talbot had sailed for America—he was able to sit up and receive the visits and congratulations of his friends.

Among his earliest visitors were Miss Wardour and Mary Talbot; and Mary seized the opportunity to explain the cause of her brother's apparently unfeeling conduct and abrupt departure from St. David.

"Doctor Pendriggen has already told me the circumstances, my dear young lady," replied Mr. Aston. "The poor boy had no alternative, and by all accounts he did me the greatest service he could render, by hastening

back to the village and sending a message to the doctor."

"My brother regretted very sorely the necessity of leaving you," returned Mary, rejoiced to find her excuses so well received; "and I am sure," she went on, "he would have gone away much better satisfied if he could have seen you during his second visit to the village."

"Henry could not have been more pleased to see me than I should have been to see him," continued Mr. Aston. "I wanted very much to explain certain matters to him before he sailed for America, and it was with that object in view that I asked him to walk with me the last time we met. I must make *you* my confidante, now—that is, as soon as I grow a little stronger, and *you* must explain by letter to your brother."

Miss Wardour and Mary came away, the latter glad that the explanation which she had dreaded had been taken in such good part, and the next day Mr. Sharpe called at the cottage on his way to the village. The curate found Doctor Pendriggen seated with his patient, and, after a few words of greeting and congratulation, the conversation turned upon the surprise and alarm with which the intelligence of Mr. Aston's sudden and serious attack of illness had been received.

"By the way," observed the invalid, "I must not forget to reward the good fellows who brought me home so carefully——"

"They look for no reward," replied the doctor. "I am a Cornishman myself, and I must say, on behalf of the Cornish fishermen, that they are always ready to perform a generous action, even at great risk to themselves, without a thought of recompense beyond the approval of their own consciences. As to the mere act of conveying a sick gentleman to his lodgings, it was but an act of common humanity that any strangers would have willingly performed. Besides, Tapley tells me the men refused to accept a guinea that young Talbot would have forced upon them."

"Did they? I am afraid that Henry, poor boy, had but few guineas for his own needs when he left us. However, whether he rewarded them or no, there is no reason why I should forget to reward the poor fellows, whose humanity probably saved my life. Mr. Sharpe (addressing himself to the curate), I shall trust to you to become my almoner on this occasion. Will you oblige me by presenting these men—Tapley will tell you their names—with a five pound Bank of England note, to be shared equally between them?"

Mr. Sharpe expressed his readiness to oblige, though both he and the doctor protested against what they regarded as too profuse liberality.

Mr. Aston, however, would not listen to them.

"I will give you the money while I think of it," he went on, and, addressing the nurse, who was waiting in the room, he directed her to bring him the pocket-book she would find in the breast-pocket of his great-coat.

"The coat is in the wardrobe, I suppose," he added, perceiving the woman to hesitate.

"I suspect," interposed Doctor Pendriggen, who remarked that the woman still hesitated, "that nurse must apply to me for the key of the wardrobe, Mr. Aston. In the confusion that occurred when you were brought home in a state of unconsciousness, Mr. Sinclair, who had come down from the Rectory, suggested that it would be advisable to lock up all your effects, since there were so many strangers about. So, as soon as the fishermen had undressed and put you to bed, with the assistance of your man Thomas, the rector and I put all your clothes into the wardrobe—we did not know what valuables your pockets might contain—locked

them up, and locked all your drawers likewise, except one, which we found to contain linen, and other necessary articles that you might require, and at Mr. Sinclair's request I took possession of the keys.

"Here they are," he went on, laughingly, and drawing a bunch of keys from his pocket and handing them to the invalid. "Henceforward I resign my trust."

"I'm sure I'm greatly obliged, both to you and Mr. Sinclair, for your thoughtfulness," replied Mr. Aston, and, selecting one of the keys from the bunch, he pointed it out to the nurse, saying—

"This unlocks the wardrobe. The pocket-book you will find in the breast-pocket of the thick great-coat."

The woman unlocked the wardrobe, and searched for some time unavailingly. At length she declared she could find nothing in any of the pockets.

"Stupid woman!" exclaimed the invalid, giving vent to his natural irascibility; "bring the coat here. Yes; that's it," as she held up a coat for her master to see.

"Theer bean't nowt i' th' pockets, sur," muttered the woman.

Mr. Aston searched the pockets himself equally in vain, and then, looking up with a blank air of amazement, he said—

"It is *not* here; and yet I am positive—*quite* positive—that it was in the breast-pocket of my coat when I was taken ill. I have a particular reason to know. I felt it, and was about to draw it forth not five minutes before I became unconscious."

"Are you sure it did not drop out?" inquired Doctor Pendriggen.

"Quite sure. It *could not* have dropped out. Don't you perceive that the pocket is inside the coat, and that it buttons securely? I felt it from the outside."

"Th' pocket weer buttoned toight oop when aw went to th' wardrobe just now," put in the nurse. "Aw'd a mort o' pains to get it undone."

"Then the pocket-book has been evidently abstracted by some person, and the pocket subsequently buttoned up," said Mr. Aston. "Where is my gold watch?" he inquired of the nurse.

"The watch and seals and a gold pencil-case are in the uppermost drawer of the bureau," said Doctor Pendriggen, answering for the woman; and, taking the bunch of keys from her, he went to the drawer and produced the articles in question.

"And now I think of it, Mr. Aston," he went on, "I do not believe that the pocket-book you speak of was in your coat-pocket when the garment was removed from your person. Both Mr. Sinclair and myself passed our hands over the several garments, and took everything of any bulk from the pockets—some of which we felt—that we might lock the things up in the drawers for greater security. That was how we came to find your watch and pencil-case, and I think, had the pocket-book been in the coat-pocket, we should have felt that, and removed it. However, if it had been in the coat-pocket *then*, it would have remained there, unless some person possessed a duplicate key of your wardrobe, which is not probable."

"Better search the pockets of all the garments in the wardrobe," suggested the curate.

"It will be useless," replied the invalid. "As it is not in the great-coat pocket, I am sure it is in no other one."

The search, however, was made, and made in vain.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Aston, "the pocket-book must have been stolen from me by some one of the fishermen who brought me home."

"I hope it did not contain any large amount of money," said Mr. Sharpe.

"It contained," continued Mr. Aston, "four Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each, which I had directed my banker to transmit me from London only a day or two before I was seized with illness. Besides the four fifty pound notes there were three or four notes of lesser value—one ten, and two five pound notes, I believe, and three or four guineas. In addition to the money were several letters and papers of great consequence to me, and a trinket which I have retained in my possession from my boyhood, through good and evil fortune; and, much as I regret the loss of the money, I regret still more the loss of the trinket and the papers—though two hundred pounds and more is no trifling sum to be robbed of."

"Do you know the numbers of the notes?" inquired Doctor Pendriggen.

"I do not," replied the invalid. "Perhaps my banker may. The notes were quite new and crisp. As I have said, I had sent for them for a special purpose, which was frustrated by my unfortunate illness. The trinket I speak of was a locket of massive gold, which contained a portrait painted on ivory, of my only sister (deceased), taken when she was a child. The case was engraved with my family arms—the crest a shield, quartered with two daggers and two stars, and surmounted by a griffin—the motto in a scroll beneath: '*Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam.*' I should recognise the trinket at a moment's glance."

"It may have been sold to some pawnbroker or jeweller in one of the neighbouring towns," suggested the curate.

"A thief would not be so rash as to sell such an article to any person in the vicinity of the village," said the doctor; "though it has, very likely, been thrown into the melting-pot before this."

"At all events, I would not have parted with it for a hundred pounds—not for any amount of money, in fact, unless I had been reduced to sore distress," continued Mr. Aston. The papers, too, though useless to others, were of value in my eyes. However, there can be no question but that the pocket-book and its contents are gone—gone long enough to preclude all hope of their recovery. I may never know who has plundered me so shamefully."

"Are you quite sure, my dear sir, that there is no mistake?" inquired Doctor Pendriggen. "I can scarcely believe that any of our coast-fishermen would be guilty of such a theft, under any circumstances. Are you sure that you have not put it away in some secret hiding-place, and forgotten that you did so?"

"I will very soon satisfy you on that point," replied Mr. Aston, sharply, feeling somewhat angry at the doctor's incredulity.

He touched the bell-pull, which hung within his reach, and the old housekeeper Margery presently made her appearance.

"Margery," he said, "do you recollect the morning on which I was brought home ill from the beach?"

"Ees, sure, sur. Aw shauna' easy forget yon mornin'."

"For what did I send you up stairs just as I was going out?"

The housekeeper thought for a few moments, and then replied—

"Aw mind nowt, but thought 'ee sent me oop stääirs to bring 'ee down t' pocket-buke 'at lāaid on dressin-table, i' bed-room."

"You brought it to me as I stood at the door?"

"'Ees, sur, an' tha' bade me put un i' thy pocket, an' button t' pocket ower't."

"You are sure of that?"

"Sartin sure, sur. Aw canna forget, 'cause tha tell'd me to ha' dinner at fower for thysen and Master Talbot, an' said as Miss Talbot 'ud be oop to spend t' evening. Aw gotten dinner a' ready, an' 'tweer spiled 'cause o' thy illness."

"That will do, Margery."

"The woman's a better witness even than I thought she would prove," the invalid continued. "I feared I should have to refresh her memory. Now, doctor, are you satisfied that the pocket-book is lost?"

"My dear sir," replied the doctor, "I did not doubt that the pocket-book was lost, though I did think you yourself had probably lost or mislaid it. I cannot now doubt that it has been stolen."

"It is a very unpleasant affair," the doctor presently went on. "It attaches a stigma to the whole body of the fishermen. However, late as the discovery of the theft has been made, we must set to work at once to find out who was the thief, or whether there were more than one concerned in the matter."

"Too late, I'm afraid," said Mr. Aston.

"I think not. Good opinion as I have of the honesty of the fishermen generally, I don't see who else *can* have stolen the pocket-book. I think it more than probable, whoever stole the property, that it is still in his or their possession. I very much doubt whether there is one among the villagers who would know the value of a fifty-pound note; or, if its value were known, I believe the thief or thieves would be afraid, and even unable, to change a note of that amount. The smaller notes, and the gold, may have been spent; but I believe that if any of our people hold your fifty pound notes, they are very likely to keep them for months—perhaps years—until they fancy the affair is entirely forgotten; and thus, perhaps, a new fishing-boat may be purchased with the money. It is a disagreeable thing to say, but I suspect that the money was stolen in the belief that you would not recover from your sudden attack of illness. The thief, in that case, would wait quietly for your death before he tried to get rid of the notes, and, as he must soon have heard that you were in a fair way to recover, he would still hold on to them, fearful of detection, if it were to become known that he was possessed of so much money."

Mr. Sharpe was of the same opinion as the doctor.

"I don't think," he said, "that any of our people have been absent from the village during your illness, even for a day. If they have, Jemmy Tapley has known of their absence, and we shall learn the truth from him, so far as he knows it, at all events."

"I see no other plan than to cause the arrest of the party who brought you home from the beach—on suspicion—and to submit them to a close questioning and cross-questioning," continued the doctor.

Mr. Aston had sat silent, in deep thought, for some moments.

"No, doctor," he now said; "I will not consent to the arrest of these men. I would rather lose all that the pocket-book contained, twice over, than subject the innocent to suspicion. I have no doubt that one or more of the party stole the property, but I do not believe that *all* were concerned in the theft; and, if the innocent are arrested on suspicion, the suspicion will probably attach itself to them for life, though their innocence be made ever so clearly manifest. Still, I should certainly like to recover my property, or, at all events, the locket, and *one* of the papers I have spoken

of. Would you trust to old Tapley's secrecy, gentlemen?"

"If Jemmy Tapley were to promise to keep a secret, nothing could induce him to break his promise," replied Doctor Pendriggen.

"Then," continued Mr. Aston, "will you request the old man to attend at the cottage to-morrow? We will tell him what has occurred, and ask him to watch whether any of the fishermen, or their wives, appear to be spending more money than usual with them. If he discover that such is the case with any one or more among them, let him make known the discovery, and then we can consult as to our future action in the matter."

After some further conversation on the subject, it was arranged that the curate should see Jemmy Tapley, and request the old seaman to call at the cottage at a certain hour on the next day, and meanwhile that none others—with the exception of Mr. Sinclair—should be admitted to the knowledge that the theft had occurred and had been discovered.

The nurse had been sent out of the room after she had failed to find the pocket-book, and she and the housekeeper were subsequently informed that their master had recollected how he had lost the pocket-book in question. Neither of the women had any idea of the value of the contents of the book; therefore they did not appear to attach any great importance to the fact that it had been, as they were led to suppose, temporarily mislaid.

The doctor and the curate left the cottage together, both exceedingly annoyed at the idea that such an unpleasant affair had occurred in the village.

The doctor was especially annoyed at the thought that he had interfered in any way with the effects of his patient. Not that he supposed Mr. Aston would attach any blame to him. Still, as he observed to the curate, he would rather the watch and seals, and the garments the invalid had worn that day, had been lost, as well as the pocket-book, than that he, under the circumstances, had taken possession of the keys of the wardrobe and bureau.

Mr. Sinclair accompanied the curate and Doctor Pendriggen to the cottage on the following day, when, of course, the robbery was the chief topic of conversation; but to the astonishment of his friends, Mr. Aston, though evidently vexed at the serious loss he had sustained, appeared to think less of the matter than they. He believed, in fact, that too long a period had elapsed since the property was stolen to leave much hope of its recovery, and had made up his mind to submit quietly to his loss.

At the appointed hour Jemmy Tapley made his appearance, and was made acquainted with the circumstances attending the theft.

The old sailor, however, listened indignantly to the supposition that the fishermen had stolen the property. He could hardly be brought to believe that the pocket-book had been lost in the way that was asserted by Mr. Aston; and when so positively assured that such was the case that he could not deny it without charging his informant with falsehood, he said vehemently—

"If 't had been a package o' bacca, or a keg o' rum, or sich-like, or anything o' greater wally from a wrack, as had been fairly cast ashore by t' sea, aw shouldn't ha' been so tuk aback as aw be now; tho', as his reverence do say, that bean't ersackly honest. It bean't no easy matter to make folks b'lieve as what their feythers and gran'thers ha' done afore 'em arn't right and proper. But for to say as chaps as gets theer livin' on saut-wather

—tho' 'em bean't ersackly sailors out an' out—'ud go for to do sich a scurvy trick as to rob a sick genelman o' his money! Theer, now. Aw can't b'lieve it unless it be clear proved ag'in 'em."

The old man could hardly be persuaded to take any part in the endeavour to discover the thief or thieves. The very name of an informer or a spy was odious to him.

Doctor Pendriggen and Mr. Sinclair, however, were so anxious that the guilt should—for the sake of the rest of the inhabitants of the parish—be brought home to him or those who had brought discredit upon their fellows, that Jemmy Tapley finally consented—not, as he averred, to play the part of a spy, but to do his best to discover the real thief, that he might prove to them all, as he was certain he would be able to prove, that the fishermen were unjustly accused.

* * * * *

Time passed away. Mr. Aston was once more able to walk abroad, and was almost restored to his former condition of health and strength; yet nothing had been heard of the lost property, nor had anything transpired to direct suspicion towards any person in the village. The poor fishermen, who had been suspected in the first instance, had been narrowly watched, and were found to labour as steadily as ever at their arduous calling, while none among them appeared to be any richer than they were before.

Doctor Pendriggen, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Sharpe, who, besides Jemmy Tapley, were the only persons who had been admitted to the secret of the robbery, though they had no doubt that the pocket-book had been really lost or stolen, had come to the conclusion—despite Mr. Aston's assertions, corroborated as they had been by old Margery—that it had been lost previous to the day on which he had been so suddenly struck down with illness.

They knew that on the previous day he had visited Falmouth, whither, to gratify some whim that no one could understand, he always went on the arrival of the American mail, that he might receive his letters *himself* from the postmaster, instead of allowing them to be brought to the village by the letter-carrier; and it was their firm conviction that the pocket-book had been lost or stolen on that occasion.

During his late illness his mind had wandered, and his memory as well as his other faculties had been impaired, and they thought it very probable that he had been mistaken in his belief that he had placed the book in his pocket at the time when he fancied he had so done; while, as regarded old Margery, she had been so terrified at her master's sudden illness—had been so "dazed," as she expressed herself—that she might easily have been mistaken as well as he.

However, unless the subject was spoken of in his hearing, Mr. Aston never made any allusion to his loss; he never even once questioned Jemmy Tapley relative to the success or ill-success of the old seaman's researches, and in fact seemed to be annoyed or irritated when any of his friends recurred to the matter, as though it were his wish to banish it from his memory.

He occupied his time in visiting his friends, and during his long walks about and around the village, making more intimate acquaintanceship with the people. He appeared to take great interest in the schools, and in the various measures employed by the rector to improve the condition and increase the comfort and happiness of his humble parishioners, and he not only gave his advice and personal assistance to these various projects, but was also liberal with his purse

when money was required. Thus Mr. Sinclair, who had hitherto borne all the expense of his various projects and improvements out of his own purse, found, in the new tenant of Cliff Cottage, a useful and able coadjutor.

Mr. Aston likewise continued to take a kindly interest in the young governess, Mary Talbot, though, somewhat to Mary's astonishment, he now rarely spoke of her brother, to whom, on the occasion of the young man's first visit to St. David, he had shown such marked kindness. She attributed this reticence on his part to some lingering resentment at the abrupt manner in which Henry had left him to the care of a party of fishermen, when he was suddenly seized with illness, though he had expressed himself perfectly satisfied with her explanation of her brother's apparently unfeeling behaviour, and had said that the young man had done him the better service by hastening to the village and sending a messenger to Doctor Pendriggen. She often wondered, too, what it was that Mr. Aston's sudden illness had prevented him from communicating to Henry; for though he had promised to make communication through her, he had never again alluded to the subject.

Here, for the present, I leave the parish of St. David and its inhabitants, while I turn for awhile to widely different scenes, and to other persons connected with this history.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

III.—THE WHITE SLAVES OF MODERN ARCADIA.



IT was very pleasant for me, lately, to be reminded by my morning newspaper that the "Agricultural Gang Act" had come into operation. Many readers of the papers, especially in towns, would pass this announcement with little notice. But to those who know the real state of England it proclaims a mighty change. It not

only proclaimed freedom to thousands of little English children in certain rural districts, but also ordained the establishment of due decency in various agricultural labours. On New Year's Day in the present year this Act came into operation. It was among the last of those passed by Parliament in the previous year (August 15th, 1867, was its date), and will very greatly affect the social condition of a large proportion of the rural population in six English counties. These are the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Nottinghamshire, with portions of Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Rutland, forming a district of seven

hundred thousand acres of the richest land in England. And it is this Eastern district, which has maintained a system which is as near to slave-driving as one pea is to another, and which is not handed down to us through the dark ages as a relic of villeinage, or even of that slavery which preceded villeinage in this country, but which is the growth of the present century of boasted enlightenment. For the agricultural gang system, to which my newspaper intelligence referred, is nowhere older than sixty years, and in many places is only half that age; and yet, it was not till 1843 that Parliament made an attempt to deal with the subject, and then, upon failing, allowed it to slumber for four-and-twenty years, while the system was daily taking deeper root and extending its noxious influence over a wider area.

But the Parliament of 1867 took the matter vigorously in hand. The debates in the House of Commons, on February 26th and March 1st, were succeeded, in three weeks' time, by the production of the careful and elaborate report of the Commissioners who had been appointed to inquire into the working of the "public" agricultural gangs—as distinct from the far more numerous "private" gangs which at this present time are being investigated by the Commissioners. This report, and the subsequent debates upon it, led, on August 15th, to the passing of the Act for the regulation of agricultural gangs, which took effect on January 1st, 1868. This Act, besides providing for the licensing of gangmasters in a way that should insure for the future a more respectable class of people being appointed to the office, abolishes the abominable evil of the "mixed gang," by enacting that no females shall be employed in the same gangs with males, or under a male gangmaster, unless a female licensed to act as "gangmaster" is also present with the gang. And another important step made by this Act is to snatch little children from the gangmaster, and thus to confer freedom on many hundreds of white slaves in modern Arcadia. For it enacts that no child under the age of eight years is to be employed in a gang; and to estimate the value of this, it must be borne in mind that six is a very common age at which to be at work in a gang, and that one of the commissioners (Mr. White) mentioned the case of a girl of four years being thus employed. Such children, then, are now freed from that cruel bondage to which they were condemned, not only physically but morally. The same strong arm of the law that dragged them out of the dismal depths of the coal-mine, and protected them in the factory, and is only withheld, it is to be hoped, for a short season from equally protecting them in the brickyard, has now taken the little white slave from the power of the English slave-driver. For this gang-work is really slave-driving, call it by what other name we may; and one woman, whose evidence is printed in the Blue-book (p. 92), and who had herself worked in a gang, bore this emphatic testimony: "I call it no better than negro-driving or slavery, and can't think it anything better. If a person came from a foreign country he would think the same."

This Act, I may remark, is to be accepted as an instalment of the full measure that will doubtless be passed when the inquiry into private gangs has been completed, with its cognate subjects of the educational and domiciliary condition of the people. The Agricultural Employment Commission has issued a paper of questions, which, if carefully and correctly answered, will prove of the utmost value in influencing legislation on this all-important subject.

That such "white slaves" existed in England was a fact scarcely known out of the Fen districts of our eastern counties; and even when made known was scarcely credited, or deemed to be greatly exaggerated, until the very full and exact report of the commissioners established the fact beyond dispute. It is unnecessary to say more of that report in this place, or to describe the composition and occupations of an agricultural gang, and the many evils and abuses which the system naturally engenders, because this has already been done by a competent pen in previous pages of this journal.* I therefore restrict myself to taking up the thread of the narrative where it was dropped, and can now congratulate the little white slaves of modern Arcadia, that the legislature has interfered in their behalf; that, even now, wise heads and warm hearts are labouring for them; and that, instead of being dragged up, as has hitherto been their lot, they will be properly brought up and duly educated. Their case is peculiar; and, happily, it is also peculiar to one district in England. The English Fen-men were always regarded as a peculiar people; so much so, that the old monkish chroniclers gravely spoke of them as being made differently from other men, having yellow bellies and web feet, and therefore specially adapted to fill that amphibious station in life to which they had been called. It was of these Fen-men, or *Girvii*, that the learned Camden said, "They are a sort of people (much like the place) of rugged, uncivilized tempers, envying others whom they term Upland-men, and usually walking aloft on a sort of stilts"—just as the peasants of Les Landes do over their sandy flats. It was probably from this practice that the alliterative nick-name of "Cambridgeshire camels" was given to the Fen-men, the other epithet, "Fen sloggers," being distributed over a wider area. Just as the Sussex girls were said to obtain their long limbs from their early exercise of pulling their feet out of the stiff mud in the notorious boghole described as "the Sussex bit of road," so these Fen-men, in accommodating themselves to the exigencies of their position, would appear to have developed to the stilt condition, in anticipation of the Darwinian theory. Any way, they were a peculiar people. It would be interesting to tell what the perseveringly-practical Romans did for them in making, through their quaking territory, drains and solid roads, such as the Ermyne-street and Carr-dyke—traces of which remain to this very day—and furthermore helping them in "banking" the fens. It would be interesting to describe these ancient fen works, and to tell what was achieved in later times by the formation and sustentation of the great "Bedford Level" by Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, the Dutchman, and his successors Westerdycck, Dodson, Scotton, Kinderley, Rennie, Walker, and others. Then there was the drainage (in 1850-1) of the largest southern English lake, Whit-tlessea-mere, on which Canute and his children were so nearly shipwrecked, and its conversion, with all its adjacent waters, swamps, and rough fen into rich corn-fields and pastures, from which the tall chimney of Easton and Amos's centrifugal pump rises like a triumphant column. It would be interesting also to narrate the more recent triumphs of Mr. Hawkshaw and his fellow engineers in preventing those fat fen pastures from being reclaimed by the sea, in "the Middle Level Deluge" of May, 1862. Despite these successive victories of enterprise and science, the Fen-men of the nineteenth century were still to be regarded as a peculiar people, who inhabited a peculiar district, and cultivated it in a peculiar way; and this way was by means of the gang system.

* See "The Leisure Hour," June 29, 1867, p. 413, for "Rural Labour Gangs," in which article the Blue-book of 150 folio pages is condensed.

The Bishop of Ely, in his primary charge in 1865, especially directed the attention of the clergy and laity to the evils resulting from the maintenance of the system; and it is to the clergy and laity of his diocese that the commissioners were chiefly indebted for the great mass of testimony with which their report was weighted, and for the flood of light that has now been thrown on this dark subject. The unanimity of testimony was indeed striking. Even the class which supported the existence of the gang system could say but little in its favour; though even to it a few conservative rock-limpets are found to cling, with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. For example, the only professed representative of the tenant-farmers of England in the House of Commons—although he admitted that much of the Blue-book evidence was correct—denounced, at a meeting of the Chamber of Agriculture, held at Norwich, October 12th, 1867, the talk about Fen gangs as "sentimental twaddle"—asserted that the sexes could not be separated in field-labour, and also stated that "if there was a girl who was good for nothing, she was the girl who went to field-work:" which was a very significant fact, that went far to prove the necessity for the abolition of the employment of girls in gang-work, which the speaker was advocating. Of course he denounced compulsory education; as also did a Mr. Smith, who, when speaking on this subject at the Shropshire Chamber of Agriculture, December, 1867, said that farmers did not want their labourers and ploughboys taught to read and write, for they did very well as they were; and, if they were sent to school, they might have them turning round on their masters, like trade unionists or Manchester Fenians—a sentiment that was lustily cheered by an audience of upwards of 300 farmers, who, we may hope, are not the representatives of the agricultural mind. Cowper, in his humorous verses on "Tithing-time," asks—

"O why are farmers made so coarse?"

and he might have made the adjective somewhat stronger, if the gang-system had existed in his day. It would have afforded him a fresh theme in his vigorous denunciations of slavery, to know that there existed in his own country, and even in many of the scenes through which his well-loved Ouse,

"Slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
Delighted." (*The Task*, Book I.)—

that there existed in those spacious meads a system which supported white slaves, for no other reason than because it ministered to the money-getting means of the unscrupulous seeker after wealth. We can well imagine how the Christian poet would have lashed the supporters of the gang system, or held them up to scorn with that biting irony with which he depicted the highly-respectable individual who owned he was "shocked at the purchase of slaves," and greatly pitied them for what they suffered, but was compelled to be "mum" on the subject, because of the sugar, rum, tea, and coffee that their labours procured for him, and also because he went "snacks" in the riches obtained "by purchasing blacks." And so with the farmer whose field has been quickly and cheaply cleared of its twitch by the nimble fingers of the little white slaves, goaded to rapid work by the whip or stick of their gang-master. Although the farmer, who may be an affectionate father and a respectable man, may not altogether approve the gang-system as a whole, yet he is content to do as his neighbours do, and to follow the custom of the country; and thus, like Cowper's youngster at school—

"He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."

But, now that legislation is holding forth its powerful shield for the protection of our little white slaves, we may say, as Cowper said elsewhere with regard to slaves, that Britannia, from this time, "resolves to have none of her own." For the present, however, we must bear in mind that the gang-system is only crippled, and not crushed. There are things that still stand between it and extinction—the law of settlement; the migration of the male population; the facility of procuring from "open" parishes persons who can perform the lighter labours of a farm; and, above all, the lack of cottage accommodation in the sparsely-populated Fen districts. Two thousand cottages are needed; and, as they cannot be raised in a day, a temporising policy is forced upon us for the next few years.

This increase of cottage accommodation for farm-labourers, which would strike at the very root of the gang system, is precisely the method recommended some five-and-twenty years ago by the Highland Society, for an analogous evil in certain Scotch counties—the bothy and the bondager system. These bondagers, who are found in north Northumberland, in Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and other southern counties of Scotland, are great strapping girls, who are hired and "bound" by the twelvemonth to the labourer or "hind," who, in fulfilment of the "conditions" or mutual agreement between himself and his employer, is compelled to supply such a bondager, and to give her board and lodging for a twelvemonth, the lodging usually being a shelf in that filthy cupboard known as a "box-bed," which takes up the one side of his one-roomed cottage. The obvious evils of such a system, fostered and augmented by the fact of the bondagers being, in the majority of cases, young unmarried women, were paralleled in the mixed gangs, which by law were abolished last New Year's Day. And the bondagers, too, are essentially white slaves, quite as much so as are the members of a Fen gang during the time they are subject to the control of their gangmaster; so that, in the Lowlands of Scotland, and in the low lands of eastern England, we meet with the white slaves of modern Arcadia.

There are other great social revolutions affecting the population of towns, such as the New Factory Regulation Acts, which may afterwards be considered. But at present we confine our view to what most concerns the rural districts. This Act on agricultural employment, even as it now stands, is the most important law for eastern England, passed for the last forty years. But the commissioners are engaged in further inquiries, directed to education and house accommodation; and the whole will undoubtedly be of higher importance than any inquiry during the present century.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

MARCH.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

A BRIEF explanation of the seasonal changes in the positions of the fixed stars with respect to the meridian or horizon at any stated hour, will probably be acceptable to some of our readers. Before describing, therefore, the appearance of the midnight sky of March, we will, in a few familiar words, endeavour to state the cause of these seasonal changes in the apparent positions of the stars. We shall suppose that our readers are so much acquainted with astronomy as to know that the earth revolves on its axis in about twenty-four hours, and that a civil day is measured by the time elapsed between

two successive transits of the sun over the meridian of any place. We shall also assume that the cause of the daily or hourly changes in the positions of the stars with respect to the meridian are generally known to be simply the result of the diurnal motion of the earth on its axis. Were the time of rotation exactly twenty-four hours of solar time, there would be no seasonal changes; for then any one star would culminate at the same hour throughout the year. But the interval between two successive returns of any fixed star to the same meridian is smaller by several minutes than that given by consecutive transits of the sun. Hence we have the sidereal day and the solar day. Now, we wish to explain briefly the cause of this difference. In the interval between two successive transits of the sun, the earth has traversed through about one degree of its orbit; this makes a corresponding apparent change in the position of the sun in the heavens from west to east. The effect of this is, that the earth has to make rather more than one revolution on its axis before the centre of the sun can again coincide with the meridian. This is, however, not the case with the stars. Their distance from us is so great that these daily changes in the position of the earth in her orbit have no effect on their apparent movements. The interval of time, therefore, between two successive transits of any star is a sidereal day, and marks the time occupied by the simple diurnal rotation of the earth. Now, a sidereal day being shorter than a mean solar day by nearly four minutes, it will be evident to every one that when any star passes the meridian at midnight on any day—say March 15th—it will on March 16th pass about four minutes before midnight, and on March 17th eight minutes before that hour, and so on. From this it will be seen that in course of time the star will pass the meridian at a much earlier hour, till it is lost in the daylight. After the lapse of one year exactly, it will again culminate about midnight on March 15th. What is done in the case of one star, is done for all, as their relative positions are always the same.

By a comparison of our diagrams for March with those for January and February, these apparent movements of all the stars from east to west can be readily distinguished. Taking Regulus as an example, it will be perceived that this bright star at midnight in January is some distance east of the meridian; in February it is nearly in the centre of the diagram, or near the meridian; while in March it is considerably to the west. In like manner, all the stars in the south diagram have changed their positions in the same direction, some having disappeared in the west and south-west, while others have become visible in the east and south-east. If we wish to examine the heavens at an earlier hour than midnight—we will suppose eight o'clock in the evening—the observer has nothing more to do than to take the January diagrams, with the accompanying explanation, when he will be able to identify the principal stars in the same manner as at midnight in January. Again, if at ten o'clock in the evening, the February diagrams will be perfectly available for the purpose. For instance, Castor, Procyon, and Pollux are due south at midnight in January; in February they will be in a similar position at ten o'clock, and in March at eight o'clock.

Returning to the midnight sky of March, and remembering that the centre of the upper portion of the diagrams is directly over the head of the observer, we will direct our attention, in the first place, to the sky south of the zenith. Several stars of the first magnitude will be at once noticed in different directions. Due west, rather more than half way towards the

horizon, Castor and Pollux can be distinguished above any other object near them. It so happens, however, that if we draw an imaginary line from east to west through the zenith, Castor will be found to be in the northern division of the heavens, and Pollux in the southern. In our illustrations, therefore, Castor is inserted in the north diagram, while Pollux remains in the south. Proceeding towards the horizon in the W.S.W., Procyon, near the western limit of the diagram, is still shining brilliantly. Near the zenith, a few stars in Ursa Major can be easily identified. These, with the exception of Cor Caroli, are the brightest stars in a considerable region south of the zenith. The great constellation Ursa Major, if we except the well-known seven stars in Charles' Wain, is not celebrated for the possession of many stars of large magnitude. Nearly one half of Ursa Major is now south of the zenith. In the south-west, nearly midway between the zenith and horizon, Regulus is visible as the brightest star in that neighbourhood. Between Regulus and the meridian the space is occupied by the constellation Leo, Denebola being at the extremity of the lion's tail, and exactly on the meridian. South-east of Leo is the small constellation known as Sextans, with no star greater than the fifth magnitude; and lower down in the same direction is the rambling, tortuous Hydra, which extends from near Procyon along the whole lower portion of the sky near the south horizon. Its brightest star, Alpha Hydræ, or, as it is sometimes called, Alphard, can be easily distinguished at some distance below Regulus by the considerable space surrounding it unoccupied by any star approaching to it in magnitude. The small constellations, Crater and Corvus, on the back of Hydra, are now near the meridian, Crater being a little to the west, and Corvus to the east. Corvus will be found with little difficulty, its four principal stars forming nearly a square at no great distance from the horizon, between Spica and the meridian.

East of the meridian several important constellations and well-known stars are sure to attract our notice. Nearly over head, at a short distance from the zenith, the tolerably bright star Cor Caroli shines in a neighbourhood chiefly occupied with small objects. Passing the eye downwards, a little to the east of the meridian, we come to Coma Berenices (Berenice's Hair.) It is not difficult to notice this group of small stars, situated exactly midway between Cor Caroli and Denebola. A considerable portion of the south-east sky is occupied by Virgo, with Spica, a star of the first magnitude, and several of the third. One of these stars is near the meridian, immediately south of Denebola. This is known by the name of Beta Virginis. In the space between Denebola and Spica there are four other stars in Virgo, which form, with Beta, very nearly two sides of a right-angled triangle. The star next to Beta is Eta, then Gamma, a celebrated binary star, then Delta, the last being Epsilon Virginis. South-east of the corner star of this triangle the position of Spica is pointed out. East of Spica, near the south-east horizon, two bright stars in Libra have just risen. Nearly midway from the zenith to the horizon, in the W.S.W., Arcturus and several stars of the second and third magnitudes, in the constellation Boötes, are conspicuous objects; while about half way between the zenith and horizon, looking due west, the interesting group in Corona Borealis can be distinguished by its principal member, Alphecca or Gemma. Below Boötes and Corona Borealis, Serpens and portions of Hercules and Ophiuchus are visible, the last constellation occupying the eastern horizon.

At midnight, in March, the following are the principal

constellations above the horizon in the southern half of the sky: Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Canis Minor, Hydra, Sextans, Leo Minor, Crater, Corvus, Boötes, Serpens, Coma Berenices, and parts of Ursa Major, Corona Borealis, Hercules, Ophiuchus and Gemini.

Though Cancer (the Crab) is one of the most insignificant of the signs of the zodiac, with respect to bright stars, nevertheless it contains several very interesting objects, which are visible only through good telescopes. Among these is Zeta Cancræ, a fine triple star near the hind claws of the Crab. Two of the stars are very close, and afford an excellent test of the power and goodness of the object-glass of an astronomical telescope, as these stars require one of the best quality to separate them. The third star is at no great distance from the other two. It has been found that the two close stars revolve around each other in about sixty years, while the outer one takes five hundred years to perform its revolution around the others. It is thus evident that these objects are not simply in juxtaposition optically, but that they belong to one system. A small nebulous-looking object in the Crab's body, visible to the naked eye on very brilliant nights, is known by the name of the Præsepe, or the Beehive. This remarkable cluster, when viewed through a telescope of low power, is resolved into an aggregation of small stars. It has been specially noticed by the ancients, particularly by the Greek philosophers Theophrastus and Aratus, who have told us "that its dimness and disappearance during the progressive condensation of the atmosphere were regarded as the first sign of approaching rain." It was formerly supposed that this group consisted only of three nebulous stars, which emitted that peculiar light alluded to by old philosophers. The Præsepe is, however, rather scanty of stars if we compare it with many other clusters; but soon after the invention of the telescope Galileo counted thirty-six small stars in the group. Cancer contains several good double stars, which are always interesting objects to the astronomer, though, from their small magnitude, some of them are scarcely visible to the naked eye.

The sun enters Cancer on June 21st; this constellation is consequently the first of the summer signs of the zodiac. The sun at that time is at its greatest north declination, the north pole of the earth being turned towards it at its greatest inclination; we have therefore the longest day in the northern hemisphere. In all countries south of the equator, however, the shortest day will take place at this time.

One of the finest constellations included in our diagram for March is undoubtedly Leo, the fifth sign in the order of the zodiac. Leo is bounded on the north by Leo Minor, west by Cancer, south by Sextans, and east by Virgo. It is wholly situated west of the meridian, excepting Denebola, which is almost due south. The principal star, Regulus, is also designated Cor Leonis, or the Lion's Heart. This star was considered by the ancients as truly royal. By the Arabs it was denominated a "fiery trigon," or lion's heart, as well as a kingly star. Wylliam Salysbury, writing in 1552, tells us that "the Lyon's herte is called of some men the Royall Starre, for they that are borne under it are thought to have a royall nativitee." This royal star can be easily found in the diagram, by the help of which there will be little difficulty in finding it in the heavens. The principal stars in Leo form a large trapezium, consisting of Regulus, Gamma Leonis, a most beautiful double star, Delta Leonis, and Denebola. This trapezium can be readily found by reference to the universally-known pointers in the Great Bear, which serve to indi-



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, MARCH 15.



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, MARCH 15.

cate the position of Polaris in one direction, as we have before remarked, while the same line produced in the opposite direction will pass through Leo. There are a great number of interesting telescopic objects in this constellation, visible with the aid of ordinary instruments, especially double and variable stars. One of the latter, R Leonis, is remarkable for its blood-red appearance, which is very striking to the eye when viewed through a good telescope.

If we again refer to the upper diagram, we shall find that the appearance of the northern sky at midnight is sensibly different from that at the corresponding time in the preceding month, although, in consequence of the stars being for the most part circumpolar, many of the constellations may not appear to have changed their positions to any great extent. Over head, a part of Ursa Major is on the meridian, the pointers Dubhe and Merak being a little west of it, while the remaining stars in Charles' Wain are approaching the meridian. Rather more than one half of this constellation is north of the zenith, including all the principal stars. Looking due west, Castor and Pollux are visible, Castor being north of the imaginary line separating the two halves of the sky. Pollux, as we have before mentioned, has not yet passed into the northern half, though it is on the point of doing so. The principal constellations between Castor and the north horizon, in this part of the sky, are Auriga, Perseus, and Cassiopeia. The two bright stars rather more than midway between the zenith and horizon, in the north-west, are Capella and Beta Aurigæ. Lower down, approaching the north, is Perseus, with its group of moderately bright stars, amongst which is the variable star Algol, in the head of Medusa; and near the north meridian, about twenty degrees above the horizon, the group of bright stars in Cassiopeia, below Polaris, can be easily recognised. On the eastern side of the meridian, below Ursa Major, the stars in Ursa Minor and Draco are clearly seen; below these is the constellation Cepheus. In the north-east, the brilliant Vega is the most conspicuous object, followed at some distance by Alpha Cygni. Hercules is in the W.N.W., about midway between the zenith and horizon. Polaris is of course sensibly in the same position as in February. The use of this star in navigation is supposed to have been first recommended by the Greek astronomer Thales, and was very anciently known by the name of Phœnice. The poet Dryden has described the infancy of navigation, as practised by the adventurous seamen of Phœnicia:—

"Rude as their ships were navigated then,
No useful compass, or meridian known;
Coasting they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the pole-star shone."

For splendour, no star can bear the least comparison with the planet Venus, which during this month is a most brilliant object in the western evening sky. On the first day of the month she will set below the horizon three and a half hours after the sun, this interval of time increasing gradually to more than four hours at the end of March. Universal interest is always created in the popular mind when Venus is in this position, though, when she is a morning star, we have frequently considered her to be a still more magnificent object, owing, perhaps, to the clearer state of the atmosphere in the early morning. At such times the light of Venus is so intense, that a sensible shadow is produced by the interposition of the finger before a piece of white paper. At these epochs of great brilliancy she has frequently been observed with the naked eye within an hour of noon.

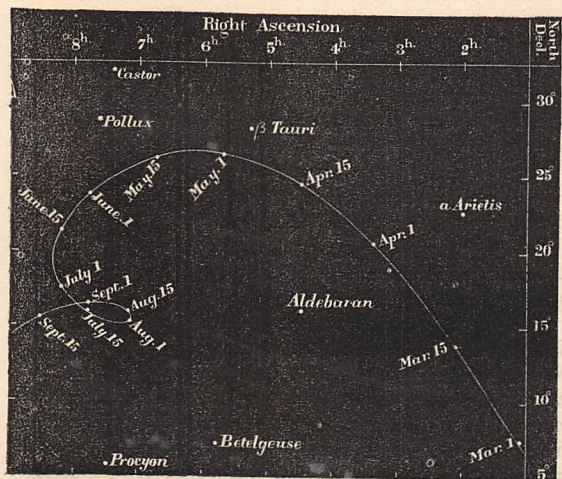
Without entering into much detail, a few remarks on

the appearance and position of Venus in the solar system will probably be interesting. The order of the planets from the sun, omitting the hypothetical Vulcan, is as follows:—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, the group of minor planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Venus is, therefore, the second planet from the sun, around which she revolves in an almost circular orbit interior to that of the earth. The time occupied in her revolution is about 225 of our days; consequently, the inhabitants of Venus enjoy a year about two-thirds as long as ours. The mean or average distance of this planet from the sun is sixty-six millions of miles; and when she is in a direct line between the earth and the sun, or at her least distance, she is about twenty-five millions of miles from us. When near her extreme elongation east or west, she is always seen to the best advantage with the naked eye. She will be in that position, or greatest eastern elongation, on May 7th, 1868. Her greatest apparent brilliancy will, however, take place a month later, when she will be rapidly approaching towards her least distance from the earth. Venus is now truly the evening star, or the Hesperus of the old philosophers. When she is a conspicuous morning star, the ancients have given Venus the name of Lucifer, or the harbinger of day. Let us now, in imagination, direct a telescope to this favourite planet on any day in March, 1868. Instead of viewing a globular object similar to the large and distant planets, we find a gibbous one, in form precisely similar to the moon when between the first quarter and the full. This is owing to a considerable portion of the illuminated disk being turned from us. In short, the phases of Venus and the moon are produced by analogous causes, depending entirely on their relative positions with respect to the sun and earth. The telescopic appearance of Venus is therefore like a miniature moon, sometimes round, then gibbous, and finally a crescent, so fine, directly before conjunction, as to appear like an illuminated hair. As a rule, the crescent form takes place at inferior conjunction, the half illuminated disk at the time of elongation, and full at superior conjunction. The apparent magnitude of Venus varies considerably, according as her distance from the earth increases or diminishes.

The diameter of Venus is 7510 miles, being slightly smaller than that of the earth. She revolves on her axis in about 23h. 21m., thus making the day shorter than ours by a small quantity. Although Venus is now and then comparatively so near us, we know but little of her actual surface, principally owing to her intense brilliancy, which dazzles the eye of the observer. With regard to the two intra-terrestrial planets, Mercury and Venus, it is supposed that they are globes formed similarly to our earth, and illuminated and warmed by the sun. It is believed, also, from special observations of the physical appearance of the surface of Venus, that clouds prevail; if so, there must be water, and probably an atmosphere. This hypothesis would seem to be partially borne out by a phenomenon observed during the transit of Venus across the sun's disk in 1761. While projected on the sun, the planet appeared surrounded by a faint nebulous ring, and at the moment when Venus left the sun, a luminous ring was observed in the same place. These two phenomena could be easily explained, if we suppose the globe of Venus to be surrounded by a very dense atmosphere. Farther than this, the most powerful instrument of the astronomer is unable to add to the little knowledge we possess of the actual formation of these intra-terrestrial planets. Of their peculiar motions in the heavens with respect to the fixed stars, and their effect on each other by their mutual attractions, the

results obtained from modern astronomical observations leave but little more for us to learn.

The change of position of Venus in March and April among the stars is very rapid. A general idea of the amount of this change can be gathered by a reference to the small accompanying diagram, in which a few of the principal stars near the path of Venus are inserted, as an easy means of identifying the planet's position. The following explanation of the diagram will serve not only at present, but also for any future one of the same kind which we may find it necessary to insert. The figures above the diagram represent the right ascension, or the distance in time from the vernal equinox, or, as it is technically called, the first point of Aries. From this point all angular distances in this direction, or right ascensions, are measured along the celestial equator. The figures at the side represent the declination, or the angular distance measured perpendicularly from the celestial equator. Right ascensions and declinations serve the same purpose for distinguishing the positions of celestial objects, as longitudes and latitudes define the positions of places on a terrestrial globe or map.



APPARENT PATH OF VENUS.

During the month of March, 1868, the principal planets, excepting Venus, are very unfavourably situated for observation in the evening hours. The moon, on the 1st and 2nd, is in Taurus, near the bright star Aldebaran; on the 3rd in Gemini; on the 4th in Cancer; from the 6th to 8th in Leo; from the 9th to 11th in Virgo; on the 12th and 13th in Libra. During the remainder of the lunation she rises after midnight. The young crescent moon at the end of the month will again be in Taurus and Gemini. On the 28th the moon and Aldebaran will be very close until moonset.

Mercury sets on the first of the month, about 6.47 p.m.; this planet is not, however, likely to be seen to advantage, as it is rapidly approaching the sun. Venus is the evening star of the month, as we have previously described. This planet sets on the 1st at 9.8 p.m., and at 10.40 p.m. on the 31st. On the 27th the moon and Venus will be in conjunction, the moon being nearly seven degrees south of the planet. Mars and Jupiter set nearly with the sun, consequently they cannot be seen during March. Saturn is a morning star, rising after midnight till the 20th, and after that day before midnight. During the morning hours Saturn is a conspicuous object in the south-east.

The illustrations of the midnight sky for March will be equally available for 10 p.m. on April 15th; for 8 p.m.

on May 15th: for 6 a.m. on December 15th; for 4 a.m. on January 15th; and for 2 a.m. on February 15th. Our complete series of diagrams will therefore represent the visible heavens in the latitude of London for every evening or night hour throughout the year.

CURIOSITIES OF PADDINGTON.

BY JOHN TIMES.

I.

"Pitt is to Addington,
As London is to Paddington."—Canning.

THIS parish, which is a very small one, is named from the Saxon *Pædingas* and *tun*, the town of the Pædings, according to Kemble's "Saxons in England." Its early history is much controverted. The "Great Charters" of King Edgar and Dunstan, professedly granting lands to the monks of Westminster, are proved to have been the fabrication of monks who lived long after the death of the king and the bishop; the hand-writing of the charters is of a later period than the time when the grants are supposed to have been made, and the phraseology is partly Norman. There is no account of the Abbey possessions in Domesday Book. We know from Fitzstephen, that an immense forest, "full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," existed early in the twelfth century at no great distance from what then constituted London. Only small portions of this forest were then the property of the Crown. It formed part of the public land, in which the citizens had free right of chase, preserved by many royal charters; it was disafforested by Henry III. in 1218. During the Saxon period there were few fixed indwellers in the forest. The Fleeta, the Tybourn, and the Brent were the three noble streams which carried the waters from the hills north of the Thames through this forest to the great recipient of them all; and upon the banks of those streams it is probable the Saxons early settled. The roads made through the forest united in this spot, and, having served the purpose of a military way to conduct the Roman Legions, were now ready for the uncultivated Saxons. This locality is the present site of Paddington, then the Saxon *Pædingas*. The district would appear to have been cleared soon after the Norman Conquest, from the vast forest of Middlesex (with pasture for the cattle of the villagers, and the fruits of the wood for their hogs), and to have lain between the two Roman roads (now the Edgware and Uxbridge roads), and the west bourne or brook, the ancient Tybourn, which has degenerated into the Ranelagh sewer.

In the first authentic document (31 Henry III.), Richard and William of Paddington transfer their "tenement" to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, they having purchased the right which they could not legally inherit by their former charters; and from the close of the thirteenth century the whole of the temporalities of Paddington (rent of land, and young of animals, valued at 8*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*) were devoted to charity. Tanner speaks of Paddington as a parish in the time of Richard II.; and by the "Valor Ecclesiasticus" of Henry VIII. the rectory yielded, like the manor, a separate revenue to the Abbey. Upon the dissolution of the Bishopric of Westminster, the manor and rectory were given by Edward VI. to Ridley, Bishop of London, and his successors for ever: they were then let at 41*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides 20*s.* for the farm of "Paddington Wood," thirty acres.

This is the earliest authentic information which the painstaking Mr. Robins was enabled to discover

relative to the Abbey lands in Paddington, when he wrote his "Paddington, Past and Present," in 1853. In his preface he acknowledges two derivations of Paddington—one suggested by Mr. B. H. Smart, the well-known philologist, from *Padre ing tun*, the father's town meadow; and the other from Sir Harry Dent Goring, of Bayswater House, who writes:—"A Pad is a Sussex word now in common use for pack-horse. '—ings' we have in that county by hundreds. Now the carriers to the great city may have lodged, and had meadows for their pack-horses here; I humbly suggest, therefore, may not Paddington mean *the Village at the Pack-Horse Meadows*?" We, however, incline to Mr. Kemble's *Paddingas and tun*.

Walter, the Abbot of Westminster, who purchased the Paddington soil, gave the manor for the celebration of his anniversary, which was entrusted to the almoner: he was to find for the convent fine manchets, cakes, crumpets, cracknells, and wafers, and a gallon of wine for each friar, with three good pittances, or doles, with good ale in abundance at every table, and in the presence of the whole brotherhood; in the same manner as upon other occasions the cellarer was bound to find beer at the usual feasts or anniversaries, in the *great tankard of twenty-five quarts*. The Dean of Peterborough, however, turns the wine into beer, and makes the tankard hold twenty-five gallons. The almoner had also to provide abundantly for the guests that dined in the refectory, bread, beer, and two dishes out of the kitchen, besides the usual allowance. And for the guests of higher rank, who sat at the upper table, under the bell, with the president, ample provision was made, as well as for the convent; and *cheese was served on that day to both*. And, as bread was given *ad libitum*, we find in this document the real origin of the term *Bread and Cheese Lands*, which is still applied to a small portion of that which was "the Paddington Charity Estate." In accordance with this usage, until the year 1838, bread and cheese were thrown from the steeple of St. Mary's Church, to be scrambled for in the churchyard.

On this feast-day all comers had meat, drink, hay, and provender of all sorts, in abundance; and no one, either on foot or horseback, was denied admittance at the gate. The nuns of Kilbourne had also extra bread and wine, and provisions from the kitchen. The poor, too, had a refecton on this day, of a loaf of the weight of the convent loaf, of mixed corn; also a pottle of ale, and two dishes from the kitchen. There was likewise allowed mead to the convent for the cup of charity, the *loving cup*, and five casks of the best beer were to be provided for this anniversary, which was, however, afterwards modified to singing, chiming bells, two wax candles kept burning at the tomb of Walter; and bread was distributed to the poor, but no alms. This retrenchment was necessary, else the convent would have been ruined by anniversaries, almost every abbot having one. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were unseemly disputes between the Abbots of Westminster and the Bishop of London. On one occasion the abbot had to give the bishop the manor of Sunbury, and the church to the Chapter of St. Paul's; the monks of Westminster did not at all relish this arrangement; and one, more outspoken than the rest, openly declared that "Peter had been robbed to pay Paul." At this time (1291) the land in Paddington paid only fourpence per acre per annum rent.

Water was about this date (1236) brought to the City from Tyburn, for payment of which privilege foreign merchants gave the sum of one hundred

pounds. In 1439, the Abbot of Westminster granted to the mayor and citizens of London a head of water, and all its springs in the manor of Paddington, for which the City paid, on the Feast of St. Peter, two peppercorns: hence Bayard's watering-place, and Bayswater. Part of the great main pipe of lead which conveyed water from this place to the City conduits, was discovered during the repavement of the Strand, in June, 1765; and as late as 1795, the houses in Bond Street, standing upon City lands, were supplied from Bayswater. Two of the original springs on Craven Hill were covered in as late as 1849. The conduit on the site of Conduit Street was supplied from the same source; it was built in 1718, and remains of it were found in 1867 in excavating large wine cellars.

Among the notable persons who held lands in Paddington were Sir Reginald Bray, who came into possession of property by a Star Chamber decision; also Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry VII, who left ten pounds per annum to the poor. Another landholder was Lord Sands, who, with Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge carrier (whose choice is still a proverb), exchanged lands with Henry VIII; and the manor of Chelsea, with those lands in Paddington, which had belonged to Lord Sands, were settled on Katherine, the widowed queen of Henry VIII. Of the Countess of Richmond's grant to the poor Mr. Robins asks: "Where is that large estate in Paddington, which was valued in her grandson's reign at the exact amount she left to the poor?" Denis Chirac, jeweller to Queen Anne, built a large house on Paddington Green. Lord Craven in 1665 gave a piece of ground in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as a burial-place during any future Plague. This being covered with Carnaby Market, and other buildings, the ground was exchanged for a field upon the Paddington estate, which, if London should ever again be visited by the Plague, would be still subject to the said use. The land, however, was not used during the cholera of 1848 and 1849; and at the present time a grand London square, called Craven Gardens, indicates the site of the Paddington pest-house fields.

The history of the charity lands in Paddington has some curious details. Thus, here are three parcels of bread and cheese lands, given by two maiden gentlewomen for supplying the poor with bread and cheese on the Sunday before Christmas. Neither the names of the donors nor the date of the gift is known; but it is a very ancient one: one piece is let to Samuel Cheese. The bread and cheese is no longer thrown from the church among the poor assembled in the churchyard, but the bequest is distributed in bread and coals at their houses. The bread and cheese was bequeathed by two women who had been almost starved, but came to better fortune; still the distribution became a nuisance, and the Sunday before Christmas became a sort of fair day for the vagabonds of London, who came to Paddington to scramble over dead men's bones for bread and cheese. The village Green at Paddington has been wasted to its present dimensions. Chatelain's prints of the Green in 1750 and 1783, show it to have been "eight acres," which it would puzzle a present inhabitant to identify. Here were erected, during the Commonwealth, one of those detached ramparts, which they built up by the side of every entrance into the capital. The neat little gardens of the almshouses, built in 1714, have disappeared, and what remains of the Green is inclosed, or *iron-bound*, in every direction. The Paddingtonians laboured hard to save their Green in 1841;

they offered the bishop and his lessees £3,500 for a piece of ground west of the churchyard, for which the builders had a mind's eye. Four thousand pounds, however, was the lowest sum to be taken for this portion of the old Green; the vestry were obliged to be content with the southern portion, for which the parish paid £2,000. The northern was sold to one of the large capitalised builders, and is now covered with houses; while, on that portion bought by the parish, is built the new vestry hall; "to lay," says Mr. Robins, oddly, "if possible, the ghosts which are said to have haunted it." Hard by, in Dudley Grove, was modelled and cast the colossal bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, by M. C. Wyatt; it is thirty feet high, was conveyed from the foundry upon a car, drawn by twenty-nine horses, September 29th, 1846, and cost altogether some £30,000. Westbourne Green has been cut up by the Great Western Railway; and Westbourne Place, built with the materials of old Chesterfield House, Mayfair, has disappeared. Here lived the brave soldier, Lord Hill, and at Desborough Lodge, in the Harrow Road, lived Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress. The railway terminus has altogether changed the face of this quarter of Paddington: its most magnificent feature is the hotel, designed by Hardwick, in the style of Louis XIV; it has more than 130 rooms, and is said to be a success, though it remained some three years before a tenant could be found for it.

The Paddington estate, or the manor and rectory, is of the value of three-quarters of a million sterling, and dates from 1753, when Dr. Sherlock was Bishop of London. It has a strange history, which Mr. Robins has unravelled: one of its proceedings is the sale of hereditaments and premises by two Oxfordshire ladies, for *ten shillings a piece!* The Grand Junction Waterworks were originally established to supply this estate with water at ten per cent. less than could be supplied by others; they have on Campden Hill a storing reservoir containing 6,000,000 gallons. Next was formed the Grand Junction Canal at Paddington, joining the Regent's Canal, which passes under Maida Hill by a tunnel 370 yards long. On the banks of the canal, the immense heaps of dust and ashes once towered above the house-tops, and were of fabulous value. Maida Hill and Vale, by the way, were named from the famous battle of Maida, in Calabria, fought between the French and the British in 1806.

The Paddington Canal, more of a "silent highway" than the Thames, affords summer recreation to many an over-worked artisan. From the basin are passage-boats to Greenford and Uxbridge, which carry many a holiday freight on this *still* voyage from the turmoil of the great town, to enjoy the pleasant prospects of Surrey, with its spires and well-clothed heights, not forgetting the beautiful foliage of Box Hill, and the more distant Leith Hill, with its old prospect-tower. At Paddington, too, is "a boatman's chapel," on ground leased to the Grand Junction Canal Company. This place of worship, to hold 200 persons, was constructed out of a stable and coach-house, so as to afford the poor boatmen the inestimable advantages of religious instruction.

ALONE AT SEA.*

I INTENDED to start with any freshening breeze, and to get into Littlehampton for the night; therefore the small anchor and the hemp cable were used, so as to

be more ready for instant departure; and well it was thus.

Time sped slowly between looking at my watch to know the tide change, and dozing as I lay in the cabin—the dingey being of course astern; until in the middle of the night, lapsing through many dreams, I had glided into that delicious state when you dream that you are dreaming. On a sudden, and without any seeming cause, I felt perfectly awake, yet in a sort of a trance, and lying still a time, seeking what could possibly have awakened me thus. Then there came through the dark a peal of thunder, long, and loud, and glorious.

How changed the scene to look upon! No light to be seen from the Owers now, but a flash from above and then darkness, and soon a grand rolling of the same majestic, deep-toned roar.

Now I must prepare for wind. On with the life-belt, close the hatches, loose the mainsail, and double reef it, and reef the jib. Off with the mizen and set the storm-sail, and now haul up the anchor while yet there is time; and there was scarcely time before a rattling breeze got up, and waves rose too, and rain came down as we sailed off south to the open sea for room. Sea-room is the sailor's want; the land is what he fears more than the water.

We were soon fast spinning along, and the breeze brushed the haze all away, but the night was very dark, and the rain made it hard to see. Now and then the thunder swallowed all other sounds, as the cries of the desert are silenced by the lion's roar.

In the dark a cutter dashed by me, crossing the yawl's bows, just as the lightning played on us both. It had no ship-light up, shameful to say. I shouted out, "Going south?" and they answered, "Yes; come along off that shore."

The breeze now turned west, then south, and every other way, and it was exceedingly perplexing to know in time what to do in each case, especially as the waves became short and snappish under this pressure from different sides; and yet my compass quietly pointed right, with a soft radiance shining from it, and my mast-light in a brighter glow gleamed from behind me* on the white crests of the waves.

One heavy squall roughened the dark water, and taxed all my powers to work the little yawl; but whenever a lull came or a chance of getting on my proper course again, I bent round to "East by North," determined to make way in that direction.

In the middle of the night my compass lamp began to glimmer faint, and it was soon evident that the flame must go out. Here was a discomfort; the wind veered so much that its direction would be utterly fallacious as a guide to steer by, and this difficulty would continue until the lightning ceased. Therefore, at all hazards, we must light up the compass again. So I took down the ship-light from the mizen shroud, and held it between my knees that it might shine on the needle, and it was curious how much warmth came from this lantern. Then I managed to get a candle, and cut a piece off, and rigged it up with paper inside the binnacle. This answered for about ten minutes, but finding it was again flickering, I opened the tin door, and found all the candle had melted into bright liquid oil; so this makeshift was a failure. However, another candle was cut, and the door being left open to keep it cool, with this lame light I worked on bravely, but very determined,

* "The Voyage Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy." By John Macgregor, M.A., author of "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe." London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

* It was hung on the port mizen shroud. To hang it in front of you is simply to cut off two of your three chances of possibly seeing ahead.

for the rest of my sailing days to have the oil bottle always accessible. Finally the wind blew out the candle, though it was very much sheltered, and the ship-light almost at the same time also went out suddenly. Then I lay to, backed the jib, opened the cabin hatch, got out the oil, thoroughly cleaned the lamp, put in a new wick, and lighted it afresh, and a new candle in the ship's light; then we started all right once more, with that self-gratulation at doing all this successfully, under such circumstances of wind, sea, and rain, which perhaps was not more than due.

What with these things, and reefing several times, and cooking at intervals, there was so much to do and so much to think about during the night, that the hours passed quickly, and at last some stray streaks of dawn (escaped before their time, perhaps) lighted up a cloud or two above, and then a few wave-tops below, and soon gave a general gray tint to all around, until by imperceptible but sure advance of clearness, the vague horizon seemed to split into land and water, and happily then it was seen plainly that the Rob Roy had not lost way in the dark.

As soon as there was light enough to read we began to study Shoreham in the pilot book, and neared it the while in the water; but though now opposite the Brighton coast, it was yet too far away to make out any town, for we had stood well out to sea in the thunderstorm. All tiredness passed off with the fresh morning air, and the breeze was now so strong that progress was steady and swift.

It may be remarked how a coast often looks quite different when you are fifteen or twenty miles out at sea, from what it does when you stand on the beach, or look from a row-boat close to the land. So now we were puzzled to find out Brighton, one's own familiar Brighton, with its dull half-sided streets, neither town nor bathing town, its beach unwalkable, and all its sights and glories done in a day. We might well be ashamed not to recognise at once the contour of the hills, so often trudged over in square or in skirmish in the Volunteer Reviews.

The chain-pier was, of course, hardly discernible at a great distance. But the "Grand Hotel" at last asserted itself as a black cubical speck in the binocular field, and then we made straight for that; Shoreham being gradually voted a bore to be passed by, and Newhaven adopted as the new goal for the day.

We had shaken out all reefs, and now tore along at full speed, with the spray-drift sparkling in the sun, and a frolicsome jubilant sea. The delights of going fast when the water is deep and the wind is strong—ah! these never can be rightly described, nor the exulting bound with which your vessel springs through a buoyant wave, and the thrill of nerve that tells in the sailor's heart, "Well, after all, sailing is a pleasure supreme."

Numerous fishing-vessels now come out, with their black tanned sails and strong bluff bows and hardy-looking crews, who all hailed me cheerily when they were near enough, and often came near to see. Fast the yawl sped along the white chalk cliffs, and my chart in its glazed frame did excellent service now, for the wind and sea rose more again; and at length, when we came near the last headland for Newhaven, we lowered the mainsail and steadily ran under mizen and jib. Newhaven came in sight, deeply embayed under the magnificent cliff, which at other times I could have gazed on for an hour, admiring the grand dashing of the waves, and we had to hoist mainsail again, so as to get in before the tide would set out strongly, and increase the sea at the harbour's mouth every minute.

It was more than exciting to enter here with such waves running. Rain, too, came on, just as the Rob Roy dashed into the first three rollers, and they were big and green, and washed her well from stem right on to stern, but none entered further. The bright yellow hue of the waves on one side of the pier made me half afraid that it was shallow there, and, hesitating to pass, I signalled to some men near the pier-head as to which way to go, but they were only visitors. The tide strongly out, dead in my teeth, yet the wind took me powerfully through it all, and then instantly, even before we had rounded into quiet water, the inquisitive uncommunicative spectators roared out, "Where are you from?" "What's your name?" and all such stupid things to say to a man whose whole mind in a time like this has to be on sail and sea and tiller. I think that in a port like Newhaven the look-out man in charge ought to come to the pier-head when he sees a yacht entering in rough weather, and certainly there is more attention to such matters in France than with us.

During this passage from the Isle of Wight I had noticed now and then, when the waves tossed more than usual, that a dull, heavy, thumping sound was heard aboard the yawl, and gradually I concluded that her iron keel had been broken by the rock at Bembridge, and that it was swinging free below my boat. This idea added to the anxiety of getting in safely, lest such an appendage might touch the ground; and to make sure of the matter we took the Rob Roy at once to the gridiron, and laid her alongside a screw-steamer which had been out during the night, and had run on a rock in the dark thunderstorm. The "baulks" or beams of the gridiron under water, were very far apart, and we had much difficulty in placing the yawl so as to settle down on two of them, but the crew of the steamer helped me well, and all the more readily as I had given them books at Dieppe, a gift they did not now forget.

Just as the ebbing tide had lowered the yawl fairly on the baulks, another steamer came in from France, crowded with passengers, and the waves of her swell lifted my poor little boat off her position, and rudely fixed her upon only one baulk, from which it was not possible to move her; therefore, when the tide descended she was hung up askew in a ludicrous position of extreme discomfort to her weary bones; but when I went outside to examine below, there was nothing amiss, and gladness for this outweighed all other troubles, and left me quite ready for a good sleep at night.

TEETOTALISM.

In a speech delivered at Exeter Hall, shortly after his return from America, the Rev. Newman Hall drew a humiliating contrast between this country and the United States, in the matter of intemperance. He had seen less drunkenness during his whole stay in New York than he was accustomed to see in one night in Lambeth. One of the morning papers, in commenting on this speech, said that Mr. Hall had not seen the two countries under the same conditions. While giving Mr. Hall credit for good intentions, the writer spoke in a depreciating way of what is commonly called Teetotalism. Mr. Hall made the following manly and sensible reply:—

You do not agree with us, but you treat our question and ourselves with respect—treatment which we do not always receive, though it might be expected from all who can appreciate persevering labour prompted only by the desire to do good. There is much truth in what you say. During a portion of my visit I was "put through"—very kindly, yet "put through."

But during several early weeks of my tour I travelled unknown, saw a good deal of all classes of people, and had abundant opportunity of observing American hotel life. Also, when in the cities, being "put through," I made a point of exploring what we should call the lowest neighbourhoods, in order to compare the condition of the people with that of our own. I admitted in my speech that I had seen cases of drunkenness in various cities—also that a system of private drinking prevailed to a great extent; but still I testified that, as regards actual drunkenness, there is very far less of it in America than in Great Britain.

The result is that the working classes in America are much better off; not so much from high wages, which are set off by high prices, as from more temperate habits. It is not unusual for our artisans to spend five shillings weekly in beer. Many of them spend from ten to twenty shillings. How can their families be properly housed, clothed, and fed? How can provision be made for a season of scarcity and sickness? Who can doubt that much more than half the prevailing destitution of London at this moment arises from the drinking habits of the people? The poorest regions support gin-palaces in wealth and splendour. Wherever else trade is slack, it is plentiful there. We provide food, clothing, medicine for the poor; but if we could persuade them not to spend their money in beer and gin they would provide ten times more for themselves than all the combined charities of the empire. I could take you to a hundred families in one district in London, connected with one of our temperance societies, families living in comfort and happiness through total abstinence, who, a few years ago, were objects of charity, the wives and children being often at the point of starvation, and the men often in the hands of the police, through offences committed while drunk. Some of us think it a duty to send missionaries to the heathen. We also believe that the doctrines and precepts called the Gospel should be preached both at home and abroad. By those who do not share in these convictions we are reminded of the obligation to do good at home, and to benefit the poor physically and socially. This we are doing in various ways; but experience proves that we can do it no way so effectually as by inducing our working classes to abstain from the public-house. It is a fact that very few can visit such places without frequently drinking to excess, and always being in danger of moral injury. We find we cannot urge these persons to abstain from places where the drink is sold, so long as they desire the drink itself. To keep them from the beershop and the gin-palace it is necessary to persuade them to give up drinking altogether. But we have not the heart to ask them to make this sacrifice, essential for them, while not making it ourselves. So, to render our persuasions consistent and effectual, we voluntarily abstain, even though we may be morally sure that we could continue to drink in moderation and no evil result to ourselves. But we cannot ask a poor man to keep away from the public-house while we are enjoying our own wine at home. We are not fanatics nor bigots. We do not say that all intoxicating drinks are poison, or that it is wicked to drink a glass of wine or beer. We condemn none for acting on their own judgment. We wish to impose our own convictions on no one, nor make our conscience a standard for our neighbour. We simply say total abstinence is for some a necessity, and for the working classes as a whole would be an incalculable benefit, physical, social, and educational. We joyfully make the little sacrifice of abstaining, for the sake, if not of ourselves, as an example to others, to whom abstinence is a moral necessity. We do not dogmatise, but we endeavour to instruct and persuade. We show what evil the drinking system entails; we show what benefits have resulted from abstinence. We do not deny the existence of exceptional cases, in which wine, etc., may be needed medicinally; but we do invite all those who are able to abstain to share with us the great pleasure and privilege of promoting, by so trifling a sacrifice, the welfare of our fellow-creatures, and diminishing the poverty, crime, and misery which abound so fearfully from this cause.

In conclusion, I will remind you of a paper read before the Statistical Section of the British Association, by Mr. Porter, entitled, "The Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Classes." The calculation is for the year 1849. The quantity of spirits consumed within the United Kingdom was 22,960,000 gallons; the quantity drunk by the adult males was, on an average, each man in England, 2½ gallons; Ireland, 3½ gallons; Scotland, 11 gallons. The quantity of grain used in brewing and distillation was 4,749,000 quarters. The beer brewed was 435,000,000 gallons. And the cost—spirits, £24,000,000; beer, £25,380,000—making a total of nearly £50,000,000 sterling, most of which is spent by the working classes.

Varieties.

FARADAY AS A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.—Faraday was deeply religious; and not to insist on this special characteristic would be to make a very imperfect sketch of his life. His religious convictions occupied a large place in his whole being, and evinced their power and sincerity by the agreement between his life and his principles. It was not in arguments drawn from science that he sought the proofs of his faith; he sought for them and found them in those revealed truths which, at the same time, he held could not be reached by unaided human reason, even when they were in most perfect harmony with what he had learnt from the study of nature and the marvels of creation. Faraday had for long understood that the data of science, so changing and so variable, will not do for the firm and immovable foundation of a man's religious belief, but, at the same time, he had shown by his example that the best reply that a philosopher can make to those who hold that the progress of science is incompatible with these convictions, is to say to them, "But, notwithstanding, I am a Christian." The sincerity of his Christianity appeared as much in his acts as in his words. The simplicity of his life, the uprightness of his character, the active benevolence which he displayed in his relations with others, won for him general esteem and affection. Always ready to do an act of kindness, he would leave his laboratory when his presence would serve or be useful to the cause of humanity. He would willingly place his science under contribution, whether upon a question of public health and of industrial application, whether to give some practical counsel to an artisan, or to examine the discovery of a beginner in the career of science.—*Professor de la Rive, of Geneva.*

UNJUST TRADESMEN.—From one or two provincial shopkeepers we have received protests against some statements in our article on "Ready Money Housekeeping." If our correspondents lived in London, they would thank us for distinguishing between honest and dishonest dealers. What do they think of the following?—During the past year, remarks the "South London Press," 740 South London shopkeepers have been fined for using, or having in their possession, unjust weights, scales, or measures. The black list is made up as follows:—109 licensed victuallers and beer retailers, 73 bakers, 106 chandlers, 83 butchers, 76 greengrocers and coal dealers, 65 grocers and cheesemongers, 11 oilmen, 4 confectioners, 10 fishmongers and poulterers, 7 eating-house keepers, 5 corn chandlers, 13 marine-store dealers, 1 furrier, 2 curriers, 2 glue and size makers, 2 ironmongers, 3 ham and beef dealers, 2 leather merchants, 2 iron merchants, 1 flock dealer, 3 glass merchants, 1 coal merchant, 1 soap maker, and 8 general dealers. The total amount in fines was £1,070 15s. 6d. During the year 1866 there were 808 shopkeepers fined, which shows a decrease for the past year of 68.

ESQUIRE AND YEOMAN.—This latter name has a stalwartness about it that makes one use it with pride. *Esquire* is an addition now coveted. But Sir Thomas Smith's account of the names is not very flattering. In his "Commonwealth of England" (ed. 1621), he says:—"For amongst the Gentlemen they which clayme no higher degree, and yet bee to be accounted out of the number of the lowest sort thereof, be written Esquires. So amongst the Husbandmen, Labourers, the lowest and rascall sort of the people, such as bee exempted out of the number of the rascability of the popular, be called and written Yeomen, as in the degree next unto Gentlemen."

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1867.—During the past year there have appeared 4144 new books and new editions, which may be thus classified:—

Religious books and pamphlets	849	Poetry and the drama . . .	150
Minor works of fiction and children's books . . .	535	Science, natural history, etc.	133
Novels	410	Medical and surgical . . .	123
Annuals and serials (volumes only) . . .	257	Law	101
Travels, topography . . .	212	Trade and commerce . . .	63
English philology and education	210	Agricultural, horticultural, etc.	62
European and classical theology and translations	196	Illustrated works (Christmas books)	62
History and biography . .	192	Art, architecture, etc. . . .	53
Politics and questions of the day	143	Naval, military, and engineering	42
		Miscellaneous	352
		Total	4,144
Last year the total was 4,204.— <i>The Bookseller.</i>			

THE LEISURE HOUR

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A SUSPICIOUS SAIL IN SIGHT.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XVIII. — THE GOOD SHIP AMAZON MEETS WITH A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CRUISER IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

FAR away, "o'er the deep waters of the dark-blue sea," a gallant ship was fast approaching her port of destination.

After a passage of six weeks from the port of Southampton, the American packet-ship Amazon entered the Gulf of Mexico. She had met with stormy weather on her passage, and had lain becalmed. She had bounded lightly and swiftly over the water before favouring gales, and had been baffled by foul breezes;

and her passengers fancied that, short of shipwreck, they had experienced during their comparatively brief voyage all the various vicissitudes of ocean life.

Short-sighted mortals as they were! They had yet to encounter one deadly peril that had never entered into their calculations.

For some days past the weather had been extremely sultry, though the fresh sea air had prevented them from experiencing the depressing lassitude from which they, so lately arrived from a cooler region, would have suffered had they been on shore in the same low latitude. Awnings were spread over the poop and

quarter-deck; windsails were set in the cabin skylights, and in the companion-way and 'tween-decks, and every appliance for the purpose of creating a free current of cool air throughout the ship was resorted to. Passengers who had kept their cabins throughout the voyage now came on deck, and spent most of their time leaning lazily over the bulwarks and watching the vast fields of sea-weed of every curious and graceful form, and of every variety of hue, which had floated past the vessel since she had entered the Gulf Stream, and which stretched on every hand as far as the eye could reach.

During the hours of daylight the water sparkled brilliantly, and in the darkness of the night the whole ocean gleamed with the phosphorescent light emitted from countless myriads of animalculæ. Fishes of strange forms and brilliant colours skimmed near, or leaped playfully above the surface of the sea; birds of gaudy plumage flew off from the land and hovered around the ship, or lighted on the masts and spars to rest their weary wings; and the busy hum of insects blown off from the islands filled the air. The sky overhead, and the waters of the ocean beneath, were of a brighter, deeper hue than the sky and waters of the bleak North, and the glimpses caught of the distant shore, lined with cocoa-nut and other tropical trees, revealed a strange and novel description of scenery to most of the passengers on board. Earth, air, and water alike teemed with animal life, and everything, above, around, and beneath, betokened that they had entered the torrid zone.

It was Saturday night at sea—the last Saturday night that the passengers expected to spend on board the ship; for, if all went well with her, the good ship Amazon would, ere another Saturday came round, be snugly moored alongside the *levee* at New Orleans—the Crescent city, the commercial capital, and the great emporium of the Southern and South-western States of the American Union.

All day long the ship, borne slowly on her course by a light, fair breeze, had been skirting, though at a far distance, the north-western shore of the island of Cuba, and while the passengers had been gazing upon the delicate or grotesque outlines of the trunks and branches of the tropical trees, distinctly defined, notwithstanding the distance, through the clear atmosphere, against the bright blue sky, and watching the many novelties by which they were surrounded, the captain, to whom the scenery was familiar, had occupied himself in closely watching through his spy-glass the motions of a small vessel which was manœuvring close under the land between the ports of Matanzas and Havana.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of this vessel to the eye of an ordinary spectator, though a sailor or a yachtsman might well have admired the beautiful model of her long, low, black hull, unrelieved by a streak of colour, and the "tautness" and symmetrical proportions of her masts and spars, and the lightness and grace with which she "sat on the water, like a thing of life," scarcely seeming to need the guidance of the helmsman as she performed various evolutions, swinging round from tack to tack without making the slightest lee-way, and sailing, now before the wind, now almost "in the wind's eye," as though she were disporting on the water for very wantonness.

It was not these excellencies, however, which especially attracted the attention of Captain Dobson, though he had a sailor's eye for them too; and, while he admired them, had, perhaps, rather they had been wanting in the present instance. He could not understand what such a beautiful craft was doing off the Cuban coast, nor why those on board of her were thus

idly amusing themselves by testing or showing off her admirable sailing qualities; and, so far as he was concerned, he would far rather have seen a bluff, clumsy sugar-drogher in her place. To be sure, for ought he knew, she might be the Governor of Cuba's yacht, or a Spanish revenue-cutter, whose commander was exercising his crew; or, for the matter of that, she might be an English yacht, whose owner had chosen to take a trip to the Antilles. That she carried guns he was certain, since from time to time he could see their brass muzzles gleaming and shimmering in the bright sunshine; and moreover—and this caused him the greatest uneasiness—he fancied that he could discern a bulky object amidships on her deck, concealed beneath a cover, which might be but her long-boat, protected by a tarpaulin from the fierce heat of the sun, and might be a "Long Tom"—or, in other words, a long eighteen-pound swivel gun. She was but a tiny craft in comparison with his own bulky vessel. In a gale of wind he could have run her down, and have scarcely felt the shock, but she carried a sting, against which he had nothing to oppose; and if it were a "Long Tom" that she had on board, and she were inclined for mischief, he was well aware that she could sail round and round the Amazon with perfect ease, and completely disable her with her shot, without coming to close quarters, until all on board the vessel were entirely at her mercy.*

Captain Dobson consulted with his mate, and some of the older seamen collected in groups on the fore-castle and spoke in low tones and shook their heads, evidently entertaining strong suspicions of the honesty of the strange craft.

Both the captain and the mate went aloft and scanned the horizon with their glasses, in the hope of seeing some other vessel that might at least be some sort of protection in case of any hostile intention on the part of the stranger. The captain would have given a great deal to see a man-of-war—no matter of what nation—heave in sight; but, except the strange craft and the Amazon, not a sail was visible on all the wide expanse of ocean.

All this time the passengers remained in happy ignorance of the fact that the captain had any suspicion of danger near, and he would not needlessly alarm them by confessing his fears.

Still the strange vessel continued her apparently idle manœuvres—now standing out to a considerable distance from the land, as if to reconnoitre, and then again putting about and turning her prow towards the shore. It was this action on her part that rather inclined the captain to the opinion that she was really a Government vessel after all, and that the commander was either exercising his crew or looking out for some expected smugglers; and when at length, late in the afternoon, she set all sail and steered a due course for Havana, he was confirmed in his opinion and dismissed his fears. Long before darkness set in, the suspicious stranger was hidden from sight by the land, and, as Captain Dobson and his mate believed, was snug at anchor beneath the Moro Castle.

The light breeze, that had blown all day, dwindled away towards nightfall to an almost perfect calm. The fiery glare of the tropical sunset tinged the still waters

* Even as late as twenty years ago the West Indian seas, especially off the coasts of Cuba and Hayti, were infested by pirates in almost as great a degree as the islands of the East Indian Archipelago are to the present day. These pirates had their almost inaccessible haunts among the rocky, uninhabited islets of the Antilles, whence they sallied forth and attacked and plundered defenceless merchant ships, and often ill-treated, and sometimes massacred the crews. Small steam vessels-of-war, capable of following the marauders to their haunts, have, however, almost entirely driven these sea robbers from the western seas, where now a pirate vessel is rarely seen or heard of.

of the Gulf to a deep red hue, from amidst which danced and glittered myriads of phosphorescent sparks; and as the sun's last faint parting rays gleamed forth from the lurid clouds with a golden and purple light, and were reflected upon the white sails, which glowed as they flapped lazily against the masts as though they were wrapped in flames, the bold image of the poet appeared to be realised, and the Amazon lay, as it were,

"A painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

The night closed in rapidly, as night ever closes in within the tropics; but the passengers, who had been watching the gorgeous sunset, still lingered on deck, admiring the calm beauty of the scene. "Strike eight bells!" cried the officer of the watch; and the clear strokes of the ship's bell sounded strangely loud and distinct in the stillness of the night.

The watch was relieved, and then the captain spoke aloud. All his fears were dispelled, and his spirits had risen in the same proportion as they had fallen during the day.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, addressing himself to the passengers, "it is Saturday night—I hope and believe our last Saturday night at sea this trip. I invite you all down into the cabin. The night air, though it is almost motionless, is damp and chill after the intense heat of the day.

"Steward," he added, shouting down the cabin skylight to that important functionary on board a passenger-ship, "it is Saturday night. Let the hands have a double allowance of grog to-night, to drink to sweet-hearts and wives.

"Ladies and gentlemen," again addressing his passengers, "I shall expect to see you all in the cabin."

The passengers willingly accepted the invitation; and when they entered the cabin they found the table covered with champagne bottles and glasses, and with all the various delicacies that are provided for the refectory of passengers on board a first-class passenger-ship.

At the captain's request they seated themselves around the table, he, as usual, taking his place at the head.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he recommenced, "I beg—nay, on this occasion (glancing smilingly around at the ladies) I *insist*, that you all fill your glasses to the brim."

In a few moments nothing was heard but the popping of champagne corks, and the fizzing of the exhilarating liquor, as the steward and his subordinates rapidly filled the glasses.

When at length silence was restored, the cheerful songs of the sailors—who had immediately gone in for enjoyment, without waiting for ceremony—were audible through the open skylights from the topgallant-forecastle. One of the men was playing the violin, while, to judge from the measured tread, others of the merry crew were dancing to the music.

"Ladies and gentlemen," once more repeated Captain Dobson, as he rose from his seat, glass in hand, and looked smilingly around him, "the sailors, as you hear, have taken time by the forelock, and have already commenced to amuse themselves. I always, when the weather permits, give the poor fellows an extra allowance of grog on Saturday nights, to drink to 'sweet-hearts and wives,' especially when it is likely to be the last Saturday night of the voyage. And since I have had command of a ship—and that is a good many years now—I have ever made it a practice to assemble my passengers around me in the cabin on the last night at sea, to enjoy an hour's good-fellowship, and to wish success to the ship and to each other.

"I am but a rude sailor, and you must not expect any

oratory from *me*. If you do you will be disappointed; but I can say what I mean in my own plain way, perhaps better than I should if I tried to make a fine speech. We have been shipmates now for a period of six weeks, and, take it altogether, we've had a very pleasant time, and been very comfortable and friendly. I hope before the next Saturday night comes round to land you all safely at New Orleans. Meanwhile the worst part of the voyage has been safely made, and it's a common saying that we should praise the bridge that carries us safe over. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the old Amazon has brought you safe over the Atlantic, and into the Gulf of Mexico, and I ask you all to drink success to the good ship, and happiness to yourselves and to each other."

Much good "drinking success" was to do them!

Captain Dobson had just resumed his seat, and the passengers—one and all—had risen from their seats, glass in hand, to do the toast full honour, when the sudden silence of the men in the fore-castle caused them to start, and to stand still with their glasses raised half way to their lips.

A sudden silence is often more startling than is the sudden outbreak of noise; and the passengers glanced at each other with looks of wonder and alarm. At this juncture the mate entered the cabin, and, advancing to the captain, whispered in his ear.

Captain Dobson immediately set down his glass without having drank, and, telling his passengers to make themselves comfortable and he would rejoin them presently, he quitted the cabin with his mate.

Some of the ladies turned pale, and several of the gentlemen followed the captain to the deck, leaving their wine untasted.

"What can it mean—this sudden silence, and Captain Dobson's look of anxiety and alarm?" asked one of those who remained in the cabin.

"Perhaps the ship has run ashore, and we shall all be wrecked and drowned!" cried one of the ladies.

"Nonsense, my dear," said another; "when a ship goes on shore, she makes a great noise and cracks all her masts, and the water comes over in a green sea. I've read about such things often."

"I rather suspect," observed a very young gentleman of the party, "that there is a squall brewing, and that the captain has gone on deck to order the men to shorten sail. I've heard that the squalls in the Gulf of Mexico are very violent, as the calms are frequent."

"Then do pray go on deck, Mr. Talbot," said the lady who had last spoken, "and learn if such be the case, and then return and tell us what is the matter."

The young gentleman, thus appealed to, drank a glass of wine and went on deck, but he did not immediately return. There were matters going on which occupied all his attention; and though there was cause for suspicion, he did not think it yet necessary to alarm the ladies.

When Captain Dobson reached the deck a few moments before, he found the second mate and most of the sailors gazing earnestly over the starboard bulwark into the darkness, and apparently listening attentively.

"Whence came the sound you speak of?" he inquired of the mate.

"From over the starboard quarter, sir;—very faint, yet perfectly distinct."

"I hear nothing but the low murmur of the sea as it rises and falls. Are you sure that you heard the sound?"

"Perfectly sure, sir. Others heard it as well as myself—the measured pull of heavy sweeps. I could even hear the rattle of the rowlocks, and the dripping

of the water from the blades of the sweeps as they were lifted from the sea. Hark—there it is again!”

There could be no doubt about the matter now. In the profound stillness of the tropical night, the slow measured strokes of heavy oars were distinctly audible; and though the sound came evidently from a great distance, the air was so calm that the practised ears of the seamen were enabled to tell, from the peculiar dull “thud” that was heard as the sweeps turned in the rowlocks, that they were muffled.

“The sound comes from the direction in which we lost sight of the schooner just before dusk,” said the Captain, in a whisper, as if he were afraid of the sound of his own voice.

“When does the moon rise?” he asked anxiously. “If it be as I fear, in this thick darkness lies our only hope of escape.”

“At ten o’clock, sir,” answered the mate, in an equally low voice.

“In less than an hour,” continued the Captain.

“Would that a breeze would spring up—a gale. In a strong gale we might yet show our heels; but that schooner would run round us like a dolphin in light weather. Are all the lights out?”

“All, sir. We doused all but the binnacle-lamp when we first caught the sound.”

“That was right. Let some of the hands draw up the windsails, and cover the skylight with tarpauling as quietly as possible, so as to make no noise that may be heard at a distance in this calm, nor yet to alarm the ladies; and, Mr. Willis (to the second mate), go down into the cabin and tell the steward to see that all the state-room port-holes are closed, so that not a glimmer of light can escape from a chink. Make some excuse to the ladies. There is no occasion to alarm them yet.

“I don’t hear anything now, Mr. Adams,” continued the Captain, addressing the chief mate.

“No, sir. They’re resting on their sweeps. They evidently don’t know whereabouts we are.”

“Would it be possible, think you, to get at the guns?”

“Quite impossible, sir. The agent ordered them to be stowed at the very bottom of the hold, for ballast. We have nought but that pop-gun there aft, for firing signals, and I doubt whether we’ve powder enow on board to load the guns twice if we had ’em handy.”

“What folly! what madness! What is the use of carrying guns to be used as ballast?”

“Not much, sir; though, to speak my mind, I reckon if we had the guns on deck, it ’ud be the wisest plan to leave ’em alone. If there were any chance o’ fighting *fair*, I’d go in for fighting to the end; but we could do no good with two such guns as *we’ve* got, and with *our* crew, ag’in pirates; and if that schooner an’t a pirate, my name an’t Adams. We should only exasperate ’em to no arthly purpose, ’cept to make ’em cut our throats. If we make no useless resistance, they may take what they want and be off. And if it do come to fighting for our lives, we can make a stand to the end with the ship’s cutlasses and pistols.”

“And the ladies?”

“Ay. The women folk is orkard in such a case as this. To speak my mind, I’d go down and tell ’em what we expect, right away, and let ’em hide theirselves—stow theirselves away where best they may. Depend on’t that plan’s better nor tellin’ ’em at the last moment, when they’ll all be screechin’ and squallin’, and faintin’.”

“Not yet,” said the Captain. “We’ll not alarm them yet. Let us hope there may be no need. I don’t hear the

sweeps now, Adams. I haven’t heard ’em for some time. Maybe they’ve given the search up and gone back.”

“Don’t trust to that, Cap’n Dobson. Them chaps arn’t so easy shook off when they’ve once got scent of prey. They’re just lying by for the moon to rise, and then they’ll be down upon us like a streak of lightning.”

“It is hard to lie idle and make no preparations for defence against these desperadoes,” grumbled the Captain. “Your advice is good, Adams. I see too plainly that we can do nothing, even to defend ourselves; but if it were not for the sake of the women, I’d arm myself and the crew, and fight to the last.”

“Ay—there’s where it is,” replied the mate. “If ’t warn’t for the sake o’ the wimmen-critturs, I’d say fight till we die, sooner than give up the ship—tho’ fighting ’ud be o’ no arthly sarvice; but the women sort o’ par’lyses us. If we fit, it ’ud be the worse for *them*, and do ourselves no good.—There’s them sweeps agin.”

“Listen! The sound seems more distant. They’re surely pulling for the land again.”

“Don’t you b’lieve it, Cap’n Dobson. They’re just lost in the darkness, like ourselves. There! They’re silent again. ’Seems to me, Cap’n, there’s a catspaw of wind drawin’ from the south’ard.”

“How does she head, my man?” inquired the Captain, of the helmsman, still in a low tone of voice.

“She’s lyin’ her course now, sir; nor-nor west, and has steerage-way upon her.”

“That’s well, my lad; watch her close, and keep her sails full if you can,” returned the Captain.

Then, to the mate—

“Let them haul the main-tack on board, Mr. Adams, as quietly as possible. No shouting. If the breeze *would* but freshen, we might hope to escape yet.”

The mate shook his head.

“We shall have the moon in half an hour,” he replied, “and that dangerous crittur arn’t a mile off, I reckon.”

The main-tack was quietly hauled on board; but the breeze did *not* freshen. The ship just held steerage-way, and that was all.

And now again all was silent. The watch-below, and most of the male passengers, were on deck; but not a man raised his voice above a whisper, and many held their breath as if they feared that might be heard to their harm, though every ear was stretched to catch the slightest sound that came across the water. There was something awful in the profound silence—only broken by the occasional splash of a fish which had leaped into the air and fallen back into the water—that reigned amidst the thick darkness of a tropical night, when the moon and stars are shrouded from view.

Just before dark a thin film of cloud had overspread the sky, and all over head was wrapped in gloom; and there was something far more terrible than would have been the actual sight of danger, in the dread suspicion, the almost certainty, of an unseen peril, which could neither be escaped nor boldly confronted, and the extent of which no one knew.

The pirates, if pirates they were, might be content with plunder, and they might massacre all on board, even in cold blood. Their treatment of their helpless victims depended more upon their humour at the moment than upon aught besides. The passengers were panic-struck—they knew not rightly what to dread; while the officers and crew felt somewhat like

the unhappy victims confined in the Conciergeries during the Reign of Terror in France—they might be simply plundered of all they possessed, and then set free; or they might be sacrificed to the savage whim or vengeance of the moment. Like those poor victims of lawless authority, they knew that they were helplessly, hopelessly, in the power of their enemies.

Even now, the ladies in the cabin knew not what was really wrong on board; for all that has been told occurred within a comparatively short space of time after the Captain had suddenly quitted the cabin. They knew that *some* danger was apprehended, but had no idea of the nature of the peril.

Thus another quarter of an hour passed away, and still the same mysterious quietude reigned around. Many of the crew, and even the Captain himself, reassured by the long-continued silence, began to think, or at least to hope, that their ears had been deceived, and that their fears were but a nightmare, caused by the schooner that had alarmed them by her appearance during the day. The mate, however, persisted that there had been no deception in the sound that had awakened the alarm, and was still confident that danger was at hand. At the end of this period a faint glimmer of light tinged the verge of the horizon, away on the vessel's starboard beam.

"The moon! The moon!" whispered the Captain, and the whisper went round among the crew.

All felt that their doubts and fears would now be speedily dispelled, or their peril fully realised; and soon a crescent of fire appeared above the water's edge. Gradually it rose higher and higher, dissipating as it rose the thin film of cloud that had hitherto obscured the sky, until its entire disc was displayed—not the pale, watery orb of the temperate and frigid zones, but the full moon of the tropics, appearing like a ball of white flame suspended in mid air between earth and heaven, and illuminating the sea and sky with almost the glare of daylight.

A searching glance was cast around the horizon by all on deck, and then a thrill of terror struck every heart; for there, perhaps a mile distant, and between the ship and the land, lay the schooner that they had lost sight of just before dark. All her sails were furled now, and nothing was visible but her low, black hull, and tall, slender masts, with all their delicate tracery of rigging and cordage, appearing fine as a spider's web, yet distinctly defined in the bright moonlight, against the dark-blue sky. Motionless she lay on the glittering water, as though she were at anchor. Not a soul was visible on her decks through the night-glasses of the ship; and, so still she remained for several minutes after she became visible, that many on board the Amazon began to doubt whether the intentions of her crew were really so evil as they had imagined them to be.

Perhaps her captain was conscious that the prize was in his power whenever he chose to pounce upon her, and, like a cat with a mouse, was amusing himself with the fears of his intended victim; or perhaps he was doubtful as to the Amazon's powers of resistance.

Presently, however, two or three dark forms were seen on the schooner's deck; then these increased, until the decks appeared crowded with men; and still the vessel lay motionless upon the water, until suddenly—almost as if by magic—two rows of long, slender, black sweeps bristled from her sides, and were presently set in motion. She suggested the idea of a centipede, with her long, low, black hull, and rows of sweeps on either side, and looked fully as spiteful, and much more dangerous, than the venomous insect, as she came

creeping along, slowly and steadily, towards her helpless prey.

When, however, she was still half a mile distant from the ship, the wind, which had been for some time dallying with the sails, freshened into a breeze. Instantly the schooner's sweeps were drawn in-board, her sails were set, and she bore swiftly down upon her intended prize. She now hoisted Spanish colours, and, when within hailing distance, rounded to, and a voice called upon the captain of the Amazon to heave to, and send a boat on board.

To this command no reply was made, and the next moment a shot was fired from the schooner, which passed over the ship's deck and cut away a portion of her main rigging. Even before this act of violence, it was manifest to all on board the Amazon that escape by flight was hopeless, since the schooner sailed with twice the speed of the heavy-laden ship; and before the echo of the report had died away, a voice hailed again from the schooner in good English—

"Do you surrender? It will be better for you. If you offer no resistance, we pledge ourselves to do you no harm."

"I have no alternative," shouted Captain Dobson, in reply. "My ship is utterly defenceless."

It appeared as if a consultation were being held on board the schooner, as though her crew were still doubtful.

Presently the same English voice hailed again—

"Send a boat on board, with an officer and six of your crew, in token of surrender, and we will do them no injury; otherwise we will hull you with the next shot."

That the pirate would speedily fulfil his threat, none who listened doubted; but none were willing to place themselves in his power. At length the mate said—

"The rascal will fire and sink us in less than five minutes. We'll be as safe on board the schooner as here, for that matter. I'll go in the boat if any six will follow me."

Some whispering occurred among the crew, and then six men stepped forth and expressed their willingness to man the boat, which was immediately lowered and pulled alongside the schooner. The men were ordered to ascend to the deck, and were instantly secured, and then the pirates sheered their vessel broadside on to the ship, and their captain, followed by a party of men, sprang on board and took possession of their prize.

The crew and passengers of the Amazon, with the single exception of the captain, were roughly ordered below, and the hatches were closed upon them; but, while they were obeying the order, an elderly seaman from the schooner approached the Captain, and said, in a low voice—

"I am a countryman of yours—the only one on board: all the rest are Spaniards and niggers. You did well to surrender. Make no resistance, and our young captain will offer no violence. It is lucky for you that he, instead of the old man, is in command."

"I *can't* offer any resistance," replied the Captain, sulkily, "or I would not have allowed you to come on board so easily."

The old seaman smiled.

"I was compelled to join the schooner," he went on, "and I dare not leave her, or I should not be here now. Mind what I've told you, and our captain will protect you and all on board from personal injury. But don't anger the *men*. They're an ill lot, and I mayn't get a chance to speak to you again."

The captain of the schooner—a young and not ill-

looking man, attired in a sort of naval uniform, whose manner and appearance were singularly at variance with the rough, scarred, repulsive-looking men who comprised the majority of his crew—now approached, and civilly requested Captain Dobson to precede him into the cabin.

FINANCIAL NOTABILITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON SCENES AND LONDON PEOPLE."

WE sometimes use an odd metaphor, which is yet well understood, and speak of individuals "born with silver spoons in their mouths"—the fortunate few who inherit wealth without working for it—and now we propose to chronicle some names of persons fated to gold spoons, whether from inheritance or successful industry. Riches are a source of power. They elevate their possessors to a sort of pedestal, and, more than the bishop's lawn, the physician's cane, or the judge's wig, exercise undisputed influence. Whether wealth is equally certain to yield happiness is more doubtful. This depends on the use, not the possession of wealth. The name "miser" is expressive. A thoroughly penurious rich man is a miserable fool, while his benevolent brother millionaire may be a kind of earthly Providence. Here are a few specimen gold spoons.

Abraham Newland, a cashier of the Bank of England, whose name for a long series of years was synonymous with a bank note, realised a large fortune. He retired in 1807, after a service of more than half a century, his last business act being to decline a pension offered him by the directors. He died within a few months, leaving funded property amounting to £200,000, and a landed estate of £1000 per annum. This fortune was not derived from his salary. In his time Government loans were frequent. A portion was always reserved for the cashier (a Parliamentary report mentions £100,000), and the profits were often very great. The Goldsands were then lenders on the Stock Exchange. They contracted for most of the loans, and to each of the family Newland left £500 to purchase a mourning ring. It was surmised at the period that Newland made large advances to the Goldsands, and reaped proportionate profits. Mr. Newland resided for a considerable portion of his life on Highbury Place, and was remarkable for his frugal habits. He commonly walked to his duties at the Bank, only riding when the weather was unfavourable. The meanest clerk in the establishment would now hardly think of walking there. Mr. Henry Hase succeeded him as cashier, and was equally the theme of ballad-singers; but he does not seem to have realised so large a fortune. Connected with this period the following anecdote is worth preserving. A banker's clerk robbed his employers of £20,000 in Bank of England notes. He disposed of them to a Dutch Jew. For six months they remained untraced. The Jew then came to the Bank and demanded payment, which was refused, on the plea that they had been stolen. The man, who was known to be immensely rich, went quietly to the Exchange, and, before a large assembly of citizens, declared that the Bank authorities had refused to honour their own bills; that, in fact, they had stopped payment. He declared he would immediately advertise the fact. Public credit was not then above suspicion, and the money was paid. We find another strange story in some of the journals of that day. A director had occasion for £30,000—he required it to pay for landed property. He exchanged cash at the Bank for a note of that value. Returning home, and being called out, he placed the note on the chimney-piece in his counting-house,

and when he came back it had disappeared. The conclusion was that it had fallen into the fire. The other bank directors, believing this, gave him a second note, but took no obligation to be responsible for the first. Thirty years afterwards, the person in question having been long dead, an unknown individual presented the lost note for payment. He said it had come to him from the Continent. It was payable to bearer, and the money was obtained. The heirs of the director would not make restitution; but it was soon afterwards discovered that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had pulled it down, had found the missing note in a crevice of the chimney, and had defrauded the Bank of the money. The story is possible, but not probable. No names are given, and no sufficiently lucid explanation of the strange disappearance of the note.

In 1701, a systematic series of frauds on the public funds, by means of circulating false reports relative to the war in Flanders, were seriously detrimental to the public credit. Sir Henry Farmer, then a bank director, employed his great fortune in this unworthy manner. He maintained couriers throughout Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany. He was the first to receive news of the fall of Namur, and was presented by William III with a diamond ring, as a reward for important intelligence. But he fabricated news, and originated various fraudulent despatches. Prices were often lowered four, or even five per cent. in a single day, and his profits were enormous. Medina, a wealthy Jew, accompanied the Duke of Marlborough in his campaigns, and fed the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of £6000 for the right of sending off expresses from the fields of Ramilies and Blenheim; and those victories conducted as much to fill the Hebrew's purse as to extend the national glory.

So low was public credit, that Walpole's axiom, that every man had his price, was generally believed; and bribery became universal. Of five millions granted to carry on the war, only two-and-a-half reached the Exchequer. The House of Commons declared by a solemn resolution: "It is notorious that many millions are unaccounted for." Mr. Hungerford was expelled for accepting a bribe of £21; the Duke of Leeds was impeached for taking one of 5,500 guineas. The price of a Speaker—Sir John Trevor—was £2,005. Officials lent the Exchequer its own moneys in fictitious names; and out of forty-six millions raised in fifteen years, twenty-five millions were unaccounted for. Perhaps we are now almost as much astonished at the smallness of the sums then raised for public purposes, as at the wholesale frauds practised.

Thomas Guy, who founded the hospital so named, in 1724, was the son of a poor lighterman. He began life with a few shillings, and ended it with probably a million sterling. His profits were made by dealing in sailors' tickets. Charles II paid them with inconvertible papers, which the poor men were forced to sell at any discount. The usurer at Rotherhithe robbed them of nearly the whole of their hard-earned wages. Strange that a fortune so iniquitously raised should have been devoted to so noble a purpose!

Sampson Gideon, the great Hebrew broker, and the founder of the house of Eardley, died in 1762. His name was once as familiar as Goldsmid and Rothschild now. He was a shrewd, sarcastic man, and possessed great richness of humour. "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman," he would say; "they wither, but they never die." If the proposed annuitant coughed, he would call out, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!"

Snow the banker; spoken of by Dean Swift, lent

Gideon £20,000. Soon after, the young Chevalier landed, and Snow piteously entreated the return of his money. Gideon procured twenty £1,000 notes, rolled them round a phial of hartshorn, and returned them to the banker. The Pretender, being on his march to London, stocks were sold at any price. Gideon went to Jonathan's, a coffee-house then much used by dealers in bullion, bought all the market, advancing every guinea he possessed, and pledging his credit for yet further purchases. His profits were enormous. "Gideon is dead," writes a contemporary, "worth more than the whole land of Canaan. He has left all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the duke taking his name, or being circumcised." His views were liberal, for he left £2,000 to the sons of the clergy, and £1,000 to the London Hospital.

In 1785, Mathewson, thought to be of Scotch origin, appeared to be an exceedingly bold speculator; yet he acted with judgment, for he possessed £500,000 at his death. He was occasionally very eccentric. At a dinner party, he turned to a lady sitting next to him, and said, "If you, madam, will trust me with £1,000 for three years, I will employ it advantageously. She knew him, and accepted his offer. In three years to the very day Mathewson waited on the lady with £10,000, for he had increased her loan to that amount.

The names of Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid will be long remembered, and a few old men amongst us may recollect their features. They rose from obscurity to be the chief authorities in the Alley. In 1792 they rose into importance. They were the money-brokers who competed with the bankers for the Government loans. They were unboundedly munificent. The poor of all creeds were their pensioners; one day they entertained royalty; the next they paid a visit of mercy to a condemned cell. They were for a while fortune's chief favourites. Everything prospered with them. Ultimately a tremendous reverse awaited them; and Abraham destroyed himself at his country house, Merton. Benjamin Goldsmid made a bold stand against his troubles, but his friends did not yield him the support he expected; and, after entertaining a large party at dinner, he also destroyed himself in the garden of his noble mansion in Surrey.

The Rothschilds hold a high place among financiers, and their history is interesting. Nathan Meyer Rothschild's father was a learned archæologist, and the family have been remarkable in all the cities of the Continent. The first important success of Meyer Anselm, the head of the house, has been ascribed to his possession of the fortune of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, which he saved from the hands of Napoleon I. "The prince," said Rothschild "gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me, and had £600,000 or more unexpectedly sent by post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

Nathan Meyer Rothschild (according to his report) came to Manchester because Frankfort was too small for the financial operations of the brothers. It showed great courage to settle there. Though absolutely ignorant of the English language, on a Tuesday he said he would go to England, and left Germany on the following Thursday. He commenced business with £20,000, and quickly tripled his capital. In 1800, finding Manchester too limited a sphere of work, he came to London. He realised vast profits; power of will and readiness of action were his characteristics. Having bought some bills of the Duke of Wellington at a discount, to which the

credit of the State was pledged, he made arrangements to purchase gold to pay them. He was informed "Government needed it," and Government obtained it, but paid freely for the assistance. "It was the best business I ever did," he exclaimed; adding, "and when they got it, it was of no use, until I had undertaken to convey it to Portugal." In 1812, Meyer Anselm died at Frankfort, and Nathan Meyer Rothschild became the head of the family. Before his time foreign loans were unpopular in England, as the interest was made payable abroad in foreign coin. He introduced the payment of the dividends in London, and fixed it in sterling money—a chief cause of the success of such loans. Although termed only a merchant, the Stock Exchange was the scene of his triumphs; and no doubt he manipulated the public funds with shrewd skill, employing brokers to depress or raise the market, and making enormous purchases, in one day (it is affirmed), to the extent of £4,000,000. From 1819 his transactions pervaded the entire globe. With the profits on a single loan, he bought an estate which cost £150,000. Nothing was too large for his attention—nothing too minute. Yet it is affirmed he gave extremely small salaries to his clerks. Though apparently extremely bold in speculation, he must have exercised great caution, for none of the loans with which he was connected were repudiated at his office—a fair price might be obtained for any amount of stock; and it was not uncommon for brokers to apply to Nathan Rothschild, instead of going on the Stock Exchange.

In 1824 financial operations were so all-absorbing, that what Rothschild and other capitalists did, excited as much interest as the greatest public events. Once he was outwitted by a London banker; he lent him a million and a half on the security of Consols, the price being 84. The terms were simple: if the price fell to 74, the banker might claim the stock at 70. The banker began selling Rothschild's Consols, with a large amount of his own. The funds fell, and the unexpected price of 74 was reached—of course, with a heavy loss. On another occasion his master hand was manifest. Wanting bullion, he went to the governor of the Bank to procure on loan a portion of the superfluous store; an arrangement was made, he employed the gold, his end was answered, and the time came for the return of the specie; punctual to a moment, he tendered the amount in bank notes. The necessity for bullion was urged. "Very well, gentlemen, give me the notes. I dare say your cashier will honour me with gold from your vaults, and then I can return your bullion." If he possessed important news likely to cause an advance in the price of stock, he ordered his broker to sell half a million. Capel Court rung with the news, and the funds fell; a panic ensued and the price sunk 2 or 3 per cent. Large purchases were made at the reduced rates. Then the good news was known, the funds instantly rose, and an immense profit was the result. Of course he had reverses, and had enemies, who often threatened him with personal violence. Two strangers came into his office; he fancied they were searching their pockets for pistols; he hurled a ledger at the intruders, who were only seeking for letters of introduction. A friend said to him—

"You must be a happy man, Rothschild."

"Happy! me happy! why, just as I'm going to dine; I get a letter, saying, 'Send me £500 or I will blow your brains out!' Me happy!"

He was believed to sleep with loaded pistols under his pillow, and was in continual dread of assassination. The splendour of his residences and entertainments were ex-

traordinary, and he was the golden idol of all ranks. His mode of letter-writing bespoke a mind wholly absorbed in accumulating wealth, and his language under excitement was rude and violent. He was a frequent subject for caricature. Huge and slovenly of figure, his lounging attitude, as he stood against his favourite pillar in the Exchange, his foreign accent, and rude form of speech, often made him the object of ridicule. Though not remarkable for extensive benevolence, Dr. Herschell declared that Mr. Rothschild had placed a large sum in his hands, for the benefit of his poorer brethren. He died at Frankfort, and his remains were brought to England for interment.

These particulars, relative to Nathan M. Rothschild, are from various sources, but especially from the daily journals, and a work called "The Chronicles of the Stock Exchange," by Jno. Francis.* Here is a story worth transcribing:—

Last century was the hanging century. A great fraud, involving forgery, had been committed on the East India Company. The day of trial was near, and the leading witness against the accused was accustomed to visit a house near the Bank, to be dressed and powdered, according to the fashion in vogue. A note was handed him, setting forth that the attorney for the prosecution wished to see him at his private house in Portland Place. On arriving he was ushered into a large room, where sat several gentlemen, over their wine:

"There is a mistake," said he.

"There is no mistake," said one of them, rising. "I am brother to the gentleman soon to be tried for forgery, and without your evidence he cannot be convicted. The honour of a noble family is at stake. Your first attempt to escape will lead to a violent death. There is nothing to fear, but we must detain you till the trial is over."

The witness acquiesced; but, managing to escape, was pursued, and declared to be insane. A lady passing in a private carriage heard his story, and drove him to the Old Bailey, in time to give the necessary evidence, and consign the criminal to the scaffold.

Here is a companion tale:—A stockbroker, meditating suicide, was on his way to Bankside. A stranger accosted him, who had just landed from Brussels, and informed him of the victory at Waterloo. The ruined jobber hastily returned to Capel Court, and made large purchases of stock. As the news became known, the funds rose rapidly; and his profits amounted to £20,000.

William Coutts was an Edinburgh merchant. His sons came to London, and commenced banking in the Strand; and Thomas, on the death of his brothers, became the sole proprietor. He frequently gave dinners to the principals of similar firms. A guest told him that a certain nobleman had solicited for a loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Coutts waited on the peer, and requested him to call in the Strand, when he offered to discount his acceptance for the required sum.

"But what security must I give?" said his lordship.

"I shall be satisfied with an I.O.U."

£10,000 was received, and £20,000 retained as an open account. The money was soon returned. New customers abounded, and one of them was George III.

The father of Lord Overstone was a dissenting minister at Manchester. Mr. Jones, a member of his congregation, half banker, half manufacturer, had a daughter, who became intimate with Parson Lloyd, and married him. Jones was soon reconciled to his son-in-law; but, not thinking a preacher's business lucrative, made him his

partner. How he prospered need not be told. His son is now Lord Overstone.

The Founders of Barclay's house were linendrapers in Cheapside. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1760, George III paid a state visit to the City. There was a street tumult. A horse in the state carriage grew restive. The King and Queen were in danger, when David Barclay, a draper, came to the rescue, saying—

"Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife Charlotte, and see the Lord Mayor's Show?"

Presently David introduced his wife after this manner—"King George of England; Priscilla Barclay, my wife," etc.

Barclay attended the next levee.

"What do you mean to do with your son John?" asked the King. "Send him to me, and I will give him profitable employment."

He declined the offer, but John and James became bankers in Lombard Street.

John Baring was a cloth manufacturer in Devonshire. Leaving a large fortune, Francis, his second son, became a banker. He reaped large profits from Government loans, and was created a baronet. He realised a fortune of £2,000,000. Alexander Baring succeeded him. His monetary operations were on a prodigious scale. On one occasion he lent the French Government £1,000,000 at five per cent. He was elevated to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. In 1809 six of the Baring family were in Parliament.

Mr. Morrison, for many years a tradesman in Fore Street, realised a fortune of £3,000,000. Hudson, one of our railway kings, was for a long time the golden calf of the multitude, and might, at one period, have commanded any number of millions. During the late terrible panic Overend, Gurney, and Company failed for £13,000,000; and a renowned baronet and M.P. stopped payment for above half that sum. Indeed, the figures now representing financial operations so far exceed those of former merchants and brokers, that their scale of business seems to have been comparatively small.

We have spoken of enormous financial operations here as a curious fact. By way of contrast, a few days since we were shown a penny Bank of England note. To facilitate some pecuniary arrangement (the transaction took place in the Bank parlour about forty years since), the words Five Pounds were crossed through, One Penny substituted, and an official signature appended. As a great favour, this unique penny note was parted with for forty shillings.

W. H.

IN THE WHITE SEA.

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SHIP-WRECKED CREWS.

THE sad intelligence of the loss of a large number of ships by ice in the White Sea first appeared in the English papers about midsummer last year, and shortly afterwards official telegrams from Archangel confirmed the report. The number was estimated at one hundred, and the crews were said to be living either on the ice, or the bleak Lapland shore, in an almost hopeless condition. Having ascertained that the first vague statements were only too well founded—although the number of wrecked ships and suffering crews was afterwards proved to have been greatly exaggerated—the Government immediately chartered the two steam ships Montezuma and Brenda as transports, for the purpose of affording aid to all the shipwrecked mariners, irrespective of nationality.

* He was a bank clerk. His book went through several editions, and as his employers found no fault with his facts, they were probably true.



ICE-BOUND IN THE WHITE SEA.

Drawn by Commander May, R.N., from a sketch by Captain G. F. McDougall, R.N.

The steamers, at the time of their being chartered, at noon on the 29th of June, were lying in the Victoria Docks at Blackwall, without crews, coals, or stores of any description on board. By noon the next day they were moved to moorings off Deptford Dockyard—kept open by express order to expedite equipments—to ship provisions, clothing, medical comforts, and indeed all that thoughtfulness and experience could suggest, to render the distressed seamen comfortable on their way to their respective homes.

Each ship was under the direction of a transport officer, and two medical officers were also selected to accompany the expedition. The officers on board the Montezuma were Staff-Commander G. F. McDougall, of the hydrographical department, senior officer of the expedition, and Dr. Alexander Fisher, Surgeon; whilst on board the Brenda were Navigating-Lieutenant Benjamin Jackson, and Mr. D. B. Thomas, Assistant-Surgeon, all of Her Majesty's Naval Service.

On Monday, July 1st, the steamers left Deptford, and on the morning of the 3rd arrived off Sunderland in order to complete crews, ships' stores, etc., as well as to receive the latest information on the subject of their mission; and this, in the shape of a telegram from Archangel, was to the effect that, on the 29th June, "Masters of vessels arrived at Archangel reported large numbers of wrecks in neighbourhood of Ponoï River, and Sosnovets Island, on the western coast of the White Sea, and that one hundred vessels had been lost. Of the abandoned ships more than ten had been brought in by English crews."

During the evening of the 3rd July the ships left Sunderland, the Montezuma having embarked as passengers two gentlemen (Messrs. J. M. Carmichael and B. M. Haggard) who were desirous of visiting St. Petersburg *via* Archangel, a route which at least had the advantage of novelty to recommend it, and would enable them to boast of having rounded the North Cape of Europe, as well as having sailed through the little frequented White Sea, whose coasts are at present a *terra incognita* to tourists.

Two days after leaving Sunderland a melancholy instance of the uncertainty of life occurred on board the Montezuma, for the boatswain of the ship, being observed to be in a fit on the fore-yard, was found to be quite dead on being lowered on deck. A minute previously the poor fellow ascended the rigging, apparently in robust health. The same evening the body was committed to the deep with every mark of respect, all on board being present at the reading of the burial service.

Unusually thick weather prevailed during the passage to Hammerfest, and only one satisfactory observation for latitude was obtained, so that the ship's position was not so exactly known as was desirable. Care was however taken to keep a good offing whilst passing the Lofoten Islands, near to the south end of which lies the celebrated maelström, a fearful vortex, which, when increased by a westerly gale, is said to roar with a noise equal to the loudest cataract; in fine weather a short interval of quiet occurs at the change of tide.

These islands are resorted to during the summer months by fleets of fishing-vessels, for the purpose of taking cod, which are found in innumerable quantities in the vicinity. The fish are dried, and from the livers the oil now so universally in use is extracted.

The coast of Norway presents the appearance of a stupendous chain of mountains, with rugged peaks, abrupt promontories, and indented by deep narrow fiords. From abreast the south end of the Lofoten Islands the coast trends to the N.E. as far as the North Cape, in

latitude 71° 10' north, longitude 25° 46' east of Greenwich. The mainland is protected by the long range of the Lofoten Islands, which not only form admirable natural defences against the wild surges of the Arctic or Polar Sea, but are eminently useful in a commercial point of view by securing an inland navigation, which continues with but little interruption from the North Cape to the Naze, or South Cape of Norway.

On the arrival of the ships at Hammerfest, on July 12th, the English consul could give no additional information respecting the shipwrecked crews, as no vessel had yet arrived from the White Sea; but the Norwegian steamer Lindesnæs had passed through a day or two previously on her way thither, for the purpose of rendering assistance to Norwegian or Swedish crews.

The town of Hammerfest, the most northern in Europe, is built on the mountainous and barren island of Kvalø or Whale Island, and stands on the shores of a small bay, about half a mile in extent, with deep water close to the shore. The houses are all built of wood, many of the better sort having stone foundations; most of the warehouses stand on piles, and contain a goodly show of merchandise. During the summer months the bay is frequented by English, Russian, Dutch, Danish, and German vessels; the principal commerce is, however, carried on by small craft from the White Sea, whence the actual necessities of life are principally imported. There is also a considerable trade with Spitzbergen in small vessels, which would be deemed unsafe for English coasters; but they generally make their enterprising voyage productive by bringing back the skins of reindeer, walrus, white bears, and the down of the eider duck.

The population may be estimated at about 1,200, the chief articles of diet being milk and fish. The cattle, *i.e.*, oxen and reindeer, are housed in the winter, and when fodder fails are fed on fish, which are caught in great abundance, and form the principal export from Hammerfest to Archangel and other parts in the White Sea, whence flour and meal are brought in exchange.

The pilot who boarded the Montezuma at Hasvig (Sorøe Island) observed that a man who had resided in the village upwards of fifty years had no recollection of anything approaching the severity of the spring and summer. Snow had fallen almost continuously night and day since the middle of April to within three days of our arrival; indeed, the whole country was thickly covered with snow to the water's edge, although its disappearance is generally looked for towards the end of June.

The vice-consul confirmed the above statement, and remarked that, about three weeks before, the pack-ice approached within twenty-five miles of the coast, a circumstance unprecedented during his residence of forty years in the country.

The church, a red-tiled, commodious wooden building on the south side of the bay, was in a state of good repair. The interior was whitewashed, and fitted with benches instead of pews; over the eastern door was the organ gallery, the organ being painted white and tastefully picked out with gold. On the altar, which was covered with a linen cloth, were four massive candlesticks, and immediately above, a small but carefully-executed copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper; over it was a larger painting of inferior merit, representing the crucifixion, with the two Marys in attitudes of sorrowing adoration.

Adjoining the church was a capacious school-house for children of both sexes; but though most of the scholars were absent, the place was heated to an un-

pleasant degree. The presence of a harmonium implied that music was encouraged; a gymnasium, that athletic sports were not forgotten; whilst several maps and black boards which adorned the walls were suggestive of geography and mathematics.

A considerable quantity of oil is extracted from the livers of fish, which appear to be used indiscriminately; cod, haddock, and sharks all tend to augment the quantity, and revenge themselves by creating during the process a compound of the vilest smells it is possible to imagine.

As Captain McDougall was anxious to push on, the ships left Hammerfest during the afternoon of the day of their arrival, and, proceeding through Rolfsö Sound, rounded the North Cape at midnight, the sun at the same time being several degrees above the horizon. The following day, July 13th, the expedition closed the island of Vardö, off the northern entrance of Varanger fiord.

On landing at Vardö Island, the officers of the expedition communicated with the English consular agent, and afterwards went to the Fort to call on the governor—Captain Apenes, of the Norwegian army—who received them most kindly, and very sincerely expressed his regret that the urgent nature of the service on which the ships were employed prevented the officers making a longer stay.

The Fort, of small dimensions, star-shaped, and surrounded by a fosse, mounted twelve 24-pounder guns, ancient in date and appearance, with carriages to match; but there were in addition six 8-inch shell guns, all in a serviceable condition.

The garrison consisted of the captain, a lieutenant, and thirty non-commissioned officers and soldiers; but it was evident that the so-called fortress, of the time of Christian III, was retained more for ornament than use. The doctor, a civilian, who also did duty with the troops, had resided seven years in the island, and complained much of the monotony of such isolated existence; for four months included spring, summer, and autumn.

The governor, with pardonable pride, showed his English visitors the oven for red-hot shot; but the rickety brick affair was in keeping with all around, and would have required considerable repairs to render it capable of warming a potato.

The resident population amounts to about a thousand; but during the short summer this number is considerably augmented by fishermen from various parts of the coast, and the crews of numerous small craft, which carry on a considerable trade—for all the necessities of life are of course imported, payment being made partly in kind. Off the island were anchored ten or twelve brigs and schooners, besides smaller craft; and there was an evident appearance of prosperity attending this remote settlement; but an offensively oleaginous and fishy smell could be detected miles off the island, and was just the reverse of the "spicy breezes of Ceylon's Isle."

A profitable fishery exists off Vardö Island, producing cod, haddock, and halibut. The fish themselves are either salted or dried, and from the livers of all, including sharks, the oil is extracted, which always commands a marketable value.

After a short detention of two hours, the officers returned on board, and the ships proceeded on their way, the evening being beautifully fine and clear, with a nearer approach to summer temperature than had been experienced since leaving England. Around the ships both air and sea were full of life. Numerous whales rose on every side, throwing vast volumes of water into the air, as they lazily rolled their huge bodies along the

mirror-like surface of the sea, whilst the noisy gull, screaming tern, and hoarse puffin, revelled in the midst of their happy hunting-grounds.

Early on the morning of the 15th July, when about seven miles off Cape Gorodetski, the temperature of the air fell to thirty-two degrees; and soon afterwards the ships fell in with a stream of loose ice about four miles in length, whilst far away to the eastward an extensive mass of a more compact character was plainly discernible. This latter was probably the main pack, and all on board were prepared to encounter more; but it was soon lost sight of, and a clear and tranquil sea experienced the whole way to Archangel bar, off which the ships arrived on the morning of the 16th July.

When about to anchor, the *Montezuma* was boarded by a pilot, who looked somewhat blank on finding that the draught of water was too great to cross the bar. In answer to inquiries, he stated that six hundred shipwrecked seamen of all nations were in Archangel; but it was afterwards found that half that number would have been a closer approximation to truth.

There being no steamers available, Captain McDougall determined on proceeding to Archangel by boat; and at noon the ship's life-boat, somewhat overcrowded, started with the young flood up the river Dvina, the distance to the city being thirty-five miles. A fresh northerly breeze caused an unpleasant tumble, not only on the bar, but for some twelve miles beyond; and, as the buoyancy of the water lessened after entering the river, it was necessary to keep a press of sail on the boat, and a man constantly bailing. Under these circumstances the officers were not a little glad, after a disagreeable passage of five hours, to land at Solambalski, the port of Archangel, where some three hundred vessels were moored in tiers along the wharves.

After a brief interview with the chief of the Customs, (which was not very profitable, as he had not the most remote idea of speaking English, and Captain McDougall was about as far advanced in Russian), droskies were hired; and the party drove in procession to the English consul's house, at Archangel, a distance of three miles, which was accomplished in a cloud of dust and with an awful amount of jostling, for the Macadam of Archangel must have taken the paving of English dockyards as his type of perfection.

Here the officers were most hospitably received, and found themselves located in probably one of the finest mansions in the city. The Consul, Mr. Charles Renny, immediately telegraphed the arrival of the expedition to the Foreign Office in London (whence answers are sometimes received within twenty-four hours), and officially communicated the main facts attending the destruction of so many vessels.

Mr. Renny was himself an eye-witness of the loss of many ships, having been a passenger on board the steamer *Verona* of Leith, which vessel narrowly escaped destruction in the vicinity of Cape Orlov, where, on the 16th June, she was first beset in company with a fleet of 250 ships. Thence she was carried in the pack (in many places twenty feet thick where a pressure had taken place) to abreast of Poulonga, when, by means of her steam, on the 21st June she was enabled to force her way through the ice into clear water, and crossed the bar of the Dvina on the following day.

The greatest number of casualties occurred on the 18th and 19th of June, when the main body of the fleet, numbering about 250 sail, were all beset close together, some distance north of Sosnovet's Island, and within half a mile of the Lapland shore. To add to their perilous position, a strong north-easterly gale had

been blowing on the 17th and 18th of the month, driving the main body of ice on the Lapland coast, and closing every space of water; whilst the great velocity and uncertain set of the spring tides—especially on the flood—created inextricable confusion, by causing ships and ice to wheel in all directions.

The scene on the above days was described by all the masters of the wrecked ships as being truly awful; for the helpless vessels were entirely at the mercy of the ice, their stout sides being crushed in as if they had been matchboxes. In other cases the pack literally overran ships, and after making a clean sweep of bulwarks and masts, literally buried the hull in its onward and irresistible progress. In one vessel the water tanks from the lower hold were forced through the decks by the upward pressure of the pack; and in another, the ice, having passed through both sides, sustained the upper deck and enabled the crew to seek refuge on the ice: in this latter vessel was the master's wife and two young children, aged respectively three years, and seven months.

The crews of the vessels first wrecked sought shelter on board their nearest neighbours, to be again and again evicted by the terrible pack. Thus this way many of the crews could boast of having been wrecked three or four times in one day. There is necessarily a little uncertainty respecting the exact number of vessels lost, but the following statement is believed to be near the truth.

No. of Ships abandoned	64
„ recovered	14
„ lost	50

Of the last-named eighteen were English vessels, the remainder principally Norwegian. The masters of the English vessels pride themselves on the fact that only one vessel flying the British flag was recovered after being abandoned; indeed, many of them sunk almost under the feet of the crews, and not until the safety of the men rendered it imperative, were they abandoned to their fate.

Thirteen foreign vessels were recovered and taken into Archangel, twelve being navigated by English crews,* some of whom, having lost their own ships, took possession of the foreign derelicts as prizes, and obtained considerable amounts as salvage.

The whole of the English masters are unanimously of opinion that the season of 1867 was an exceptional one respecting ice and wind, the former being more compact than usual, whilst the latter was almost continuous from the N.E., thus closing the water channel generally found along the Lapland shore.

The thickness of the actual floes was from four to six feet, but in many places packed to the extent of thirty feet. There appeared no doubt of its being White Sea ice, its presence in such unusually large masses being attributable to the severity of the season, and the prevailing north-easterly winds.

During the stay of the officers in Archangel they were greatly indebted to the English Consul and Mrs. Renny, who succeeded in making their short visit a most pleasurable one, and all are desirous of acknowledging the kind courtesy they received from their hospitable host and his accomplished wife.

The number of shipwrecked persons—including the wife of one of the masters of the wrecked ships, and her two children—amounted to 131, and these having been

safely embarked, and clothes supplied to those in need, the Montezuma left Archangel Bar on the 19th July, and after a prosperous passage of ten days arrived at Dundee, where 107 of her passengers were landed, the remainder being brought on to the Thames.

CURIOSITIES OF PADDINGTON.

II.

LYSONS talks of “the village of Paddington,” and others of “the pretty little rural village of Paddington;” both descriptions very inapplicable to its present state. We have glanced at the district in Saxon and Norman times, and when it formed a portion of Tybourn manor, and next of the parish. But when Paddington became a separate parish, to it were annexed Westbourn; the manor of Notting Barns (Notting Hill), all that Chelsea now claims north of the Great Western road; as well as the manor of Paddington, and a considerable portion of that which now belongs to Marylebone. The old Roman road we see in Roque's maps, in a straight line from Tybourn Lane (Park Lane), along the high ground, to the top of Maida Hill; and this is thought to have been used until, in the reign of Edward VI, Sir Rowland Hill, Lord Mayor, made the highway to Kilburn. In Roque's maps we see three roads branching off northwards, from the Tybourn Road (now Oxford Street); one opposite North Audley Street; another opposite Tybourn Lane (now Park Lane); and the third, the present Edgware Road. On the triangular or gore-shaped piece of land, westward, between the ancient road and the present Edgware Road, on the highest point of ground on this part of the Tybourn Road, the gallows was erected, when it was removed from the Elmes: where William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, was executed so early as 1196, as we learn from Roger de Wendover. “At the present time,” says Mr. Robins, “enough of Elmes Lane remains at Bayswater, to point out where the fatal elm grew and the gentle Tibourn ran; Elmes Lane is the first opening on the right hand, in the Uxbridge Road, opposite the head of the Serpentine; the Serpentine itself being formed in the bed of the ancient stream, first Tybourn, then Westbourn, the Ranelagh sewer.” Now, in the lease of the house, No. 49, Connaught Square (granted by the Bishop of London), the gallows is stated to have stood upon that spot. And, in 1811, a cartload of human bones, with parts of wearing apparel attached thereto, was excavated for the houses between Nos. 6 and 12, Connaught Place. Smith (*Hist. St. Marylebone*) states that the gallows was for many years a standing fixture, on a small eminence at the corner of the Edgware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike; beneath, the bones of Ireton, Bradshaw, and other regicides, are stated to have been buried. And in 1860, at the extreme south-west angle of the Edgware Road, were found numerous human bones, doubtless those of persons buried under the gallows. The early “Tyburn tree” was a triangle upon three legs: it was so described in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and we see it so figured in the scarce etching of the penance of Queen Henrietta Maria beneath the gallows; though the incident is disbelieved, the form of the gallows may be correct. Subsequently, the gibbet consisted of two uprights and a cross-beam, erected on the morning of execution across the roadway, opposite the house at the corner of Upper Bryanstone Street, in the Edgware Road. The place of execution was changed in 1783. Two years after, Capon, the scene-painter, made a sketch of the Tyburn gallows; and in 1818 he wrote,

* The following is a list of British vessels lost:—Perseverance, Matanzas, Juno, Effort, Earl of Fife, and Eident, of Aberdeen; Crane, of Arbroath; Venus and Scotia, of Montrose; Brothers, of London; Ken, of Hartlepool; Charity, of Douglas; Trident, of Dundee; Chieftain and Onward, of Banff; Llewellyn, of Whitby; Santiago, of Middleboro'; and Conqueror, of Sunderland.

"The eastern end of Connaught Place is built on a plot of ground, then (1785) occupied by a cow-lair and dust and cinder heaps." The gallows was sold to a carpenter, who made it into stands for beer-butts, at the Carpenters' Arms public-house, hard by! Formerly, when a person prosecuted for any offence, and the prisoner was executed at Tyburn, the prosecutor was presented with "a Tyburn ticket," which exempted him from serving on juries, etc.; but this privilege has been repealed. Among the records of the Tyburn executions is that in 1705, of a burglar, who, having hung above a quarter of an hour, a reprieve arrived, when he was cut down, and, "being let blood, came to himself," as stated by Hatton, a careful authority. In 1760, Earl Ferrers was executed here for the murder of his steward: he rode from the Tower, wearing his wedding-clothes, in a landau drawn by six horses; he was indulged with a silken rope, and "the drop" was first used instead of the cart. The executioners fought for the rope, and the mob tore the black cloth from the scaffold as relics. The landau was subsequently kept in a coach-house at Acton until it fell to pieces, and the bill for the silken rope has been preserved.

Leaving these criminal notorieties, we may note that, in 1729, Tyburn Gate stood at the junction of the old Roman roads, that is, at the end of Park Lane, before it was removed westward. Paddington, according to Mr. Robins, "claims a considerable strip of Kensington Gardens, and is bounded west and north-west by an imaginary and irregular line, known only to the authorities and a few parish-boys, which runs over and through houses, greenhouses, etc., from the centre of the road opposite Palace Gardens to Kilburn Gate."

At the beginning of the last century, nearly the whole of Paddington had become grazing land; the occupiers of the Bishop's Estate kept here hundreds of cows. About 1790 were built nearly 100 small wooden cottages, tenanted by a colony of 600 journeymen artificers, whose dwellings gave way to Connaught Terrace.

At No. 7, in Connaught Place, facing Hyde Park, Caroline, Princess of Wales, was living in 1814. Hither the Princess Charlotte hurried in a hackney-coach, when she quarrelled with her father and left Warwick House, as vividly described by Lord Brougham in the "Edinburgh Review." Curiously enough, Camelford House, east of Park Lane, was some time inhabited by the Princess Charlotte and her husband, Prince Leopold.

Paddington maintained its rurality almost to our time. The Bayswater Road was noted for its tea-gardens, most of which were the "Physic Garden" of Sir John Hill, who prepared here, as he said, from plants, his tinctures, essences, etc., one of the latest being his "balsam of honey." The site of these gardens is now covered by noble houses. Of the old conduit at Bayswater, a memorial is preserved in Conduit Street and Spring Street, in the district known as Tyburnia, a town of palatial houses which has sprung up within thirty years. The Edgware and Harrow Roads were long noted for their old inns. In the former, the White Lion dated from 1524, the year when hops were first imported. At the Red Lion, tradition says, Shakspeare acted; and the Wheat-sheaf, upon like authority, was the favourite resort of Ben Jonson. Nursery-gardens extended the trim rurality to Kilburn; but they have disappeared with "the wells," before the gigantic march of bricks and mortar. The water is very fine at Bayswater, and many wells were not more than ten or fifteen feet deep.

Paddington possessed a chapel before the district was assigned to the monks of Westminster, in 1222. Where

this edifice was situated is doubtful, though it is said to have been near the present Marylebone Court House, *i.e.* beside the modern Tybourn; but the only evidence is some bones being dug up here in 1729. This church was built by and belonged to the De Veres; the excuse given for taking it down was, that it stood in a lonely place near the highway, and that it was, in consequence of its position, subject to the depredations of robbers, who frequently stole the images, bells, and ornaments. Now, as Mr. Robins states, the most lonely place "near the highway" was beside the ancient Tybourn, where the gibbet was formed out of the adjacent elm, and near this spot, he imagines, the ancient Tybourn church stood. The old ruinous church, pulled down about 1678, is thought, from its painted window, to have been dedicated to St. Katherine. St. James's Church was built by the Sheldons: here Hogarth was married to Sir James Thornhill's daughter, in 1729. This church was taken down, and St. Mary's built upon the Green, 1788—1791, "finely embosomed in venerable elms;" hard by were the village stocks, and in the churchyard a yew-tree, and a double-leaved elder. The church is, in plan, a square, has a roof with a cupola and vane, and a Tuscan and Doric portico. Under the chancel are deposited the remains of the second Marquess of Lansdowne, who died in 1809; in 1853 there was not a word to mark his resting-place. Here also are interred Bushnell, the sculptor of the figures on Temple Bar; Barrett, the landscape-painter; Banks, the sculptor; Vivares and Schiavonetti, engravers, in the churchyard. The oldest tombstone here is that of John Hubbard, who died in 1665, "aged 111 years." Bryan, author of "The Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," and Nollekens, the painter, and father of the sculptor, also lie here. In the new burial ground lies Mrs. Siddons, and near her grave lies Haydon, the historical painter; also, William Collins, R.A., distinguished for his sea-shore scenes, whose grave is marked by a marble cross. In the church are tablets to Nollekens, the sculptor; Mrs. Siddons; and Richard Twiss, author of the "Verbal Index to Shakspeare." Here, too, lies Caleb Whitefoord, the eccentric newspaper writer, whom Goldsmith has enshrined in the amber of his verse:—

"Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man!"

* * * * *

Ye newspaper wittlings, yet pert scribbling folks!

Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes;

Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,

Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:

To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,

And copious libations bestow on his shrine;

Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

Cross-readings, Ship News, and Mistakes of the Press."

Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

Down to 1818, St. Mary's was the only church in Paddington. Then, Mr. Orme, the well-known print-seller, built a chapel to hold 1,200 persons. Next was built Connaught Chapel, now St. John's, a debased imitation of New College Chapel, with a costly stained glass window of the Twelve Apostles. St. James's was next built, and in 1845 became the parish church. In 1844—46 was added Holy Trinity, a Perpendicular church, by Cundy: its richly crocket spire and pinnacled tower are 219 feet high, and it has a magnificent stained window. The crypt is level with the roofs of the houses in Belgrave Square. This church cost £18,458, towards which the Rev. Mr. Miles gave £4,000. Mr. Cundy, the architect, presented a carved stone altar-piece; but the question of stone or wood being then rife, wood carried it, and the parish paid £38 for a carved oak altar-table and two chairs. All Saint's, in Cambridge Place,

occupies part of the old reservoir of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. Although it is said that the erection of dissenters' places of worship was long restricted in Paddington, by the Bishops of London, part of the Paddington estate was leased without any such restriction. On a portion of the land bequeathed by the Lady Margaret to the poor is built a large Roman Catholic church.

In St. George's Row is a chapel of ease to St. George's, Hanover Square, and a burial-ground, wherein, near the west wall, lies Lawrence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy." He died at his lodgings in Old Bond Street; his grave has a plain head-stone, set up with a strange inscription by some tipling freemason, and restored by a shilling subscription in 1846. Here, too, lay Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815; his remains were removed to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1859.

The oldest charitable buildings in Paddington are the Almshouses, which were built on the Green in 1714. Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital was originally established in 1752 in St. George's Row, near Tyburn Turnpike. The great charitable institution of the district is St. Mary's Hospital, the first stone of which was laid by Prince Albert the Good, on Coronation-day, 1845. Mr. Robins, in 1853, named "the Flora Tea Gardens," and "Batt's Bowling-green," as public places; and he describes a region of the parish "still devoted to bull-dogs and pet spaniels; the bodies of broken-down carriages, old wheels, rusty grates, and old copper boilers; little gardens and low miserable sheds; and an establishment which boasts of having the truly attractive glass, in which, for the small charge of twopence, any lady may behold her future husband." Time and education, let us hope, have swept away such impostures and absurdities.

Tyburnia, described as a city of palaces, sprung up on the Bishop's Estate within twenty years. "A road of iron, with steeds of steam, brings into the centre of this city, and takes from it in one year, a greater number of living beings than could be found in all England a few years ago." The electric telegraph is at work by the side of this iron road; and it is now three-and-twenty years since a murderer was first taken by means of the electric wire: it was then laid from the Slough station to Paddington; the man left in a first-class carriage, and at the same instant was sent off, by the telegraph, a full description of his person, with instructions to cause him to be watched by the police upon his arrival at Paddington, where he was pointed out to a police sergeant, who got into the same omnibus with the suspected man, and he was captured in the City. Thus, while he was on his way, at a fast rate, the telegraph, with still greater rapidity, sent along the wire which skirted the path of the carriage in which he sat, the instructions for his capture! Had he got out between Slough and Paddington, and not at the latter, he would have escaped, as the telegraph did not work at the intermediate stations.

The omnibus was first started from Paddington (the "Yorkshire Stingo," New Road) to the Bank in 1829. By this vehicle "the whole of London can now be traversed in half the time it took to reach Holborn Bars at the beginning of the century, when the road was in the hands of Mr. Miles, his pair-horse coach, and his redoubtable boy," long the only appointed agents of communication between Paddington and the City, the journey occupying something more than three hours. Miles's boy told tales on the road, and played the fiddle to amuse the passengers. When the omnibuses were first started,

the aristocracy of Paddington Green petitioned the vestry to rid them of "the nuisance;" just as the Duke of Bedford, in 1756, opposed the New Road, on account of the dust it would make in the rear of Bedford House.

The people of Paddington, Mr. Robins tells us, although being at so short a distance from London, made no greater advances in civilisation for many centuries than did those who lived in the most remote village in England. The few people who lived here were agriculturists. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many French Protestants here, as the grave-stones in the old churchyard testify. In 1524, the population of Paddington did not exceed 100; in Charles II's reign 300; in 1811 the population was 4609; from 1831 to 1841 it increased 1000 per annum; from 1841 to 1851, above 2000 annually; and in 1861 the population return was 75,807.

We find few old mansions in Paddington. Desborough House is believed to have belonged to the Colonel of the Commonwealth times, and related to Cromwell. According to Lysons, Little Shaftesbury House, in this parish (near Kensington Gravel Pits), was built by the Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," or his grandfather, the Lord Chancellor.

Fifty years ago more than one-eighth of the whole population were paupers. Nearly the whole of the parish was grazing land, and the occupiers of the Bishop's Estate were celebrated for the quantity or quality of the milk of their cows: and one cowkeeper here had the conventional nine hundred and ninety-nine cows.

Less than seventy years ago, one of the grand projects in the district proved a pest to the people. In July 10, 1801, the Paddington Canal was opened with such *éclat*, that 20,000 persons came to Paddington (says Mr. Robins) to hurrah the mighty men who so altered the aspect of this quiet village, and who, in doing so, offered the Londoner a new mode of transit for his goods. Unfortunately for the people of Paddington, on the banks of this canal were stowed away, not only the dust and ashes, but the filth of half London, which were brought here for convenience of removal; and here their pestilential effects on the dwellers on the canal banks were frightful. "Instead," says Mr. Robins, "of having no doctor in the parish, as was the case within the memory of many now living in it, both doctor and sexton found full employ."

Strange have been the mutations through which, from a forest village, has risen the large town, and one of three parishes, forming the parliamentary borough of Marylebone.

WHO'S TO GO? OR, REDUCING THE STAFF IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

ONE morning in January, 185—, a few minutes after the letters had been delivered to the registering clerk in the office of the Inspector-General, an attentive group of about a dozen clerks might have been seen gathered round one of their number who was reading aloud, for the benefit of the others, a letter from the Board of Circumlocution. The listeners were pale with consternation, for that letter created a crisis which would change the destiny of many amongst them, who, till that morning, had calculated on having good situations for life.

The fatal letter conveyed the intimation that it pleased my Lords of the Board of Circumlocution to reduce the staff of the Inspector-General's office from twenty

clerks to twelve, the order to take effect at the expiration of the financial year, 31st March ensuing. No names were mentioned, nor was there the slightest indication given who the particular persons might be whose services were to be dispensed with. Not a word about provision in other offices for the discharged clerks; not a syllable about compensation for loss of employment.

After the public reading of the letter each clerk quietly and gravely perused it for his own special consideration, carefully weighing the import of every sentence and every word.

Henceforth what changes were discernible in the "personnel" of the office! The quondam idler, whose beau idéal of official life had been a graceful lounge through his duties, combined with his daily share in discussing town gossip and the latest favourite for the Derby, was now active and diligent. No one was more punctual at office at ten o'clock, sharp. His desk, once covered with official papers, dusty with age and weeks in arrear, was now tidy and free from rubbish. Dockets were carefully sorted, tied up in neat packets duly labelled and numbered. "Sick notes," regretting inability to attend at the office, had become marvellously rare.

Days and weeks passed away, and still was the anxious question asked, "Who's to go?" without any certain response, till within three weeks of the time fixed by the Board for the reduction to take place.

"Mr. Jones, sir, Mr. Dangar wants to see you, sir," said Spooner, the obsequious messenger, putting his head into the room, where sat at his desk one of the senior clerks.

Mr. Dangar was a clever ambitious man, who owed his present position as chief clerk entirely to his own talent and ability. Considerably younger than many men in the office, he was very superior to them in mental acumen, and was a really brilliant fellow in dashing off lengthy and intricate reports, on all kinds of subjects, in a marvellously short space of time. He had often been seen to take a bunch of papers from a clerk, master their contents almost at a glance, and write off a by no means short report in a few minutes.

His memory was prodigious. After a moment's reflection he would point out the place where recorded, of a paper that had passed through the office twenty years before.

Like all ambitious men, he had little regard for the feelings of others; and, provided he could climb to the top of the ladder on the shoulders of his junior clerks, he cared not what became of them. He knew well the order of reduction had no reference to him, and that a reconstituted office meant a sure increase of salary for himself.

Each clerk, from Jones downward, was now called before the astute Dangar, who asked every one, singly, the odd and superfluous question whether he wished to leave the office. Leave a moderate competency, for what? To many there could be but one answer—beggary—for Dangar said nothing about re-employment.

There were two clerks named Savage—father and son—distinguished by their fellow-clerks as old Savage and young Savage. The elder Savage was a fierce Radical, and, on that account, the object of Mr. Dangar's special dislike. Upon one occasion old Savage wished to leave the office at a quarter before four o'clock, when the chief, who was standing over his washing-stand with his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows, and was in the act of towelling his face, only sputtered out—

"Oh, of course a Radical can go. A Radical can go at any time."

With all his "radicalism," old Savage was a man of

warm feeling, and undeniably truthful and honest. With a flushed face he received Spooner's invitation to descend to the redoubtable Dangar, for he knew there was an intention to use the opportunity of lopping off at least one of the Savages.

Old Savage returned from his interview with Mr. Dangar in a fury. He had not only been told of the decree concerning himself, that he would be discharged on a pension of some £60 or £70 per annum—for he had only served twenty years—but Mr. Dangar had attempted to throw dust in the old man's eyes by telling him that it was extremely inconvenient to have two men of the same name in the office. Papers that should have been for the elder Savage's reports were allowed to fall into arrears on the younger Savage's desk, and *vice versa*.

At any other time such a saying would have been received with ridicule; but now it was felt to be insulting. An explosion of "Radical" wrath was the consequence. If Dangar meant fighting in that way, he would fight him with every weapon within reach. Let Dangar look to himself. He (Savage) had friends in Parliament who would take up his case.

The Savages, though low down in the office-list, were not to be despised on that account. They were natives of Roscorn, the model borough, where no Whig or Tory burgess was ever known to take a bribe. It was said the Savages could command thirty votes, by virtue of their house property in Roscorn; and it may be mentioned, to show the power of Parliamentary influence, that the elder Savage managed to get re-appointed to the Inspector-General's office as an extra clerk, at the same salary he had received at the date of his discharge; and within twelve months, and immediately after the return of the Whigs to power, he was restored to his original place in the establishment, with all the privileges and emoluments attaching thereto.

Of the clerks who were pensioned, the case of one was particularly hard. He was thirty years of age, had been thirteen years in the office, and was now sent adrift in the world on the magnificent pension of £33 per annum. Had his friends not helped him he must have starved; as it was, he was reduced to the position of a beggar.

The junior clerks who had not completed ten years' service were discharged with the gratuity of a month's pay. One of these, young Birmingham, who, two years previously, had entered the service through the portals of the Civil Service Commission, and though in the distant position of a junior clerk, conceived the presumptuous idea of sending up his card to the Inspector-General. An interview was barely accorded, for cold in the extreme was the reception of subordinate clerks by such Olympian magnificence.

Birmingham ventured to ask the Inspector-General if he would move the Board of Circumlocution to give him another appointment, mentioning some vacancies then existing in other offices. A storm of wrath ensued, and the unhappy Birmingham was only too glad to make his exit as quickly as possible from the presence of a man who roared at him, as he was leaving, that "he would have no bargaining with the public service."

There was a bright side to this dismal picture: the clerks who survived this convulsion receiving promotion and higher salaries, the office having been reconstituted on a better scale of pay.

Having thus recalled a little revolution or crisis of which I was a personal witness, I may add a few words about Government clerks generally.

In the middle classes, before examination tests became

the fashion, if a father had interest with the county or borough member, on the right side of the question, to secure a nomination for his son to a public office, nothing was easier than to take the appointment up. This was the way in the good old times, before the Civil Service Commission blocked the way to all dullards and ignoramuses. It is not intended here to regard the doings of the Civil Service Commissioners as faultless. Many good men are rejected for some trifling error, caused more by nervousness and over-anxiety to succeed than from ignorance. An instance may be mentioned where a candidate for the appointment of surveyor of taxes passed in every other subject except handwriting; and yet the candidate wrote a very good hand, and had filled the position of cashier in a respectable country bank for a year or two. His friends were greatly disappointed. They borrowed the bank books, took them to London, and laid them before the Civil Service Commissioners. There was no redress, and no court of appeal. The only reply vouchsafed was that the Commissioners could not reverse their decision. On the other hand, there cannot be a doubt the Commission does good service in keeping out men who can neither write nor spell the Queen's English. Butlers and footmen, the sons of petty shopkeepers in rotten boroughs, broken-down carpenters and book-binders, and half-educated Irish peasants, have very little chance henceforth of obtaining appointments for which they are wholly unsuited. A good story used to be told that, about twenty years ago, a butler was appointed to the Customs, who reported to the Treasury that, the nominee having served the usual six months' probation, was found inefficient, being unable to copy a letter correctly. The response from the Treasury was said to be that the Board of Customs must make him efficient, as the Treasury had no power to cancel the appointment.

There is a popular impression that an appointment to a Government office is for life, or during good behaviour, and that, when a youth has once entered the service of the State, he may bid adieu to all anxiety regarding the future. Let him only attend punctually at office from ten to four, and condescend to draw his salary four times a year, he may rest certain of a life comparatively free from care and responsibility, may make sure of an ample supply of newspapers and gossip to vary the dull monotony of official routine, and, when his limbs refuse any longer to carry him to office, may look forward to a fat pension for his declining years.

No doubt there are some grounds for opinions of this sort regarding some clerkships in the Civil Service, but there is no certainty whatever that the best clerk under the Crown, however efficient and well-behaved, will be permanently employed. It depends also on Parliament whether, if pensioned off on reduction of office, he will receive one farthing of compensation.

The Civil Service Superannuation Act certainly empowers the Treasury to grant compensation to clerks discharged on reduction of office; but cruel are the tender mercies of the authorities when the services of junior clerks are no longer required. At the shortest notice, an office may be reduced and half the clerks discharged, after spending from ten to twenty of the best years of their lives in the public service.* There is no half-pay for a discharged clerk, and as to re-employment, it is hopeless, although there may be numerous vacancies in other offices where he would be only too thankful to get employment, even at the foot of the official ladder.

* We have allowed our contributor to have his grumble; but most readers will see that clerks in private as well as public establishments are exposed to similar hardship and uncertainty.

Varieties.

TIPPLING HABITS IN LADIES.—The "Lancet" has raised its voice, certainly none too soon, against the increasing indulgence, among the educated and gentle, of what it justly characterises as the pernicious habit of tippling. There can be no doubt in the mind of any who observe the changes of manners in good society that this very serious charge is well founded, nor must the ladies, though the "Lancet" delicately abstains from direct allusion to them, be allowed to consider themselves exempted from its strictures. But has the faculty, as it is called, nothing to answer for in promoting the present state of things? Children are now given, "by the doctor's orders," an amount of alcohol which would have horrified their grandmothers. The beer and port wine administered two or three times a day at first disgusts but soon becomes grateful to them. Almost every one of us may plead medical advice as the beginning of the habit. They say the modern type of disease is low; that stimulants are requisite; and that, whether they prescribe chloric ether or champagne does not much signify. Perhaps not in the physical point of view, but in the moral one. Surely, the temptation to the abuse of such stimulants as lavender or ether is not so great or so constantly recurring as that of wine and liqueurs, which are offered and pressed upon us wherever we go. Brandy now takes the place of sal volatile in the lady's dressing-case; and the properties of gin as a cleansing agent applicable to everything, from the gilt stopper of a scent-bottle to a lace flounce, are firmly impressed on the mind of the waiting-maid. We would never speak but with respect of the noble profession of healing; but it cannot be denied that the peculiar temptation assailing some of its more "fashionable" members is that of following rather than leading the inclinations of their patients.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

COINAGE OF 1866.—In the year 1866, 4,047,288 sovereigns were coined at the Mint, and 2,058,776 half-sovereigns, 914,760 florins, 4,989,600 shillings, 5,140,080 sixpences, 4158 fourpences, 1,905,288 threepences, 4752 silver twopences, 7920 silver pence; also 9,999,360 copper pence, 2,508,800 halfpence, and 3,584,000 farthings. Altogether, therefore, money was coined at the Mint in 1866 to the amount of £5,076,676 in gold, £493,416 in silver, and £50,624 in copper, or £5,620,716 in all. Worn silver coin of the nominal value of £115,000 was purchased from the Bank of England, for re-coining, and a loss of £15,648 was occasioned by its re-coining.

HONEST SALLY: A FAITHFUL DOMESTIC.—On the south wall of the chancel of Ibbstock Church, Leicestershire, a neat plain marble tablet thus records the worth of a faithful and pious domestic:—"Reader, respect the memory of Sarah Jackson; an invaluable servant; a sincere Christian; distinguished beyond wealth and titles by the dignity of worth. Let her remind you that an humble station may exercise the highest virtue, and that a well-earned pittance of earthly wages may prove the richest treasure in heaven. She lived, during twenty-seven years, in the family of the Rev. Spencer Madan, by whom this marble is affectionately inscribed, in token of Regret, Esteem, and Gratitude."

"A servant, no, an unassuming friend,
Sinks to the tomb in Sally's mournful end.
Peace, Honest Sally, to a soul that knew
No deed unfaithful—not a word untrue!
Thrice happy they, whose mortal labours done
May lead like thine from service to a throne!
Go, claim the promise of thy chosen part,
In zeal a Martha, with a Mary's heart!"

Ibbstock parish had once the dubious benefit of having the celebrated William Laud as its rector. He was inducted in 1617, and resigned in 1625. Shortly after, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells; in the same year Dean of the Chapel Royal; the Bishop of London in 1628; Chancellor of the University of Oxford 1631; Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 10, 1644.—*Nichol's Leicestershire.*

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The "Mercurius Civicus," or "London's Intelligencer," printed and sold in the Old Bailey in 1643, is not only remarkable as containing probably the earliest instances of newspaper advertisements, but as being the earliest illustrated newspaper, each number containing a woodcut portrait of the heroes of the day, when the Civil Wars were going on throughout the kingdom, in the troublous times of King Charles I.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUTH KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper.*



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SPANISH PIRATE SHIP.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LAST "SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA."

WHEN the moon rose, and Captain Dobson and his officers were satisfied that the Amazon lay at the mercy of pirates, the female passengers were forthwith made acquainted with the dreadful peril that threatened them. Although some among them fainted and others cried and screamed, and tore their hair in a paroxysm of terror, there were two or three who behaved with the noble courage and firmness so frequently seen among women in the presence of danger, especially in the face

of perils against which effort is vain and resistance useless—when, in fact, the more active heroism of the sterner sex is of no avail.

These latter sought to comfort and support their terrified companions; though it was not easy to calm the fears of others, while their own hearts were sinking with fear. Still they struggled to maintain an outward semblance of hope and courage, and urged the more nervous to take such measures as they could for their own safety, knowing that action itself was some relief at such times of trial.

By the advice of the captain the ladies retired to the

state-rooms and shut themselves in; and there, clinging together for mutual support, they silently supplicated Heaven to protect them and all on board from harm, and to avert the perils that threatened them.

When, therefore, Captain Dobson and the commander of the pirate schooner descended to the cabin, they found it untenanted, save by the steward and his sable subordinates, whose ebony faces had changed to a greyish hue with terror.

The Spanish captain ordered Captain Dobson to produce instantly all the money or specie on board his vessel, whether belonging to himself or his owners, and threatened him with instant death if he refused or hesitated; but perceiving that the captain was ignorant, or pretended to be ignorant, of the Spanish language, he called to the American sailor, whose name was Joel, to descend to the cabin and act as interpreter.

The old seaman repeated the words of his captain, and added some advice of his own.

"And yer'd best dew it tew, right deoun smart, ef yer wantter save yer skin, cap'en. These yere critturs arn't tew be trifled with, I kin tell ye—though," he added in a lower voice, "I'm not one on 'em, by ch'ice. I'm yere jist becase if I hadn't jined 'em, I should ha' made a hole in the water, es many o' my poor shipmets did."

While the American sailor was speaking, Captain Dobson had brought his writing-desk from his state-room, and taken from it a weighty bag of gold and a roll of bank-notes, the joint property of the owners of the Amazon and himself; but, fancying that his countryman wished to befriend him so far as it lay in his power, he said to the old sailor—

"Joel—if that be your name—I've eight female passengers on board. I'll gladly give up all the money I have, and the passengers shall do the same, if by so doing I can save the ladies from violence or insult, and preserve the vessel and the lives of the crew and passengers."

The old sailor gave a long whistle under his breath, and without looking towards his commander, or even at Captain Dobson, but pretending to admire the gold with which the cabin table was strewn, he muttered—

"That's ork'ard—that is. 'Tell ye what, cap'en. Thar's on'y won way tew streak out o' this yere mess. Yer must just git Cap'en Manual tew gi' ye his word of honour 'es he'll not disturb nowt on board, nor dew yer no parsonal harm whatsomever, purwiden' yer gin up everything he wants to carry away. He'll stick tew what he promises right slick up and deown straight. It's reel moosical to think heow these chaps sticks tew thar word o' honour, while they're plunderin' yer right afore yer eyes."

"What says he? What are you prating about?" cried the pirate chief, sternly, in Spanish.

The sailor replied in the same language, that the American captain would surrender his gold, and all else on board, if the Señor Capitano would promise to save the lives of the crew and passengers, and protect them from the insult or violence of his own people.

"I have already given my word," replied the Spaniard. "If he fulfil his conditions, so will I fulfil mine."

Joel translated this to Captain Dobson.

"Then tell him," said the captain, "that there are ladies on board, whom I especially wish to preserve from insult."

The pirate chief smiled, as if to say that he saw through Captain Dobson's artifice; but the smile passed away, and, bowing low and placing his hand upon his heart, he replied, "The honour of a true Spaniard, Señor

Capitano, is sacred. Let me pay my respects to the ladies, and assure them myself that they shall suffer from neither insult nor wrong at the hands of my crew, and then let them retire and keep themselves quiet. Let them not be seen. You comprehend me, Señor Capitano?"

Sorely against their will the ladies were obliged to come forth from their state-rooms and receive assurance of protection from the pirate chief; though, when some of them, in their affright, were about to give up the various little articles of jewellery they wore, the gallant Spaniard signified, through his interpreter, that they were to retain them. He was too happy to present these trifles to them as a mark of his respect. They then again retired, and shut themselves in, while the pirate chief selected whatsoever he thought proper—which amounted, in fact, to every portable thing of value that the cabin contained—and ordered the spoil to be carried on deck.

The money, clothing, and other valuables belonging to the male passengers, the greater portion of the liquors, and stores of every description, from the "lazarette," and such packages of cargo as could be easily removed from the hold, were piled on deck, and, together with the specie and stores, were passed on board the schooner. Several of the smaller spare spars were selected from the booms. The lighter sails were unbent from aloft, and spare sails and coils of rope and cordage were pillaged from the sail-room, and likewise transferred to the schooner.

All this was done with practised and marvellous celerity; and when at length the pirates had possessed themselves of everything they saw fit to carry away, even to the clothing of the male passengers and sailors, and several of the cooking utensils from the cook's galley, the pirate chief politely bade the captain and passengers farewell, and called upon the former to bear testimony that he had conducted himself as a man of honour and a true Castilian. He then ordered his men to return to the schooner, and, addressing himself to the crew of the ship, through his interpreter, informed them that they were at liberty to proceed on their voyage. Shaking hands with Captain Dobson, he continued:—

"Señor Capitano, I wish you a safe and speedy arrival in port. Be happy that you are not far distant, and accept my profound admiration of the excellent order and fine appearance of your ship. Truly, I was at one time inclined to believe she was a ship of war. Had that been the case, I assure you I should not have ventured to pay my respects to you. No doubt you perceived me reconnoitring under the land? Addio, Señor Capitano, addio!" And with this final farewell he gracefully waved his hand, leaped on board his own vessel, ordered her sails to be hoisted aloft, and sheered away from alongside the plundered ship.

The beautiful schooner bounded swiftly over the smooth water, before the light breeze, and in less than half an hour disappeared from view, under the shadow of the land. So rapidly had her villainous crew performed their task, that when the schooner quitted the ship's side it was yet but one hour past midnight; and now, left to themselves, Captain Dobson and his passengers and crew seemed for the first time to realise their unhappy position.

It was sudden transition from the sense of comfort and security, and from the kindly feeling and innocent hilarity which had prevailed on board the Amazon on this, her last Saturday night at sea, to the vague feelings of doubt and terror which had seized upon all on board when the

alarm was first given. A half hour of cruel suspense had succeeded, and which was followed by the conviction that the ship was at the mercy of a crew of lawless desperadoes. The subsequent boarding of the vessel by the pirates, the scene of plunder that ensued, and the final departure of the schooner, had seemed more like a frightful dream than actual reality. Now, however, they had time to think over what had occurred; and some among the passengers, who had borne themselves bravely during the interval of peril, when the slightest movement, misinterpreted by the pirates, might have changed their plunder to bloodshed and massacre, now gave way to their long pent-up emotions. Some of the ladies, who had set an example of calmness and courage during a period of terrible suspense and dread that must have tried the firmest nerves, now fainted away when they thought of their escape from a fate the very idea of which was horrible to contemplate, and were only with great difficulty satisfied, when they recovered consciousness, that the pirates had departed and left them in safety. The male passengers, too, now found time to mourn over the serious, and, to some among them, the ruinous loss they had sustained; for the buccaneers had not only robbed them of all their portable property, in the shape of money and jewellery, but had robbed them also of all their clothing, with the exception of the garments they wore. Many of them now wickedly (and falsely) regretted that their lives had been spared, and vowed that they had rather have been massacred at once than plundered of all they possessed.

The captain and crew had as much reason to lament the loss of their property as had the passengers; but the former, at least for the time being, had duties to perform and other matters to think of. As has been told, the pirates had plundered the vessel of her lighter sails; even those which had hung from the yards had been cut away from the bolt-ropes and carried off. The lighter canvas and cordage had also been plundered from the sail-room, and no resource was left but to make top-gallant sails and royals from the stout canvas of the courses, and bend them to the yards as speedily as possible, since, in the frequent light breezes that prevail in the tropics, they depended greatly upon the lighter canvas for the prosecution of the remainder of the passage. While, therefore, some of the hands were instantly set to work to perform this indispensable duty, others were sent to examine the condition of the store-rooms and the "lazarette," and to discover whether the greedy marauders had left a sufficiency of provisions and stores on board to last the ship until she should arrive at New Orleans. All this while no one had given a thought to the pumps, until Captain Dobson, suddenly fancying that something was wrong, and that the vessel seemed to float heavily upon the water, called to the carpenter and bade him sound the well, and report the depth of water in the hold.

Presently the carpenter appeared on the quarter-deck, with a face that seemed ghost-like in its pallor beneath the bright moonlight.

"Speak, man. What is it?" cried the captain, startled by the carpenter's look of horror. "What is the depth of water? Have you lost your speech?"

"There are four feet water in the hold, sir!" the terrified man at length gasped forth.

"Four feet water!" exclaimed the captain, wildly. "Impossible! You must be mistaken."

"It is no mistake, sir," replied the carpenter. "I sounded the well twice. I thought I *must* have been mistaken. The water gained three inches between

soundings. The pirates must have scuttled the ship before they left her."

Giving utterance to an exclamation of horror, and with a face as pale as the carpenter's, the captain snatched the line and rod from the man's hands, and, springing to the pumps, sounded the well himself.

There was indeed no mistake. The water had gained during the carpenter's brief absence. There were now nearly five feet of water in the hold!

It would be impossible to describe the alarm and confusion that immediately took place on board the doomed vessel. From lip to lip flew the fearful tidings—

"Five feet water in the hold, and gaining rapidly!"

To set the men to the pump-breaks in such a state of affairs was an act of uselessness; nevertheless, the order was given,

"*All hands to pump ship!*"

With three men to each pump-break, relieved every two minutes from the arduous, desperate labour, for half an hour almost superhuman exertions were made to clear the hold of its fatal load. But all exertions for this purpose were in vain. For a few minutes it was thought that some slight advantage was gained; then the water poured in faster than ever, and the breaks were quitted in despair. The water had gained the mastery before the leaks were discovered; the anchor-holes bored into the ship's sides were beneath the water-line, and all attempts to stop them up were worse than useless. The only question now was how long the vessel would float. Her cargo was light and buoyant—that was one thing to her advantage; and the exertions of the captain, passengers, and crew—for at such a time all worked alike—were now directed solely to the saving of human life. All else was forgotten in the eager clinging to life; the loss of clothing, of property; the lack of provisions to sustain life, if saved—all else was regarded as nought in comparison. Very soon were they who, but a few minutes before, had blasphemously vowed that a frightful death were to them less terrible than the loss of wealth, compelled to give the lie to their vain assertions. These very men were the wildest in their despair when the death they had pretended to wish for stared them in the face.

Aboard the doomed ship there was not one—not the weakest, the poorest amongst them—who would not have cried, something in the style of Gonzola in the "Tempest:" "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze, anything. My last hour must come; but I would fain die a dry death!"

Many were the silent prayers that were sent up to heaven; many the bitter anathemas that were hurled at the brutal wretches who, not content with plunder, had, with a pretence of mercy, wantonly and uselessly consigned their fellow-mortals to a horrible, lingering death.

But though many prayed, and some idly and wickedly cursed, according to their nature and their mood, *all* worked. Even the women in the cabin worked now, and gathered together such articles as they thought would most be needed in the dreary cruise in open boats that lay before them; for the captain, amidst all his trials and troubles, spoke hopefully. He believed the vessel would float until daylight, and the boats were sufficient to carry all on board.

Thus ended the last Saturday night at sea on board the Amazon. Little had the captain thought when, but a few hours before, those words had escaped his lips, that he spoke of the last Saturday night on which the gallant ship that had borne him safely so many times

across the ocean would ever float, and that her timbers were doomed to rot, worm-eaten, beneath the waters of the Mexican Gulf.*

CHAPTER XX.—THE HURRICANE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.
HENRY TALBOT AT ST. DOMINGO INSTEAD OF NEW ORLEANS.

GRADUALLY, though slowly, the doomed ship settled down upon the waters, beneath which she was so soon to be for ever entombed; yet she still floated when the dawn of the fair tropical morning appeared in all its glorious beauty.

Little admiration, however, had the crew and passengers of the ill-fated Amazon to bestow at this anxious moment upon the beauty of the day dawn. The vessel had drifted out of sight of the land during the darkness of the early morning hours, though its position was manifest from the mist which hung over it, and the breeze, which (as usual in the early morning in tropical latitudes) blew off the shore, was redolent with the perfume of fruits and flowers.

Captain Dobson issued his orders calmly and coolly, and by his example inspired the crew and passengers alike with hope and courage. The boats were all lowered alongside, and a certain number of persons apportioned to each boat, and these now descended the side, leaving only those who were to take their places in the pinnace with the captain, on deck.

The rapacious pirates had carried off almost everything in the shape of provisions that they could lay hands upon; and though there were several barrels of beef, pork, and flour—as cargo—in the ship's hold, these were now beneath the water; and even had it been otherwise, there was no time to break bulk, and hoist them on deck from their place of stowage. The quantity of provisions that they were able to collect would have barely sufficed to supply one day's full rations to every soul on board the ship; and though the captain hoped to make the land at some spot where food and assistance might be procured, in less than twenty-four hours, he was well aware that circumstances might arise which would compel the boats to keep at sea for days.

Of water, however, that greatest of necessities in a tropical climate, there was an abundance, and a sufficient number of beakers were filled from the tanks, and placed in each boat, while the scant provisions were fairly apportioned, according to the number of individuals each boat contained.

By the time all this was effected there were unmistakable signs that the ship could not remain afloat much longer. Those who still remained on board (amongst whom was the captain, who remained to the last) now sprung from the deck, and the boats put off, the rowers pulling as quickly as possible from the ship, in order to escape from the possibility of being drawn into the whirlpool she would create when she made the final plunge and sank to the bottom.

They had quitted the ship none too soon. Hardly had they pulled a furlong distant, ere she rolled lazily from side to side, and then made one desperate plunge—throwing her stern high out of the water—and sank

to rise no more. Even at the distance they had gained, they felt the "swirl," and it required all the efforts of the oarsmen to keep the boats from being drawn into it.

Notwithstanding their own distress, there was not an individual on board the boats who did not feel a pang of regret for the fate of the vessel that had borne them over so many thousands of miles of ocean in safety—a pang of regret almost as keen as they would have felt at the loss of a creature endowed with life. And indeed there is something in the action of a ship, whether she founders at sea or drives on shore, that bears a wondrous resemblance to the struggles of a living creature to escape its doom. She seems to shudder, and draw back, sometimes again and again, as if conscious of the destruction that awaits her, until at length she, as it were, summons up a desperate resolution to make the last fatal plunge—and all is over!

The deep regret of Captain Dobson, however, far exceeded that of the passengers, or even of any of the crew. He was an old man, and had commanded the ship for many years. In safety she had carried him through storm and tempest over many a thousand league of trackless ocean. He had come to regard her as a second home, and to know, and almost to love, every plank and spar on board of her. From the moment when he quitted her side (the last to leave her deck) he kept his gaze fondly fixed upon her, without giving utterance to a word, and when, at last, she sank to rise no more, a deep sigh escaped him. Raising his hat with one hand, and baring his grey head to the breeze, he grasped with the other the hand of Henry Talbot, who was seated next to him, and, his eyes dimmed with tears, and his voice almost choked with emotion, gasped forth, "She's gone—gone for ever. Through no fault of hers, poor thing! She couldn't help it. She would have carried me safely as long as I lived. I might have drawn my last breath on board of her. It was those rascally pirates who caused her loss. Well, well, she is gone; as good a ship, young man, as ever sailed, and—and I loved her dearer than aught besides on earth—except my wife and children."

This was the elegy over the ill-fated Amazon! Now that the ship had foundered, the crew and passengers turned their thoughts towards the shore. A compass had been passed into each boat; but it was soon discovered that the ironwork affected the needles, and rendered the compasses comparatively useless; the captain, therefore, took the lead in the pinnace, and directed the boat-steerers to follow as close as possible.

"The ship has gone," he said, addressing the crew and passengers, after he had issued the above directions; "but sad as that is, shipmates, things might have been worse with us. We might have been cast adrift in the broad Atlantic, a thousand miles from land, where we should have suffered from cold and hunger; and now, please God, though we are scant of provision, we are likely to reach land before we suffer greatly from hunger, even if things come to the worst. So keep a good heart, shipmates, and put your trust in Providence. Somehow or other it happens that we discover that we have most cause to be thankful to Providence after some great trouble has come upon us, and not when everything goes right with us. We have escaped with life from the pirates, and we are not very far from land, and we have plenty of water on board. Let us remember these mercies, and be thankful. We'll keep together if we can, and I shall steer sou-sou-west, as nigh as I can judge, for the west end of Cuba, and I do hope we shall reach the shore before nightfall. If otherwise—if we *should* get separated—all must do the best they

* Several years ago, when the present writer was serving on the West India station, a vessel was plundered in the Mexican Gulf, under precisely the circumstances narrated above—even to the final fatal catastrophe. It was, however, believed that the pirate captain had no hand in the wantonly cruel deed which might have consigned the whole of the passengers and crew of the plundered vessel to a watery grave. It was thought that this was the act of the wretches under his command, and that it was perpetrated without his knowledge. Twelve months later the pirate vessel was captured by a Spanish cruiser. Several of the men were condemned to death; but, through some unknown influence, the young captain, who was highly connected in Spain, escaped scot free.

can. And now, shipmates, in case that *should* happen, though I don't think it likely, I'll say good-bye, at any rate, and Heaven bless and protect us all!"

With this, the captain took his seat in the stern-sheets of the pinnace, and led off at about a hundred yards distant from the second boat, the other boats following in line; and for more than an hour, though the land-breeze was against them, all went well, except that, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, all began to feel the heat excessive, and to appeal frequently to the beakers of water.

Already they fancied they could perceive the shadow of the land in the distance, when a change came over the scene. It has been stated that the Gulf of Mexico is subject to frequent calms, but it is also subject to squalls of great violence, which are usually accompanied with torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning, and are sometimes—especially after a long succession of fine, calm weather—of long duration. One of these squalls now came on suddenly. Dark, angry clouds gathered in the western horizon. The land-breeze ceased to blow; but the sea-breeze, by which it is usually succeeded, did not set in. The sun, hitherto bright and dazzling, now appeared of a blood-red hue, as it glared through the lurid sky. The fish that were so lately sporting near the surface of the water disappeared in its depths. The sea-birds sought refuge on the land; and, though not a breath of air was stirring, the sea began to heave with a long rolling swell. The atmosphere became painfully oppressive, and air, sea, and sky alike, gave warning of an approaching desperate conflict of the elements.

Half an hour passed away, during which period, though the sky became completely overcast, and a few raindrops fell at intervals, plashing with startling noise upon the water amid the ominous silence of nature, the air continued calm. Then, without the slightest warning, the heavens appeared to open asunder from the horizon to the meridian, and a vivid flash of lightning darted forth, illumining air, sea, and sky with its fiery glare. This was the precursor of the tempest. It was instantaneously followed by a peal of deafening thunder that seemed to rend the air. A furious squall of wind burst forth, and rain fell in torrents—fell as it falls only within the tropics.

The wind, which rose from the westward, circled round rapidly from one point to another, increasing in force with every change, until it blew with the fury of a hurricane. The sea rose rapidly, and broke continuously over the gunwales of the boats, which were soon separated from each other. In a few minutes it became impossible to see a cable's-length ahead through the rain and drifting spray, while the thunder and lightning were incessant. It required all the efforts of the oarsmen to prevent the boats from broaching to, and the passengers were fully occupied in baling out the water which broke on board.

The pinnace, which contained Captain Dobson, Henry Talbot, and six of the female passengers, was soon left behind, being more deeply laden than the other boats; and from the moment those on board lost sight of their late shipmates, they saw them, never more.

Throughout the day, and far into the night, the hurricane continued with unabated violence. Then the wind began to subside, the rain ceased, and the thunder-storm, which had been blown back upon them again and again by the continuous shifts of wind, passed away. The wind, however, still blew with great force from the very quarter towards which they wished to shape their course, and the sea, which had been, in a measure,

beaten down by the excessive force of the hurricane, now rose higher every minute, and threatened to swamp them. The captain began to fear that they would be blown out into the Atlantic, while, to add to their misery, the salt water had got into the beakers, and rendered their contents nauseous and undrinkable, while their provisions were utterly spoilt by the same cause.

Drenched to the skin, and cramped in every limb, they sat in moody silence, and saw themselves borne irresistibly onwards, farther and farther from any hope of succour.

By noon, however, the wind completely died away, and the sun shone forth and dried their saturated garments. The intense heat now almost prostrated them, and increased the fierce thirst they were unable to allay. Some, urged by hunger, ate of the salt-water-soaked provisions, and still increased their craving thirst, and others, who drank from the beakers, were seized with spasms which caused them to retch violently. The sea soon became smooth as a mirror, and reflected back the fierce heat of the sun, rendering their condition almost unendurable. Some, who had drunk most deeply from the salt water in the beakers, were seized with phrenzy, and tore at themselves and their miserable companions; others threw themselves down at the bottom of the boat, and waited passively for death to relieve their sufferings.

All suffered in a greater or lesser degree from a fierce, maddening thirst, which was increased by the sight of the wide expanse of ocean by which they were surrounded. Like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," they saw—

"Water—water, everywhere, yet not a drop to drink!"

The day, and the long miserable night that followed, at length passed away, and when daylight again dawned, those who were not utterly prostrated, eagerly scanned the horizon, in the hope of seeing a sail or catching a glimpse of land. But they looked in vain—all around stretched the ocean's wide expanse, its glittering surface unchequered by a solitary object. Even those who still preserved their senses, now gave themselves over to despair, and almost hoped that the day would end their misery and their lives.

At length, an hour before mid-day, a low, dark object became visible in the distance. It drew nearer and nearer; and soon it became apparent that it was a small vessel, standing to the southward, and coming towards them, as if it had been especially directed to their relief.

The love of life returned, even to those who had apparently collapsed in the lethargy of despair. The vessel was steering right athwart their course, and must see them, and they watched her as she drew near, with a joy and gratitude that were almost frantic in their expression.

In less than an hour the boat was hailed by one of the vessel's crew. A feeble hail was returned. The pinnace was pulled alongside the larger vessel, and the cramped, enfeebled, almost perishing crew and passengers were lifted from their boat to her deck. She proved to be the *Marie*, fishing-smack, of St. Louis, St. Domingo, manned by negroes, who, having secured a cargo of fish, were bound homeward.

The negro captain cheerfully gave up his cabin to the rescued crew and passengers, and supplied them, cautiously at first, and then more abundantly, with food and water; and though some suffered severely during the progress of resuscitation, they were all eventually brought round, and before night again set in were tolerably comfortable. Towards the close of the following day the

smack reached port St. Louis, and they were safely landed.

At this period the negroes of the island of St. Domingo (now known as Hayti) had, but comparatively lately, gained their freedom and independence from France, after a bloody and desperate struggle, during which the majority of the French inhabitants of the island were cruelly massacred.

Thus Henry Talbot's voyage to New Orleans ended in his being landed, penniless and destitute, among the semi-barbarised negroes of a revolutionised island of the Antilles.

The negroes, however, behaved kindly to him and his companions, though, in the existing state of affairs, there appeared little prospect of a speedy release from the island.

Of the other three boats, which, together with the pinnace, quitted the side of the sinking Amazon, two, after their crews had suffered great hardships, reached the shores of Cuba. The third, in which were the two remaining female passengers, was swamped, with all on board, and picked up, bottom upwards, some weeks afterwards by an American trader.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

IF any letters can illustrate the truth of my introductory remarks ("Leisure Hour," p. 142) as to the biographical value of even the briefest notes, the letters of poor Haydon may be quoted in proof. A painter, *peint par lui-même*, never produced a more complete portrait of himself than he has done; not the less striking because of the strokes being unconsciously dashed in, in the spirit of the moment, with no retouching or glazing allowed. Unhappily, they only exhibit, in a stronger light than has been made too well known by previous revelations, the unfortunate fate of a man of eminent talents as an artist—an enthusiast in his art, full of energy, devoted to toil, and persevering to the last, struggling with his lot in vain, under the burden of blighted aspirations, disappointments, and crushed hopes. In all the relations of private life, as far as my testimony goes (I have a grand study of the "Arm of Uriel," inscribed to me within six months of his death, as a "friend of thirty years"), he was as impulsive, fervent, and liberal in the feelings of his heart as he was in the works of his hand. But the letters will speak for themselves.

B. R. HAYDON.

MY DEAREST SIR,—Your praise to-day is a reward for half the toils of my life. It affected us both, my dear Mary and myself.

We have endured more than we shall ever tell; but there is a delight in the spontaneous burst of approbation with which this picture has been received, that is a solace and compensation. You have stood first and foremost, in misfortune and in success. I cannot help feeling peculiarly touched by your kindness, and beg of you as a remembrance to keep the accompanying sketch of a favourite boy for my sake.

It is a mere trifle; but you admired it last year, and it will give us both great, the greatest pleasure, if you do so.

Yours ever, dear Sir,
B. R. HAYDON.

W. Jerdan, Esq.,
October 11, 1828.

The fervour of gratitude for very trifling favours, illustrating the generous nature of the man, is demonstrated by the annexed note. Though I have the "Uriel Arm," I regret having lost the sketch here referred to.

London, July 7, 1842.

MY DEAR J——,—Will you oblige an old friend by saying "His picture of the Heroine of Saragossa is nearly done;" that it will be one of my very best pictures; that it is to be raffled for; the Dukes of Bedford, Sutherland, Devonshire, Lords Palmerston, Francis Egerton, Earl Spencer, and several of the nobility have taken shares.

I assure you I feel the times, and have had three commissions deferred till next year.

I begin my cartoon in a few days, 13 feet by 10—my new success! though, after being thirty-eight years before the world, after having educated some of the most distinguished artists, it is not quite just to give up six months on the chance of a premium, and fight the battle over again with those I have instructed. However, I suppose "I am born for whatever is arduous," and glory in it. It is my duty and must be done, or after the uproar I have made they will swear I flinched at the day of trial.

I am, dear J——,
Ever yours,
B. R. HAYDON.

My next relates to a remark on an "error of the press," as most writers call such things, but which Haydon did not:—

London, Nov. 15, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There is an old proverb, "When you are in the mud the more you stir the more ———."

You have demolished my classical repute, which was not very great before; and I deserve it, because it is the first time in my life I ever quoted a passage without *dissecting* it, and it shows the value of *anatomy* in everything. My last note made it worse. The amount of my Greek is simply that, by hard work and a Lexicon, I can construe any passage that bears on my point, if I have first hit on it in a translation. Now this passage I took from Emoric David. I made a classical friend copy it from Hippocrates, a friend you know, and except *οὐκ ἐννοῶν*, which he *separated*, and I never *looked out*, and ξ for ζ in *νομίω*, the passage stands as he sent it.

I am dreadfully annoyed, not at being found out to be careless and ignorant, but that I must appear assuming a disguise I had no right to, which is really not *my* character, as *you* know. It will be a warning to me in future, I assure you, and you have done me a great deal of good. Nothing remains in the mind if neglected. I was head boy at Plympton Grammar School, and read Homer with facility at that time; but the turmoils of my life have left nothing but a dreaming glimpse, which I occasionally revive for the sake of entering into a beautiful passage, but shrink from the classical drudgery of connecting lines, which, however useful etymologically, are disgusting poetically; in such prejudices a language slips from the mind; but then a man should not use it as if he knew it, and *here* I deserve your rap for my impudence, laziness, and neglect.

If you catch me again napping, cane me; but I'll not stir in future without being backed by both professors at Oxford and Cambridge. As they say in a murder, the truth is out.

I am, dear Sir,
Ever yours,
B. R. HAYDON.

At the Egyptian Hall, the exhibition of General Tom Thumb took hundreds of pounds, whilst Haydon's did not pay the rent of the room. He writes:—

London, May 20, 1846.

MY DEAR J——,—I found I was losing money every day; so I took advantage of an offer from a "Wonderful Lady" (another show) for the rest of the term, and marched off, bag and baggage, with colours streaming (not *FLYING*), drums beating, and three cheers for better luck next time. It is not the first time Tom Thumb has floored a giant! Is that bad? I am hard at work on "Alfred."

Yours always,
My dear J.,
B. R. HAYDON.

Alas, for the last example I may give, a short time before his sad death and in a fevered scrawl:—

London, Aug. 21, 184—,
14, Burwood Place.

MY DEAR J——,—In what do you wish me to *concede*? Would you have me give the lie to a whole life, for some 6 or 7 summers? As to my egotism—R—— was an egotist. The Duke is not, nor can Sir Walter.

Why? Because they were so *well* treated and their motives so appreciated; they are not obliged to make things square, to explain the justice of their own motives, and the injustice of their treatment. I was set upon, *without cause*, and revenged it. I did not begin, and did not know I could write till ill usage drove me to explain.

You should always remember different treatment at beginning would have made me a different man. Few have their best qualities drawn out by oppression.

For all I said I have *proof*—correspondence with all the ministers for twenty-five years.

Eastlake was my first pupil, though *that is denied!!!* though his letters prove it, and he is *but* carrying out my own views.

You remember the Cartoon Exhibition of my pupils, 1829, for you praised it. I do so, when I ought to concede. Let me hear your opinion and have your advice.

I am, dear J——,

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

ROBERT BELL.

About the same period as Professor Faraday, another long-tried worthy labourer, though in altogether a different line, passed from among his fellows in the fields of literature, and was, as he well deserved to be, honourably eulogised by his brethren of the pen. For he was a man of sound sense and solid literary acquirements, which he diligently employed on works of practical usefulness, independently of several productions of an imaginative nature. In his letters I have striking proof of his antagonism to malignity, and its misleading—for he was a thoroughly straightforward man; but in unison with my design, I prefer offering, though only a slight example of his general kindness of heart, a letter exhibiting his earnest desire to serve his struggling companions in the field of literature :—

MY DEAR J——,—I have read your article on poor Blanchard with deep interest, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you, as every friend of his ought to do, for the kind and genial spirit in which it is written. The very exhibition of such feelings amongst literary men is calculated to do good—to raise them above the low and miserable jealousies which sometimes creep into all pursuits, and to elevate their position both morally and socially. Your estimate of his character is admirable, and the whole record, full of heart and generosity, is worthy of the writer and his subject.

I have heard nothing more of any movement on behalf of the family, so that I take it for granted the matter is concluded,* so far as I am concerned, although I could have been of little service in promoting such an object. I must confess my feelings are deeply wounded at not having had an opportunity of testifying in any way my regard for the dear friend who is gone.

May all success wait upon your kindly and useful labour is the sincere wish of,

My dear J——

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT BELL.

Manor House, Chiswick, 27th February, 1845.

In his editorial capacity, I hope I may be allowed to add that Robert Bell bestowed conscientious pains-taking on his numerous works, especially his edition of the "British Classics." Historian, biographer, essayist, novelist, dramatist—in all departments of literature he was an industrious, honourable, respectable "man of letters."

DR. MAGINN.

I must make an exception to my theory of portraiture by Letters. So varied a character as William Maginn could not be delineated, even by a collection of his voluminous correspondence. A few glimpses are all we could catch of a man—a humourist, of great wit, extra-

ordinary learning,* and a singularly placid disposition. All the sharpness he had lay in his pen. His more estimable qualities were diffused throughout his life, manners, and conversation. To the latter, a slight impediment in his speech, as in that of Elia, often imparted an effect which off-spoken words could not have produced.

Respecting him I can only throw out a few brief touches. As a school-teacher in Cork, young Maginn began his literary career by some anonymous contributions to the "Literary Gazette" (then recently started), and corresponded under the signature of C. O. Crossman. How the anonymer came to be discontinued is rather an amusing anecdote. A draft on a Cork bank was sent to Cork, payable to Mr. Crossman, but there was no Mr. Crossman to receive it; and the subjoined letter affords a pleasing explanation of the circumstances :—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Tatam came home by so circuitous a route that your letter of the 17th ult. did not reach me until yesterday.

As he has told you who I am, I suppose he has also informed you of the nature of my avocations, in which case you will not, I think, feel much astonished at the irregular and interrupted nature of my correspondence with you. In fact, I am so completely occupied that I have scarcely time to do anything beside my business. I shall, however, send you a trifle occasionally.

I affected the mysterious, as you call it, on no other account, but that I felt that what I sent was so very trivial, I was unwilling to put a grave-looking signature to my communications. As, however, you have dealt so very frankly with me, and as you desire it, I shall conclude by assuring you, in my real name, that

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

11, Marlborough Street, Cork, December 18th, 1821.

Four months previous to this, however, a letter, keeping up the mystery, and still more characteristic of the *alibi* and *alias* humours of the writer (a practice largely indulged in by other contemporary contributors to "the press," as well as by himself), was received, which may be quoted among the incidental literary lights which peep out in such correspondence :—

SIR,—Your letter of the 6th of July came in due course, but I happened to be in England at the time of its arrival. This must serve as an apology for the very long delay in answering it.

I am quite aware of the trouble you must have, and should be very unwilling to increase it. You have quite misunderstood the meaning of my expression "writing in the dark." I intended to say by that phrase that I did not know what would be acceptable, and consequently was very often wasting my time and yours in sending you what would be of no use. I wished to know from you if there were any particular line in which you would direct me; and as I really like your journal very much, I should be happy in doing anything I could to serve you. I shall send you the trifles as usual.

There was no need of sending your name. Who could have told you that my name is different from my signature I know not; but I am acquainted with some wags who I am pretty sure will make use of that signature some time or other, to impose on you.

I send you two songs by a young lady; if worth anything print them.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

P. P. CROSSMAN.

Cork, August 13th 1821.

Engaged in "Blackwood's Magazine," and others in Edinburgh (as afterwards in "Frazer," in London),

* His knowledge of languages was almost worthy of the Abbé Mía. With the Eastern tongues he was familiar, being already a good classic; and I remember procuring for him, on the spur of some temporary move, all the books necessary for the study of the Swedish.

* Happily not needed.

the "*fun*" of hoaxing or mystifying had ample play; and, as he played at bowls, he had frequent rubbers. But as only one of them could be understood without a good deal of particular description, I shall conclude with a notice which touched myself, and showed a bit of the temper of my friend:—

DEAR JERDAN,—I have seen the "*Literary Gazette*" of last Saturday

Do you intend to enlist yourself in the business of libelling me, or copying those who do?

I ask merely for information; because if such be your design, it is a game at which two can play, and I hate being under an obligation to any man which I do not intend to return.

An answer will oblige,

faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Standard Office, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

Thursday.

Our misunderstanding was of very momentary duration; and I may say that though quite competent to sting, his use of the weapon was seldom waspish, and never ill-natured. No periodical writer has been more misrepresented by pseudo-biographers than William Maginn. His mystifying and hoaxing were good-humoured even when sarcastic, and no undue bitterness entered into his revenges, even when most provoked. His eccentricity was a constant source of pleasantry to friends, and no heinous offence to enemies.

WILLIAM UPCOTT.

I must afford a scrap to my old friend William Upcott, the great prototype of autograph collectors (a pursuit which, since his time, has grown into extraordinary magnitude), and a most vigilant inquisitor into muniment chests and family papers. He and his colleague, Mr. Ilbery, were the sub-librarians under Porson in the City Library, Old Jewry, and eminently deserve a memorial of grateful encomium for their attachment to their principal, and the unwearied care and attention they bestowed upon him, when sorrowfully needed, to the day of his death. Mr. Upcott's letter is, at any rate, a sign of character in the exemplar and promoter of what has become almost a fashionable or popular mania.

102, Upper Street, Islington,
January 12, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—When I last shook your hand a promise was made to look up some autographs for my old friend Mrs. Hutton, of Birmingham, which, I suspect, you have forgotten. I heard from her to-day to remind you. Do oblige me, and I shall at any time acknowledge the favour by doing what I can to serve you. In a few days I shall send her a packet. Devote half an hour in a *rummage*—let the produce of the search be left at Mr. Bunn, 10, Agar Street, Strand, who will convey the parcel to,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WM. UPCOTT.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE graphic reports in the newspapers lately, of the Duke of Edinburgh's sport in South Africa, have recalled my own humble experiences on the same field. Some points relating to the elephant in South Africa may interest naturalists as well as sportsmen.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly firearms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a

hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favourite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

The hunter, with his waggons equipped for the season's journey, like ships for a long voyage, with oxen numerous enough to supply the place of those killed by the tsetse, or poisonous fly, and as many horses as he can afford, to allow for losses by sickness, or casualties, or exhaustion in the chase, and with, generally, articles of barter, to fill up his cargo by purchase from the natives, reaches the country he has chosen for his hunting ground, and, having secured the friendship of the chief, or the confidence of the scattered natives, who flock readily to his waggons as soon as the object of his journey is made known, commences operations.

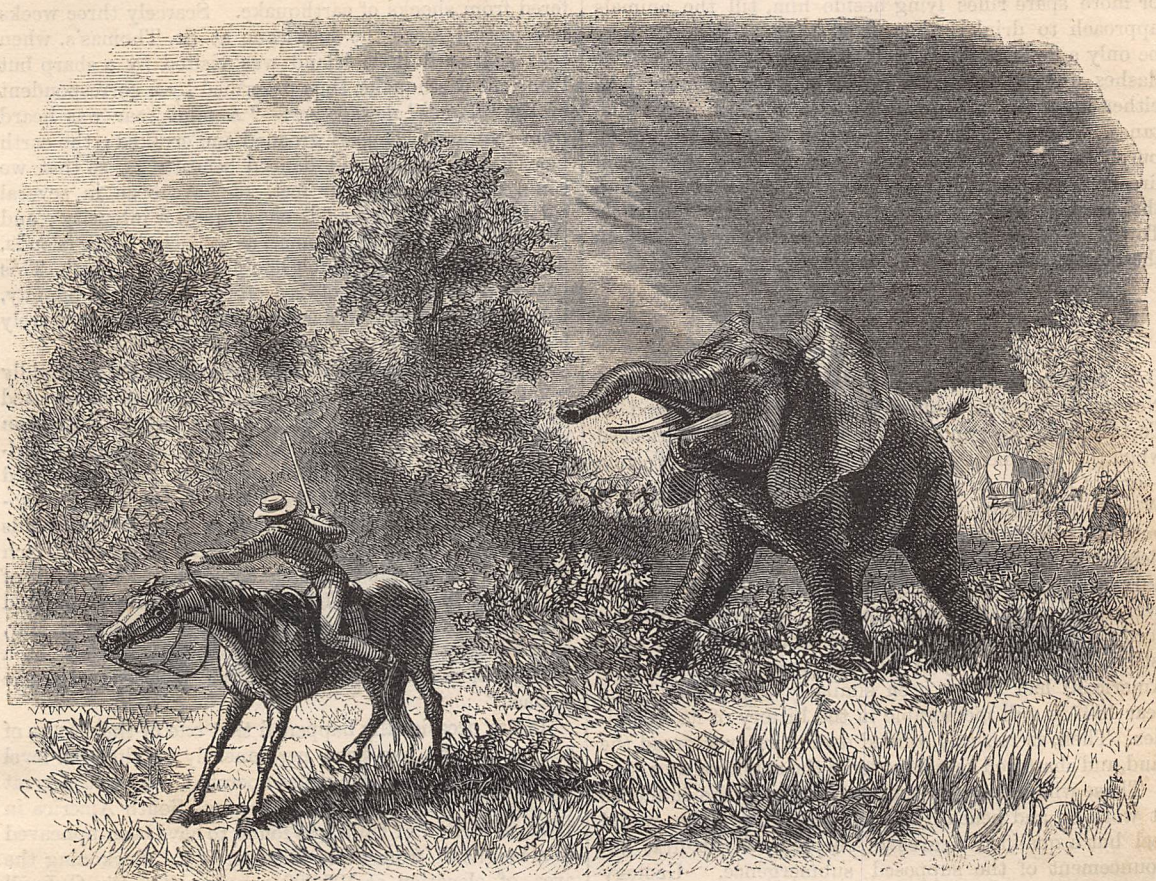
Scouts are sent out on all sides, and reports of spoor, or tracks, or of the most probable localities, are brought to him. Choosing those of the males as bearing the largest ivory, he follows, tracking them patiently for hours, sometimes for days, until he comes up with them and gives chase. The bull with the finest tusks is, if possible, selected, and by persevering efforts chased out and separated from the herd, each horseman, if there be more than one, choosing in turn his own victim, and not interfering with his comrades, unless it may be necessary to give them help.

Sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third—as one of my friend McCabe's hunters, Christian Harmse, has, I believe, frequently done—coming back again to take up the spoor and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralysed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wreaks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant, and draw the pursuit upon himself, trusting to the imperilled hunter

to recover the command of his horse, and come as soon as possible to his aid; or there is a chance, although a small one when such fury is excited, that the elephant may swerve and pass to either side.

at times too true; but it may be taken as a general rule that comparatively few animals are killed wastefully by Europeans. The professional hunter shoots for the ivory, and will not, except in cases of need, kill anything



A MOMENT OF PERIL.

Sometimes the hunter has to try the endurance of his horse in fair full flight; and many are the tales I have heard of hair-breadth escapes when the pursuing elephant, determined upon vengeance, has put forth his utmost speed, and the fugitive has at last gained ground enough to dismount and shoot his pursuer as he came up, or was fortunate enough to lead him past a comrade, ready with deliberate aim to bring him down. Sometimes, from loss of horses or the retreat of the herds into the "fly country," they must be followed on foot, and this is weary work. McCabe told me that once he and half-a-dozen friends had followed spoor all day, and had brought down their elephant by a running fusilade. Unable to move another step, the exhausted hunters leaned against the carcass, and thrust their fingers into the bullet holes to ascertain by the size of the orifice whose gun had given the fatal wound. While thus engaged the elephant planted one huge foot upon the earth and raised himself suddenly in their midst. Their activity was restored marvellously. They radiated in all directions, some catching up the guns which they had been too wearied even to reload; only one was ready to fire, when McCabe noticed that the elephant's eyes were closing, and that he was beginning again to sink in death.

Many persons, hearing of the number of animals killed by hunters in Africa, are apt to imagine them guilty of cold-blooded and useless slaughter. This is

but a "tusker," lest the natives who follow him should content themselves with the flesh and neglect to lead him to the animals he seeks. Sometimes he shoots more than they can consume, and finds them too indolent to cut it up and dry it; but more frequently it is a work of labour to keep the supply of meat up to the demand. The remote colonist, or the emigrant Dutch boer of the interior, knows too well the value of ammunition to throw it away wastefully. He goes out to supply his homestead; every animal he is able to shoot is carefully brought home, and the "huisvrou" exults in the prowess of her "man" if she can point to nine or ten "wilde beestes" or "bles boks" hanging in her larder. The true sportsman, who, like Captain Harris and many others, is a naturalist, a geographer, and an artist, has surely an object in view sufficient to justify him in rejoicing in his victory, when, after an arduous chase or exciting conflict, some mighty animal, seen perhaps for the first time, lies prostrate at his feet. Even where the higher qualifications I have named are wanting, the risk incurred is made the pretext to give the chase the character of fair play, and redeem it from the imputation of anything like cold-blooded slaughter. With the wasteful shooting of numbers, for the mere purpose of making a bag, I have no sympathy whatever.

In countries where elephants are less plentiful, low walls of stone are built by the water, or pits, to con-

ceal the hunters; or trenches ten feet long are dug, the middle being covered with stout logs that an elephant may pass over without breaking, and, well concealed by earth thrown over them, the ends are left open. Here the hunters watch or sleep by turn, each with one or more spare rifles lying beside him, till the animals approach to drink; when, from a few yards, or it may be only a few feet of distance, the deadly streak of fire flashes upward from the earth, and the creature falls either upon the spot, or retires to die at a short distance. By these or other modes of hunting, or by purchase from natives who have learned the use of firearms, the cargo of ivory is at length completed, and the hunter turns homeward to realise in Graham's Town, or other frontier markets, or in the Cape itself, the hard-earned reward of his labour.

SUBMERGED ISLANDS.

OUR readers will remember the sensation caused last November by the announcement that the island of Tortola had been submerged, and the relief experienced when the statement was proved to be incorrect. Tortola—one of the Virgin Islands, a cluster forming part of the West India Group—it was found had not been submerged, but the neighbouring island of St. Thomas had experienced a catastrophe only less disastrous. A fearful hurricane had burst upon the island, sweeping before it every object that lay in its course. Unhappily, such an occurrence was by no means unprecedented. The little island (until recently a Danish possession, but now American) had before been similarly devastated. The year 1837 is still memorable in the history of its calamities. Then, as recently, ruined dwellings overspread the land, and shattered vessels covered the neighbouring seas.

Those who have paid some attention to the influence at work on and beneath the surface of the globe, would feel but a qualified degree of surprise at the first announcement of the supposed submergence. Geology has done much to invert our notions of the relative stability of sea and land. The "ever-changing ocean" has been found to preserve a nearly uniform level;* while in relation to the land, which we are so accustomed to regard as the very type of fixity, the poet's words are amply verified—

"New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
The old descending, in their turn to rise:"

When movements of the earth's crust are spoken of, the majority of persons immediately think of earthquakes. But these terrific phenomena form but one class of terrestrial fluctuations, although the suddenness of their action renders them more conspicuous and impressive than agencies which are slow and gradual in their operation. They are closely connected with the phenomena of volcanoes. The latter may be defined as openings in the earth's crust, through which the products of igneous action make their escape into the atmosphere. As Strabo sagaciously remarked, eighteen centuries ago, they act as safety-valves for the gaseous and liquid emanations of the interior, and thus tend to diminish the violence of those convulsions which even now bury in ruins the proudest works of man, and carry the solid "earth into the midst of the sea."

Some two hundred volcanic vents have been observed in different parts of the world, but they are by no means uniformly distributed. Numerous regions have been mapped out by geologists as areas of volcanic action.

* Hugh Miller has shown that the sea-level is not absolutely unchanging, as some geologists have asserted.

The region of the West Indies is one of these areas, many of the islands being themselves the products of volcanic upheavals in past ages. A volcano in St. Vincent's poured out ashes and lava early in the present century; and Jamaica and St. Domingo have often suffered from shocks of earthquake. Scarcely three weeks had passed since the hurricane at St. Thomas's, when that shattered little island was visited by a sharp but transient earthquake, thus described by a correspondent of the "Times" newspaper:—"A faint roar was heard from seaward. Houses groaned and creaked; the earth heaved, and reeled, and danced beneath us, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. I have been in several earthquakes, but never felt one of greater intensity; and the inhabitants of St. Thomas, as well as of other islands, declare that they never felt one nearly so severe." This occurred on the 18th of November last; but, happily, the actual amount of damage done was comparatively slight.

That an earthquake should have followed so rapidly upon a hurricane, seems to support the view enunciated by some geologists, including no less an authority than Sir Charles Lyell. "Many of the storms termed hurricanes," he observes, "have evidently been connected with submarine earthquakes, as is shown by the atmospheric phenomena attendant on them, and by the sounds heard in the ground and the odours emitted. Such were the circumstances which accompanied the swell of the sea in Jamaica in 1780, when a great wave desolated the western coast, and, bursting upon Savanna la Mar, swept away the whole town in an instant, so that not a vestige of man, beast, or habitation, was seen upon the surface."

It has occasionally happened that one of the results of an earthquake has been permanently to alter the level of the district in which it has operated. After the great earthquake which visited the coast of South America in 1822, a portion of Chili was found to have been upheaved to a height of from three to seven feet. Reckoning the area of elevation at 100,000 square miles, Sir C. Lyell computes that this convulsion gave to the land an addition of fifty-seven cubic miles of rock. In 1837 the shore near Valdivia, more to the south, was elevated to an extent of eight feet. In February, 1835, Concepcion, another Chilean town, was thrown down, and the island of Santa Maria, distant twenty-five miles, was raised some nine feet. At Talcahuano the coast was raised about four feet in February, but appears to have subsided again to half that extent by the month of April.

In 1819 a large district at the mouth of the Indus experienced an extensive oscillation. One of the estuaries of the river was deepened in parts some ten or twelve feet. A tract of country, 2,000 square miles in extent, sank down, and the sea rushing in, it speedily became a vast lagoon. At the same time a neighbouring plain rose about ten feet, converting a long strip of level ground into an artificial mound fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen in breadth. A further subsidence afterwards took place in the year 1845.

It will be seen that phenomena of this kind, further illustrations of which might readily be adduced, are adequate to the production of extensive and terrible convulsions. Tortola happily was not submerged; but several authentic instances of the appearance and subsequent disappearance of islands in mid-ocean are on record. Volcanic eruptions and earthquake movements occur at sea as well as on land, and occasionally a submarine Etna or Vesuvius is seen to rise amid the watery waste, and rear its rocky crest, canopied with fire and smoke, above the surface.

To take an example not far from our own country:—Iceland is well known as a region of volcanic disturbance. In its neighbourhood a volcano burst forth in the year 1783, and produced an island bordered by high cliffs, while smoke and cinders were emitted from the interior. It was claimed by the Danish monarch, and dubbed *Nyöe*, or the New Island; but the sea reclaimed *Nyöe*, so that nothing remains but a reef of rocks some fathoms below the surface. Another small island was upheaved in the year 1830.

A volcanic cone appeared in 1811 near to the island of St. Michael's, one of the Azores, and gradually rose to the height of 300 feet; but it was in a short time washed away by the action of the waves.

A more noticeable instance is that of Graham's Island, thrown up in 1831 at a point in the Mediterranean some thirty miles from Sicily, and therefore within another well-known volcanic region. It seems to have risen gradually to a height of 200 feet, with a circumference of three miles. This was its maximum size; it then began to yield to aqueous action, and by the end of the year but a slight vestige remained above the sea-level. In a short time this also disappeared. Many islands, which are to us as permanent as the surrounding continents, exemplify the same structure, and point to the same mode of formation as the more transitory ones just alluded to. The Lipari Isles, north of Sicily, are of volcanic origin, and one of them, Stromboli, is still in a state of eruption, and has been so for ages; another volcano now emits only sulphureous vapours. This group was regarded in ancient fable as the abode of winds and tempests; and is celebrated by Virgil, at the opening of the "*Æneid*," as "the restless regions of the storm:—

"Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds."

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, and St. Paul's, in the Indian Ocean, exhibit a similar conformation.

Changes of level of a much more gradual kind than those which have now been detailed are in progress in some parts of Europe. The shores of the Baltic, it would seem, are undergoing a slow process of upheaval, while the western coast of Greenland is sinking; and doubtless, if observations were multiplied, these imperceptible movements would be found much more general than we might at first be inclined to suppose. These phenomena, at all events, form part of the great series of conservative and reparative agencies by which new land is continually being won from the ocean, and the balance of terrestrial nature maintained. Thus regarded, we gain an insight into the place and power of the earthquake and the volcano, and are able intelligently to recognise them as contributing to the "general good," though "partial evil" is incident to their operation.

SKATING IN HALIFAX, N.S.

DURING my short stay in Halifax, Nova Scotia, it was my good fortune to witness several very curious and certainly extraordinary sights. In January, 1859, we had, as usual, some very severe frost, but accompanied with heavy falls of snow, succeeded by rapid thaws and heavy rains. The wind afterwards shifted to the north, and then fell to a dead calm. The thermometers fell rapidly, until in the city they registered five degrees below zero, and in the citadel as low as fifteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The result of this alternation of

snow, thaw, rain, and frost was, that the harbour was completely frozen from the head of Bedford Basin to George's Island, a distance of about twelve miles. Twice was the harbour frozen, and on the second occasion the ice was formed as smooth as a looking-glass.

For the information of those unacquainted with Halifax Harbour, I had better state that it is about twenty-five miles in length, with a depth varying from five to sixty fathoms; it contains several large and valuable islands, and altogether ranks as one of the finest havens in the world; the rise and fall of the tide never exceeds six feet, and averages from three to four feet only. The city stands on a peninsula formed by the north-west arm and the harbour itself. George's Island lies at the end of this peninsula, and commands the whole harbour, southward from the city, being surmounted by a small but formidable battery. From this little island to the Narrows is about three miles; at the Narrows the waters are suddenly contracted from 1,500 to 200 yards, and then again suddenly expand into the basin—a truly magnificent sheet of water, being nine miles long and eight miles wide. At the time of which I write, the whole of this vast sheet of water was frozen to a depth of six feet, and from the Narrows to George's Island to four and a half inches; the latter, as I have before stated, was frozen as smooth as ice could possibly be.

On a Wednesday morning the large ferry steamer plying between Halifax and Dartmouth was compelled to stop on account of the extreme frost, for the ice closed up behind her as she passed along. At eleven she stopped running, and at twelve I crossed her track, so rapidly had the water frozen.

All Halifax was out on the ice, on foot or skates, or in little sleighs or sledges, or "coasters," as they are termed by the natives. The sight was a magnificent one: this huge sheet of ice, with thousands of people running, walking, or skating; ladies being dragged about on their little sleighs; and all life, motion, and gaiety; a bright sun overhead, the ice smooth, black, and starred with innumerable crystals; the dark-green fir-trees fringing the banks, and on the western side the city with its churches, steeples, and citadel: altogether it was a spectacle which once seen could never be forgotten.

One old gentleman told me that he had seen the harbour frozen two or three times, but never smooth enough for skating. Necessarily, the freezing of so large a surface of salt water must be of very rare occurrence.

At this time a great trotting-match was got up and held on the basin. There were twenty-four horses and sleighs entered for the match, each sleigh drawn by one horse only. It was certainly a singular spectacle to see a sleigh-race on the very spot that one was accustomed to sail over in the summer: the horses, with their jingling harness and gaudy trappings; the drivers, each with his distinguishing colour; crowds of gaily-dressed ladies and talkative gentlemen; sounds of merriment on all sides mingling with those of the sleigh bells.

It may seem strange that ice formed on salt water is much stronger and tougher than that which is formed on fresh water; that is, taking the same thickness of ice in both cases. I remember on that Wednesday morning, I and about a dozen of my friends were all standing together on the ice, chatting about the beauty of the weather and the fine skating, when one of the party suggested that we should try the thickness of the ice; we bored a hole, and found that it was only one inch and a third. On making this discovery we separated with as much alacrity as possible, each man skating in a different direction. A man may skate over fresh-water ice of only one inch thickness, but it will not support

him if he stops; he will then inevitably get a "ducking." The ice in the harbour did not last long, but soon became spotted with ice-swamps; that is to say, became in places soft and spongy, rendering it somewhat dangerous to skate upon. This liability to decay with age is the great defect of salt-water ice; for whereas fresh-water ice becomes thicker and stronger with every day's frost, salt-water ice, after five or six days of frost, becomes soft, muddy, and spongy.

Before the harbour ice broke up I had the pleasure of witnessing rather a novel spectacle from its glittering surface. The mail steamer arrived from England; we were sitting by the fire when we heard the signal guns. Down we ran, and on to the ice, to see her come up. There was a full moon, a cloudless sky, and the great black hull of the Cunard boat loomed blacker and huger than ever in the moonlight, as she forced her way up the harbour, the ice curling up her bows like spray, lights gleaming from masthead, paddle-box and saloon. All the wharves were crowded with spectators, who, like ourselves, had come down to see how the mail-boat would get on in four and a half inches of ice; she did not seem to mind it much after she first struck, but steamed up at about four miles per hour. One of the passengers told me that when she first encountered the ice she stopped dead; they feared she had gone on shore when she began to crash and pound up the ice with her paddles; all below thought that it was thundering, and ran up on deck to see what was the matter. The following day she went on her way to Boston. She had come in on the western side of George's Island, she went out on the eastern side, thereby making as wide a sweep as possible, and so cutting up the ice and clearing the harbour.

When skating was no longer practicable in the harbour we adjourned to the lakes on the Dartmouth shore. These lakes are very beautiful in the winter; the contrast between the dark-green fir trees fringing their banks, and the white gleaming snow, was very striking. On these lakes one could, if so disposed, skate for forty miles, with the slight difficulty of having to go on shore and walk at the junctions of the different lakes, where, the current being rapid, the water does not usually freeze; but during this winter even these little straits were frozen hard and fast. The Haligonian winter is supposed to be entirely over by St. Patrick's Day (the 17th of March), though, when I left on the 24th, there was still a foot of snow on the ground. But then the winter of 58-59 was an exceptional one in the annals of Haligonian, not only for its rigour but for its variety.

A WORD ON THE EAST WIND.

THERE was a time with most of us when we neither knew nor cared from what quarter the wind blew—when we had not the remotest conception that the direction of the air-currents could concern us at all. Those were the days of childhood's happy ignorance; when we knew nothing of the contents of the human thorax beyond what others chose to tell us; when lungs, and liver and heart, were things we sometimes heard mentioned, but did not trouble our heads about, having very vague notions of their existence; when the stomach was only known by its cravings, and the nerves were a mystery intelligible only to elderly people. A blissful state of things that, more permanent, it would appear, among our ancestors than with the average of mortals now-a-days. The first practical idea about the east wind that a young fellow gets hold of is that it is good for

sliding and skating, because it locks up the canals and streams, and covers the ponds and ornamental waters with practicable ice. We can well recall the eagerness and the profound interest with which we used to watch the weather-cock on the church tower in our skating days, and the mortification, not to say disgust, with which we saw the brazen indicator veer spitefully southwards.

As we grow older we grow more conscious of the mysterious machinery within us, and the atmospheric conditions without us, and of the marvellous and ominous sympathy there is between the two. But if we are in average health it is long before we begin to quarrel with the east wind. For a time we love to face it, and even take it to our embrace, feeling that it is a mighty breath, strong to build up the stalwart frame and renew the energies of youth. We revel in it, and, rejoicing in the freshness it brings, and the vigour it imparts, can repeat with pleasure Mr. Kingsley's rhapsody in praise of the east wind.

But by-and-by we find it rather too much for us—just a *little* too boisterous and rude; and though we hardly confess to that much, we catch ourselves shirking its proffered embrace, shunting ourselves to the lee side of available shelter when it blows hard, and buttoning up to the chin when it must needs be encountered. Still, we *can* encounter it, and get the better of it too, in a brisk walk or a gay canter along the open downs; and we do so occasionally, perhaps pluming ourselves on our hardiness. But it may happen that we do it once too often, or without sufficient care, and then the east wind gets a grip of our breathing apparatus, and shows that he is master, by consigning us to the bed or the easy chair, to a slop diet and teetotalism—to the hot mustard "foots." When a man, verging, say upon the fifth age of Shakespeare, has had one or two experiences of this kind, it is truly marvellous to note how learned he becomes upon the subject of the east wind. There is not the slightest occasion for *him* to look at the weather-cock for information; he has an index within him—a sort of weather-gauge—that tells him when it is coming, as sure as a gun; he scents it afar, even while sitting by his fire-side; can tell of its advent twenty, thirty, forty hours before its arrival; he will wake up in the night and say to his wife, "The wind is getting into the east," and, turning under the blankets, go to sleep again to dream of it and the plagues it may bring with it. He does not indorse the poet's invocation—

"Hail to thee, north-easter!"

Rather he dreads its approach, and only hopes to have done with it as soon as possible.

Here in London the east wind brings with it a characteristic shoal of phenomena more varied than agreeable. First, there are the swarms of ragged beggars dodging the police at every corner, and whining at you for coppers; or, in the guise of street traders, thrusting a box of lucifers in your face, and shiveringly begging for custom. Impostors, of course, you will say; and yet there is reality enough in their trembling frames, their half-clad limbs, their "looped and windowed raggedness," and the famine that gleams in their sunken eyes; for the east wind, that "whets the hunger of the pike," has whetted theirs; the fresh air, which is so good to raise an appetite, has raised theirs to the raging point, and they want the means of assuaging it. Then there are the frozen-out workers of various classes—the gardeners, with their symbolic vegetables borne aloft—the builders' labourers—the mudlarks, tide-waiters, and watermen of the Thames—on each and all of whom the east wind has laid an embargo, delivering them over for a time to the tender mercies of the public.

Now it is that the doctors are so busy, tearing about day and night in their broughams, or diving on foot into the back streets and slums, and doing battle with grim death in hand-to-hand combat. Now is business brisk and flourishing among the undertakers; for then

suffered even more in proportion, whole acres of tender plants and shrubs being destroyed in a single night, and that in many districts, the entire loss exceeding in amount, it was calculated, a million sterling.

The effect of a long-continued east wind upon our



MARCH WINDS IN TOWN.

the plumed hearse nods, and the black horses paw and prance along the hard roads to a profitable tune. How flourishing and how profitable is the sepulchral vocation, you may easily infer by examining the weekly reports of the Registrar-General, published in the newspapers. There you may chance to see that the weekly mortality, the average of which, in ordinary times, is something between eleven and twelve hundred, goes up, under the dominion of the east wind, in winter, to sixteen, seventeen, eighteen hundred; and if that dominion is prolonged, as it sometimes is, for months together, the death-rate may rise above two thousand a week, as it has done occasionally of late years. For do not asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and a whole alphabet of diseases come along with the east wind, and shear away the threads of life, and fill our grave-yards with the forms we loved, and our homes with mourning?

Terrible at some seasons is the effect of the east wind on the springing vegetation. Cider-makers will tell you of years in which an easterly blast of only a few hours' duration has swept off the apple-blossoms of an entire county, extinguishing all possibility of a crop. In the spring of last year the crop, both of apples and pears, was all but annihilated through whole districts in central and southern England. By the same visitation, the nurserymen and horticulturists

shipping is most deplorable. Independent of wrecks, which, if the weather is stormy, are sure to be numerous on our eastern coast, there is the accumulation of sailing vessels at the entrance of the English Channel, which, not being able to advance against a head wind, have to beat about from day to day, from week to week, and it may be from month to month, waiting for a change of wind which may enable them to run for their several ports. It is quite impossible for any man who has not gone through it to imagine the dreary depressing misery of this situation when it is greatly prolonged. There is the tantalising proximity of home, which you are unable to approach, though you may perhaps catch sight of it looming as a grey line in the far-distant horizon. By-and-by there comes a failure in the stock of provisions, and, worse still, in the stock of water, and you are put on short allowance just at the very time when, from the provoking sharpness of the weather, you want double rations. Then it may, and it probably will, come on to blow hard, and you have to run before the wind in the direction you don't want to go, and make for the offing, even though starvation be staring you in the face. It has happened, doubtless, ere now that many a good ship has gone down with all on board in this struggle against the head wind that shut her out from home; and we know that steamers despatched with water and

provisions to the relief of others have found their crews and passengers reduced almost to the last extremity by famine. It is a most gratifying sight, when the wind changes, to stand on some bold cliff to watch the cloud of canvas coming up from the western horizon, and to know that the thousands of brave enduring hearts who have so long done hard battle with the elements shall speedily find rest in the desired homes.

Of course the east wind, like everything else in nature, has its good and benevolent uses. Some of these we have hinted at already, and we are fully aware of the existence of others. We know that it is a wonderful agent in purification; that it is a wholesale destroyer of the insect pests infecting vegetation; and that, by locking up the land in the grasp of frost for a time, it renders it far more fruitful when the thaw comes, and helps to make that "March dust" which is "worth its weight in gold." We gladly accept all these, and other like commendable qualities which need not be mentioned here, as so many compensations.

But, my dear, I am feeling the old premonitory twinge among my corns; I do really think the wind is again getting round to the east. Just see about my lambs-wool hose, will you, and air me a woollen shirt; and, do you hear? look up my bear-skin overcoat, which stood me in such good stead last winter.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

II.

SCOTTISH Heraldry is particularly rich in historic interest. From the numerous anecdotes extant, concerning the origin of the grants of arms and armorial insignia, we select the following for the romantic incidents.

Early in the fifteenth century, as a husbandman, named Howison, and his son were returning from work with their flails, in the neighbourhood of Cramond Bridge, they observed some robbers attack a gentleman who was riding upon horseback, and whose social position was evidently one of high rank. The yeomen, seeing that the cavalier was being mercilessly treated, bravely tried to rescue him, and, although the assailants were numerically stronger, they succumbed to the vigorous blows they received from the Howisons' flails. The victim was much injured, and several wounds bled profusely. These the elder rescuer endeavoured to staunch, while the younger one ran home to procure a basin of water and a towel. On his return he bathed the injured parts, and subsequently held the basin while the stranger washed his hands. These services being rendered, the horseman announced to his astonished friends that he was King James I. (of Scotland), and had met with his misadventure in consequence of having strayed from his suite while on a hunting excursion. His Majesty expressed his gratitude to the Howisons in no measured terms, and, for the services they had rendered to him, he granted them the estate of Braehead by special charter, conditionally, that it should be held "servitium lavacri," a service that has upon several occasions been rendered to royalty by their descendants. And so recently as 1822, William Howison Craufurd, Esq., the then owner of Braehead, at a banquet given by the magistrates of Edinburgh to King George IV, presented to his Majesty a basin of water and a napkin, to enable the royal guest to wash his hands did he feel so disposed. In 1450 the grandson of the elder Howison, who was a burghess of Edinburgh, received a grant of arms, and, in commemoration of the bravery of his an-

cestors, supporters were also given, viz.:—two husbandmen clothed in blue, wearing the dress of the time, having bonnets on their heads, and being girt round the waists with belts, the dexter one having over his shoulder a flail proper, and the sinister one holding a basin and a napkin.

The above is not the only instance recorded of grants of arms being given for assistance rendered to Scottish monarchs on the hunting field. Apropos of this, the present Sir David Baird, Bart., bears as a portion of his arms a boar passant, and as one of his crests a boar's head erased, in commemoration of a service rendered by an ancestor, Baird of Auchmeddan, to William the Lion. It is related that this monarch, while hunting in a south-west county, wandered from his attendants, and, being much alarmed at the approach of a wild boar, called loudly for assistance. A gentleman named Baird, who had followed the king, arrived most opportunely, and, after a desperate struggle with the boar, succeeded in killing it. His Majesty showed his gratitude to his brave follower by conferring upon him a large grant of land, and the commemorative arms previously described.

The Cunninghames bear as their arms a shake fork sable, with the motto "Over fork over." The tradition respecting the origin of these is, that one Malcolm, the son of Friskin, assisted Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, afterwards Malcolm Canmore, to escape from Macbeth. Being hotly pursued, the Prince took shelter in a barn where Malcolm was at work. The royal fugitive having explained his danger, the husbandman proffered his aid, and, by forking hay or straw over him, effectually concealed him from the troops of Macbeth. On being subsequently awarded by the Prince the thanedom of Cunningham, Malcolm took as his name that of the estate, and assumed as his arms a shake fork. The chief line of this ancient family was subsequently represented by the Earls of Glencairn, the fifteenth and last of whom was the friend and patron of Robert Burns, who added increased lustre to the race in his beautiful poem the "Lament."

The Gordon family, represented by the Earl of Aberdeen, bear as a crest two naked arms holding a bow and drawing an arrow, in memory of their supposed ancestor Bertrand de Gourdon, who is said to have shot Richard Cœur de Lion while besieging his castle of Chalons, near Limoges, A.D. 1199.

The crest of the Grants of that ilk and Freuchie, is a burning hill, and their motto "Stand fast." The hill in question is that of Craigelachie, or the mountain of the cry of distress, situated opposite Rothiemurchus, in Scotland, and the fire refers to the fire that was lighted there when the chief wished to call the whole of his clan together in Strathspey, the seat of the Grants in Morayshire. The motto of the laird was "Stand fast," and the inferior chieftains re-echoed it to their troops as "Stand firm," "Stand sure," or in kindred phraseology. While alluding to the Grant family, we may mention the motto of "Jehovah jireh" (the Lord will regard it), borne by the present Sir Archibald Grant, Baronet, as being the only instance of a Hebrew motto existing in Scottish heraldry. The recipient of it was Sir Francis Grant, an eminent lawyer, better known as Lord Cullen, a senator of the College of Justice, and a hearty advocate of the Scotch Union.

Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, Baronet, bears as one of his crests two arms erect, issuing from clouds, in the act of removing a human skull from a spike, while above the skull is a marquess's coronet between two laurel branches. This peculiar ensign represents the removal of the head of James Graham, the gallant Marquess of

Montrose, from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where it had been placed after his execution, on May 21st, 1650, an act that was performed by a maternal ancestor of the present baronet.

The motto "Grip fast," of the Leslies, the head of whom is the Countess of Rothes, is generally said to have had its origin in an incident that occurred to the founder of the family, who saved Queen Magarite of Scotland from drowning, by seizing hold of her girdle when she was thrown from her horse while crossing a swollen river. She cried out, "Grip fast!" and afterwards desired that her words might be retained as her preserver's motto. A somewhat different interpretation is, however, preserved in the Leslie family, in a book printed "for private use" by Colonel Charles Leslie, K.H., who styled himself "twenty-sixth baron of Balquhain." In this volume it is stated that the founder of the family was Bartholomew, a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Magarite, A.D. 1067. He was much esteemed by King Malcolm Caenmore, whose sister he married. In his capacity of chamberlain to Queen Magarite it was his duty to accompany her Majesty in her journeys, and, as there were no carriages in those days, she rode behind him, upon horseback, upon a pillion. On one occasion, while fording a stream, the Queen slipped and nearly fell off, whereon Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast," and to which her Majesty replied, "Gin the buckle bide," there being only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt of the pillion, and also to the charge upon Bartholomew's arms, which had heretofore consisted only of one buckle on a band.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, a distinguished member of the Locard family, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied Sir James de Douglas to the Holy Land on a special mission to inter there the heart of the deceased monarch. After their return, Sir James de Douglas assumed as his arms a human heart, ensigned with an imperial crown—a charge that is still borne by the families of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch, etc. Sir Simon Locard also assumed as his arms a human heart within a fetter-lock, and changed his name to Lockheart, in which manner his descendants spelled it until within a comparatively few years ago, when the orthography was changed to Lockhart.

In the case of the Homes of Ninewells, Berwickshire, is found an instance of a charge in the arms having originated in the name of the family estate, whereon there exist nine natural springs. The arms in question are a lion rampant within a bordure, on which are displayed nine fountains, or wells.

The partially broken-down dyke, or wall, borne as a charge in the arms of the Grahams of Inchbrakie, refers to the destruction, by an ancestor, of part of the wall and ditch made by the Romans between the Forth and the Clyde, to keep out the Scots, and the locality of which is, even to the present day, styled "Graham's Dyke."

"Quæ amissa salva" (What was lost is safe), the motto of the Earl of Kintore, refers to the preservation of the regalia of Scotland by Sir John Keith, the first Earl; who, during the usurpation of Cromwell, buried them in the church of Kenneft, and pretended to have carried them to France, in consequence of which all search for them ceased.

The mottoes of the different branches of the Campbell family are, for the most part, very similar. The motto of the armorial bearings of the senior branch is "Follow me;" a significant one, that was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, laird of Glenorchy, and Knight

Templar of Rhodes. Several cadets of the family assumed mottoes analogous to that of this chivalrous knight. Thus when the chief called "Follow me," he met with a ready answer from Campbell of Glenfalloch, a son of Glenorchy, who replied, "Thus far," that is, to his heart's blood, which he illustrated by assuming as his crest a dagger piercing a heart. He of Achline responded "With heart and hand," and he of Achallader "With courage;" and while Campbell of Balcardine announced "Paratus sum" (I am prepared), he of Glenlyon was more cautious, and published as his motto, "Quæ recte sequor" (I follow the things which are right). A neighbouring knight, Menzies of Menzies, now represented by Sir Robert Menzies, in token of friendship also replied, "Vil God I zal" (Will God I shall), and a friendly baron, Flemmyng of Moness, answered the chieftain's call with the motto "The deed will show."

Our budget of Scottish anecdote is far from exhausted; but that we may not be considered as giving undue prominence to one country, we refer to incidents of an equally interesting nature that have occurred elsewhere.

Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams-Bulkeley, M.P. for Anglesey, bears as a charge in his arms three Englishmen's heads couped, which is a direct allusion to a signal victory gained by Ednyfed Vychan, chief councillor to Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, King of North Wales, in an attack made upon the Welsh frontiers by the English army under the command of the Earl of Chester. In this action he personally killed three of the enemy's chief captains or commanders, and was in future greatly esteemed for his bravery.

A sword and a thumb, which are the arms of the Hart family, of Sligo, are traditionally supposed to have had their origin in the undermentioned circumstance. When the fleet belonging to the twelve Milesian brothers was coming abreast of land, on the north coast of Ireland, the brothers contended among themselves as to which should reign over Ireland. They unanimously agreed that whoever first touched land should be king. But as they neared the shore, Art, one of the brothers, drew his sword and cut off his thumb, and threw it with the sword upon the land. At the same time his wife threw herself overboard, swam to shore, and with her dart killed a deer as it ran by. In allusion to the latter circumstance, a female and a stag are borne as supporters.

The founder of the Fortescue family was Sir Richard Le Forte, who protected William the Conqueror at Hastings, by bearing a shield before him. From this circumstance the French word "escue" was added to the original word "forte," and Sir Richard assumed as his motto, "Forte scutum salus ducum" (A strong shield is the safe guard for leaders.)

An owl, ducally gorged, the crest of the Fowlers of Staffordshire, is said to have originated from the vigilance of Richard Fowler, of Foxley, a crusader of the time of Richard I, who on one occasion saved the Christian camp from a nocturnal surprise, and for this service received from his royal master the honour of knighthood on the field, and was also ordered to assume as his crest the vigilant owl, in lieu of a hand and lure, which he had previously borne.

Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, bears, as a portion of his arms, a human leg, coloured black, and couped at the thigh. This is supposed to have been borne originally from the name of their ancestor, Gilmin Droed-tu, the latter word being interpreted as the Welsh for black leg.

The Clyntons, now represented by the family of Hig-

gins, of Eastnor, were formerly large landowners and yeomen in Herefordshire. Their crest, a wheatsheaf, and the motto, from the second Georgic of Virgil, "Patriam hinc sustinet" (Hence he sustains his country), are supposed to indicate that wheat, or agriculture, was the staff, or support, of the family.

According to the laws of heraldry, if in warfare any man take prisoner either a prince or noble, he is entitled to assume the arms of his captive, and such insignia will lawfully descend to his posterity. For illustration of this we may mention the arms of the Kynastons, who bear a red chevron on an ermine field, as descendants from Roger Kynaston, a Yorkist, who, at the battle of Bloreheath, near Drayton, county Salop, September 22nd, 1459, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, killed Lord Audley, the Lancastrian leader. Two years later, when the Earl of March ascended the throne, he knighted Sir Roger, and assigned to him the confiscated arms of the fallen Dudley. In a similar manner, when Sir Richard Waller, one of the heroes of Agincourt, took as prisoner the Duke of Orleans, he was permitted by King Henry IV to assume, in addition to his crest, a shield of the arms of the royal prisoner. And the Holmes, of Paull-Holme, bear the arms of the King of the Scots, who in 1346 was taken prisoner by their ancestor Sir Bryan Holme.

The Grosvenor family, the head of which is the present Marquess of Westminster, were originally "Gros Veneuro," or grand huntsmen to the Dukes of Normandy, and the talbot (or dog), which they bear for a crest, was the badge and token of their office.

The origin of the three crowns borne in the arms of the Leches of Derby is thus recorded: "One of this ancient family living in Barkshire in ye time of King Edward I^{urd}, entertained and feasted three kings in his house; one ye Kinge of England, ye Kinge of France, and ye Kinge of Scotts, which two kinges were at that time prisoners to Kinge Edward; whilst Kinge Edward, to requite his good entertainment and other favours, gave him three crowns, &c., which coate is borne by the name and family dispersed into many other countays."

From Llewellyn ap Ynyr (Lord of Yale) are descended the Lloyds, of Bodidris, and of Gloster, King's Co. They bear the arms of their ancestors, who shared with distinction in the victory gained against the English at Crogen (Chirk Castle) in 1115, by Owen Brogyntyn, Lord of Edeirnion, and other sons of Madoc, Prince of Powys-Padoc, under the command in chief of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. For his service in battle Llewellyn ap Ynyr had a grant of the township of Gelligynan, in Yale, with a coat-of-arms, conferred upon him, under the following circumstances. While in conversation with the prince, after the battle, Llewellyn accidentally drew his left hand, which was smeared with blood, across his sword, and left the marks of his four bloody fingers. The Prince, observing this, ordered that he should in future carry similar marks upon his shield.

"Jour de ma vie" (The bright day of my life), the motto of the West family, the head of which is Earl Delawarr, refers to the exploit of an ancestor who took John, King of France, prisoner at the battle of Poitiers.

As an example of modern heraldry granted for scientific attainments, we may mention the arms of Sir John Herschell, the celebrated astronomer, which are, on a mount, a representation of the forty-feet reflecting telescope with its apparatus, and the astronomical symbol of Uranus or Georgium Sidus, the crest being a terrestrial sphere, thereon an eagle with wings elevated, while the motto is "Cœlis exploratis" (Having searched the heavens).

Varieties.

LONDON FLOWERS AND LONDON CHURCHYARDS.—Do not say that flowers will not come up in London—look at the window-gardens of poor people, and at the wonderful things which, despite the smoke, have been done in the different parks during the last few years. Why, all last summer and autumn there were Cannas and Sarracenias, the dwarf palm and the castor-oil plant, and many other distinguished foreigners, freely naturalizing at the corner of Rotten Row. But our thoughts are not soaring to sub-tropical or costly gardening; we speak of the common hardy annuals, which cost no more than a penny or twopence the packet, and which will, with proper care and management, turn a bare unhappy plot of London soil into a place of beauty. And everybody knows that a little labour at the rake and hoe, water now and then, and half a cart-load of gravel, or sifted shells between the beds, will render the effect of the investment splendid. You do not want a large garden to produce it; nothing is so small as not to repay care with beauty. Where nothing else will grow, scarlet runners can; and if you saw for the first time the coral flowers and broad green foliage of the "poor man's vine," how you would marvel that it could ever be a bold and vulgar thing even to allude to such a cookmaid's vegetable! Where, again, will not the nasturtium thrive, with its blossoms of golden tissue, pale or ruddy, and its great flat leaves, which love the light so much, and turn so constantly to the sun? We say—and this brings us to the point—that there is no spot, even in dingy, smoky London, where something pleasant may not be done by the help of flowers. Why, then, when we are gardening everywhere, should we forget the dismal-looking churchyards, which might so easily be made bright and cheerful? Go down the Strand, go up Drury Lane, into the City, into the suburbs, anywhere about the metropolis, and note what melancholy spots those churchyards are. At little cost and trouble we might plant flowering trees and hardy shrubs which would make every churchyard in our great city a beautiful sight instead of an eye-sore.—*Daily Telegraph*.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."—*Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States*.

HOOKE'S DYING WORDS.—I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done! God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and he is at peace with me.

BANK RATE OF DISCOUNT.—From 1704 to 1814, a period of 111 years, there were but five changes from 4 to 5, and from 5 to 4 per cent. From 1815 to 1835 there were but three variations, the highest 5 and the lowest 4 per cent. From 1836 to 1843 there were eight changes, the highest point reached being 6 per cent. From 1844 to 1858 there were forty-nine variations between 2 and 10 per cent. From 1859 to 1863 we had forty-four changes, ranging from 2 to 8 per cent.; and in 1865 and 1866 there have been thirty variations from 3 to 10 per cent.—*Solicitors' Journal*.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



AN ABRUPT DEPARTURE.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XXI.—MR. ASTON RECEIVES AN UNWELCOME LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

OCEAN steam navigation was but a doubtful dream of the future at the period to which this history relates, and the sailing-packets of those days, though fleet vessels of their class, were more dependent upon wind and weather than the steamships of the present period. They were often days, and sometimes weeks, behind their time, and this happened to be the case with the

packet that was due at the date at which the present chapter opens.

Three months had elapsed since Henry Talbot had embarked for New Orleans, and his sister Mary—inasmuch as he had promised to write, if it were but a line, the moment he stepped on shore at New Orleans—was anxiously awaiting the news of his arrival. She made sure that the packet now due at Falmouth would bring the eagerly looked-for letter from her brother.

Mr. Aston (as I shall still designate him) had completely recovered his ordinary robust health, and had become so partial to St. David, and the new friends he

had found in the little secluded Cornish village, that he felt greatly inclined to make it his permanent home, though he was still doubtful whether it would be necessary for him to return to America to make arrangements respecting the vast property he possessed in that country, or whether he might not safely trust those arrangements to his son.

Nothing had been heard of the lost pocket-book or its contents, and, as the individual most concerned in the loss chose to be silent on the subject, no one else troubled himself in the matter. Mr. Sinclair and his friends, indeed, were of opinion that Mr. Aston secretly believed, as they did, that he had lost his pocket-book during his visit to Falmouth, the day before he was seized with his last attack of illness; but that, having asserted so positively that he had lost it in the village, he would not draw back from his assertion, and preferred that the affair should be forgotten.

Jemmy Tapley, who had been deputed to make secret research among the people of the village, completely exonerated the fishermen from any complicity with, or knowledge of the robbery; and if the old seaman had his own suspicions relative to the mysterious affair, he kept these suspicions to himself.

It has been already hinted that a suspicion had entered the mind of Mr. Aston that Henry Talbot had possessed himself of the pocket-book and its contents. He strove to banish this suspicion, but was unable to do so; yet—though less communicative than usual—he still continued to regard Mary with an almost paternal interest.

He received letters from America by every mail, and, as I have heretofore stated, always received these letters directly from the hand of the postmaster. He also expected that Mary would receive a letter from her brother by the packet now due, the arrival of which he looked forward to with no little anxiety, since he had made up his mind that in case Mary received a letter he would make the long delayed disclosure of his relationship.

He was, however, doubtful whether or not to acquaint Mary with his secret suspicion relative to her brother; and this doubt was the cause of much anxiety and uneasiness. The young man's subsequent return to the village seemed now to be but a confirmation of his guilt, since, knowing that the individual he had so cruelly and basely plundered was lying in an unconscious condition, he returned without the slightest peril of detection, while at the same time, in case of his victim's eventual recovery, and discovery of his loss, the fact of his return to the village would be regarded as a sort of presumptive evidence that he was alike innocent and ignorant of the robbery.

Mary was as yet unaware that Mr. Aston had met with any loss; and of course he acquitted her of any complicity with her brother, and held her entirely innocent. Could he have hoped that she could be kept in ignorance of the theft, and the circumstances under which it was committed, he would have remained silent on the subject. But he could not entertain any such hope. He, holding the suspicion he did, could neither speak of Henry as he had formerly spoken of him, nor could he feel himself justified in fulfilling the promises he had made to the young man to advance his interests in America; yet it would be necessary, if he disclosed his relationship, to explain to his niece why he had cast off his nephew. He felt that it would be a painful and delicate matter to acquaint a fond, unsuspecting sister with his suspicions, and he naturally shrunk from the unpleasant task.

The American packet arrived at Falmouth eight days

behind its time; and, as usual, Mr. Aston went to the town to receive his letters from the postmaster. An hour after his arrival at Falmouth he was seated in a private room in one of the hotels of the town, with a heap of letters and newspapers on a table by his side.

He had already read the letters from his son and daughter, and he now selected one, hap-hazard, from the heap.

It chanced to be from a merchant of New Orleans, with whom he had business dealings, and to whom he had written that a young friend (Henry Talbot) was about to sail for the "Crescent City," on board the ship *Amazon*, and to request the merchant to show the young man all the attention in his power during his sojourn in the southern metropolis. He opened the letter and read as follows:—

"New Orleans, December 10, 18—

"My dear Morton,—Your letter dated 10th Sept. came duly to hand. I regret, however, to inform you that the ship *Amazon*, on board of which your young friend Henry Talbot was, as per advice, to embark, was boarded and plundered by pirates in the Gulf of Mexico, on the night of the 4th inst.

"The pirates spared the passengers and crew from massacre; but they scuttled the ship before they quitted her, and at daylight in the morning all on board took to the boats.

"A hurricane shortly afterwards sprung up, and swept over the Gulf for two days with terrific violence; and, after encountering terrible hardships, two of the boats, with their crews, were picked up off the coast of Cuba, and were safely landed and hospitably entertained at Havanna.

"Four of their number, however, had perished during the hurricane, and the survivors were almost in a dying condition. Happily, however, all eventually recovered, and were sent on to New Orleans. From them we learn that four boats in all, all scantily supplied with provisions, quitted the ship only a few minutes before she foundered.

"The boats were separated during the hurricane, and there is little doubt that all on board the pinnace and the long-boat, numbering twenty-two, crew and passengers included, have perished. * * *

"I have just learnt, since the above was written, that one of the missing boats, the long-boat, has been picked up in the Gulf, *bottom upwards*. The pinnace, in which was the captain, several ladies, and your friend, is still missing; and, as she is said to have been the most deeply-laden boat, there is little doubt as to her fate. This is all the information we have yet received. * * *

"P.S.—It is of little consequence now; but why, my old friend, did you wish to pass with the young man by your wife's maiden name? It was one of your odd whims, I suspect. Poor fellow! it matters little now to him, whatever was your motive."

The letter contained other news, but Mr. Aston read no more.

Starting from his chair, he paced the room in a state of great agitation. Though he had not caused the accident, his conscience accused him. He had not given utterance to the words; but, more than once since he had suspected Henry Talbot, while his heart had yearned towards the orphan girl, his sister, he had thought that, if any accident were to befall her brother, his own difficulties would be removed—the trial he dreaded would be spared him. He had thought how then he would let his suspicions of Henry's dishonesty

sink into oblivion, and would avow himself Mary's uncle, and be to her a second father, for his own dear sister Mary's sake, and present her with a new brother and sister in his own son and daughter.

Now he bitterly blamed himself for having indulged such thoughts. All his love for the youth, whom he now believed to be beyond the reach of human judgment, of love or hatred, returned to him; and again it seemed possible that the suspicions he had entertained were without foundation. He would gladly have lost ten times the amount, could he have recalled the youth to life; and had he then stood before him and confessed his guilt, he would gladly have accorded him his forgiveness.

Then he wondered whether Mary had heard, by any means, of the sad fate of the Amazon, and he resolved to return forthwith to St. David, and visit her at her lodgings, where, if she had not heard the fatal news, she would be anxiously awaiting a letter from her brother, or perhaps, if the village letter-carrier had already been his round, would be wondering at, and sorrowing over Henry's silence.

Without waiting, therefore, to read the remainder of his letters, he thrust them in his pocket, and immediately returned to the village.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN WHICH MR. ASTON MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

THE letter-carrier of St. David had been his round, and had brought no letter to the farmhouse whereat Mary Talbot resided. It was late in the evening, and Mary was seated at the table in her own little parlour, wondering greatly at her brother's silence; sometimes blaming him in her heart for his carelessness; sometimes dreading lest some accident had occurred to prevent his writing.

"It is more than three months ago since he sailed," she thought to herself, "and he promised me faithfully that he would write me—though it were but a line—the very day on which he landed in America. Mr. Aston tells me that the voyage might have been made in four weeks, and would most likely not be more than five or six, and even were it six weeks, both ways, there has been more than time for me to receive a letter." Then she began to revolve the possibility of accident, and recalled what Mr. Sinclair had said, that sometimes, if vessels met with bad weather and suffered any damage, they put into one or other of the West India Islands to repair. "Perhaps," she continued, "that has been the case, and then Henry could not write. I will try to think it is so, and trust that the next packet will bring me a letter; but a month is a long time to wait in suspense. Poor dear Henry! I wish he had been content to remain in England."

These, and such thoughts as these, passed through Mary's mind; but though she strove to console herself, her pale face betrayed her serious anxiety.

Presently she rose, and, stepping to her writing-desk, brought forth the locket and chain her brother had given her for a keepsake.

"I told Henry I needed nothing to remind me of him when he was gone from me," she said, half aloud, as she resumed her seat; "yet, after all, I am glad that he gave me this, poor fellow. I only wish that *his* likeness was within it in place of the one that is there. Still, I am glad that I thought to clip a lock of his hair and place it inside."

She touched the spring, and the locket flew open and disclosed a lock of dark, curling hair, twined lovingly round the miniature within. She removed the hair,

pressed it fondly to her lips, and sat for some moments in deep dreamy reverie.

Presently she was startled from her reverie by the sound of a well-known voice in conversation with the mistress of the farmhouse.

"That is Mr. Aston's voice!" she exclaimed; "what can have brought *him* to the farmhouse at this late hour?"

Then she thought—

"Perhaps he brings news of Henry. He has been to Falmouth to-day. Perhaps he brings me a letter."

The joyous expectation restored the colour to her cheeks. The visitor was ascending the stairs towards her room, and with a beating heart she rose from her chair, sprang to the door, and, flinging it open, met Mr. Aston on the threshold.

"You bring me news of my brother?" she cried.

Then, bethinking herself of the trinket which lay upon the table, and ashamed lest Mr. Aston should witness her sisterly affection, and deem it foolish weakness, she turned back quickly to conceal the hair and remove the locket.

Mr. Aston, however, had already caught sight of the trinket, and had fancied that he recognised it.

"I have not exactly brought news *from* your brother, my dear Miss Talbot," he had commenced to reply to Mary's impulsive question, feeling keenly the painful difficulty of the task he had imposed upon himself, when his utter astonishment on perceiving the locket upon the table (his attention having been especially directed towards it by the young lady's sudden movement), and the still more painful suspicion which flashed to his mind, caused him for the moment to forget the purpose of his visit.

"Ha! what is this?" he exclaimed, advancing to the table before Mary could reach it, and taking up the locket. The flush of joyful anticipation that had risen to the young girl's cheeks deepened to a blush as she hesitatingly replied—

"It is a locket—a keepsake that Henry gave me on his last visit, a few days before he sailed."

Mr. Aston stood gazing into her face with a strange look, that surprised and somewhat frightened her.

The tone in which he had questioned her was different from his usual voice, and his manner seemed altogether so strange that, coupling with it the unseasonable hour of his visit (in fact, it was the first time that he had ever visited her at her lodgings), she began to fear that his intellect was affected, or, though she had never seen him in such a condition, that he had taken too much wine.

He, however, had turned his gaze from her, and was now occupied in closely scrutinising the locket and the miniature within it; and, forgetting her momentary alarm, in her anxiety about her brother, she repeated her question—

"Do you bring me news of Henry? I have been so anxious," she went on. "I knew that the packet had arrived, and, as I knew you had been to Falmouth, I thought, I hoped, that you had brought me a letter."

Mr. Aston's heart would have been filled with pity had he at that moment looked into her face, and seen the earnest, pleading expression of her eyes, and marked the anxious tone of her voice.

He, however, had misunderstood the quick movement to gain possession of the trinket, and the deep blush that had dyed her cheeks with crimson, and the marked hesitation in her reply to his question, and he suspected that her apparent anxiety was feigned, to withdraw his attention from her brother's keepsake.

Without raising his eyes, he replied, as she fancied, somewhat harshly—

"I said I had *not* heard any news *from* Henry;" and presently added, "So your *brother* gave you this?"

A mingled feeling of shame, vexation, and anger now took possession of her. She suspected that he fancied that the locket was a *gage d'amour*, and she felt that, even if it were so, there would have been no harm in her possession of such a pledge—though she would not willingly have shown it to *him*; and that, under any circumstances, his conduct was rude, and almost insulting.

"I have told you, sir, that it was given to me by my brother, as a keepsake," she replied.

"Hem!" ejaculated Mr. Aston. "It is a costly keepsake for a youth like Master Henry to have bestowed. I should have thought he had better have kept the little money he possessed for other purposes. Perhaps, though, he found himself unexpectedly in funds before he sailed?" and as he said this he looked again into the young girl's face.

Mary Talbot felt that this was unpardonably rude and insulting on the part of her visitor, who, though he had shown kindness both to herself and her brother, had no authority to question her relative to their own affairs, or to find fault with their expenditure; and her neck and brow, as well as her cheeks, now flushed—not with shame, but with anger—as she replied—

"I know not, sir, by what right you come here at this hour of the evening to question me about what only concerns Henry and myself. I confess that I needed no *souvenir* to remind me of my brother, and that I thought the gift a costly one. Henry, however, had his own reasons for presenting it to me; and, moreover, he did *not* leave England in such a penniless condition as you appear to imagine. He had more than two hundred pounds in his possession!"

"Two hundred pounds!" ejaculated Mr. Aston.

Mary fancied, from the manner in which he interrupted her speech, that he intended to impugn her veracity.

"I tell you, sir, my brother had two hundred pounds, and more, in his possession when he sailed from Southampton," she went on. "You seem to doubt me. I saw four Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each. My brother himself showed them to me, and these were unchanged when he embarked."

Mr. Aston stood for a moment silent and thoughtful, looking intently into the flushed face of the young governess. Then, as if he had made up his mind how to act, he placed the locket—which, during this brief colloquy, he had retained in his hand—on the table.

"Perhaps I have no right to question you, Miss Talbot," he said. "But I would recommend you to be very careful of your brother's gift. Keep it locked up, and don't expose it to *others* as you have done to *me*, or you may chance to lose it. That might be unpleasant." And with this, without even bidding the young lady good-night, he quitted the room and left the farmhouse.

"Can it be possible that she was an accomplice in the base, cruel act of plunder?" he asked himself, as he journeyed homeward, his thoughts so much occupied with what he had so unexpectedly seen and heard, that he had, for the time being, altogether forgotten the object with which he had hastened to the farmhouse immediately on his return from Falmouth. "How, otherwise, could he have accounted to her for the sudden possession of so much money?"

He was now perfectly convinced in his own mind that Henry Talbot had basely taken advantage of the sudden attack of illness with which he had been seized, to rob him of the money which he had expressly drawn

from his banker, and had that morning placed in his pocket-book as a parting gift to the young man himself. Whatever doubts he had hitherto had—whatever determinations he had made since he had heard of the loss of the Amazon, to banish his former doubts—all now passed from his mind. He felt as fully assured of Henry Talbot's guilt as he could have been had he witnessed the act of plunder.

Until now, amidst all his doubts and fears, he had held Mary blameless. An hour earlier he would not have believed it possible that she could be cognisant of the crime, and now he felt satisfied that she was, in one sense, as guilty as her brother.

"What meant the sudden movement from the door to regain possession of the trinket? What meant her evident shame and embarrassment, when, before she could regain it, I had seized it from the table? Why should she be ashamed of a *souvenir* presented to her by her only brother? And why, when driven to bay, did she so passionately stand on her brother's defence before I had accused him of wrong-doing? What could all this mean but that she is a party to the crime?"

These questions, and others of similar purport, Mr. Aston put to himself as he walked homeward; and he now believed that the brother and sister had arranged some plan to account for the possession of the money, in case suspicion should fall upon them. The hardihood in crime that such a course of proceeding implied, especially on Mary's part, shocked and terrified him. It appeared incredible that a young girl, so apparently pure and guileless as she, could be so base.

Then he asked himself what was the right course for him to pursue. He had no thought of exposing either the brother or sister. But was it right on his part to permit Mary to retain her present situation? Was it not his duty to acquaint Mr. Sinclair, who had implicit trust in her, that she was unworthy of that trust? And yet, by so doing, might he not drive her deeper into crime? Perhaps she herself abhorred the crime, yet sought to conceal her brother's guilt; and perhaps, after all—and this he earnestly hoped *was* the case—she believed some story that her brother had trumped up, and was herself really innocent.

If she had not evidently endeavoured to conceal the locket, he would have believed this; and still, Henry might have given her some reason for so doing. He might have told her not to let any one in the village see the keepsake he had given her. Did not she herself confess that she had thought it too costly a gift for one in her brother's position to bestow?

He tried to believe that this was the explanation of her evident trepidation of manner; and thus questioning himself, and mentally replying to his questions, he arrived at Cliff Cottage.

His mind was in a too perturbed condition to permit him to arrange his thoughts, or to decide upon any mode of action that night. The painful news he had heard in the morning; the anxiety he had suffered during his return home from Falmouth with the intention of breaking the sad intelligence to Mary, and then acknowledging his relationship to her, and endeavouring to comfort her in her bereavement; and the painful discovery he had so unexpectedly made on his visit to the farmhouse, which had for the time being driven all other thoughts out of his head, had altogether unnerved him; and as soon as he reached home he went to bed, in hope to find relief from his grief and anxiety in the forgetfulness of sleep.

And poor Mary. He had left her very unhappy. For some minutes after his abrupt departure, the

indignation she felt at his strange conduct overpowered all other feelings. Unless he had been indulging too freely in wine, she could not account for it; but she had never known him to indulge—never heard that he was in the habit of indulging in drink. In vain she sought to conceive any motive that he could have had for his unseasonable visit, unless he had come, as she had at first anticipated, to bring her some news of her brother; and yet he had gone away almost without referring to Henry, except in connection with the keepsake which had so completely absorbed his attention.

She felt annoyed—grievously hurt at his singular behaviour, but it was utterly unaccountable to her; and after a while the anxiety she felt respecting her brother, which Mr. Aston's visit had temporarily banished from her mind, returned with redoubled intensity. She could not help thinking that Mr. Aston knew something respecting Henry that he had not told her. She wondered, again and again, why her brother had not written to her, or whether the ship had been really delayed on her passage. She tried to hope that the latter was the case, and that the *next* mail packet would surely bring her the expected letter and relieve her of her doubts and fears.

At length she rose, and replaced the locket and chain and the precious lock of hair which it contained in the secret drawer of her writing-desk, where she had hitherto kept it; and, having read a chapter from her Bible, and knelt longer than usual at her devotions, and prayed earnestly for support, through whatever trials might be impending over her, she too sought rest.

Neither she nor Mr. Aston, however, found the forgetfulness they sought in sleep come readily to weigh their eyelids down. Painful thoughts long occupied the minds of each, and when slumber came at length, it came laden with troubled dreams, and morning dawned and found them little refreshed.

Some days elapsed before Mr. Aston and Mary Talbot met again. Mr. Aston then came to the schoolroom with the rector and Mr. Sharpe; but though he returned her salute, Mary could not help remarking that he sought to avoid her. His manner was evidently constrained; and yet at times—and this was still more painful and inexplicable to her—she caught his eyes turned towards her with an expression in which—as she fancied—aversion and compassion were singularly blended.

As is too frequently the case in this world, a misconception of the feelings they each entertained towards the other, was to both a source of annoyance, pain, and anxiety. A few words of explanation on either side would not only have sufficed to remove their mutual estrangement, but would have bound them together in the closest bonds of friendship and affection.

The words were not spoken, until one, at least, had endured much suffering which might well have been spared to her.

How often, among those whom we ourselves have known, has a misconception of feelings, or a misconception of motives, separated for years, and sometimes for life, persons and families, who, had they known each other's secret hearts, would have lived in the mutual interchange of the kindest feelings!

STREET TUMBLERS.

In most of the suburbs and outskirts of London, the street tumblers, athletes, acrobats, and performers of feats, both muscular and sleight-of-hand, make their

appearance soon after the spring showers, when warm weather is about setting in. They announce themselves, as Punch and Judy do, by banging a big drum with remarkable emphasis, and accompanying it with just a few bars of an improvised air on the Pandean pipes, intended to wake up the neighbourhood. The appeal is recognised far and wide, and is no sooner heard by that section of humanity who delight in gratuitous amusements, and are always on the look-out for "stray gifts to be seized by whoever shall find," than they are surrounded by a flock of interested spectators, quite ready to appreciate their activity and skill. The performance invariably begins by the ceremonious spreading of a small remnant of stair-carpeting in the centre of the road or open space, an operation which takes up a great deal of time, and seems to be regarded, both by the operator and the lookers-on, as an important and mysterious affair. At the same time, another and far less ceremonious member of the company is engaged in clearing a ring, which he does by swinging a stout rope armed at either end with a heavy ball of brass, with which balls he makes play at the heads and toes of the crowd, and compels them to occupy the position assigned to them. What takes place when the carpet is duly spread and the ring is cleared, will of course depend upon the accomplishments of the members of the company, and their willingness to exhibit them in return for the encouragement they receive. The exhibition proceeds on the excelsior principle, beginning with small things, and going on with greater and still greater as the coppers pour in, until the grand climax of all is reached, and the performance is at an end. But you may note that, as a general rule, the climax never is reached, because the coppery shower never is profuse enough to meet the expectations of the performers, so that an abrupt conclusion is what usually takes place, and the sudden migration of the company to some other spot. Ill-natured spectators, especially those who contribute nothing, are apt to say that the grand climax is all a hoax—that the sword three-quarters of a yard long, which lies on the carpet ready to be swallowed when the coppers amount to three-and-nine, never *is* swallowed at all; or that the small donkey who waits there so quietly ready to go up the ladder, and be balanced on Signor Mokoni's hairy chin, never did go up the ladder in his life, and never will. We don't know anything about that, having ourselves never witnessed a completed performance, owing to the lamentable want of generosity on the part of the populace.

Meanwhile there is no denying that, climax or no climax, a good deal is done. The signor squats like a Turk, and lets fly a number of golden balls which he takes one after another from the pocket of his tinselled jacket, until his head is seen bobbing about beneath an ever-changing dome of the glittering globes, which, as fast as they fall into one open palm, are propelled to the other and sent circling again. Then the balls are changed for a set of gleaming bowie-knives, which are sent on the same rapid circuit, and whose shining points come in fearful proximity to the operator's temples. Then the signor folds his arms and takes breath a little, while a comrade goes through a series of peg-top manoeuvres—spinning the top, whirling it in the air, catching it on his back, on his head, on the nape of his neck, on the sole of his shoe, or wherever else he chooses, and finally, ere it has ceased to spin, balancing it at the end of a long reed, upon his nose. Then you have gymnastics by a couple of youths who, joining hands and feet, roll round the circle so rapidly that one is not to be distinguished from the other; then they separate and turn no end of

somersaults, and walk and run and frolic indifferently on their heels or their heads, or embrace their own necks with their legs, while they hop about like fabulous birds upon the palms of their hands. When the signor has breathed awhile, he lies down on his back, turning the soles of his feet to the sky, and upon them is laid a long pole which he sends flying aloft and catches again as it comes down, keeping up the game to the tune of the big drum and pipes until you have had enough of it. Then the pole is flung off and one of the youths springs upon the upturned sole, where for a time he is pleasantly kicked from one foot to the other, rising higher and higher in the air at each succeeding kick, and finally performing a double somersault in his passage to terra firma. The signor now chooses to get up, but of course he does not do it as an ordinary mortal would; keeping his arms still folded, he prefers to pick himself up without the use of his hands, and he does it by sheer force of muscle. Then you shall see him planted firm on his feet, while a comrade as tall as himself leaps upon his shoulders, where he also stands erect and firm, while one of the youths swarms up the bodies of the two, and, standing on the shoulders of the second man, looks down from a height of some fifteen feet. Thus loaded, the signor walks about with a grand air to a martial tune, indulging his upper storey with a private view into the attics of the surrounding dwellings. After this, if the coppers are forthcoming, you may see some conjuring tricks; and, if you like to participate, you may even assist in their performance. You may have, for instance, a huge padlock taken out of your waistcoat pocket and firmly fastened in your jaw; or, objecting to that sort of dentistry, may see a quart of ale pumped from your elbow; or you may lend your handkerchief to the signor, who, unfolding it before your eyes, will show you that it contains half-a-dozen new-laid eggs. Various other tricks are performed, none of a very recondite kind, such as go to make the reputation of the far-famed wizards who astonish the world of fashion, but clever enough to startle and amuse the populace.

What is the origin of these amusing vagabonds? Where do they all come from when the season for their annual appearance sets in? How do they live? and where do they live in the winter? and what becomes of them when years steal upon them, and feats of activity and strength are out of the question? We shall endeavour to answer these questions *seriatim*. There is no question but that the most accomplished of these out-of-door professors have been trained to the business from infancy, and do but follow the vocation of their sires. This is shown to be the case by the extraordinary pliancy of limb and suppleness of joint which many of them possess and will retain up to middle age. They could never acquire the capability of twisting themselves into the shapes we sometimes see them assume, if they did not begin young, and they only learn it as children by constant and often very painful practice under the direction of their parents, or proprietors—by which latter term we mean to intimate the unpleasant fact that promising children are not unfrequently surrendered by their parents, for a consideration, to trainers who speculate upon making a profit out of them. On the other hand, there are numbers who take to this sort of industry—if industry it can be called—from a real liking to it; while there are also not a few who are driven to it by necessity. Of this last class are the poor street outcasts of London and other great cities, who begin by running and tumbling for halfpence after omnibuses, and end by joining, in the humblest capacity, some wandering

gang of street-strollers, with whom they work their way upwards as they best can.

To account for the appearance of the tumbling fraternity with the advent of summer, we need only revert to the necessities of their lot, which controls, and must control, the routine of their life. Performing their feats, as they are compelled to do, in garments too thin and light to afford them protection against rough weather, it would be madness in them to expose themselves to it, and therefore they never do if they can help it. They have a prudent fear of rheumatism, an attack of which would put an end to their occupation; and you may observe that after their performances they are always careful to cool themselves gradually, and will don cloaks or overcoats against the slightest shower of rain. Up to the time when we see them first in the streets they have been performing under cover—in barns, in dancing-booths, in public-houses, in travelling shows and circuses of small note, in penny theatres, and in migrating caravans, where their feats are of use in supplementing the attractions of a dried crocodile, a fat boy, or a calf with two heads. They take to the road in summer with the view of making a little more money than they can do in such engagements; and they gravitate towards London in the first instance, because the races, which come off at no great distance from London during the summer months, afford the most promising field for their exertions. On the racing downs they sometimes endure enormous labours and fatigue: they have been known to walk from London to Epsom in the early morning, starting before dawn—to be active throughout the whole day, with just an interval during the running of the horses, and at night to bivouack in an extemporised tent, or under the lee of some bank or sheltering wall—and to resume their avocations with unabated vigour on the following day; and so on until the carnival of the race-ground is over.

It is a prevailing notion that this class of men are intemperate and besotted, and spend their gains chiefly in drink. As a rule, nothing can be farther from the fact. A man who was given to drinking would speedily come to the end of his career as a gymnast or tumbler: he would lose firmness of muscle and strength of nerve; would drip with perspiration under exertions which the man in good training would make with perfect coolness; and in the end would be cast off by his comrades in their own self-defence. There are exceptional drunkards, of course, among them, who by strength of constitution last for years, but they come to grief and disgrace sooner or later. The expenses of a travelling company are not, judging from observations we have made, very enormous. There is generally a managing wife among them, who looks to the preparation of breakfast and supper at their quarters for the time being—the midday refreshment of the troop being taken as opportunity may serve. They do not appear to be at all choice, when on their travels, in the matter of lodgings. Some time back, while accompanying an inspector in his survey of a crowded lodging-house, we came upon a small room in which was a single bed; the occupants were a company of street tumblers, to the number of six; two lads occupied the bed, while the other four lay on the ground amidst their properties, all of them being fast locked in slumber, which our rather noisy intrusion failed to disturb.

When autumn comes on, heralding the approach of winter, these professionals begin to look out for some cover in which to hibernate; nor, in these days of popular amusements and recreations of all kinds, have they very far to seek. Many of them return to the

travelling shows, which find their harvest in the fall of the year by attending the mops and statute hirings, and the numerous fairs for the sale of farm produce of all kinds, which then come off. Many more contract engagements with publicans and the proprietors of music halls, where their performances alternate with those of the musical soloists and public singers. Numbers not so well qualified make their appearance on the stage of the "gaffs" and penny theatres in the low districts of the metropolis; while not a few get up independent exhibitions of their own in some poor neighbourhood—their stage being, perhaps, a room in the rear of a huckster's or marine-store-dealer's shop—where a dress-box ticket costs threepence, and pit and gallery are open at proportionate prices. Now and then the street performer gets a winter engagement at one of the London theatres, where he is generally taken on with the express condition that he accepts any kind of "business" it may suit the manager's convenience to assign to him. Hence it comes to pass that playgoers may see the Signor Mokoni blown into the air by the springing of a mine in a war spectacle—swinging by his legs from the sails of the mill in the "Miller and his Men," knocked about as an ancient "Charley" in a farce, or staggering about as decrepit pantaloons in a pantomime.

The most serious question of all, and the saddest to answer, comes last: What becomes of the tumbling professor in his old age? There are few prizes in this department of the lottery of life. The whole of the records of muscular greatness furnish very few Blondins and Leotards, and only one Belzoni: the million failures find no record, because no man cares about them. Old age, or what is tantamount to old age, steals upon the performing athlete much earlier than it does upon ordinary men, simply because an infirmity which would be no bar to the pursuit of ordinary avocations is often fatal to his. A touch of rheumatism, a liability to cramp, the straining of a muscle, the sprain of a sinew—any one of these may lay him on the shelf for a time, and if either should occur when he is past his prime, it is more than probable that he is laid by for ever. Men of this class are never willing to admit that their powers are failing, and often bring about the evil they fear by affecting to despise it. A man who should lie by to recruit, will go on violently exercising himself to avoid the suspicion of infirmity, which would be damaging to him; by-and-by his powers fail him of a sudden; he "misses his tip," as it is termed, that is, he trips or breaks down in performing the exploit which he is advertised for, and unless he can recover himself and perform it on the spot, it is all over with him—the beginning of the end of his career has come. Careful men take all possible pains to stave off this woeful crisis as long as they can: they drink sparingly—they diet themselves—they husband all their strength for the performance of the duties required of them, and resort to bathing, friction, poulticing their joints, and anointing themselves with "nine oils," and various other medicaments and devices for retaining the forces and elasticity of youth, which, last as long as they may, will desert them but all too soon. Many a man, after he is worn out himself, will retain a position in the company to which he is attached, on account of his child or *protégé*, whose clever performances bring money to the concern. In such a case he is seen no more in the arena, but is employed in some other way, as carter, stableman, bill-sticker, or general factotum, doing whatever is to be done for the common good. It is not an unusual thing for the street athlete, when his strength fails him, to turn peripatetic tradesman. If he have saved a little capital, and can

start a horse and cart, he does not make a bad figure as costermonger; and, as such, generally thrives. Wanting the means for such an outfit, he will push at a handcart, or carry about his stock on his head. His greatest enemies in either case are his nomadic habits and love of change, which are apt to interfere with his success, and reduce him to sad straits. Under the most disastrous circumstances, however, you never find him voluntarily resorting to "the house" as a refuge. All his habits and predilections are dead against that. If he is carried thither in his hour of distress and helplessness, it is in all probability to escape from duress by a speedy death.

That the life we have been describing must have special charms for those who follow it there can be no doubt, looking to their evident freedom from care and their customary good spirits, and to the fact that the march of science and the schoolmaster does not appear to diminish their numbers. What these charms are, however, one can hardly declare with certainty. It may be that certain temperaments find their fullest gratification in such a life; and that the admiration and popular applause that follow on success are an ever-present and agreeable stimulus, outweighing its inseparable hardships. Then we must remember there is a chance of a splendid reputation and enormous gains, which any youthful aspirant may hope to attain; and that this possibility, like a hundred-thousand-pound prize in a lottery where thousands venture, though but one can win, cannot fail of its attraction. On the moral bearings of the subject we need not here touch:

THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION OF INDIA.

BY REV. ROBERT HUNTER, M.A., LATE OF NAGPORE.

INDIA is in the main an agricultural country, and the great mass of its people are more or less directly engaged in the cultivation of the soil. "Happy peasants!" some one may be tempted to exclaim, "who draw from the unreluctant soil of fertile India abundance wherewith to satisfy their wants; who care not for politics, and never trouble themselves to inquire who rules in the imperial palace, or who ceases to rule, feeling that they are too obscure to be worth the notice of a tyrant, and that they may therefore pursue their tranquil course, whatever revolutions may rage in high places, much as the poetess describes:—

'O joyous birds, it hath still been so:
'Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
'But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.'

Happy peasants! who find life easy, who have to work for their sustenance at the utmost but a few hours each day, and who, when evening falls, take out their pastoral pipes and play simple melodies with vocal accompaniment, each wooing and winning some village maiden, and then living a happy life with her in a cottage, which he has erected on the most picturesque spot on his fields! Happy even in faith, as living far from the din of religious controversy and yet reaching the truth by a kind of simple instinct, which tells them that gratitude and love are due to the Author of their being, and the Preserver of their lives!" Yes; if all that were true, they would be happy peasants; but nearly every element in this pleasing picture is devoid of verity. Let us sketch the real life of the Indian agricultural population.

It is quite correct that they rarely trouble themselves to ask who their sovereign may happen to be, it being the exception rather than the rule for a traveller to meet

with an inquiring spirit who seeks information on such a matter; and when at any time one is encountered, it is difficult to repress a smile at the simplicity of the questions he puts. Rumour had whispered, even in somewhat remote parts, that this country and its great dependency were ruled over by a lady. It had also alleged that it was governed by a gentleman, and had even ventured to name him Koompanee, or, more fully, Koompanee Jehan—the Company John, or John Company. Here, then, was a perplexity which sorely afflicted the village student of Indian politics. If Jehan, or John, were really the ruler's name, how could it be alleged that India was governed by a lady? If, on the other hand, it was truly asserted that the sovereign was a lady, then what, pray, were the functions of the aforesaid John? Before the political changes consequent on the mutinies had displaced the East India Company from the close connection it so long had held with the administration of India, the difficulty now mentioned was stated to ourselves by an Indian peasant in his native dialect, in the hope that it might be within our power to furnish its solution, the precise question asked being, "Is Koompanee a man or a woman?"

But though the apathy of the Indian agriculturists may prevent their inquiring into the machinery of government, it is by no means correct that troubles in the upper regions of society pass by without affecting them: the very humblest peasant is really interested in the character of the sovereign power, whether he understands it or no. If the supreme ruler be too weak to inspire terror into evil doers, each of them will virtually become a monarch in the district where he happens to live, and not deem even the small peasantry beneath his dishonest attentions. Nor will it be simply property that will be brought into danger, it will be life. Before the British power was firmly established in Central India, and while the responsibility of keeping order there almost entirely devolved on native potentates more or less weak in character, and not often faithfully served, vast districts, not to say provinces, were annually overrun by troops of mounted robbers, called Pindarees, who everywhere swarmed like locusts, their numbers being estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000 horse, "of whom 6,000 or 7,000 were effective cavalry, about 3,000 or 4,000 middling, and the rest bad." When they had plundered districts under native rule, till they were not worth plundering any more, they then made some incursions into the British territory, in one of which, brief in point of duration, there were "killed by them 182; wounded, some severely, 505; and tortured (to make them give up their money), 3,633." "In many places the women, either to avoid pollution or unable to survive the disgrace, threw themselves into wells and perished." In one small town, "where the people, after a desperate defence, were overpowered by their assailants, they set fire to their own dwellings, and perished with their families in the flames."

So far, at least, as Central India is concerned—and we believe it the same throughout the vast Indian peninsula—the agriculturists have from time immemorial lived in villages, no one daring to occupy a house on his farm away from shelter. The writer of this article having travelled, generally on foot, for many hundred miles through Central and Western India, never once saw a farm-house. The arrangement adopted was this: villages were scattered over the country, generally at intervals of one or two miles apart. From these the agriculturists issued forth early in the morning, driving their flocks and herds before them to the fields. There they laboured for a great part of the day, and then

returned similarly attended in the evening. When a traveller approached a village towards sunset, he would see shepherds arriving with their sometimes numerous flocks of sheep and bullocks, trudging along to the general place of rendezvous, sometimes with bells which tinkled pleasantly suspended from their necks. When sheep and cattle were thus collected at the villages, they were safer from the attacks of tigers than if they had been left in the fields; while, if plunderers had appeared, the animals would have had the entire village community ready to rush to their assistance. While the strong arm of British power, under God, so effectively protected the Indian villages, they often forbore to bring home their flocks and herds; and such a scene as that in the vicinity of Bethlehem might easily have been witnessed—shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night under the open canopy of heaven. In most cases, if there were no one else in the fields, there was at least one person, a watcher, who, taking his station on an elevated erection, saw that no one came stealthily upon the ground to steal, or destroy the crops. Still, this in no way removed the impression produced by the want of farm-houses: the teaching conveyed by that significant fact remained unimpaired. It was unmistakably shown that no such confidence in the continuance of public tranquillity as that which encourages the British farmer to pitch his residence away from the support of his fellows had visited India when the village system was first organised; nay, that it had not fully visited it yet, else would that system have been changed. To render the more important villages defensible against such mounted robbers as the Pindarees, already described, they were in general fortified. We suspect that these arrangements also obtained in ancient Palestine. Hence, while we perpetually read of fenced cities, we do not read of farm-houses, even where we should expect them to be mentioned. Thus, while David spent a great part of his youth some distance out from Bethlehem, where his flock, not to say himself, was exposed to attacks from such animals as the lion and the bear, it is plain, from 1 Samuel xvi, that he and his father Jesse lived not in a farm-house, but within the walls of Bethlehem. Again, while the churlish Nabal sent out his flocks and herds to feed on the half-desert pastures, he sought his own safety within one of the neighbouring towns; and when the prophetic Gog wished to plunder some unprotected people, he did not bethink him of farmers living in detached houses, for such seem not to have existed; but he said: "I will go up to the land of unvalled villages; I will go to them that are at rest, that dwell safely, all of them dwelling without walls, and having neither bars nor gates, to take a spoil and to take a prey; to turn thine hand upon the desolate places that are now inhabited, and upon the people that are gathered out of the nations which have gotten cattle and goods, that dwell in the midst of the land" (Ezekiel xxxviii, 11, 12.) In India the smaller villages are unvalled, as Gog was to find those of Canaan, while there is another resemblance between the two cases. Overpowering the inhabitants of the smaller villages, an invader would find a great booty in the assemblage of flocks and herds which had been driven at nightfall to seek such protection as the proximity of so small a number of human beings could afford.

All the more important Indian villages are provided with defences. Very generally they are surrounded by a wall, and have besides a small fort at one angle of the enclosure. In the Crimean war it fell upon our officers, with something of the novelty of a revelation, that earthworks, such as those that the Russians hastily



GRAIN SELLERS.

(From a Photograph.)

threw up before Sebastopol, were in many cases more, and not less formidable to a foe, than elaborately constructed stone fortifications. This secret in military science appears to have been known in India from the remotest period of antiquity, and the material used for the walls of the ordinary villages, and for their citadels, the small forts, is in general mud. In some cases brick is employed, and in others stone. We felt proud of our Government in the East, when, in the years preceding the mutinies, we saw one fort after another allowed to fall into decay. The most notable case of this kind left traces in the memory. There is a kind of fig-tree in the East, called the "peepul," which has a habit of sending its branches through small holes in walls, if it does not even make them for the purpose where they did not exist before. We have seen a flourishing branch thus present itself inside a gentleman's house, at the foot of his staircase, where he allowed it for a time to continue, on account of the interest attaching to the unwonted spectacle; but he dared not have permitted it to remain long, otherwise it would first have split his wall and then broken it down. In a town we once visited there was a brick fort, which must have cost a considerable sum of money to rear it; but a peepul tree had either found or made a hole in the wall, and poked through it a slender twig, which in due time had grown to be a great branch. Already it had cracked the wall in various directions, and, unless speedily removed, was on the same road towards flinging it over. On looking at the suggestive spectacle, we could not help reasoning in such a manner as this: The state of that wall shows the confidence the people of this town have in the ability of our Government to keep public tranquillity in the East. If the arm of British power were paralysed, it would not be long before it would be found requisite to cut down, or at least maim that destructive tree, and put the fort wall in a state to resist the attack of the new Pindarees who would soon swarm over the land.

In our fancy picture we spoke of each one wooing and winning a village maiden. In reality there is no wooing in the case. A boy and girl are betrothed to each other in early life, probably before they have ever spoken to each other, and while there is no possibility of knowing whether they will ever contract a love for each other or not. In due time betrothal is followed by marriage—marriage, which, in the whole of India, has a fatal tendency to lay the foundation for the financial ruin of at least one of the families connected with it. The reason is this: Most of the Hindoos are poor, and they are improvident. When the time for the marriage of a son or a daughter comes, it is found that no saving of money to meet the inevitable expenses has been made previously. Then fashion, which is more galling among the Hindoos than among ourselves, has prescribed that the marriage expenses shall be on a scale so disproportioned to the means possessed by either of the contracting parties, that they cannot be met without incurring debt almost hopeless in amount. If one had a salary of seven rupees a month (eighty-four rupees a year), custom prescribed that he should expend about one hundred rupees each time that a son of his was married. If a curate in this country, with a salary of £84 a year, and with six sons, were to find it impossible to give one of them in marriage unless £100 were spent on the occasion (chiefly in revelry), the absurdity would not be greater than what we daily see in India; and the agricultural population being very far behind, intellectually, never make the smallest effort to break the galling yoke. So, when some farmer's son

has to be married, the worthy father makes a point of acting in a manner befitting his rank, by spending more than a year's income in celebrating the happy event. But where does he get the money? By mortgaging the produce of his fields, ere yet these fields are sown, to the money-lender, who is not some gentlemanly individual from an Eastern Lombard Street, averse to pressing too far on a person in pecuniary distress, but a heartless screw, whose smallest demand is for 33 per cent. compound interest, and who quite as frequently makes it 66. When this is paid in farm produce, instead of in money, which, probably, is the case, the astute money-lender is found a faithful observer of that precept which teaches the propriety of buying in the cheapest market, with the view of selling in the dearest; and we would venture to allege that the grain-selling, represented in the wood-cut, will put no money into the pocket (so called) of Ramchundru Gopal, small farmer near the village of Bhooree. The proceeds of the sale will be paid over to Omichund, banker, money-lender, corn-factor, etc., etc., an enterprising individual, who first appeared in these parts from his native land, Marwar, in the north-west of India, carrying five rupees (equivalent to ten shillings sterling), tied up in the end of his scarf, and, commencing first as a money-changer, went on till he became banker, grain-merchant, and general speculator, with such funds at his command as to render him quite the Rothschild of the province in which he has taken up his abode. One great service which missionaries render to their Indian converts is to enact that expensive ceremony shall be discarded at all native Christian marriages, and that five or at most ten, instead of one hundred rupees, shall be the utmost extent of the charges incurred.

In the fancy picture, again, it was assumed that the simplicity of the villagers would lead them instinctively to the more obvious ideas underlying natural religion. Alas! experience dissipates this vain imagination. If the world by wisdom knew not God, and the highest intellect and knowledge ever possessed by the ancient sages were insufficient to enable them to reach true, however inadequate, conceptions of the Divinity; much less are the gross ignorance and the unawakened intellect of the Indian agricultural population fitted to bring them near to God. One of the commonest objects of worship among the villagers consists simply of the heaps of stones gathered from the fields, to render the latter fitter for agricultural operations. These stones are smeared with red lead, which is especially stuck on the projecting angles of the several stones. The aspect they then present is very much what would be exhibited if one were to stick pellets of red clay on the angular points of the stones heaped together at the corners of one of our own fields. They call that god Mhussoba, and, as might be expected, he is not a beneficent but a malevolent being, worshipped from fear and not from love.

Notwithstanding all, there is much to excite affection for the Indian cultivators. Though not intellectual naturally, and though what little understanding they have has been allowed to remain fallow—it being quite an exceptional case to find one of them able to read fluently—yet they are more loveable in some respects than the Brahmins, for they are more honest and trustworthy. Many of them, too, are hardworking men; and there are parts of Central India where, when the grain crops were in blade, far as the eye could reach we could see nothing but one continuous sheet of emerald green. At other parts there was a greater variety of hue. Thus, one noting the plants cultivated has to make such

entries as this in his journal—"Village of Assolee—near it were fields of wheat, pigeon pea and millet. Mahalgau—the fields onward from this village were of wheat, millet, and more rarely of pepper, sweet potatoes, etc. (By sweet potatoes is not meant a particular variety of our own potato, which belongs to the nightshade family of plants, but a kind of *convolvulus* whose tubers are eatable.) Waroda village—near this, plantations of plantains occur."

The intellectual state of the people resident in these villages may be inferred when it is stated that in the first of them, a place of about fifty houses, there was no school, and no person old or young could read; while in the second, of eighty houses, one was that of a rain-maker (!); and in the last, a small town of 300 houses, the rain-makers occupied three dwellings.

From these facts—and they might easily be multiplied a hundred fold—it is painfully apparent how much the Indian villagers require to be taught at least the rudiments of education, and, above all, how much they need to be instructed in the doctrines and precepts of our holy faith. In social matters, no reform is more urgent than one which shall reduce the crushing weight of marriage expenses, as now imposed by foolish and tyrannical custom, and emancipate the unhappy victims from the bondage in which they are held by the money-lenders: to whom they have mortgaged the produce of their lands.

The agricultural resources of India are so vast that, with proper management, it might not merely support its own population, but furnish in addition supplies of one kind of grain or other to feed a great portion of mankind. All that is needful to effect this desirable result is simply to provide some apparatus for utilising the water, which falls in torrents from the sky at certain seasons, and escapes away to the ocean without having been made to render man the service it might have been expected to furnish. Let India be properly irrigated, and we shall no longer have our feelings harrowed by reports of famines in that land. At the same time, let us not shut our eyes to the fact that the difficulties which have to be overcome are considerable. If our London Government ruled over all Europe, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, and if the vast population over which its authority extended were the reverse of public-spirited, so that, in every emergency their first thought was not of putting forth their individual exertions, but of asking the Government to lead the way in action, the position would in some respects be analogous to that we at present occupy in the East. One might be ready to say, the way to stop famines from occurring is easy. Construct upon the Thames a vast network of channels for transmitting water to the country through which the river passes, and build across it a very powerful embankment, to furnish such a fresh-water lake as may feed the channels. Do the same upon the Clyde and the Tay, and the Humber and the Severn, on the Seine, also, and on the Loire, and the Tagus and the Rhine and the Rhone. Let an identical system be pursued with the Po and the Tiber, with the Elbe also, and the Oder and the Vistula, as well as with the upper part of the Danube. Then may you laugh at famines, even if rain from heaven should in great measure be withheld. Very well, one might reply; but it is to be presumed that operations so extensive would cost a great many millions of money. A government which does not always find its ordinary expenditure met by its income, can only raise money by imposing new taxes, or by borrowing, both of which expedients it wishes if possible to avoid. Let its intentions be ever so beneficent, you must give it time to

carry them into effect. The opening of the Ganges canal some years ago was a proud triumph; while the hearty good will with which the Indian authorities have laboured for years on the lower portion of the Godavery, partly to render that river more navigable, partly to construct expensive works with the view of promoting irrigation, gives solid ground for believing that, if time be granted them, they will yet utilise to the fullest extent all the great Indian rivers, and ultimately succeed in preventing the recurrence of those famines which from time immemorial have desolated portions of the glorious Indian land.

M. ROUHER.

It is impossible to read the French political news in any daily or weekly journal without constantly meeting with the name of Monsieur Rouher, now one of the most prominent and influential statesmen in France.

The career of this minister of Napoleon III shows how success may often be ascribed to the unforeseen and trivial circumstances, from which no one would have anticipated any result. M. Rouher was first known, and then became celebrated, by an incautious expression which escaped his lips in the heat of debate, and to which, in cooler blood, he in vain tried to restore its real meaning. His descendants should, out of gratitude, inscribe the word "*catastrophe*" on their coat of arms, for it was this word which changed the unknown advocate, the most obscure member of a mediocre ministry, to his own surprise, into a great public celebrity.

Eugène Rouher, the Senator, Minister of State and of Finance, is now fifty-four years of age, and springs from a family, members of which for the last fifty years have held judicial offices. After finishing his studies at the college of his native town, Riom, he went to study law at Paris, became an advocate in 1837, and established himself as such in 1840 at Riom. The department of Puy de Dôme, or Auvergne, as that part of the country was formerly called, has always been very monarchical and conservative, although during the reign of Louis Philippe, the most violent opposition newspapers, supported by money from Paris, were published there. Consequently, actions against the press were quite the order of the day, and the Opposition, who were desirous of winning to their ranks the young and tolerably wealthy advocate, entrusted to him, directly after he had settled in the department, a large number of these cases to defend. As a barrister, he had not eloquence. He was not a ready speaker, was unacquainted with brilliant metaphors, and his variations on the word "*liberty*," then so much in fashion, showed the timid *dilettante*, rather than the skilled professor, in these press prosecutions.

However, he was thoroughly successful. These trials brought his real judicial knowledge to light. He earned a great deal of money; and, in the year 1843, he married the daughter of the Mayor of Clermont, the chief town of the province, and through this marriage became a considerable landowner. Then he completely broke the loose bands which tied him to the liberal party; and in 1846 boldly came forward as government candidate, at the elections for the Chamber of Deputies, under the patronage of the minister, M. Guizot. But the bitter feeling against one who was considered to be a renegade was so great, that even many conservatives voted against him, and he obtained only a few thousand votes.

Under the Republic, with universal suffrage, he was

more fortunate: 42,000 electors named him as deputy to the Constituent Assembly; and when this body had finished its labours, during which M. Rouher always voted with the Right, 52,000 voters sent him to the Legislative Assembly.

The deputy of the department of the Loire, Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, had once heard his young colleague, Rouher, speak in the Constituent Assembly, and when asked his opinion on the talents of the speaker, he replied, shaking his head: "It seems to me as if this citizen did not possess the capability of rightly expressing his own thoughts."

No one understood this oracular sentence: they turned away with a shrug from the deputy with the languid countenance, weary eyes, and world-renowned name. Six months after M. Rouher was Minister of Justice. He had never exchanged a word with the then President of the Republic, and was utterly astonished when the President of the Council of Ministers, M. Ferdinand Barrot, informed him that it was the express wish of the first magistrate of the Republic that he should accept a portfolio. Till 1851 he remained under several ministries at the head of the department of Justice.

It was at this period that he let fall that celebrated word, to which we have before alluded, and which made Rouher known from one end of France to the other. On the morning before one of those important sittings, which during the second Republic often became so stormy, Louis Napoleon said to Rouher—

"They wish again to try to extinguish you with the glorious Revolution of the 24th February, 1848. The people really believe that they were all Mirabeaus or Dantons! We must for once hold a mirror up before them, in which they may be able to see a faithful likeness of themselves in all their littleness!"

Rouher, meditating on these words of the President, went to the Assembly, and it so happened that immediately after his entrance he had to ascend the Tribune to answer an interpellation as Minister of Justice.

"Be cautious—the chamber is very much excited to-day!" his colleague Baroche said to him.

"Certainly, certainly," he replied, rather absently, ascended the Tribune, and replied in a few impetuous words to the interpellation. The murmurs of the Assembly excited him still more; and when at last he heard the cry from the Left, "That was just what was said before the 24th February," his presence of mind completely forsook him, and, still under the impression which the words of the President of the Republic had made on him, he raised himself up to his full height and exclaimed with a voice of thunder—

"Your boasted Revolution was nothing more than a catastrophe!"

Only those who have been present at a French National Assembly can have the faintest idea of what now happened. Clapping, shrieking, hissing, threats and insults, followed without end! The tumult lasted for more than half-an-hour, and M. Rouher, who had retired to the ministers' bench, might well have feared for some minutes that his person was not secure from violent treatment.

In vain he explained, after quiet had in some measure been restored, that he had used the word "catastrophe" only in the sense of an unforeseen event. It was of no avail: amidst universal hissing "*l'homme à la catastrophe*" was again forced to leave the tribune.

Foreigners cannot understand the deep impression which such scenes make on the public in France. This innocent word flew like wildfire through the land, and became a sort of test by which some showed their hatred

to the Republic, and others the most unbridled fury against the Government. And the man who had provoked this "catastrophe" in such an innocent manner, could scarcely believe his senses when he contemplated this terrible ferment; but he had an opportunity thereby, such as had never before been presented to him, of studying his countrymen. But he had not much time for this: a vote of want of confidence, a few weeks after, caused the fall of the entire ministry and led to the *coup d'état*. Rouher remained in the chamber as a simple deputy, who could no longer speak, as the Left would not allow him to say a word, and always brought up afresh the recollection of the "catastrophe." At the consultations which preceded the execution of the *coup d'état* at the Elysée, M. de Morny proposed the deputy Rouher as a minister. A dry "No" was the reply of the President, who gave as his reason the following words, which well characterised M. Rouher: "*C'est l'homme des demi-mesures!*"

The new order of things was, however, scarcely established, when the President, now unrestricted in his authority, offered M. Rouher a portfolio, which he accepted; but a few weeks after he retired, together with M. de Morny, as they refused to countersign the decree which confiscated a portion of the property of the Orleans family. How greatly this much-talked-of decree confused the minds of the most faithful and devoted adherents of Napoleon III is proved from the simple fact that Morny, Napoleon's own brother, refused to sign it as minister. Time has cooled down this excitement, and it has been argued also that the word "confiscation" was falsely applied, as three courts of law confirmed that this property did not belong to the Orleans family, but to the State.

Napoleon gave the retiring minister the vice-presidency of the newly-created Council of State, and till 1855 he was almost forgotten, when the Emperor again called him into the ministry, and gave him the portfolio of Agriculture, Trade, and Public Works. Since that time to the present M. Rouher has never left the ministry; and in these twelve years has at different times presided over all the branches of the Government in France, with the exception of War and Marine.

The reader will remember that, after the Italian war, the Emperor, in the year 1859, thought the time had arrived in which a more liberal direction might be given to the Constitution. One of the chief measures taken in this sense was to appoint a minister, whose duty it should be to defend the Government in the chambers. Billault was the first who held this difficult post; and after his death, in 1862, Rouher became his successor.

It was the general opinion that the Emperor had made a mistake in this appointment, as it was well remembered that Rouher's oratorical talents had not shone in the chambers of the Republic, and his "catastrophe" speech was again brought up to the remembrance of the French nation. To succeed Billault, one of the best and most talented orators of France, was not an enviable inheritance for any man. But after his first speeches all saw how greatly they had been deceived. Often has M. Rouher, during the last five years, gained the victory over all opponents. Clever, undoubtedly, as a politician, we must not forget that, as a minister of Napoleon III, his opinions, whatever they may be, have to give way to those of his imperial master, whose will is supreme. Rouher, like all the other ministers, is only the executor of the Imperial will; but, as he is the only one in the whole Cabinet whose gift of eloquence can be employed with advantage in the chamber, a much more important

place in the councils of the sovereign is assigned to him than to any of his colleagues.

In general, the sketch of those official speeches of which we have been speaking is drawn out for him by the Emperor's own hand. He works out the ideas, and then reads the whole to the Emperor; which, after it has been corrected, is communicated to the rest of the ministry. The morning before the sitting Rouher has another audience, when, often at the last moment, not unimportant changes are made. The really marvellous memory of Rouher has grown with all this exercise of mind.

Rouher, in a word, is just the man whom Napoleon III requires—without ambition, without independence, and wonderfully endowed with talents and tact. To have discovered him out of the mass of parliamentary mediocrities, and to have made him pliable to his absolute and inflexible will, is the merit of the Emperor alone.

We must add to this sketch that the private life of Rouher, as well as his personal honour, have never in the remotest degree been subjected to the criticisms of the enemies of the empire.—*From Daheim.*

"OLD WEDGWOOD" WARE.

THE publication of interesting and profusely illustrated biographies of Josiah Wedgwood, by Miss Meteyard and Mr. Jewitt, has given an extraordinary impetus to the collection of the works of that remarkable man. The demand for the earlier productions of the manufactory at Etruria has sharpened the wits of dealers, both honourable and unscrupulous; and as the latter form, alas! an overwhelming majority, a few hints for the guidance and protection of ingenuous and unwary collectors may not be unacceptable.

In the first place, then, it is a duty which every collector owes to himself, to distrust, *primâ facie*, dealers in articles of *virtù*, rare pottery included. This apparently uncharitable dictum is justified by the fact that there is nothing of this kind which perverted ingenuity will not essay to imitate and traffic in, from a Raphael to a scarabæus. It is perfectly notorious to collectors that counterfeit antique furniture, Roman, Greek, and early English coins, Etruscan vases, bronzes of the classic period, implements of the primaaval ages, old Sèvres and Dresden china, and other varieties of pottery, aboriginal weapons, mediæval seals and manuscripts—in fact, everything commanding the fictitious prices paid by collectors, are manufactured on a large scale. The publication of the names and addresses of the people who follow this disreputable calling would be a public duty, were it possible to be sure that the dealers have not sometimes been themselves the dupes of the manufacturers of these wares.

Let it be stated, however, at once, that, in the writer's opinion, the successors of Josiah Wedgwood are quite incapable of knowingly lending themselves to such traffic. Nevertheless, their works, and those of John Adams and Co., of Hanley, who are equally entitled to the benefit of the saving clause, are periodically visited by professed dealers in "Old Wedgwood," and the articles there purchased are afterwards palmed off upon the uninitiated for the almost priceless productions of the Wedgwood and Bentley period. These dealers—mostly Jews—buy up, job lots of ware, which they at once offer unblushingly, and at fabulous prices, as "the genuine article," or else attempt to "doctor" it into a resemblance of the old ware, by a variety of processes little known beyond the craft. For instance, some few years since the

writer went into a pretentious-looking shop in the Strand, and requested to be allowed to examine a pair of jasper flower-pots. The moment he took them into his hand, he knew by a raspy "feel," peculiar to new biscuit pottery, that in all probability they had been in the oven within six months from that time. The assistant volunteered the information, "You have the genuine article there, sir;" and the price demanded was eight guineas. They might have been purchased at Etruria for ten or twelve shillings. Various devices are resorted to to remove this tell-tale asperity of surface; and it is not long since that two Jew dealers, having quarrelled, one of the fraternity disclosed that his rival was in the practice of immersing new goods in a butt of stagnant soft water, trusting to the viscosity of the bath to give them that exquisite smoothness of surface which is one of the most marked characteristics of "Old Wedgwood," but which time alone can impart in perfection.

The greatest windfall for dealers in "Old Wedgwood" happened in this wise. Contemporary with Josiah Wedgwood there lived at Hanley one Elijah Mayer, a persevering and fairly successful copyist of the great master. Much of his ware, in the black basaltes and cane-coloured bodies, was highly meritorious. Elijah Mayer was succeeded by his son Joseph Mayer, an eccentric old gentleman, who died about seven years since worth a round quarter of a million of money. At his death, his executors came into possession of a large quantity of choice pottery, the earlier productions of the house, on which lay undisturbed the dust of half a century; for, although Mr. Mayer had been out of business many years, the remnant of his stock had never been sold. A considerable proportion of this ware was made after original Wedgwood models, of which, however, it fell far short. Scouting their prey from afar, the London dealers in "antiques" swooped down upon this accumulation and bought it up by cratesful. They then removed it to London, and cautiously introduced it into their shops and windows as "Old Wedgwood," frequently obtaining from the inexperienced, for the better specimens, more pounds than they had cost shillings. Many pieces of this ware are stamped "E. Mayer," and this appears to have been a source of perplexity to some of the dealers; but there was one, at least, who found a way to surmount the difficulty, for he told a friend of the writer that this stamp was the name of Wedgwood's designer or manager, and was merely a private mark for the facilitation of business.

One more illustration of the "tricks of trade." Some time since, the art director of one of the leading firms in the Potteries obtained a spoilt copy of a group of figures in parian, for the purpose of making some experiments in colour. The experiments were made, and the group was put aside as worthless; but, before it had been consigned to the "shord-ruck," it caught the eye of a Jew dealer, who either begged it or bought it for an old song. Bringing it up to London, he submitted it to the inspection of a distinguished—one might say illustrious—statesman, who lightens the toils of office, and beguiles the hours of retirement, by indulging in the gentle passion for rare specimens of the potter's art. The dealer represented the group to be a remarkably scarce and valuable piece of Italian pottery of the *cinquecento* period: a fabulous sum was paid for it: rumour says £50. The fortunate possessor, unwilling that such a treasure should be wholly lost to the public, sent it to South Kensington, whence, however, it was ere long ignominiously expelled on being accidentally seen and identified by the modeller.

Lastly, let not the collector of "Old Wedgwood" be beguiled into the purchase of anything which does not bear the impress of that honoured name, nor let him suppose that because an object is so impressed, it was necessarily produced under Wedgwood's personal superintendence, for the chances will be fifty to one that it was not. Nor, again, let him conclude that the presence of the much-desiderated "Wedgwood and Bentley" stamp is an infallible sign of genuineness, for it has happened before now that modern bodies have been attached to old plinths. But let him, if the opportunity present itself of possessing any of these charming relics, and he has not confidence in his own judgment, consult some experienced connoisseur, preferring the risk of being out-bidden to the mortification of burning his own fingers.

JAPANESE POETRY.

Few people have any idea of what Japanese poetry is, or have even thought that there may be poets in that distant quarter of the world. But we have before us a volume of extracts, pretty stanzas, the production not of one poet, but culled from a hundred. The title might run thus: "A Verse from each of the Hundred Poets;" but the original title in literal English is more quaint. It is "One Head (or chapter, verse, stanza) of the Hundred Men;" and these hundred men are emperors, empresses, tycoons, learned monks, warriors, ladies, and others, all of the noble class, whose poetic effusions are collected into a little household book.

Everybody in Japan knows these verses. They have been handed down from father to son for hundreds of years. They are familiar in every household. Some learn to know them by hearing others repeat them, and others by studying the ancient language in which they are written. Japanese is of so flexible a nature that there is no difficulty in forming beautiful epithets for their sacred mountains, or streams, or woods and dells, when they wish to embody their thoughts in verse.

The first verse reminds us of that illustrious Irish cabin, which was open to the sky, where one of our own heroes first saw the day. The Emperor Tengee, which means "heavenly wisdom"—(all Oriental names are significant)—describes somebody's experience of autumnal dew, thus:—

My lowly hut is thatched with straw
From fields where rice-sheaves frequent stand.
Now, autumn's harvest well-nigh o'er,
Collected by my toiling hand,
Through tatter'd roof the sky I view,
My clothes are wet with falling dew.*

A certain supervisor of shipping coming from China to Japan gets wealth, and this excites envy, whereupon he is banished to the "eighty islands," whence he sends this verse to his friend:—

Ye fishermen, who range the sea
In many a bark, I pray ye tell
My fellow-villagers of me—
How that far o'er vast ocean's swell,
In vessel frail
Towards Yasoshima I sail.

The emperor afterwards discovers his innocence, and restores him to his former rank.

The Japanese greatly admire the maple, as its leaves turn red in autumn, and in many of these verses it is mentioned:—

For 'mid the hills the momiji
Is trampled down 'neath hoof of deer,
Whose plaintive cries continually
Are heard both far and near;
My shivering frame
Now autumn's piercing chills doth blame.
The redd'ning leaves of th' momiji
That on Ogura's summit grow,
How pleasant 'tis their tints to see!
Ah! did they but their beauty know,
They would linger till there pass'd again
Our Emperor's miyuki* train.

On the seventh night of the seventh month, which is a festival among the Japanese, ravens are supposed to fly towards two particular stars in the milky way, and the appearance they present in dense flocks as they sail along is said to resemble a bridge. In the royal park there is also a bridge called the "Raven Bridge." The poet puts these two ideas together in the following stanza, which has probably suffered in translation:—

Upon the bridge where ravens, aye,
Do love to pass where hoar-frost's sheen,
When hoar-frost's glittering film is seen;
I trow the break of day is nigh.

In the twelfth ode we have a beautiful figure used. The Goddess Otome, said by the poet to be borne along in the clouds, is taken for the dancing girl at the festival, where he catches but a glimpse of her as she moves rapidly in the throng:—

In fitful path across the sky,
By various winds of heaven forced,
Cloud-borne Otome glideth by—
Now hath the breeze its vigour lost
An instant, and her form so bright
For a fleeting moment greets my sight.

The Japanese poet views the moon much in the same spirit as we of the western world do, as the following verses by different authors testify:—

How oft my glance upon the moon hath dwelt,
Her secret power my soul subdued—
Her sadd'ning influence I alone have felt,
Though all men autumn's moon have viewed.

On every side the vaulted sky
I view: now will the moon have peered,
I trow, above Mikasa high
In Kasuga's far-off land upreared.

The †Ariake-moonbeams will
In th' morning heaven linger still;
While I from thee—how hard the smart—
By Akadski compelled, must part.

A famous soldier in the wars with Corea, who penned the following lines, must have possessed the true poetic spirit. He refers to the blossoms of the *sakura* tree, which wither about the end of the spring.

'Tis a pleasant day of merry spring,
No bitter frosts are threatening,
No storm-winds blow, no rain-clouds low'r,
The sun shines bright on high,
Yet thou, poor trembling little flow'r,
Dost fade away and die.

The autumnal gale, and the dew-drops and withered leaves dispersed by it are noticed here—

Now dew-drops sparkling o'er the moor are seen,
The autumn gust sweeps howling by,
Scarce lurks an instant 'mid the reeds I ween:
In timid show'r the dew-drops fly,
And, scattered o'er the grass, there lie.

Now autumn's gales, in various freak,
On herb, on tree, destruction wreak,
And wildest roar
The gusts that down from Mube pour.

The winds of autumn have amassed
Dried withered leaves in ruddy heaps,
Have them in th' mountain-torrent cast,
Whose stream in stony channel sweeps;
Amid the rocks that bar the way
The mom'ji's reddened leaves delay.

* These metrical translations are from "Japanese Odes," by F. V. Dickins, M.B. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

* A *miyuki* means a royal progress.

† *Ariake* means the moon shining all night. *Akadski* means the dawn.

The poet here refers to the wild mountain districts of Shigayama.

The following verse is by the son of an emperor, who had become a recluse, and who lived in a hut by a pass in the mountains. Having seen the vanity of the world, on becoming blind he turns poet, and here praises the expression *ausaka* gate, which is the barrier where all meet and all pass by; *ausaka* meaning "place of meeting."

Some hence towards the city haste,
Some from the city here speed by,
Here friends and strangers meet and part,
With kindly glance and careless eye;
Apt is the name it seems to me,
Ausaka gate, men give to thee.

The tender passion is frequently referred to in Japanese stanzas, and in the following ode the course of love is compared to the fishers' barks with their rudders lost:—

The fishers' barks in safety glide
O'er th' broad expanse of Yura's bay;
Their rudder lost, o'er Yura's tide
In vague uncertain path they stray:
The course of love doth, too,
A like uncertain path pursue.

In another verse the flames of love are ludicrously compared to the writhing of the flesh under the *moxa*, a process much used by the Japanese for cauterising.

To tell thee of my love were vain,
Its depth to me is scarcely known:
As writhes the flesh 'neath *moxa's* pain,
The *moxa* on Ibuki grown,
So madly writhes my spirit 'mong
Love's flames, ere now unknown, sore wrung.

In the eighty-ninth ode the poet looks upon the "secret" of her love being known as the most dire calamity, and wishes that the thread of her life might snap ere this should happen. It is by a princess-poet:—

Of my life or soon or late the thread,
The withering thread, perforce must snap:
I almost would 'twere now; I read,
(Of longer life the certain hap),
The secret of our love displayed,
And all our happiness low laid.

The following would do for the lovers of Izaak Walton's "gentle art":—

O that throughout an endless life
I might in peace dwell, far from strife!
For ever watch the fishing yawl,
And view the net's abundant haul:
How fair to me,
How pleasant such a lot would be!

The vast extent of the ocean is neatly expressed in this ode:—

In fisher's bark I onward glide
O'er th' broad expanse of ocean's tide,
And towards th' horizon when I turn
My glance I scarcely can discern
Where the white-tipped billows end,
That with the cloud-horizon blend.

Most of these stanzas contain common and simple ideas, with little depth of thought or fertility of invention. Their chief novelty or interest lies in the allusions to national customs or local scenery. Whatever varieties appear in the poetry and legends of different nations and races, human nature is one and invariable all the world over. Strange diversities are found in the outside of this and the other people, but the inside of man has as much sameness in the mental and moral as in the physical being. The joys and sorrows, the passions and feelings, the appetites and aims, are wonderfully alike in England and in Japan.

Varieties.

APRIL.—April is a month of proverbial fickleness. Sunshine and shower so quickly chase each other in and out of rainbows, that the weather might form a fresh subject for remark every hour. It is all variable and inconstant; so that Shakspeare aptly compares the spring of love to "the uncertain glory of an April day." Tennyson dethrones April from its first place as a noun, and uses it much as he uses the word "Eden" when speaking of the nightingale's song as ringing "Eden through the budded quicks;" for, when he tells of the bride about to leave her old familiar home for the new untried one, he beautifully says, that the doubts and soft regrets that come "Make April of her tender eyes." A like idea had occurred to Shakspeare; for, when Octavia is parting from her brother Cæsar, her husband, Antony, says—

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And these the showers to bring it on."

The variable character of April is also expressed by Tennyson, in "The Vision of Sin," where, again using the word as an adjective, he says:—

"Tell me tales of thy first love—
April hopes, the fools of chance."

It was Rosalind who pertly said, "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed." But if April is a watery month, we may call to mind for our comfort the old proverb that says, "April showers bring forth May flowers."

INTERNATIONAL LAW.—States or bodies politic are to be considered as moral persons, having a public will, capable and free to do right and wrong, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries into the service of the community the same binding law of morality and religion which ought to control his conduct in private life. The law of nations consists of general principles of right and justice equally suited to the government of individuals in a state of natural equality, and to the relations and conduct of nations, and of a code of conventional or positive laws. In the absence of these latter regulations, the intercourse and conduct of nations are to be governed by principles fairly to be deduced from the rights and duties of nations and the nature of moral obligation; and we have the authority of lawyers of antiquity, and some of the first masters in the modern school of public law, for placing the moral obligation of nations and of individuals on similar grounds, and for considering individual and national morality as parts of one and the same science.—*Chancellor Kent*.

AMERICAN COINS.—At a recent sale in New York of silver coins of the United States, a quarter dollar of 1823, very rare, there having been not more than a score, probably, ever put into circulation, sold for 47dols. 50c. A dime of 1842, very fine impression, brought 25dols. Of the half-dimes, that of 1794 brought 10dols., and others from that date to 1801 brought from 3dols. 25c. to 3dols. 60c. each. The half-dime of 1802, which is said to be more rare than any other coin in the American silver series, there being but three specimens known, was bought for 45dols. Large prices were paid for other coins, of which the largest was for the silver dollar of 1804, which was purchased for 750dols.

INFANT PRAYER.—The following communication, addressed to the Editor of the "Sunday at Home," treats of matters artistic rather than devotional, and may therefore find more fitting place in the "Leisure Hour."—"I was pleased to see, in the 'Sunday at Home' for February, a wood-cut copy of the engraving of 'Infant Prayer.' It may, probably, add to the interest in this picture, to mention that the two children therein represented are portraits. The original, by J. Sant, R.A., was exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856; its number in the catalogue was 67, and its title, 'The Lady Edith Campbell and the Lord George Campbell, children of his Grace the Duke of Argyll.' I may here quote the criticism of the 'Art Journal' (p. 163) on this picture: 'The two children are grouped as at prayers, and wearing their night-dresses, with an expression of feeling eloquently devotional. The treatment is very simple: the light group tells against the dark background. The picture is absolutely delicious; the children are exceedingly beautiful; they belong to Nature as much as to the Duke.' Their mother inherited her queenly beauty from her mother the Duchess (Dowager) of Sutherland. The engraving from the picture entitled 'Prayer,' was from the *burin* of Henry Cousins, and was published by Messrs. Graves, October 24th, 1857. A fine early impression hangs before me as I write this;

it is undoubtedly one of the best specimens of the effective 'mixed' style of engraving that have been produced, even by Mr. Cousins. In the engraving (but omitted in the wood-cut) a child's crib is indistinctly seen behind the two figures, the head of the crib being ornamented by two carved heads of cherubs. This fanciful method of treating children's portraits, as shown in this picture, is usually adopted by Mr. Sant, and with the greatest success. In the naturalness, grace, and high-bred style that he imparts to his figures of children, he rivals Reynolds and Lawrence at their best. The excellent coloured print of 'Red Riding Hood'—also said to be a portrait—issued by the proprietors of the 'Illustrated London News,' has carried a favourable specimen of his talent in child-portraiture into thousands of homes in all parts of the world; and your wood-cut of 'Infant Prayer' will be, to as many thousands, a still further proof of this artist's skill in treating his pictures of the children of the nobility, in a manner to secure for them a wide popularity among all classes. In the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1855, Mr. Sant exhibited a very pleasing picture of two children, a boy and girl, busily engaged in feeding a bird, only the shadow of which is seen in the painting. These were portraits of the Lord Almaric Athelstane Spencer Churchill, and the Lady Clementine Spencer Churchill, children of the Duchess of Marlborough. In the picture gallery at Blenheim is another child-portrait picture by Sant, representing a little boy kneeling on one knee, and playing the lover to a very demure-looking little maiden, seated on a garden-bank, both being dressed in the quaintest fashion of the past century. Under the title of 'The Inexorable,' this picture was exhibited at the British Institution, 1849. Since that date there was another picture by the same artist, where the little girl was being pushed along in a sledge by the boy lover. Mr. Sant appears to scorn the conventional in portrait-painting, and that he does so with the greatest success, the charming picture of 'Infant Prayer' is a proof."—*Cuthbert Bede*.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.—A correspondent writes from Saltash, giving the results of his experience for comparison with the statements which appeared on this subject in the "Leisure Hour" for October:—"I quite approve of changing the seed frequently, and prefer the new ashleaf for garden culture to any other, both as to quantity and quality. I pick out moderate-sized well-shaped potatoes for seed in October, then place them in single layers on dry shelves, with their eyes uppermost, exposed to the light, which no doubt tends to draw off the excess of moisture, and they shoot out green sprouts by March two or three inches long. The first or second week in March I dibble them into a well-prepared piece of ground—sandy or soot tends to pulverize the soil—and for early planting I prefer half a load of stable dung, and three pounds of Peruvian guano to be well mixed with the soil; if the ground is wet and heavy it will be better to defer planting until it is in proper condition. I consider earthing up the potatoes at the commencement of the season very useful, as it protects the haulms from the frost; and in the month of July, when it is most luxuriant in its growth, it acts as a gutter or filter to carry off any excess of rain that may fall in a wet season, besides making a current of air to pass between the rows, which causes it to evaporate and dry off much quicker than it would on an even surface; of course the rows ought to be planted up and down the declivity of a garden or field, and not across it, as is too commonly the case. I imagine the disease is mainly caused by slugs, and other insects, eating the rind of the haulm, which prevents the sap returning to nourish the potatoes as quickly as it otherwise would. On first noticing the disease in the leaf, I have tried the plan of partially cutting the haulm; also of cutting them down an inch below the surface; likewise pulling them up from the tubers. I prefer the second course, but would advise some slaked lime being strewn over the rows, in the evening, to destroy the slugs, and then earth up the rows to a sharp point. The potatoes afterwards ripen nicely, and are very mealy and excellent in quality; but they do not attain their full size, being nearly a third deficient."

LONDON HOUSES.—London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. Bricks, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked), is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick. We have them here, at the head of this garden (wall once of a manor park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry VIII's time, I was told), and still per-

fect in every particular. Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! For there lies in it not the physical mischief only, but the moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing! England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*; the expense will be, say, fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense—say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things)—and, in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you—lying under your nose there soliciting you to pick it up, by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon. Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money saving would (you can compute in what short length of time) pay your national debt for you, bridge the ocean for you, wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again; and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls, now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of heaven and earth, instead of payday and Meux and Co.'s entire. Oh, my bewildered brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men—once really rather noble of their kind—into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

[Did it never occur to Mr. Carlyle that builders are not likely to spend money in erecting structures for the benefit of the ground landlords? Into their possession they would fall as the leases expired, with a *sic vos non vobis edificatis*. The cost of building is determined by more practical considerations than the love of "the cheap and nasty," to which the Chelsea sage alone ascribes it.]

SCOTCHMEN IN LONDON.—The number of Scotch in this capital is absurdly overrated. Though London is inhabited by a larger percentage of strangers, or non-natives, than almost any other city in the universe—New York and some American mixtures of cosmopolitan humanity excepted, of course—yet the number of Scotchmen settled here is wonderfully small. Looking again at the official Census returns of 1861, I see it stated that, while only 62 per cent. of the inhabitants of the metropolis were born within its limits, but one per cent. of the mass of strangers was made up of natives of Scotland. The figures are:—Total population of London, 2,383,989; natives of London, 1,741,177; natives of south-eastern counties of England, 222,319; of south midland, 147,132; of eastern counties, 156,592; of south-western, 128,444; of midland counties, 110,801; of Ireland, 106,877; and, finally, natives of Scotland, 35,733. Thus it will be seen that the tendency of the Scotch to go to London is considerably less than the movement in the same direction of the people of any other part of Great Britain and of Ireland. Even foreigners are far more numerous in London than Scotchmen. The Census returns show 47,419 natives of foreign countries, besides 15,389 natives of British colonies—foreigners *de facto*, if not *de jure*. Dividing the inhabitants of London into groups of 10,000, we find that in every such group there are 6,209 natives of the capital—Cockneys *pur sang*, more or less—while 792 are from the south-eastern counties, 524 from the south-midland, 558 from the eastern counties, 458 from the south-western, 381 from Ireland, 223 from foreign and colonial parts, and but 127 from Scotland. Looking to the countries of origin, and taking the figure 1,000 as the population basis, we find that to 1,000 people in Yorkshire there are thirteen Yorkshiremen in London; to 1,000 people in Wales, there are 15 of Welsh birth in London; to 1,000 people in the northern counties, there are 16 northern men by birth in London; but to 1,000 people in Scotland there are not quite 12 Scotchmen in London.—*London Scotsman*.

ROME.—The population of the city in June 1867 amounted to 215,573. Of these 30 are cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,469 priests, and 828 seminarists. The occupants of religious houses number 5,047; 2,832 being monks and 2,215 nuns. The population, according to the above census, had increased 4,872 since June, 1866.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*



MARY TALBOT MEETS WITH A SAFE ESCORT.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SOMETHING COMES OF VISITING THE SICK,
WHICH THE FOLLOWING CHAPTER WILL EXPLAIN.

NEARLY a month had elapsed since the arrival of the American packet, and another mail was nearly due. Throughout this period the estrangement between Mary Talbot and Mr. Aston had continued unchanged. The latter visited the schools as usual, and was distantly polite whenever he and Mary met. To others, perhaps, the alteration in his manner towards the young governess might not have been remarked; but to Mary her-

self it was apparent in every look and gesture, while it was equally apparent to her that his manner and conversation were constrained, that he was ill at ease with himself, and that he would gladly have come to an explanation with her.

Mary, however, felt that it was from himself, and not from her, that the first step towards an explanation, and perhaps to a reconciliation, was due. Her youth, her sex, and her comparatively humble position, alike precluded her from making the advance movement, and so the estrangement continued.

Mary perhaps have felt it more keenly than

she did—unconscious as she was of any fault on her part—had not her mind been almost entirely occupied with her anxieties respecting her brother. No news of the loss of the Amazon had as yet reached the secluded village, except that received by Mr. Aston by the previous mail-packet; and as he had refrained from breaking the sad intelligence to her who was most deeply interested in it, by consequence of the unexpected discovery he had made on the occasion of his visit to the farmhouse, he had thought it best, for the present, to conceal his knowledge of the sad fate of the ship from his friends at St. David.

The dark foreboding of coming evil already alluded to still oppressed Mary's spirits. She awaited the arrival of the next American packet with an indescribable longing, and at the same time with a dread anxiety that seriously affected her health; that prevented her from sleeping at night, or troubled her slumbers with frightful dreams; and that also prevented her from resting in quietude for a moment during the day—that was, in fact, painfully visible in her every action. This it was that caused the look of pity and compassion with which she so frequently caught Mr. Aston regarding her when he fancied himself unnoticed. It was painful to him to witness her anxiety, and more painful still to watch the bright light gleam from her eyes when sometimes, though rarely, her compassionate friends would succeed in bringing her to hope that the next packet would bring the long-looked-for letter from Henry, and that all her anxieties would be removed—believing, as he did, that that hope would never—never be realised.

One afternoon towards the end of the month, Mary Talbot set forth, after the schools had been dismissed for the day, to visit a little girl who had become a great favourite with her on account of her quickness of intellect and gentle disposition, as well as her interesting features. The little girl, who was an orphan, and who lived with her aged grandmother in a cottage standing at a considerable distance from the village, had suffered from an illness which had brought her almost to death's door; but a change for the better had lately taken place, and at length Doctor Pendriggen had declared her to be in a state of convalescence. Mary had frequently visited the cottage when the little sufferer was unable to recognise her; and now, with almost her first effort of returning consciousness, the child had expressed an earnest desire to see her. The aged grandmother had walked to the village expressly to deliver the poor child's message, and Mary had immediately promised to pay the desired visit.

It had been one of those fresh and breezy days in early spring, when brilliant flashes of sunlight alternate with deep shadow, making of every landscape a succession of pictures; and when Mary set out, the approaching sunset added to the beauty of earth and sky. The road led along the cliffs, whence, on one hand, she saw the broad blue sea far beneath her feet, heaving heavily, and heard the billows break in sullen roar against the rocks; while, on the other hand, the view extended for many a mile across the country, affording a prospect of fertile fields and dark woods, bounded in the far distance by the shadowy outlines of the Welsh mountains.

The fast-flitting clouds, the breezy grass, the rustling of the wind amidst the young spring foliage, and the foam-crested waves, all were emblems of busy life. There was alike motion, and sound, and conflict; and, for the time being, the gloomy forebodings that had so long oppressed her spirits gave way to feelings of hope and trust.

"The dark winter," she thought, "has passed away, and given place to the hope and joy of spring. The dear child who was given over to death has escaped his cold embrace, and, if it please God, will live to requite the love and care of her aged grandmother. Cannot He who hath brought about these bright changes also change my sadness into joy? I will hope and trust that He will do so. At all events, I will not despair while hope remains, and if I have still greater sorrow to bear—if real trouble come upon me—I will trust in Him who is able to give me strength to endure to the end."

Thus reasoning hopefully, she walked on until she reached old Dame Hoolit's cottage, and was gladly welcomed by the old woman, who thanked her for coming, and at her own request at once led her into the little bedroom where the sick child lay.

As Mary passed through the kitchen into the bedroom adjoining, she saw that the old dame had been chatting with a neighbouring gossip, who was still seated near the fire; and it was to escape the weary chatter of the two old women that she had hastened so quickly to the child on her arrival.

She seated herself by the bed-side, kissed her little favourite, and made her happy with a little present she had brought with her, and then entered into conversation with the child, listening patiently to the little stories she had to tell relating to her illness, and answering her numerous questions about her school-fellows. Then, when she had gained the child's confidence, she talked of graver matters, and told her how grateful she ought to feel to God, who had preserved her through her long weary illness, and who would now, there was reason to hope, raise her up from her bed, to live to be a source of comfort and support to her grandmother's declining years. She read from the New Testament the records which tell how Christ raised the sick and dying to life and health, and became so interested in her talk with her favourite little pupil, that she scarcely heard a word of the conversation that was carried on in the adjoining room, though the door stood partly open; and, as both the old women were afflicted with deafness, they naturally conversed in loud and shrill, though somewhat cracked voices.

At length the child began to show symptoms of weariness, and Mary decided to sit quietly by her bed-side until she dropped to sleep, and then, as it was growing late, to return home immediately.

Now, however, the conversation in the outer room became distinctly audible, and presently caught the ear of the young governess, and arrested her earnest attention.

"A goold locket, do 'ee say? An' two hunner poun's i' money!" exclaimed Dame Hoolit, in a tone of wonder and astonishment. "An' a' stull from Muster Aston!" she went on. "Sure, neighbour, thee maun be mista'en? Us ud ha' heerd on't afore now."

"Na, Dame Hoolit," replied the neighbour. "It bean't na mista'ake o' moine, aw tell 'ee. 'Ta' bin kep' secret; but thou knows as moy darter-i'-laa weer one o' ta' nurses oop to Cliff Cottage when Muster Aston weer ill, an' her weer i' th' room wi' Rector an' Doctor Pendriggen when Muster Aston tell't her to bring un his pocket-book from his coat i' th' wardrobe, an' doctor he gi'n her t' key. But t' pocket-book weer gone, an' Muster Aston tuk on terr'ble for a bit. Then Polly weer sent out o' t' room, an', arter a while, his reverence an' doctor came away, and doctor tow'd Polly as Muster Aston knaw'd weer he'd lost his pocket-book, an' t' weer na great matter. But Polly her knaw'd

more nor doctor tellt her. Her had listened at t' key-hole, an' her heerd a' as was said, an' Muster Aston tow'd how t' pocket-book maun ha' been ta'en by t' fisher-lads, a' toime when un had a fit on t' beach. An' they weer afeared as a' weer lost. An' Muster Aston, he wudna ha' ony fuss made about it, 'case he weer afeard t' wrong folk moight be suspekkit."

"An' it ha' ben kep' secret a' this toime, neighbour?"

"Ay, dame. An' tha' maun na say ought about whatten aw ha' tellt 'ee. Polly 'd happen git i' trouble her sen, i' 'tweer knawed as her weer a listenin'. Her never tellt nought o't till t'other day, and then her said it maun go na furdur."

"An' do'ee think t' fisher lads stull th' pocket-book, thysen, neighbour?" inquired Dame Hoolit.

"Happen 'tweer, an' happen 'tweer na," replied the old gossip. "Aw knaw's nowt about it. Happen 'tweer na stull at a'. An' then tha' knaws theer weer other folk beside t' fisher lads as weer 'long wi' Muster Aston on t' beach."

Dame Hoolit must have cautioned her companion against speaking so loud at this point, for the conversation was continued as though the two old women were whispering in each other's ears, and the only words that were subsequently audible came from Dame Hoolit, who replied to some remark of her companion—

"Ay, tha' may trust me, neighbour. Aw's owd enow to keep a still tongue i' my head."

Mary, however, had heard enough, had heard far too much for her own peace of mind. Under other circumstances she would have believed that she had listened to a piece of idle village gossip. Indeed, under other circumstances, she would not have remained to listen, for the little girl had long since fallen asleep, and ere now she would have been far on her journey homeward. But now she felt—she *knew*—the story she had heard was true; and what a terrible explanation it afforded to the mystery that had surrounded Mr. Aston's estranged behaviour towards herself!

All now was clear enough. He had recognised the locket that evening when he visited her at her lodgings, and had naturally questioned her as to the manner in which it had come into her possession.

"But," she asked herself, "is it possible that Henry is guilty of so base a crime?" and her heart responded, "No, he is innocent. There is some dreadful mystery yet to be explained. It cannot be. It is impossible that Henry can be guilty."

She still sat at the bed-side, gazing at the sleeping child; but a feeling of faintness came over her, and she gasped for fresh air. Rising from her seat, she stood for a few moments to gather strength, for her tottering limbs seemed scarcely able to support her weight; and then she silently passed from the bed-room into the kitchen in which the two old gossips were seated.

"'Art 'ee goin' whoam, miss?" said Dame Hoolit. "It do be getting lāte for sure, an' tha' has a long ways to go. Wun't 'ee stop an' tūake a coop o' tea? 'Tis na for sich as we to arx 'ee; but if 'ee wull, aw'll git it ready directly?"

Mary declined the offered refreshment, much as she really needed it. She wished to escape from the cottage, and think over what she had heard; and after the old dame had thanked her for the visit, and she had promised to call again soon, she was permitted to leave without further question.

It was already beginning to grow dark when she staggered, rather than walked, forth from the cottage; but she felt the cool fresh air of the evening revive her, and

hastened to cross the road into the fields, where she would be silent and alone, with nothing to interrupt the current of her thoughts. Her mind was in a state of utter confusion; and as soon as she reached the fields she rested on a low stile, and sought to recollect all that had passed between herself and Henry, at the time when he had given her the locket, and all that had occurred between herself and Mr. Aston on the evening when the latter had visited the farm-house.

She shuddered as by degrees her memory became clear, and she gradually recalled to mind the whole of the circumstances that had occurred, from the moment when her brother, flushed and excited, had rushed into the schoolroom where she had been seated, and had told her of Mr. Aston's sudden illness, until the evening when Mr. Aston himself had turned from her and quitted her room without even wishing her good night.

She would not even now believe in her brother's guilt; yet her own conscience accused him, in spite of herself. The very evidence it brought forward to prove his innocence, turned against him.

Ah! how different were her feelings from what they had been but a short hour before! The hope and trust that had then lightened her bosom of its anxieties had fled, and left nothing in their stead but doubt and dark despair.

The dark forebodings which had oppressed her spirits since her brother's departure were no longer mere forebodings, but stern realities. Dreary and sad enough were her reveries as she sat on the low stile, while the shades of evening were fast gathering around her—typical of the gloom that had overshadowed her soul. Of all the bright hopes that had once stirred her heart there remained nothing but disappointment and dread; and ere she had well entered the threshold of life she had found her path strewn with thorns, and all before her dreary and desolate.

She remembered how her brother had been alone with Mr. Aston when he was struck down with sudden illness, and that he had hastened away, leaving the stricken man to the care of strangers, and had immediately quitted the village and gone to London, and had returned at the expiration of a week, bringing her a gift which resembled the trinket Mr. Aston had lost—at least, so far as she had heard—in every respect. Thus she recalled that, when he had produced the locket, he had told her that he had received as a loan from a friend, of whom she had never before heard him speak, two hundred pounds—the exact sum of money, and in the same form, as the amount which, as she had heard, Mr. Aston had had stolen from him on the beach.

"What am I thinking of? What suspicions am I daring to harbour?" she suddenly exclaimed aloud, starting up as if in terror from her seat. She started again at the sound of her own voice, and looked around her in alarm, as though she fancied some other voice had spoken, and then, gathering courage, she moved on. "In my heart I have dared to accuse my brother," she muttered to herself, as she walked along. "Others, who do not know him as I do may accuse him—have accused him; but I feel—I know that there is some sad mistake, and that poor Henry is innocent of crime."

It was nearly dark by the time Mary had arrived at these conclusions; but the moon had risen, and shed sufficient light to guide her along the path, which now, for a short distance, led through a deep wood. She was about to hasten her steps, not through bodily fear, for crime or outrage were almost utterly unknown at St. David, but she felt a desire to reach home, and arrange

her thoughts in the quietude of her own room, when she fancied that she heard some one brushing through the wood on her right. Now she did naturally feel some alarm, for she was quite alone, and there was not even a cottage within a quarter of a mile from the spot on which she stood. She stopped short and turned towards the spot where she heard the noise, now more distinctly, and evidently drawing nearer to her. Her fears vanished, however, when she perceived by the imperfect light that the intruder upon her solitary path was no other than Mr. Sharpe, the curate of the parish, who now came forth from the wood, and appeared to be as much surprised and startled as herself when he recognised her.

"I hope I have not alarmed you, Miss Talbot?" he said, as he came towards her. "I have been to visit Farmer Danesforth, whose wife is seriously ill, and, having stayed at the farm later than I intended, I struck through the wood to shorten the road home. But I confess," he added, "that I am surprised to meet *you* so far from the village at this late hour?"

"I also have been to visit the sick," replied Mary; and then she explained that she had stayed later than she intended at old Dame Hoolit's.

"Ah! poor little Susan is ill—I remember," replied the curate; "but I think Doctor Pendriggen told me yesterday that there was a change for the better," he added.

"She is much better, and is, I hope, in a fair way of recovery," said Mary; and then, as she and the curate walked on together, she inquired after Farmer Danesforth's wife and other sick persons in the village.

The young curate of St. David has hitherto figured but very slightly in this history. He was, as I have heretofore stated, a studious and somewhat bashful young man, who steadily and unobtrusively performed his appointed duties without attempting to assume a prominent position, and of whom, in consequence, I have had little to say.

Almost from the first day of Mary Talbot's arrival at St. David, however, she had been an object of interest to Mr. Sharpe. He had, of course, heard of her engagement from the rector, some weeks before she arrived; and perhaps the particular interest he had taken in the young lady might have had its origin in the discovery he had made, that she was very much superior to the majority of young persons who are willing to accept the humble position of a village school governess. Be this as it may, he had experienced a strange feeling of satisfaction when he discovered that she was descended from a good family, and was as well-informed and intelligent as she was prepossessing and lady-like in personal appearance. From that moment he did not hesitate to manifest, in his own quiet unobtrusive manner, the interest with which she had inspired him, and the regard and esteem in which he held her. Gradually, as in his frequent visits to the school-rooms, he became accustomed to converse with her, his natural reserve disappeared, and it was not long before his evident partiality became apparent to Mary herself.

Nevertheless, though the young governess was grateful for the interest he took in her, and perhaps flattered by his partiality, she had felt it her duty to hold herself aloof from him as much as possible, and had at length, in her turn, become silent and reserved in his society.

Mr. Sharpe, however, possessed an advantage in his privilege of visiting the schools at any time he chose. He was not disconcerted by her reserve. On the contrary, he appeared rather pleased with it than otherwise, and still continued his attentions towards her; and at

length, soon after Henry Talbot's departure for America, he seized an opportunity, when he and she had met, as they had now met, while returning from visiting the sick, to ask the young governess to share his fortunes and become his wife; and Mary, although she had not positively engaged herself to him, had confessed that he was not utterly indifferent to her. Again and again the curate had repeated his offer, and though Mary had not yet given him a decisive answer, and though their engagement—such as it was—was unknown to, and even unsuspected by, any others than themselves, they were now, in one sense, accepted lovers. Mary, however, had made some conditions, and declared that she would never become his wife until he was in such a position that his marriage with her would be no impediment to his future fortunes.

With this brief explanation of the position in which the young couple stood towards each other on the occasion of the meeting in the wood, above referred to, I will continue my story.

"You will permit me to accompany you as far as your lodging, Miss Talbot?" continued Mr. Sharpe; "for though I believe the people of St. David are too honest and simple-minded to commit robbery or outrage of any description, this is a lonely road for a young lady to pass over after nightfall;" and Mary, having accepted the young clergyman's escort, they passed onwards together.

"You do not seem well to-night," observed Mr. Sharpe, when, on emerging from the shadow of the wood, he remarked his companion's pale face and languid looks. "You are still anxious respecting your brother."

"I *am* anxious, though perhaps I am—I hope and trust I am—alarming myself without cause," replied Mary; "but—but my spirits—" and she broke down without completing the sentence.

The curate became alarmed.

"What is this, Miss Talbot—Mary?" he stammered forth. "You are really ill. What is to be done? We have yet a mile to walk, and I cannot leave you here in darkness while I go to seek assistance."

"There is no occasion. It is nothing," replied Mary. "My nerves are unstrung. The anxiety I have suffered since—since the arrival of the last American packet, has so affected me, that the least trifle now overpowers me. I feel better now. Let us walk on."

"You have walked too far, Miss Talbot, after the duties of the day; and the visit to the sick child has been too much for you."

As they walked on Mary was still thinking of the one absorbing subject. The curate, she had no doubt, was aware of all the particulars relative to the loss of Mr. Aston's pocket-book, and these she was most anxious to learn before she made up her mind what course she herself ought to pursue. She knew not how, unless from him, she could obtain the information she required.

"I feel much better," she went on, after a silence of a few minutes; "and perhaps you will smile at my folly when I tell you what trivial matters (such as the, perhaps, idle gossip of two old women) affect my nerves in my present state of anxiety. While I was sitting in the bedroom with little Susan Hoolit, I heard her grandmother and another old dame conversing respecting a robbery that has taken place in the village, but of which, until to-day, I have never heard a whisper, and it quite upset me. I wonder, if such a robbery actually occurred, that I have not heard something of it. You, no doubt, can tell me whether the old women spoke the truth, or whether they were indulging in idle village gossip."

"A robbery! Of what nature?" inquired the curate.

"They said," continued Mary, hardly able to keep her voice from betraying her own especial interest in the matter, "that Mr. Aston has been robbed of his pocket-book, which contained money to the amount of two hundred pounds, and—other valuables."

"It is true, I am sorry to say, Miss Talbot," replied Mr. Sharpe, "that Mr. Aston has lost, or has been robbed of, a pocket-book which contained the property you speak of. He firmly believes that it was taken from his coat-pocket on the day on which he was suddenly seized with illness on the beach. Mr. Sinclair, Doctor Pendriggen, and myself, however, doubt this. We suspect that he lost, or was robbed of his property during his visit to Falmouth, a day or two before his illness, and that his memory, impaired during his illness, has led him to mistake the date of his loss. We cannot believe in the dishonesty of the village people. But I am astonished to hear that the affair is known abroad. I thought the secret was confined to ourselves."

"The visitor at the cottage was the mother or mother-in-law of the nurse who attended Mr. Aston in his illness," explained Mary. "The nurse, somehow, heard the particulars, and told them to her mother as a secret. It was not intended that I should hear the conversation of the old women. In fact, they are not aware that I did hear it. But why keep so great a loss a secret?"

"Because Mr. Aston does not wish suspicion to rest upon the innocent, as it might do if the robbery were known and the actual thief or thieves could not be discovered. It was Mr. Aston's especial desire that it be kept secret. Mr. Sinclair and Doctor Pendriggen wished to have the matter thoroughly investigated. I suspect, however, if it be revealed as a secret from one person to another, it will not be long before it becomes generally known throughout the village."

"The old dame who spoke of it," continued Mary, "appeared to be quite minute in her details. She said there were four fifty-pound notes in the pocket-book, besides a gold locket, so remarkable in its appearance that it could be immediately recognised."

"There were other moneys besides, and certain valuable letters and papers," replied the curate. "The nurse must have listened at the bed-room door."

"A pocket-book is a strange receptacle in which to keep a locket," said Mary.

"It appears," replied the curate, "that the locket was a family heirloom. It was engraved with Mr. Aston's crest—two stars and two daggers quartered within a shield, which was surmounted by a griffin, and beneath was the family motto in a scroll. Inside the locket, also, there was a miniature painted on ivory, representing some female relative of Mr. Aston's. He says that he regrets the loss of the locket, and the papers the pocket-book contained, more than the money."

By this time Mr. Sharpe and Mary had arrived at the gate of the farm-house.

"Now, Miss Talbot," continued the curate, "you know as much about the robbery as I do; and," he added with a smile, "I must ask *you* to keep the matter a secret, as *you* say the old woman bound Dame Hoolit to secrecy. I *must* say that I *do* think you were foolish to allow such a matter to trouble you. The pocket-book was lost under peculiar circumstances, and I don't imagine we have now any more occasion to fear burglars than we had previous to its loss. There are very few in the parish of St. David who have so much property to lose. I think you may sleep in the confidence of perfect security from robbers, and I suppose I must now wish you good night."

Mary passed into the farm-house, glad to escape, for she felt that she could not have disguised her feelings much longer; and Mr. Sharpe, still very uneasy on her account, returned to his own lodgings.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

In the "Quarterly Review," January 1868, the leading article, purporting to be a review of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is in reality a biographical summary and analysis of that life, and has interested me exceedingly. I do not know who is the writer, but he is one of the very few remaining, who are conversant with the facts and competent to handle the subject. He has done so in a friendly, but just and candid manner. The revival of the subject induces me to group some letters bearing upon Scott together.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An old Scottish proverb says, "They are far behind who may not follow;" and though vast is the distance of my following, I cannot help thinking that some special circumstances in a literary life, independently of many years of personal intimacy, have given me opportunities enjoyed by few, of observing the character of my illustrious countryman.

Scott was eleven years my senior. His childhood witnessed the same natural scenery; he preceded me at the same school; I possessed his predilection for early ballad antiquities, and sought them out with boyish interest, among shoemakers, weavers, and aged crones.* I had a little law to study in my youth, which I did not like, and I took to literature. There is something amusing in the great similarity and greater difference; I had no "crutch," and it would have been well for Scott if he had never altered his so much into a staff. Authors, and especially poets, who set to work at making fortunes, are not, therein, of the true-blue blood. They lose literary caste, and too often imperil both fame and worldly prosperity.

Scott was born only three hundred years too late to be the daring chief of a Border clan. His courage and adventurous spirit (what pity the latter was misdirected in our commercial age!) would have honoured the times of the wizard Thomas, and kept Annan and Teviotdale alive to ceaseless issues, far different from those of the Ballantyne press.

Transformed as men are to the time in which they flourish, Scott was ever paramount in modern, as the chiefs of Cessford or Harden were in the olden, days. He would lead, boldly and nobly, but his co-operation was never more than cool, and his following any other leader was out of the question. As a patron none more staunch and energetic could be found; to minor relations he was gentle and complacent, but, where offended or thwarted, "Wha dar meddle wi' me" might have been his motto, if he had not chosen to assume the more classic national "Nemo me impune lacessit." In small matters he was more than courteous. The reviewer says truly, "He would tax his judgment to discover something meritorious in every manuscript submitted to him;" and when I have reasoned with him on this point (which several times involved my own opinions in trouble), his defence was, "They are not sent to me for criticism; if I found fault it would not only procure me

* I believe I retain many scraps still, which are fast passing away from the memory of man and the realms of manuscript.

dislike, but be considered officious, and do the writers no good." Where he was friendly he was friendly indeed; where he took offence, the resentment soon passed away. I once displeased him by some too free remarks on one of his later novels, and he showed it by evading a visit to Abbotsford from my county member Sir Alexander Don and myself; but next winter, in London, he was as cordial as ever, and so continued to the day of his death. I felt some satisfaction in having a sad posthumous revenge, by being one on the sub-committee of management for preserving Abbotsford in the family, and by my zeal adding a considerable amount to the subscription.*

It was in his patronising friendships that the generosity and warm-heartedness of his nature shone most brightly. He spared no pains in accomplishing his object, and the activity of his efforts was only comparable with the prudence of his advice. No poet could be more enthusiastic, no man of the world more circumstantially particular on the score of moral obligations and conduct. He was a true friend to Allan Cunningham, to the Ettrick Shepherd (notwithstanding the occasional outbreaks), to the brothers Ballantyne, and others I could specify, and cherished a magnanimous kindness towards all his brethren of the pen. As Byron said, he had no need to be jealous of any one.

I find it a delicate task to afford even a slight example of his social and personal virtues, as I have essayed to describe them. What follows is the best I can do. A worthy Edinburgh gentleman in the legal profession, but more addicted to the cultivation of a fine taste for literature and the arts, than to dry law, had felt the usual consequence, and fallen into deep embarrassment. He was nearly connected with Scott's familiar circle, and it was deemed advisable for him to seek employment for his talents "in a country new." The annexed is Sir Walter's letter to him:—

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the circumstances which oblige you to think of giving up your profession and exchanging your residence, and would think myself very happy if I could be of use to you in doing so to advantage. I have little doubt that if the situation of the editor to the "Courier" should open, you would be able to conduct it with profit to the proprietors and reputation to yourself, as your acquirements in modern languages, and your good sense and readiness in composition, would be called into frequent employment. I should think, also, you possess that tact and knowledge of the world for want of which so many editors are apt to go wrong, though possessed of many brilliant accomplishments. The profession of editor has, perhaps, many requisites unknown to those who have never professed it; but limiting my attestation to the obvious qualities, such as all men know and understand, I would consider it as a very fortunate circumstance to place you at the head of any paper in which I was interested. I am not aware whether I can serve you further, not knowing any of the proprietors; but if it were otherwise I would be happy to do so, and I request, should an opportunity occur, you will without scruple apply to,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 2 October, 1830

Suffice it to note that the editorship of the "Courier" was not open (as rumour had circulated) at the time. William Blackwood and James Ballantyne interested themselves in the same cause; and I was made a party to the commencement of a literary career which began in a distant province, but has been continued with in-

creasing reputation and influence in the great centre of literary activity ever since. Scott was highly gratified by this success.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

This most faithfully attached adherent and friend of Sir Walter Scott has had but scant justice done to him in the published versions of, and animadversions upon, his connection with the great commercial enterprise and melancholy catastrophe in which his ambitious principals became so miserably involved. Throughout all their joint transactions he was only a secondary ally, and yielded that allegiance which acknowledged superiority always commands from inferior powers. With relation to their conduct of business, I have no means to judge. It seemed to be all gorgeous and golden. Their credit was unbounded. Monte Christo himself could not be more profusely accommodated.* But let the cause of the failure have been what it might, James Ballantyne's share in it was simply his rising and falling with the genius he worshipped. He was a gentleman, and one of no ordinary intellectual capacity. The services he rendered (even as a printer anxious to rectify accidental mistakes) not only to the rapidly brought out writings of Scott, but to the productions of the Ettrick Shepherd and others, were of great value. I could furnish some striking instances; but suffice it to say that I have no reason to hold my estimable friend responsible for the crushing fact that, in glowing prosperity and prospects, the arm into which his was linked was stretched too far for safety, and could not be retracted to restore the hand its strength. Ballantyne survived Scott not quite four months.

Though this notice is rather a sequel to that of Sir Walter Scott (every matter touching whom will ever possess interest) than a separate attempt to supply characteristic traits of another, I must adventure a letter, which, setting apart its private flatteries, will speak fairly of the literary status and talent of James Ballantyne.

3, Heriot Row, Edin., May 10th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—This letter is written to introduce to you my friend and brother-in-law, Mr. P., of Edinburgh. He has never been in London before, and is now on business which will leave him no great overplus of time to employ in amusement; but he has heard both my wife and myself speak so warmly and feelingly of your kind attentions, and very useful services, that I know I am gratifying him much by putting him within their exertion in his behalf, so far as is perfectly convenient and agreeable to you. You will find him a strong-minded clever man, of some humour, . . . and altogether a very excellent fellow. What kindness you can easily show him I shall receive as kindness to myself; and for him I can assuredly say that his greatest pleasure will be to requite it when you put it in his power. We are in sooth wearying for you here, and I really wish you would revisit Scotland, were it only to prove that it is not always the case that a prophet hath not honour in his own land.

The "Crusaders" will be out, I think, about the end of June. *Entre nous*, there will be five volumes. The first two are employed in telling a tale called the "Betrothed," being, in my mind, perhaps the most defective thing the author ever produced—not good at all, for HIM, that is. The other three are to contain the "Talisman," of which I think magnificently. In fact I do not know whether it will not restore the author to the very highest vantage-ground he has ever occupied. How the one is so little and the other so grand, nay, in sooth, I cannot tell; but it is so. I have no doubt you will agree with me. The portrait of Richard of the Lion Heart is exceeded by not one of his former creations, not, I think, by Rebecca; and there is an eastern physician and a hermit of unrivalled power. There is, farther, an admirable story, comprising one or two mysteries

* In the introduction to these Letters, I explained the difficulty, from their nature, of avoiding egotism, and I have only to hope that I may not be blamed for carrying it too far. Such illustrations of character as my theme required, and the long period which has elapsed, must plead my apology. It is not the mighty literary Enchanter of whom I am endeavouring to preserve some traits, but the individual man, Walter Scott, in his sayings and doings, as he lived.

* I remember my surprise when, on a visit to Rochdale, ensconced in the bank back parlour of my friend Mr. John Roby, I saw bills for many hundred pounds, between Edinburgh and London, and especially, if at long dates, gladly discounted as an excellent investment of money.

of great interest, but not yet unravelled. I speak of vol. 1 and the half of vol. 2, that is, of one half of the whole; and it is a fair presumption that, having proceeded so far so admirably, he will not come tardy off in what remains. This, by-the-by, is all to Mr. Jerdan, *not to the editor of the "Literary Gazette."*

Ever truly yours,

J. BALLANTYNE.

Five years afterwards, and nearer the end, a short note tells of the same kindly disposition and wish to benefit the deserving. It introduces one of the earliest and most popular illustrators of Scottish song that ever excited the admiration of the South.

18, Albany Street, Sept. 25, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Wilson, whose high merits as a vocalist are of course well known to you. He and I have been long acquainted, and I run no risk in pledging myself that he will do nothing but credit to your kindness.

In haste, believe me ever

Most sincerely yours,

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

It might seem a sort of assent to certain publicly expressed opinions if I refrained from adding a few words to the foregoing statements, and in defence of the reputation of John Ballantyne, the next brother to James, and one of the partners in the Edinburgh printing firm.* Some writers have spoken very disparagingly of him, and treated his intimate association with Scott as degrading to the latter.

I do not wish to defend anything in itself wrong; but I would respectfully suggest that it is unjustifiable to judge the manners of a former age by the standard of our present day. Scott and the Ballantynes had thirty years of the last century on their heads and hearts. They began their literary connection in the "Kelso Mail," established in 1797, when terror filled the country with a dread of Jacobin outrage, largely inspired by the sanguinary Revolution in France; hence their Toryism. And with regard to their social habits, these were in accordance with usages of too general prevalence over "the land of cakes." The readers of Dean Ramsay's "Characteristic Scottish Anecdotes" will understand me. The feelings and fashion of the age agreed entirely with the convivial enjoyments of Scott and his boon companions. No doubt the wine-cup, the speech, and the song of those times will not bear defence. Our generation has seen a great improvement in all these particulars. I venture simply to affirm that poor "Johnny" Ballantyne ought not to be singled out by critical censure as having been the main cause of the irregularities of others.

That he was the cherished associate of the mighty wizard is, in spite of the charge, something in his favour; and why he was so it is easy to tell. Scott was eminently convivial within the limits of becoming mirth, and "Johnny" (familiarily so hailed) was what is known in Scotland by the title of the "Whistle Binkie" of the company. Society delighted in him. His humorous songs and comic stories were most entertaining and laughable. Of the former, some were indeed objectionable for any time or occasion (I remember one free enough even for that period, for I desire to speak with a clear breast); but in the latter he was unequalled. As a proof, I may state that he taught Matthews his popular tale of the

minister drenched with rain, who was comforted by the wife of his colleague bidding him "gang into the *poopit*, where he would be dry enuch!" and the pupil never reached the indescribable humour of his instructor.

But, lest I also should become "dry enuch" (having no letters of John Ballantyne), I shall conclude by affirming that Johnny Ballantyne had merits to make him worthy of Scott's regard, and that some of his faults may fairly be spoken of as those of the times.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

APRIL.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

WHEN we direct our attention to the heavens on a clear starlight winter's night, the first impression on our mind is that an almost infinite number of stars is presented to our view. This is, however, merely an optical illusion produced principally by the twinkling of the stars, and by their irregular position in the sky, for the whole extent of the heavens is too vast to be included at one time in the field of vision. Hence arises the erroneous impression that the number of stars is so great. Now, on the contrary, seldom more than two thousand can be perceived by an ordinary eye at once, including all stars down to the sixth magnitude above the horizon. Observers, however, with superior eyesight can occasionally detect objects of the seventh magnitude, but this exceptional vision is very unusual. There are only twenty-four stars of the first magnitude in all parts of the heavens, several being visible only in the southern hemisphere. The stars of the second magnitude number about fifty, and of the third about two hundred. Including all stars down to the sixth magnitude, or within the limits of ordinary vision, about five thousand stars altogether can be seen in the latitude of London during the year. But if we view the sky with a very powerful telescope, the minute objects composing the groundwork of the heavens may be counted by tens of thousands, or even by hundreds of thousands of stars.

The observed diminution in the magnitude of objects, as well as the increasing numbers contained within the field of view, as their distances increase, may be briefly explained as follows. Let us imagine a person standing in the middle of a forest, surrounded by trees in every direction. Those nearest to him would be few in number and the trunks comparatively large; but if he were to take the next circuit of trees outside those around him, the visible trunks would be increased in number, but their dimensions would appear smaller. Proceeding onwards in this manner, the trunks of the trees would at last be very numerous indeed, but their apparent size would bear no comparison in magnitude with those near the observer. But still these apparently small distant trees might be really considerably larger than any in the whole forest. We will now substitute the stars for the trees. For the sake of analogy, let us now suppose that the observer on the surface of the earth is situated in the centre of a forest of stars, of indefinite extent; those few which are nearest to our own system would appear large and bright, and we distinguish them of the first magnitude; those which are farther removed from us would appear in greater numbers, but with less intrinsic brightness—these we call of the second magnitude; those which are still farther from us would be considerably increased in number, but their magnitude would appear much smaller. If we continue increasing the distance, the decrease of brightness will

* Alexander, the third and youngest brother, was an accomplished and charming musician. I believe that several of the family live at the present time, as their distinguished representatives in the arts and literature.

be in inverse proportion to the increased number of the stars, till we are stopped by the limit of vision. With telescopic aid, the observable stars are too numerous for any accurate determination of their numbers. M. Argelander, a zealous German astronomer, has, however, actually published a catalogue of the exact positions of no fewer than a quarter of a million of stars greater than



INDEX MAP, LOOKING NORTH, APRIL 15.

the tenth magnitude. These numbers nevertheless fail to represent properly the boundless extent of the stellar universe, for every improvement in the construction of astronomical telescopes unfolds to the view of the astronomer hundreds of thousands of minute stars which had never been resolved before. Sir John Herschel remarks that "beyond the limits of unaided vision, telescopes continue the range of visibility, and magnitudes, from the eighth down to the sixteenth, are familiar to those who are in the practice of using powerful instruments; nor does there seem the least reason to assign a limit to this progression; every increase in the dimensions and power of instruments, which successive improvements in optical science have attained, having brought into view multitudes innumerable of objects invisible before; so that, for anything experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the stars may be really infinite, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word."



INDEX MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, APRIL 15.

The aspect of the midnight sky of April is somewhat different from that depicted in the diagrams for March, numerous stars of large magnitude having since last month made their appearance in the east and south-east, while some conspicuous objects in the west have dis-

appeared below the horizon. The stars above the second magnitude, now visible south of the zenith, are Regulus in Leo, Spica in Virgo, Arcturus in Boötes, and Antares in Scorpio. Taken as a whole, the south sky at midnight still contains a considerable number of interesting objects, although no constellation has that striking appearance which Orion and some others present at an earlier or later period of the year. For example, we have still the bright stars in Leo and Virgo in the western part of the sky, while on the eastern side of the meridian the bright stars in Boötes, Serpens, and Scorpio are conspicuous objects at different altitudes. There are numerous other constellations, which we shall endeavour to point out to the observer, who, with the assistance of our diagrams, will, we expect, have no difficulty in identifying the principal stars. By the knowledge of these stars he will have some idea of the positions of the constellations of which they are the chief members.

We must again suppose the observer standing with his back to the Pole star, with his eye directed along the plane of the meridian looking due south. At first, however, we would wish him to look directly overhead, still with his back towards Polaris. He will then perceive that the last of the stars in Charles's Wain, in Ursa Major, is very nearly in the zenith; it is really about two degrees south of that point. This is the only month that this star, Eta Ursæ Majoris, or, as it is sometimes named, Alkaid, is in the south half of the sky; in our diagrams for March and also for next month, it will be found with its six companions in the northern half. Passing the eye downwards, a bright star, with a reddish tinge, strikes our attention slightly east of the meridian; this is Arcturus. Considerably lower, a few degrees west of the meridian, the white star Spica shines brilliantly. Confining our remarks for the moment to the western sky, and commencing from the zenith, or the centre of the upper portion of the diagram, the first star which will probably be noticed is Cor Caroli, the chief member of the small constellation of Canes Venatici (the greyhounds). It will be remarked that Cor Caroli is in an isolated position, no star of equal magnitude being near it for some distance on all sides. Then comes the group of small stars in Coma Berenices, below which, extending from the meridian to a considerable distance towards the west and south-west, Leo and Virgo occupy the major portion of the sky. The principal stars in Leo are all visible about midway between the zenith and horizon, or in the right hand upper corner of the lower diagram; they may be recognised in two ways, one by the irregular trapezium formed by the brightest objects, and the other by the imaginary appearance of a sickle produced by a group of six or seven stars, of which Regulus is the most southerly. The best time, however, for recognising this celestial reaping-hook is when it is

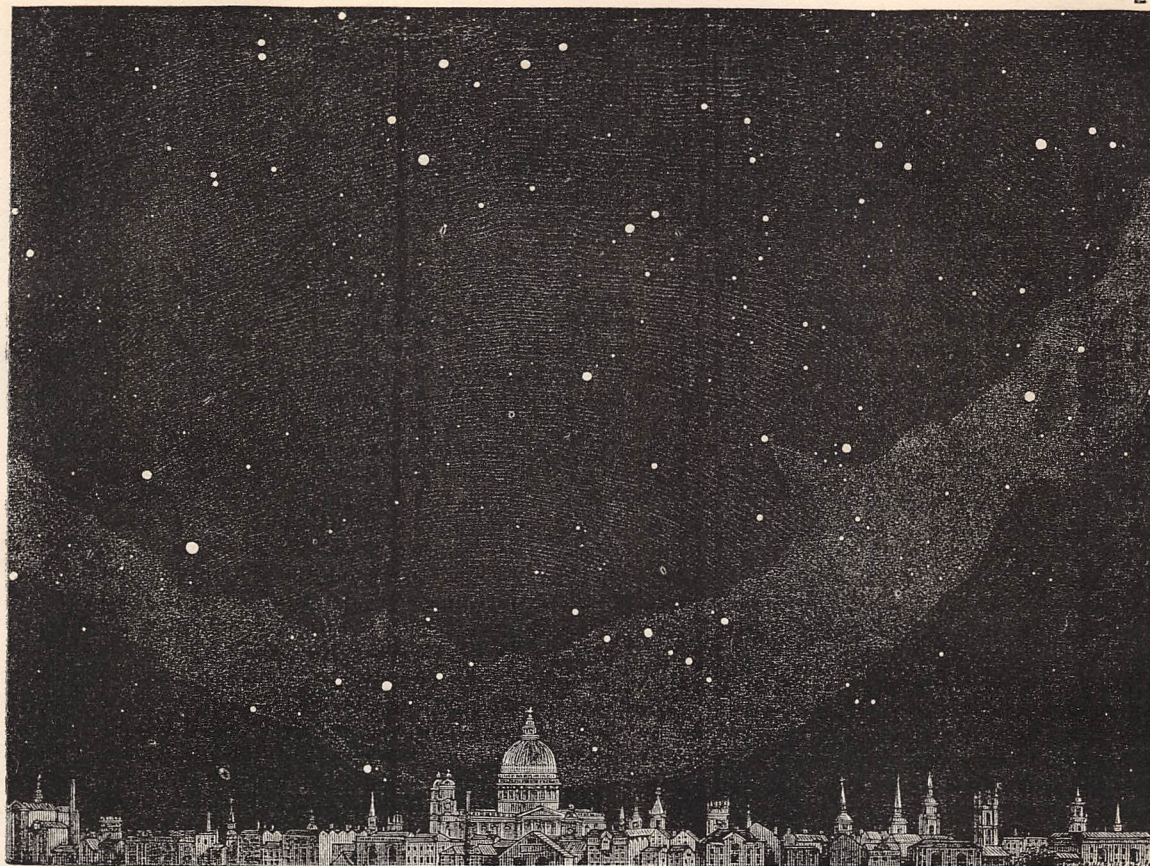
*** The identification of the principal stars in the two views will be much facilitated by reference to the index-maps, which have been specially prepared to assist the reader while comparing the diagrams with the descriptive letter-press. The names of the stars of the first and second magnitudes are generally inserted, and a few of the third. By these additional diagrams we hope that the practical usefulness of the star-views will be considerably increased.

It may probably be useful to mention again here, although we have incidentally alluded to it more than once in our descriptions, that the zenith is that point of the heavens directly overhead, and that the centre of the upper boundary-line in the diagrams coincides exactly with it. The meridian is an imaginary line dividing the visible heavens into two portions, one on the right, and the other on the left of the observer. The meridian line, therefore, passes from the north horizon to the south, through the celestial pole and the zenith. From this the reader will understand that in the diagrams a line drawn from the zenith through the centre will represent the celestial meridian of the observer's station.

—E. D.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, APRIL 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, APRIL 15.

situated nearer the meridian in the earlier hours of the evening, or about 8 P.M. in April, when it can be seen to great advantage and with considerable clearness. This group, near which is the radiant point of the November stream of meteors, consists of about six stars of average magnitude, one being between the first and second, one of the second, two of the third, and two of the fourth magnitude. Between Leo and the meridian, most of the chief stars in Virgo are situated, but excepting Spica, none of them is greater than the third magnitude. One of these is, however, a most interesting binary star, perhaps the most carefully observed of any in the heavens. Some account of the relative movements of its components will be given when we treat specially of the constellation Virgo. The south-west portion of the sky towards the horizon is occupied chiefly with the small constellations, Corvus and Crater, while Hydra is spread over the horizon from west to nearly south.

East of the meridian, and at no great distance from it, the constellation Boötes, containing Arcturus and several stars of the second and third magnitudes, is the most attractive group in that portion of the heavens. Below Boötes, about half-way between the zenith and horizon in the south-east, is Serpens, and lower still, near the horizon, Scorpio will be recognized by several bright stars, of which the principal is Antares, of the first magnitude. This constellation is very prolific in stars of the fourth and fifth magnitudes. In the east-south-east, Corona Borealis is easily distinguished near Boötes by its semicircular group, in the centre of which is Alpha Coronæ, known also frequently by the names of Gemma and Alphecca. East of Corona Borealis and Serpens are the important constellations Hercules, Ophiuchus and Aquila, the last occupying the eastern horizon.

The principal constellations in the midnight south sky of April have been generally mentioned in our preceding remarks. The complete list consists of the whole of Sextans, Crater, Corvus, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, Boötes, Corona Borealis and Ophiuchus, and parts of Hydra, Leo Minor, Ursa Major, Hercules, Aquila, Scorpio, and Centaurus.

The constellation Virgo, which occupies a considerable portion of the sky west of the meridian at midnight, and east of the meridian in the earlier hours of the evening, is the sixth sign of the zodiac. It was popularly considered in former times as the sign belonging to the harvest season, because when the sun enters it the cereal crops are ripe for the sickle. In most representations of Virgo, therefore, she appears sometimes as Ceres and sometimes as an angel, with ears of corn in her hand, defined in the heavens by the position of the bright star Spica. On this subject, Admiral Smyth has remarked that "we are told that among the Orientals she was represented as a sunburnt damsel, with an ear of corn in her hand, like a gleaner of the fields; but the Greeks, Romans, and moderns have concurred in depicting her as a winged angel, holding wheat ears, typical—of the harvest, which came on in the time of the Greeks as the sun approached Spica. She forms a conspicuous and extensive asterism, replete with astronomical interest." Virgo is bounded on the east by Libra, on the west by Leo, on the north by Boötes and Coma Berenices, and on the south by Corvus, Crater, and Hydra. The number of stars in Virgo observed by Ptolemy was thirty-two, but Flamsteed has recorded one hundred and ten, and in Bode's Celestial Atlas four hundred and eleven are inserted.

The most brilliant star in Virgo is Spica, which forms,

as we have previously mentioned, almost an equilateral triangle with Denebola in the tail of Leo and Arcturus in Boötes. Spica may also be found by drawing a straight line from Beta Boötes through Arcturus, and may also be readily distinguished by its isolated appearance. Among other star references a long line drawn from Dubhe, in Ursa Major, through Gamma in the same constellation, will reach Spica. Or a line from Polaris, through Mizar, the star in the middle of the tail of the Great Bear, will also pass through Spica. The following lines will popularly guide the observer to the positions of several bright stars now above the horizon:—

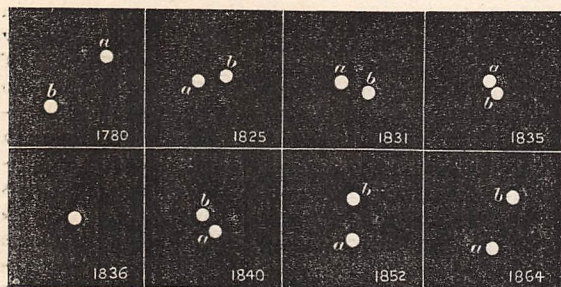
"From the Pole-star through Mizar glide
With long and rapid flight,
Descend, and see the Virgin's spike
Diffuse its vernal light.
And mark what glorious forms are made
By the gold harvest's ears,
With Deneb west, Arcturus north,
A triangle appears;
While to the east a larger still,
Th' observant eye will start,
From Virgo's spike to Gemma bright,
And thence to Scorpio's heart."

The principal remaining stars in Virgo can be easily identified between Spica and Denebola. They are, however, generally known only by a Greek letter attached to the name of the constellation. The first of these stars from Spica is Gamma Virginis, the two nearer the zenith are Delta and Epsilon, and the two west of Gamma are Eta and Beta. The last star is below Denebola.

By far the most interesting object to astronomers in Virgo is acknowledged to be that extraordinary binary system known as Gamma Virginis. Its position can be identified in the heavens from the preceding explanation. This class of stars, above all others, exhibits to us the proof of the law of gravitation being as applicable in remote regions of the universe as in the comparatively smaller interval of space occupied by the members of our own solar system. It will not be out of place to remark here that double stars are very common in all directions of the heavens, that there is scarcely a constellation in which several are not to be found, and that the number of these objects catalogued by different observers amounts to several thousands. But ordinary double stars must not be confounded with those which have been proved by observation to belong to a common system, for many of them are known to be only optically double. For example, two stars appearing to the naked eye as one object, but through a telescope as two, may be separated from each other by a distance as great as between any two stars in the heavens, though by accident they are viewed from the earth in the same line of direction. These apparently double stars are consequently always observed in the same relative order, so that their telescopic measures of distance and angular position remain for ages without sensible alteration. But in the double stars known to be physically connected hence their name of binary stars—these measures of distance and angular position are always changing more or less, and when observations are made at different epochs, the movements of the stars with respect to each other are very evident indeed. Sir John Herschel remarks that "we have the same evidence of their rotations about each other that we have of those of Uranus and Neptune about the sun; and the correspondence between their calculated and observed places in such very elongated ellipses, must be admitted to carry with it proof of the prevalence of the Newtonian law of gravity in their systems, of the very same nature and

cogency as that of the calculated and observed places of comets round the central body of our own."

As an example of a binary star, we could not select a more appropriate one for our purpose than Gamma Virginis, because it is one which has received constant attention since the beginning of the eighteenth century. When Mayer observed it in 1756, the distance between the two stars was found to be six and a half seconds of arc. Sir William Herschel, in 1780, observed this space to be one second smaller. From recorded observations since that time, the stars have been seen to approach each other gradually, till at length, in 1836, they were so close that the highest magnifying power, applied to the most celebrated telescopes, was unable to separate the two components. After this the star gradually opened, and in 1837 was again seen double when viewed through a good telescope. In 1840 the distance between the components was observed by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, who found it nearly a second and a half; in 1852, from observations made at the Royal Observatory, this distance had increased to upwards of three seconds; and from some excellent measures made by the Rev. R. Main, at Oxford, in 1864, the space between the two stars was equal to four seconds and a quarter. At the present time it slightly exceeds this quantity. In all probability in a few years hence the relative appearance of the stars in Gamma Virginis will be similar to that first recorded by Bradley in 1718, since which time one complete revolution will then have been made. This period, computed from the observations, is about 180 years. In the small diagram of Gamma Virginis we have given a selected number of the telescopic appearances of this beautiful star, which will possibly give a better idea of the relative movements of the components than by any further detailed description.



Two small constellations north of Virgo, extending together nearly to the zenith, are worthy of notice, though they are not celebrated for the magnitude of their stars. That nearest Virgo is Coma Berenices, named after the wife of an ancient king of Egypt. This lady vowed to consecrate her fine head of hair to the goddess Venus, if her husband returned in safety from a dangerous expedition. On the return of the king, she caused her locks of hair to be hung up in the Temple of Venus; but in a short time they were found to have disappeared. A wise man of the time, one Conon, an astronomer, declared that they were taken by Jupiter, who turned them into a constellation of stars. This fable, like many others of the same kind, must only be taken for what it is worth; but it is true enough that several of the ancient philosophers have alluded to these stars as "the tresses." To the naked eye, the principal group has a nebulous, or rather woolly appearance, owing to the aggregation, in a limited space, of a number of stars of the fourth and fifth magnitudes. These can be easily found by drawing an imaginary line from the

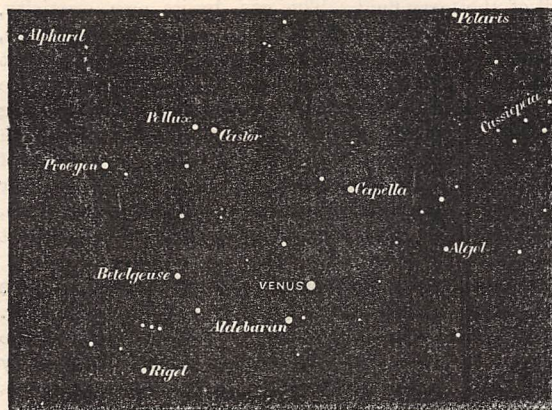
bright star Alkaid on the tip of the tail of the Great Bear, through Cor Caroli, as far as Denebola. About midway between the two last-named stars, the line will pass through the group. By reference to our south diagram, it can be recognized by a line of five small stars, mostly of the fifth magnitude. This is the smallest class of stars inserted in the large diagrams.

Canes Venatici, or the greyhounds Chara and Asterion, form a small constellation of comparatively recent origin, having been introduced into the heavens by Hevelius, in the seventeenth century. It is situated north of Coma Berenices, and occupies an empty space between Boötes and the hind legs of Ursa Major. Excepting its principal star Cor Caroli (Charles's heart), there is no object worthy of special notice in this constellation: In most celestial atlases or globes, Cor Caroli is placed in the centre of a heart attached to a crown on the shoulders of Chara. It is a beautiful double star, the larger component being white, and the smaller a pale lilac colour. The following anecdote of the origin of the name of this star is given by Admiral Smyth: "But it came to pass that it was named Cor Caroli by Halley, at the suggestion of Sir C. Scarborough. The popular story, or rather the vulgar one, runs—how Scarborough, the court physician, gazed upon a star the very evening before the return of King Charles II to London, the which, as in duty bound, appeared more visible and refulgent than heretofore; so the said star, which Hevelius had already made the lucida of Chara's collar, was thereupon extra-constellated within a sort of valentine figure of a heart, with a royal crown upon it; and so the monarch, it would seem by this extraction, remained heartless." Cor Caroli can be readily identified by reference to the south diagram; also a line drawn from Polaris through the first star in the tail of Ursa Major will lead directly to it. If we take advantage of the rhymester, we shall obtain other directions for finding not only Cor Caroli, but also the important group of Corona Borealis.

"When clear aloft, Boötes seek,
His brilliance leads the gaze,
And on each side its glitt'ring gems
The spacious arch displays;
Arcturus east to Vega join,
The Northern Crown you'll spy.
But west, to Ursa's second star,
He marks Cor Caroli."

The principal constellations visible at midnight in the northern sky, in addition to those which are wholly circumpolar, are Lyra, Cygnus, Lynx, Vulpecula, and parts of Cancer, Gemini, Auriga, Perseus, Andromeda, and Aquila. At this time, six of the seven principal stars in Ursa Major are near the zenith a little to the west of the meridian, the seventh in the tip of the tail being about two degrees south of the zenith. Below Ursa Major, towards the north-west, are the constellations Lynx and Camelopardus, in both of which there is scarcely any star greater than the fifth magnitude; consequently this portion of the heavens looks comparatively bare. A considerable number of small stars are, however, contained in these two constellations, though not inserted in the diagram, to prevent confusion in the mind of the reader. In the W.N.W., between Lynx and the horizon, Castor and Pollux can still be distinguished, and towards the north-west, near the Milky Way, Beta Aurigæ and Capella are very conspicuous. Near the north horizon, several bright stars in Perseus can be seen slightly west of the meridian, while about the same distance east, but nearer the pole, Cassiopeia is visible. Proceeding eastward, the

stars of the first magnitude, Alpha Cygni and Vega, shine above all others near them; and almost due east, and very near to the horizon, the chief stars in Aquila have just risen. The strictly circumpolar stars, in Draco and Cepheus, can be generally recognized east of the meridian between Polaris, Alpha Cygni, and Vega. The stars in Ursa Minor are now nearly all between the zenith and the pole, Kocab, or Beta Ursæ Minoris, being near the meridian.



POSITION OF VENUS AT 8 P.M., APRIL 15.

During April, 1868, the planet Venus is the evening star, and will be a very conspicuous object in Taurus in the western sky soon after sunset, and in the W.N.W. for some hours afterwards, exceeding in splendour the brightest of the fixed stars. She disappears below the horizon on April 1st. at 10.40 P.M., on the 15th at 11.16 P.M., and on the 30th at 11.42 P.M. Mercury and Mars are in unfavourable positions for observation, either with the naked eye or telescope, both planets rising only a short interval of time before the sun. Mercury will be at no great distance from Jupiter on the 13th, and from Mars on the 17th. Mars rises on the 1st at 5.11 A.M., and on the 30th at 4.42 A.M. On the 8th he will be in conjunction with Jupiter, when the two planets will be remarkably close to each other. Jupiter will be visible in the morning throughout the month, shortly before sunrise. On the 1st he rises at 5.15 A.M. or twenty-one minutes before the sun, and on the 30th at 3.33 A.M., or about an hour before sunrise. Jupiter will not, however, be well seen till after the middle of the month, when his four satellites will again be visible after having been lost in the rays of the sun since the beginning of February. Of the large planets, Saturn only can be favourably observed. On the 1st he rises about three-quarters of an hour before midnight in the south-east; on the 15th at 10.18 P.M., and on the 30th at 9.15 P.M. Saturn will be sure to attract attention. For several months he will be situated in the constellation Scorpio, and very near to the stars Beta Scorpii and Antares. The three objects will not differ much in magnitude, but the planet may be identified by its white and steady light, while that of Antares is of a reddish tinge, and Beta Scorpii is the smallest of the three.—Uranus can be easily seen with the aid of a telescope, and occasionally by the naked eye, in the absence of moonlight, when its exact position amongst the neighbouring stars is known. This planet sets at 2 A.M. on the 1st, and soon after midnight on the 30th.—The planet Neptune, though nearly equal in bulk to Uranus, is so far distant from us that it appears in the field of view of a telescope no greater than a star of the seventh or eighth

magnitude. It is, therefore, always invisible to the unassisted eye, and, consequently, its movements can never be of much popular interest.

The moon will be in the constellation Cancer on the 1st and 2nd of April, and in Leo from the 2nd to the 4th. On the 3rd, at about 8 P.M., she will be very near the star Regulus. On the 5th she enters Virgo, continuing in this sign till the 7th. On the 8th and 9th she is in Libra, and on the 10th in Scorpio. After this day the moon is only visible in the morning hours till new moon. On the reappearance of the young crescent moon, she will be in the constellation Taurus, passing on through Gemini and Cancer by the end of the month. The star Aldebaran, in Taurus, will be very near to the moon on the morning of the 25th; and on the 30th, near midnight, Regulus will, for the second time this month, be very near the moon. The changes of the moon will take place as follows:—Full moon on the 7th at 7.17 A.M.; last quarter on the 14th, at 10.34 P.M.; new moon on the 22nd, at 8.20 P.M., and first quarter on the 29th, at 6.18 P.M.

Our description of the positions of the stars at midnight on April 15th, will, with the diagrams, be also available on May 15th, at 10 P.M., on January 15th at 6 A.M., on February 15th at 4 A.M., and on March 15th at 2 A.M.


THE GAS WE BURN.

THE use of coal-gas for domestic purposes has been common in this country for more than fifty years, so that the proportion of our existing population, who can recall the aspect of London and other great towns as it was before gas became common, is but comparatively small. For the sake of those of our readers to whom the manufacture of gas is practically a mystery, we are going briefly to describe the processes by which the coal that warms our dwellings and cooks our food, is made also to yield us light within doors and without. London and London suburbs contain more than a score of gas factories, and there is hardly a town in England that does not boast its own gas-works. Everybody has seen the huge gasometers towering above the chimneys, and has encountered the gangs of sooty-faced men going to and fro at their labour; while few have had interest or curiosity enough to explore these resorts of curious industry, and to observe what is constantly going on there without pause or intermission, from one year's end to another.

On entering a gas-work we do not fail to remark that the several operations necessarily cover a considerable area of ground, not the least portion of which is occupied by the enormous circular vessels which are the storehouses of the gas when its manufacture is completed, and from which it passes into the mains, or street-pipes, by which it is led off; it may be to the distance of many miles, for the service of the public.

Passing on amid these monster vessels, and various smaller structures of somewhat similar form, among which are rows of tall pillars coupled together at the top, we follow our guide to the retort-house, where the business of making gas may be said to begin. The spectacle is sufficiently startling and impressive to one who witnesses it for the first time. It is night, and the stars are shining clearly, and so is the half-moon, in the cold blue sky aloft, and as you look up you see them glimmering through the lurid smoke and smother of the scene. At first you do not know what to make of it. You are in a kind of cavern some hundred yards long and not

ten wide, the walls of which are spouting fire in fifty places at once, and every now and then bursting out at some new point. Groups of men of weird aspect and frantic gestures, half-clad and begrimed with coal-dust, are poking with long pikes at the spouting flames, and raking forth masses of glowing matter, while others are thrusting fresh fuel into the fiery mouths and rapidly closing them up. After a while these operations begin to explain themselves. The fire-spouting holes are the mouths of the retorts in which the coal is burned. The retorts are hollow iron cases about seven feet long and rather cylindrical in shape, with a diameter of some fourteen inches or more. They are closed at the farther end, and are only opened at the mouth for the admission and withdrawal of the fuel. They are kept constantly at a red heat by means of fierce fires of coke, the furnaces being so contrived as to subject them all to a great, and, as near as possible, an equal heat. The retort is filled by means of a long iron scoop fitting its interior, by which the charge of coal is readily introduced, and, the scoop being inverted, is withdrawn empty: the right charge is about two-thirds of the quantity the retort would hold; it would not do to put in more, because the coal will be transformed into coke when it comes out, and will have increased about one-third in bulk, for which increase space must of course be allowed. The moment the charge of coal is introduced, so great is the heat it meets that it bursts into flame; and if now the mouth of the retort were suffered to remain open the coal would be consumed as coal is consumed in an ordinary grate, resulting only in flame and cinders. But flame cannot exist without air, and the mouth of the retort being closed up and the air excluded, the disengaged gas, which would be flame if air were present, escapes up a tube fixed over the mouth of the retort, which tube dips into the hydraulic main—a large iron pipe running along above the topmost retorts and communicating thus with every one of them. As the distillation of the coal goes on, a quantity of tar, ammoniacal liquor, and other matters, rises along with the gas through the connecting pipe, and flows over into the hydraulic main, which is so contrived as always to be about half-full of this semi-liquid stuff; the feeding-tubes from the retorts all dip below the surface of the liquid, by which arrangement any return of the gas is prevented when the charges of the retorts are drawn or they have to be repaired or otherwise interfered with.

We have said that the retorts are somewhat cylindrical in shape: we may add that the shapes vary in different factories, and also for different objects. Some are strictly circular; a cross-section of others would show them in a greater or less degree oval; others, again, are waggon-shaped; while many are known from their form as "kidney-shaped." The waggon, or  shaped, appear to be very generally used. The retorts are arranged in sets, and a set may consist of three, five, seven, or nine, according to the size of the furnaces and the convenience which space may afford for their arrangement. Each set of retorts has its own furnace or furnaces, and its own working gang. The time during which the retorts are kept burning will depend in some degree on the nature of the coal used, and may vary from six to eight hours, though the operation may be greatly accelerated in cases of urgent need. It is not advisable to continue the distillation too long, because the best gas is that which is first produced, while that obtainable after a certain lapse of time would be so bad as to be not merely valueless but detrimental. To ensure good distillation, the retorts should be heated to a red heat, and maintained at a regular temperature. If the retorts are not

sufficiently heated at first, the gas given off would burn with only a feeble light; and if they are allowed to get too hot, the produce may be gases that give still less light, or even nitrogen and carbonic acid, which extinguish flame.

As the gas, together with the tar, ammonia, etc., flows from the retort-tubes into the hydraulic main, the heavier matters are led off through a pipe in the main conducting to a tar-cistern, generally underground, the pipe being so adjusted as to leave the main always half-full of the tarry fluid. The gas, by its own elasticity, forces its way from the main into coolers or condensers, consisting for the most part of a series of tall, upright pipes, enclosed in larger ones, the spaces between the outer and inner pipes being filled with water flowing through in a cool stream. The pipes through which the gas circulates open at the bottom into a kind of chest or tank, in separate divisions, into which the tar condensed on the cool surface of the pipes trickles down, and whence it can be drained off into the tar-cistern at pleasure.

On entering the condensers the gas is at about the temperature of 120 deg., and it cools down to 60 deg. before leaving them. Though it has parted with the mass of its impurity in the condensers, it is not yet by any means in a fit condition for use, as many injurious gases are mixed with it, the action of which on the luxurious contents of some of our dwellings, and on our own sensations, would be anything but agreeable. These noxious elements have therefore to be removed by purification; and it is in this department of gas-making that the greatest difficulties have been encountered, and the most valuable improvements have been effected. Up to a comparatively recent period, the purification of coal-gas was accomplished almost entirely by the use of lime or lime and water. The gas was passed in the purifiers through lime-water, or through layers of lime slightly moistened; and, as a large quantity of lime was necessarily used, and immense masses of it became saturated with foul gases, the odours it gave off were disgusting beyond expression; and it was this vile fetor which in past years rendered the very neighbourhood of a gas-work unbearable. The necessity for perpetuating such a nuisance, however, no longer exists, and in some of the London gas-works the whole manufacture is conducted throughout without the prevalence of any disagreeable smell, and even with less annoyance from that source than one meets with in average workshops.* This improvement has been brought about by the substitution of oxide of iron instead of lime in the purifiers, or rather, of an artificial compound containing such chemical constituents of oxide of iron as have the required purifying power. The substance looks like sawdust dyed brown; it is almost odourless before use, and even after use, when it has taken up the impurities of the gas, and is stained by them to a dense black, it may be freely handled without unpleasantness.

The purifiers, into which the gas passes after leaving the condensers, are large rectangular vessels, wide as the floor of a room, about three feet in depth, and fitted up interiorly with three stages on floors one above the other, the stages consisting of laths of wood, very narrow and nearly touching each other, and the whole stage being divided into sections, so as to be easily removed when necessary. On these several floorings of lath the brown oxide is spread loosely to the depth of an inch or more, and the lid of the purifier is then let down,

* At the Equitable Gas-works, for instance, the processes of gas-making are gone through, not merely without annoyance to the neighbourhood, but almost without any perceptible odour in any part of the premises.

making all gas-tight. The gas, turned into the purifier from below, rises through the several layers of oxide, parting with its impurity as it goes. Above the top-most layer an open pipe leads away from the first purifier to the second, where the gas passes through a second series of the oxide-laden floors of lath; and from the second purifier to a third, and from a third, if need be, to a fourth. When the purifying power of the oxide is exhausted it is withdrawn, and is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, by spreading it thinly on the floor of an upper room. No foul smell results from such exposure, as there would be in the case of lime; yet the oxide, from being as black as ink, recovers its bright brown colour by degrees, and recovers also, to a considerable extent, its purifying power. It is but right to state here that lime is still used for the final purifying process, as applied to the best gas—the gas which is made of cannel coal, which is rendered as pure as it is possible to render it, and is supplied to the dwellings of the upper classes.

After passing through the purifiers, with their many strata of iron-oxide, or lime, the gas is so far cleansed that it might be stored for use, and left to get rid of the ammonia which it still contains, by contact with the water in the gasometer. But though the water would absorb the ammonia if the gas were kept long enough, it will not do so very quickly; and hence it becomes necessary to get rid of the ammonia in some other way. This is done most satisfactorily by means of what is called the "scrubber," which is nothing more than a tall tank as big as an average haystack; the tank is filled with lumps of coke, over and through which water is constantly trickling from a perforated tube at the top. The gas, being let in at the bottom of the tank, as it rises meets the descending water, with which every particle of it comes into contact, owing to the extensive surface of the wet coke, and the ammonia is thoroughly taken up by the water, which thus acquires a commercial value.

The manufacture of the gas is completed with its satisfactory purification; but hardly less onerous and responsible is the business of storing it, and of dispensing it to the public.

The gas, after purification, is stored in the large circular gasometers which are such conspicuous objects in every gas-work; but before it is conveyed into them it has to be passed through the station-meter, which registers the quantity of gas made in any given period, from an hour to a month or more, and which, being furnished with dial-plates and moving indexes, shows the rate at which gas is being made at all hours of the day and night throughout the year. At those establishments where two different qualities of gas are made, there must be of course two station-meters, as well as two lines of street mains.

The gasometer has not only to store up the gas as fast as it is made, but to weigh upon it with sufficient pressure to force it along the street pipes, so that it may issue from the jets at a uniform rate and burn with a steady flame. The gasometer is a large cylinder, sometimes of enormous dimensions, formed of iron plates riveted together and strengthened with internal rods and bars, and closed at the top, while it hangs or floats with its open end in a cistern of water just large enough to receive it. Whatever the size of the cylinder, its form is invariably the same, its height being just one half its diameter, such being the form which gives the greatest capacity; in practice, however, a little is added to the height, to prevent the escape of gas when the cylinder rises to its greatest elevation in the water.

Years ago it was rare to see a gasometer more than forty or fifty feet in diameter, and we remember when the erection of one of sixty feet was recorded as a triumph; at the present time there are cylinders of a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and more than that—the largest containing over half a million of cubic feet of gas when full.

The gas enters the gasometer through a pipe leading from the purifiers, and rising centrally above the water in the tank. As it comes in it forces up the cylinder, which continues to rise slowly, in spite of its vast weight, forced up by the elastic power of the gas, which in many cases is fanned onwards from the purifiers by a steam-engine. Close to the pipe through which the gas enters is another pipe of about the same diameter, connected with the street mains, and along which, urged by the pressure of the mass of the cylinder, it rushes with a force which can be regulated by increasing or diminishing the superincumbent weight, but which must be sufficient to propel it through the smallest pipes at the greatest distance it has to travel. Ingenious contrivances are had recourse to in order to maintain a uniform pressure—not an easy thing when we reflect that, as the gas becomes exhausted, the gas-holder, by dipping into the water, must part with some considerable portion of its propelling weight at the very time when it is most wanted. In the case of very large gas-holders this business is managed much more easily than in the case of smaller ones—it being possible, by a careful adjustment of weight and bulk, to make them self-regulating.

The large consumption of gas in London necessitates the keeping of an immense store on hand; and, at the same time, the dearth of land renders the multiplication of gasometers expensive, and, in confined areas, impossible. To meet this difficulty, gasometers are often constructed on the telescopic principle. The telescopic-gasometer consists of two, three, or more concentric cylinders, the bottoms and tops of which, except the top of the uppermost, are furnished with flanges turned in opposite directions, the flange turning outwards and upwards at the bottom, and inwards and downwards at the top. The uppermost cylinder is covered at the top, but the others are open both at top and bottom. Supposing the gasometer to be empty, all the cylinders will be sunk in the cistern, like the tubes of a telescope in its case; when the gas is introduced, the innermost cylinder will rise first, and when its bottom reaches nearly to the surface of the water, its curved flange lays hold of the flange of the next cylinder, which also rises; and when this has advanced sufficiently high, it lifts the next. The escape of gas and the admission of air are prevented by the lower flange of each cylinder taking up a quantity of water, which acts as a water-lute. By means of this bold and ingenious contrivance, it is evident that two, three, or more gasometers are made to occupy but the area of one.

We need not follow the gas after it leaves the gasometer on its devious journey through the streets and far-stretching suburbs. The means and the methods of its distribution are well known, and need not be here described. We may conclude this brief sketch with one or two items of a statistical kind.

In burning coal for making gas, the quantity of gas produced varies greatly with the description of coal used, the coal from some districts yielding twice as much gas as that from others. Taking the average of the coal used in London, we are quite within the mark in stating that each ton produces ten thousand cubic feet of gas. The other saleable products are fifteen hundred pounds of coke and twelve gallons of tar, not to mention the

ammoniacal liquor. Of the coke, about one-fourth is used for heating the retorts, the remaining three-fourths being sold, and contributing, by its sale, very largely to the profits of the trade. From the tar various products are obtained by distillation. Considering the price we pay for gas, and connecting that with the value of the secondary products, it would appear that the profits of gas-making must be abnormally large; but, on the other hand, we must take into account the cost of production, represented not so much by the price of coal and the wages of the workers, as by the enormous capital invested in the necessary plant, and buried for the most part in the ground. The gas mains of the various London companies at the present time, taken in the aggregate, are not much less than three thousand miles in length. There is hardly any other species of manual industry carried on at so great an outlay.

It would be interesting to know what is the actual quantity of gas produced in London in the course of a year. We have seen no recent estimate, but in 1848 the quantity made was 3,200 millions of cubic feet, and the price paid for it by the public was £700,000. Now it has been stated that the quantity of gas required for the consumption of London doubles every ten years; if this be so, the present rate of production must be more than 12,000 millions of cubic feet per year, and the consumption of coal must amount to 1,200,000 tons. The price paid for the gas would not, however, be proportionately so large, the cost of it to the consumer having been considerably reduced of late years.

SPRING DAYS.*

SPRING days, sweet spring days, my quiet heart and rested eye tell me that there is no fear but that I enjoy you still!

"For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

This exquisite poetry has its voice of delight for me, and as I shut my eyes it brings a change over the bare boughs and the winter land. I dream of the chill black hedges and trees, flushing first into redness, and then "a million emeralds burst from the ruby buds." I dream of the birds coming back, one after one, until the poetry of the flowers is all set to music. And I go out into the land to behold, not only to dream of and image, these things. I watch for the delicious green, tasselling the earliest larch (there is one every year a fortnight in advance of the others) in the clump of those trees beside the road on my way home. I look, in a warm patch that I know, for the first primroses, and when I find them mildly and quietly gazing up at me from the moss, and ivy and broken sticks, and dead leaves, a surprise, although I was expecting them, and a dim reflection of that old child-joy bring with a rush to my heart again those "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And in the garden I wander through the bare shrubberies, varied with bright box, and gather in my harvest there. The little Queen Elizabeth acornites, gold-crowned in their wide-frilled green collars; these are no more scant, and just breaking with bent head through cracking frosty ground. They have carpeted the brown beds, and are even waxing old and past

now. The snowdrops have but left a straggler here and there; and the miniature golden volcano of the crocus has spent its columns of fire. The hazels are draped with slender, drooping catkins; the sweetbriar is letting the soft sweet-breathed leaves here and there out of the clenched hand of the bud. The cherry-tree is preparing to dress itself almost in angels' clothing, white and glistening, and delicious with all soft recesses of clear grey shadow, seen against the mild blue sky. The long branches of the horse-chestnut trees, laid low upon the lawn, are lighting up all over with the ravishing crumpled emerald that bursts like light out of the brown sticky bud; as sometimes holy heavenly thoughts may come from one whose first look we disliked; or as God's dear lessons unfold out of the dark sheath of trouble. The fairy almond-tree—of so tender a hue that you might fantastically imagine it a cherry-tree blushing—casts a light scarf over a dark corner of the shrubbery. The laburnum is preparing for the summer, and is all hung with tiny green festoons. Against the blue sky, on a bare sycamore branch, that stretches out straight from the trunk, a glad-voiced thrush seems thanking God that the spring days are come. Wedged tight into three branching boughs, near the stem of a box-tree, I find a warm secure nest, filled with five little blue-green eggs. It is still a delight to me to find a nest; a delight, if not now a rapture, an intoxication.

All these I see on one spring day or another, as I walk into my garden, or out into the changing lanes. All these I see, and all these I love. But I see them, and I love them tenderly and quietly, not with the wonder and the glee of life's early spring days. I am sad, partly because I know that a great deal of that old wondering ecstatic thrill has gone.

"The rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

It must be so, naturally, if only from the mere fact that things must lose their newness, and so their wonder, to the eye and the heart. Do what you will, you must become accustomed to things. And the scent of a hyacinth or of the may will cease when familiar to be the wonderful enchanting things that childhood held them to be. And the *thirtieth* time that we see, to notice, the first snowdrop bursting through the pale green sheath above the brown bed, is a different thing from the *third* time. We appreciate delights keenly when we are young, seek the same in later years, but never find them; and then all our life remember the search more or less regretfully. So Wordsworth, the old man, addresses the cuckoo that brought back his young days and his young thoughts by its magic voice:—

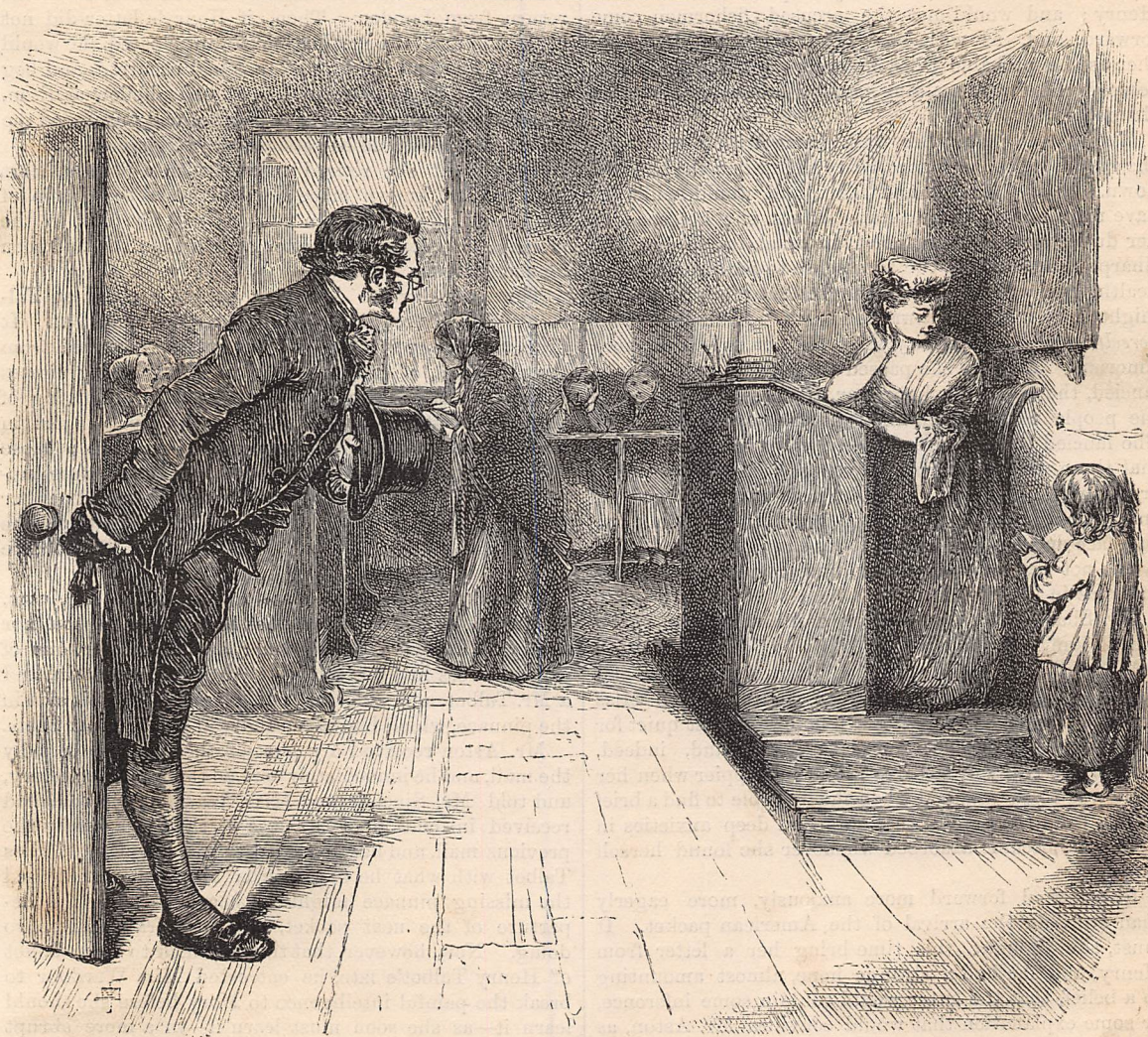
"Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.
"Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery:
"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.
"And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

* From "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye; Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives." Published by the Religious Tract Society. A book of which Mr. Ruskin says, "I never saw anything more gracefully and rightly done—more harmoniously pleasant in text and illustration."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



MARY TALBOT'S SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. ASTON ASTONISHES THE RECTOR BY DISCLOSING TO HIM HIS RELATIONSHIP TO MARY TALBOT.

A WEEK of weary days and restless nights succeeded the evening on which Mary Talbot had heard the story of the robbery. Mr. Sharpe's minute description of the locket that Mr. Aston had lost, convinced her that she had either that, or one precisely similar to it in her possession. Her very soul revolted against the thought that her brother had been guilty of the crime of which she now knew Mr. Aston believed him guilty; and

yet she felt that the circumstantial evidence against him was almost conclusive. Her heart told her still that Henry was innocent—that, when he came to hear of what had occurred, he would be able to vindicate himself. Still, twenty times a day she asked herself the questions—"Why did not he show *me* the captain's letter that so unexpectedly summoned him to London? Why did he not confide to *me* the name of his generous schoolfellow at Eton? Why did not he even mention the name of the jeweller from whom he purchased the locket?"

Had Henry done either of these things his sister felt

that it would have been in her power to make his innocence manifest to the eyes of others. But as matters were, she was obliged to acknowledge that if she were in Mr. Aston's place, she herself would have strong suspicions of his guilt.

She felt grateful to Mr. Aston, however, for having kept his suspicions to himself. But now that the secret had been confided to old Dame Hoolit, she feared that ere long it would be spread throughout the village; and, in that case, against whom would the finger of suspicion be pointed? Surely against her brother. She recollected that the old gossips had hushed their voices when one put the question, "Who was the thief?" She believed that the nurse already suspected her brother Henry; and would not the accused fishermen come forward, and, as with one voice, point out her brother as the probable thief, in order to vindicate themselves? She wept scalding tears at the thought of such shame and ignominy.

The morning after her walk home with the curate, she rose from her bed more weary than when she had lain down. She felt sick and faint, and would willingly have remained at home; nevertheless, she hastened to her duties at an earlier hour than usual, fearful lest Mr. Sharpe should call at the farmhouse to inquire after her health. She was terrified at the thought of anything that might draw attention towards herself. Had she known *herself* to have been guilty she could not have been more timorous. Even as she passed through the village, she fancied, though it was but fancy, that the demeanour of the people whom she met was different towards her. She fancied that suspicion had already got abroad, and that those whom she passed by gazed curiously at her, or shrunk from her. Some did gaze curiously at her, and some turned to look after her; but it was at her pale face and anxious weary looks that they gazed, and it was not scorn nor contempt, but pity for her anxiety that was in their hearts.

Mr. Sharpe kept his promise, and came early to the schoolroom. He found Miss Talbot busily engaged with a dull pupil, no "delightful task" for a weak frame and burdened spirit. On the part of the rector and Miss Wardour he urged her to return home and rest quiet for a few days. But she refused to listen, and, indeed, though she really needed rest, she was happier when her mind was employed, and when she was able to find a brief respite from the painful thoughts and deep anxieties in which she became absorbed whenever she found herself alone.

She looked forward more anxiously, more eagerly than ever, for the arrival of the American packet. It must, she thought, this time bring her a letter from Henry, and she had a strange hope, almost amounting to a belief, that the letter would contain some inference, or some explanation that would convince Mr. Aston, as well as herself, that her brother was innocent.

Alas for her hopes! As yet she had experienced but a forecast of sorrow and trouble. Her cup of bitterness had yet to be filled, and she was destined to drink it to the very dregs, though with her trials would come a support and comfort that she little dreamed of.

While brooding one evening over her troubles, the thought struck her that it was strange that the crest and motto of her mother's family should have been the same as those of Mr. Aston, and in the thought there was hope. Such being the case, might not the locket her brother had given her have belonged, as Henry himself had surmised, to some member of the Morton family? And if such were the case, what wonder that two lockets should resemble each other?

There seemed to her the more reason to believe that her brother's surmise was correct, in the fact that the portrait her locket contained bore so strong a resemblance to her mother and herself; and though Mr. Aston had not remarked this fact, but had appeared to think the miniature was the same that he had lost, he might, in his sudden suspicion, surprise, and anger, have merely remarked that there was the portrait of a female in the locket, without closely examining it.

Up to this moment she had been undecided as to what course she should pursue. Now she resolved to wait for the arrival of the expected letter, and then to seek an interview with Mr. Aston, and explain all that had passed between herself and her brother on the occasion of his return from London. Then, if Henry's letter did not contain in itself the exculpation she anticipated, she would write to him and tell him all that had occurred, and beg him to disclose the name of his old schoolfellow at Eton, and that of the jeweller from whom he had purchased the locket, and all would be satisfactorily explained.

That night she retired to rest with a lighter heart than she had known since she had heard the gossip of the two old dames in the cottage, and she rose in the morning happier and in better spirits than she had been for many weeks.

The next day the American packet arrived at Falmouth, but it brought no letter from Henry Talbot. It brought, however, the full particulars, gathered from the survivors, of the capture of the Amazon by pirates in the Gulf of Mexico, of the subsequent foundering of the ship, of the escape of the crew and passengers in the ship's boats, and of the supposed loss of two of those boats at sea, one having been picked up, bottom upwards, off the coast of Cuba, while the other had neither been seen nor heard of. There existed no doubt in the minds of the writers in the newspapers that all who were on board these boats had perished.

Then followed a list of the names of the survivors, among which neither the names of Captain Dobson nor Henry Talbot were to be found; and, moreover, one of the survivors had positively stated that the captain, and a Mr. Talbot, and six ladies, had quitted the ship's side in the pinnace, which had taken the lead of the other boats.

Mr. Aston received a packet of these newspapers by the mail, and he immediately carried them to the Rectory, and told Mr. Sinclair and Miss Wardour that he had received intimation of the loss of the Amazon by the previous mail, and had intended to have acquainted Miss Talbot with what he had heard; but, as he had hoped the missing pinnace might be heard of before the departure of the next packet, he had refrained from so doing. Now, however, that there seemed to be no doubt of Henry Talbot's fate, he entreated Miss Wardour to break the painful intelligence to Mary before she should learn it—as she soon must learn it—in a more abrupt manner. Miss Wardour, shocked as she was at the intelligence, willingly undertook the painful task, and went immediately to the farmhouse, taking with her the packet of newspapers which told the sad story of the loss of the Amazon.

When Miss Wardour had departed upon her errand, Mr. Aston took the rector aside, and, to Mr. Sinclair's great astonishment, acquainted him with the fact of his relationship to Mary Talbot.

He briefly explained the reasons wherefore he had kept the matter so long secret.

"You thought me eccentric, I dare say," he said, "when, during my sojourn in your house after the shipwreck, I was so reticent respecting the object of my visit to England. I wished to keep my arrival a secret.

I wished to surprise my relatives by appearing suddenly in their midst, like a man risen from the grave, or rather from the depths of the ocean. I was foolish enough to believe I should find things as I left them when a boy, forty years ago, and I was most bitterly disappointed. My old father, I thought, *might* have died; I found that my brothers also were dead, and that my sister had married and gone away from the paternal home, none knew whither. My time during my absence has been vainly employed in searching after this sister; but I could learn nothing beyond the fact that she had married a naval officer, against the wishes of her guardians, and had been most unjustly and cruelly treated in consequence thereof. Little did I imagine that I should discover the children of my poor sister in this remote village. I suspected that your young governess was my sister's child when I first heard her history from you; and I need not say that, when I found my suspicions correct, I was more than satisfied with her personal appearance and mental attributes. I kept my secret, however, until I should know her more intimately; but it was my intention to declare my relationship to Henry before he sailed for America. My sudden illness prevented me from so doing; and when I began to recover my health I still kept the secret from Mary. Now, however, I think the time has come when it is advisable to disclose it. There is, I fear, no doubt that the poor boy Henry has perished at sea; and it may be some comfort to my niece to learn that her brother's untimely death has not left her alone in the world, but that she has an uncle and cousins ready and anxious to receive her and comfort her in her affliction.

"I shall not see her to-day. It will be better to leave her with Miss Wardour until she has in some measure recovered from the shock of this painful intelligence. To-morrow I propose to go to her and tell her that I am her uncle Henry, her mother's favourite brother, and that henceforward she will find in me a second father, and in my son and daughter a brother and sister ready to love her.

"I desire still to retain my incognito, for reasons that you shall know hereafter. To you and your niece, and Doctor Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe, who may know my secret, I will still be Mr. Aston. None others will know my real name until the time shall arrive when I think it advisable to disclose it."

Mr. Sinclair was equally surprised and pleased at this singular revelation. It explained much that he had thought strange and eccentric in Mr. Aston's conduct, and he sought to know no more until the time should come when the whole should be revealed. He, however, sympathised sincerely with Mary Talbot, and was truly glad to learn that she had a wealthy relation willing and eager to befriend her and comfort her amidst her sore trials.

CHAPTER XXV.—MARY TALBOT LEARNS THAT SHE HAS AN UNCLE AND COUSINS, HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO HER.

It is a common adage that "misfortunes never come single;" and though, like other vulgar adages, it is not always true, it is certainly very frequently verified. One mishap, or one evil deed, frequently generates another; and thus we are apt to attribute to some mysterious agency that which is but the natural result of cause and effect.

The evil that Mary Talbot had dreaded, ever since she had listened to the conversation in old Dame Hoolit's cottage, came to pass—came to pass on the very day on which the American packet arrived at Falmouth.

Dame Hoolit had related the story, which had been confided to her as a secret, to some neighbouring gossip, also as a secret; and so it had passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the fishermen, who had for some time lain under the suspicions of Mr. Aston, and was soon known to every inhabitant of the village and parish.

The fishermen, eager to vindicate themselves, and angry at the very idea that such a base deed should be imputed to them, loudly asserted their innocence, and demanded that the matter, so far as they were concerned, should be thoroughly investigated. They did not hesitate to assert that, when they were called to the assistance of the sick gentleman, the young gentleman, "his nevey," who was standing by his side, had already unbuttoned his coat and loosened his neck-cloth; and to hint, pretty broadly, that he alone could have stolen the pocket-book, if it *had* been stolen by any one; and they called upon Jemmy Tapley to verify their assertions.

Great as was the esteem in which Mary Talbot was held by the majority of the villagers, there were many envious persons ready and eager to seize upon the first opportunity afforded to them to detect a flaw in her character, and to bring her down beneath their own level.

These evil reports were not long in reaching the Rectory, and coming to the ears of Mr. Sinclair and his niece. The rector had heard them while visiting among his parishioners, and on his return home he found Miss Wardour, just arrived from the farmhouse, where she had passed the day with Miss Talbot.

"How did you leave her, poor thing?" inquired he of his niece.

"Very sad, uncle," replied Miss Wardour. "She had so confidently expected a letter from her brother by the packet which arrived yesterday; and then, instead of the looked-for letter, to hear this news! I would have remained with her all night, but she wished to be left alone; so I told Mrs. Lawton to pay her every attention, and came away, promising to call early to-morrow."

"My dear Sarah," said Mr. Sinclair, "since you have been absent I have heard something which has alike pleased and astonished me, and also something which has caused me much annoyance."

Mr. Sinclair then told his niece the story he had heard from Mr. Aston, greatly to the young lady's surprise and delight; but, before she had much time to express her astonishment, he related the rumours he had heard in the village respecting the theft of Mr. Aston's pocket-book.

"But surely, uncle," said Miss Wardour, "you do not attach any credit to these rumours? The very idea that such suspicion rested upon her brother would crush Miss Talbot; and just now, especially, poor thing."

"I do not, Sarah," replied the rector. "Dr. Pendriggen, Mr. Sharpe, and myself are alike convinced that Mr. Aston lost his pocket-book in Falmouth the day before that on which he was taken ill; and I am inclined to believe that *he* also holds to the same opinion. But he is just one of those men who, once having made an assertion, will adhere to it rather than acknowledge themselves to have been in error. What confirms me in this belief is Mr. Aston's unwillingness to allude to the subject of his loss."

"But surely, uncle," said Miss Wardour, "he will not continue thus obstinate when he hears that his nephew is suspected of the robbery?"

"I hope not, my dear," replied Mr. Sinclair. "I

think not. Mr. Aston, as we must still style him, is a man who will listen to reason; and I have no doubt that he will be ready to do anything to clear the characters of his niece and his lost nephew, and also to satisfy the fishermen that he entertains no suspicion that they are guilty of so base a crime."

"Poor Mary!" said Miss Wardour. "All sorts of trouble seem to have come upon her at once;" and with this she turned away to attend to some household duty.

That evening Mr. Sinclair visited Cliff Cottage, and acquainted Mr. Aston with the rumours which were afloat in the village.

Mr. Aston was greatly annoyed.

"Mary must not know of these rumours," he said, "or if she has heard them, she must be informed immediately that none of her friends entertain any such suspicions. Poor child! She has sorrow enough to bear just now;" and he empowered Mr. Sinclair to acquaint the fishermen that he was perfectly satisfied of their innocence of the robbery.

"And let it also be known," he added, "that I *may* have been mistaken in my assertion that the pocket-book was in my possession when I was suddenly seized with illness. Poor, dear Mary—anything rather than she should have fresh trouble thrown upon her just now. At all events I will see her to-day. I dread, and yet I am anxious for the interview. Poor, dear girl. She shall hear from my lips, after I have declared my relationship, that I exonerate her brother from the slightest suspicion. It is a mystery, but it will be cleared up in the course of time."

As soon as Mr. Sinclair had left him, Mr. Aston went to the farmhouse.

Mary Talbot had hardly recovered from the fit of weeping to which she had given way on the departure of Miss Wardour, when there came a gentle tap at her door, and Mr. Aston entered her little parlour.

Approaching towards the sorrowing girl, he took her hand, and in a gentle tone of voice said—

"Mary, I have come to condole with you on your great loss, and also to ask pardon for my conduct when I last visited you. You must accord me your forgiveness, my dear, for I, like yourself, am a mourner. I mourn the loss of a nephew, as do you the untimely fate of a brother."

He hesitated a few moments, as if he scarcely knew how to explain the object of his visit, and then went on—

"My dear Mary, you have heard your mother speak of her youngest and favourite brother—your uncle Henry? I am he. Your uncle stands before you, anxious to claim you as his beloved niece, and to afford you such comfort as he may in your severe affliction."

For a moment Mary fancied that her visitor was insane. There was terror in the glance she cast upon him. But the next moment she recollected the numerous acts of kindness he had shown her and her brother—the manifest interest he had taken in her from the date of her first introduction to him, until his last visit—the searching questions he had put to her from time to time, which had frequently caused her to wonder what object he could have in putting them. All these manifestations of interest flashed vividly to her recollection. Then his voice and manner were gentle and earnest. She seemed to feel that he had spoken truly; and she remembered how often her mother had spoken of her brother Henry, who had left his home when a boy, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. Often had she heard her mother wonder if Henry were really dead, or whether he might not some day turn up again, and return to England to surprise his friends, as one risen from the

dead, until these speculations had grown fainter and fainter as years passed away, and she had said with a sigh, whenever she alluded to the subject, "No. Poor Henry is really lost to me, or he would have never remained absent and silent for so many long years."

The last time she had heard her mother speak of this long-lost, much-loved brother, the only playmate of her early childhood, was soon after her father was lost at sea.

Mrs. Talbot was lying in bed, propped up with pillows, and, as Mary thought, asleep—when suddenly she opened her eyes and murmured to herself—

"Ah! If poor Henry had lived, I should have no anxiety for the future worldly welfare of my dear children. Long after all others believed him dead, I hoped, and looked for his return. But it is too long ago. Forty years! He will never return now!"

"Can it be possible," thought Mary, as these recollections recurred to her, "that my poor mother's long-lost brother—my long-lost uncle Henry, now stands before me?"

She gazed for a few moments intently into his face. Then, actuated by an uncontrollable impulse, "Uncle!" she exclaimed, and as she sprang up from her chair was caught in her uncle's arms.

In an instant, however, she withdrew herself.

"It cannot be," she said. "You are deceiving me. Your name is Aston?"

"My name is Morton, my dear niece," was the reply. "I assumed the name of Aston—the name of my deceased wife—in order that, unsuspected by any one, I might find the relations—my sister especially—whom I came from America to seek. I have kept it until now, that, unknown to you, I might watch over you. Mr. Sinclair has heard my story; and now, my dear Mary, the time has come when I think it necessary to make myself known in my proper character to *you*. You are not alone in the world, my love. You have an uncle who will—were it only for your dear departed mother's sake—be in future all that your father could have been had he lived."

Mary doubted no longer. Her uncle's earnest, compassionate gaze, the tone of voice in which he spoke, more than his words, carried conviction to her heart, and with a faint cry she yielded herself to his embrace, and wept tears of mingled sorrow and gladness on his breast.

He soothed and comforted her for awhile, as he might have soothed and petted a sorrowing child; and for the moment she seemed to have forgotten her sorrows, in the new and unexpected source of consolation that was opened to her. Presently, however, the recollection of her brother's loss returned to her, and—at that moment more painful still—the recollection of the terrible suspicion that her newly-found uncle entertained.

Releasing herself from his embrace, she drew back to her seat, and, still standing, strove to speak; but though her lips moved, they were unable to frame the words she wished to utter. Her colour went and came, and her limbs trembled and tottered to that degree, that, but for the support of the table, which she nervously clutched with one hand, she would have sunk to the floor. She gasped for breath, and the room seemed to swim around her.

Mr. Aston (as I must still continue to style the returned Henry Morton) surmised the cause of her distress. Approaching towards her, he gently seated her in her chair, and then, seating himself by her side said, quietly and tenderly—

"You wish to speak, my dear niece, of our last inter-

view in this room, when I behaved so rudely—so unkindly. For that fault I ought to have apologised ere now. But I was surprised, and I—I—”

He hesitated as though he knew not how to proceed; but Mary had now found words.

“You saw the locket you had lost in my possession,” she murmured, still almost inaudibly. Then, gathering courage, she went on. “I—I had not then even heard of your loss; and Henry—oh, sir, it is strange, very strange; but if—if you had known my poor brother, as I have known him from his childhood, you—”

“Would believe him incapable of crime,” he kindly interrupted, “as *you* do, and as *I* do. Yes, my dear Mary, I will not, cannot think evil of—of him whose memory is dear to us both, and who is not here to vindicate himself, and prove his innocence. I will, I *do* believe that there is some strange mystery connected with this matter, which will in due time be revealed.”

“It will, it *will*,” murmured Mary. “Oh, thank you, thank you, uncle, for those kind, generous words. Henry *is* guiltless of this crime. I feel it *here*,” and she placed her hand on her heart.

“I can speak of the locket now,” she continued, after a brief pause. “Uncle, I will bring it here,” and, rising from her seat, she brought forth the trinket from her writing-desk and placed it in Mr. Aston’s hand.

“It is more fitting that the trinket should remain in your possession, my dear Mary,” replied her uncle.

“It once belonged to your grandmother, and afterwards to your mother, my love. Your dear mother gave it to me to keep for her sake, when she was a little girl, and I was but a few years older than she, as the most valuable of her treasures. Little did either of us think at that moment that we were about to part for ever in this world.

“It is a family heirloom, and I have treasured it carefully amid all the vicissitudes of my life; now it is but right that it should descend to you.”

He then proceeded to point out to her the coat of arms and the motto beneath; but though he meant kindly, Mary keenly felt that he had destroyed the hope that had lightened her heart when the thought had first struck her, that, since Mr. Aston’s crest and her own grandfather’s were so similar, it was reasonable to suppose that there might have been two lockets in existence, each engraved with a similar crest and motto.

He did not destroy her firm belief in her brother’s innocence, but he rendered one reasonable explanation of the manner in which the trinket came into her brother’s possession untenable, and deepened the mystery that surrounded the affair.

She, however, candidly related, word for word, as nearly as her memory served her, all that had passed between herself and Henry on the evening of his return from London.

“None of his actions betrayed a consciousness of guilt,” she said at last, “and, strange as things appear, I am as satisfied of poor Henry’s innocence in this matter, uncle, as I am conscious of my own.”

“We will never allude to the matter again, my dear,” replied Mr. Aston, “until the mystery, in which I am sure it is involved, is revealed. That, some day, it will be revealed, we will both hope—not only for poor Henry’s sake, but for our own satisfaction.

“Now, my dear, put the locket aside. Treasure it as a *souvenir* of your brother, and as an heirloom that has descended to you from your grandmother, till the day shall arrive when we can examine it again together.”

Mr. Aston then related to his niece the story of his early

career; told how he had been shipwrecked ere he had been forty-eight hours from home; how he had been confined for many months in a French prison at Montauban, from whence he had escaped and made his way on foot through France, and got on board a vessel bound to Portugal, whence he had sailed to India, and subsequently wandered over half the world, ever intending to return to England; how, in course of time, his desire to return grew weaker and weaker, till he finally resolved that he would never return, unless as a rich man, though he had always retained a fond recollection of his sister Mary, her mother. Then he told how he had come to settle down in the Far West of America, and had married and become the father of a family, and had gradually increased in wealth, until he became rich even beyond his hopes and expectations. He spoke of his son and daughter, still living in America, though his wife and four of his children were dead; and told how, at length, he had yearned so strongly to return to his home and friends, that he at last embarked for England from New York, and had been shipwrecked on the coast—a second time—in the bay near by; and how grievously disappointed he had been when he discovered that his brothers were dead, and that his sister had gone away from her native village, none knew whither; and how, after searching for months, in vain, for tidings of his sister, he had come again to St. David, as if directed by the finger of Providence, to find his sister’s child.

Many things he left to be told on future occasions; but as Mary listened with interest to his eventful story, and with especial interest to his description of his far-distant American home, and of the cousins still living there, of whom she had never heard until now, she felt herself beguiled from her grief, and when at length he parted from her for the night, he left her with a lighter heart than, but a few hours before, she had thought she would ever again bear in her bosom.

CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

THE large parish of Lambeth, nearly eighteen miles in circumference, has in its history many strange things worthy of note. Its ancient archiepiscopal palace is a museum of antiquities in itself; while every portion of the parish abounds with that nook-and-corner interest which yields a plentiful crop of curiosities. Yet, change has been busy in this suburban district. Lambeth was anciently a village of Surrey; and, two centuries ago, it retained much of its rural character in its arable, pasture, and meadow lands, and its osier, garden-ground, and wood. It ranges along the south bank of the Thames from Vauxhall towards Southwark, and extends to Norwood, Streatham, and Croydon; it also included part of the Forest of Oak, called Norwood, belonging to the See of Canterbury, wherein was the Vicar’s Oak (cut down in 1679), at which point four parishes meet. This famous oak bore mistletoe, which some persons cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch to sprout out; but some proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, another lost an eye! At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it upon account of what others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg; all which disasters are recorded in the “Magna Britannia,” of Lysons.

The name of Lambeth has been variously written at different times. The earliest mention of it is in a charter

of King Edward the Confessor, dated 1062, confirming several grants to the Abbey of Waltham, in Essex. There it is written *Lambe-hithe*. Most etymologists trace the name to *lam*, *dirt*, and *hythe*, a *haven*. Dr. Ducarel derives it from *lamb*, a *lamb*, and *hythe*, a *haven*; but that eminent antiquary, Dr. Gale, derives it from its contiguity to a Roman road, or *leaman*, which is generally supposed to have terminated at the river at Stangate, whence there was a passage over the Thames. Here the foundations are completed of St. Thomas's Hospital, which, it will be recollected, is to be built on the ground reclaimed by the southern embankment of the Thames.

In the earliest historic times the greater part of modern Lambeth must have been a swamp, overflowed by every tide, and forming a vast lake at high water. The Romans embanked the Thames on the south side, and did something towards draining the marsh. Roman remains have been discovered in St. George's Fields and at Kennington; and some antiquaries have thought that it was among the Lambeth Marshes that Plautus got entangled after his victory over the Britons, and that he retired thence to the strong entrenchment still to be traced near Bromley. The great Roman road from the south coast at Newhaven, through East Grinstead to London, entered Lambeth at Brixton, crossed Kennington to Newington, and there divided; the eastern branch going to Southwark, and the western across St. George's Fields to Stangate Ferry. The first of these roads is preserved to this day in Newington Causeway. In 1016, Canute laid siege to London, and, finding the east side of the bridge impregnable, conveyed his ships through a channel (Canute's Trench) dug in the marshes south of the Thames, so as to attack it from the west. Maitland, in 1739, imagined he had succeeded in tracing this canal; and in 1823, in excavations between the Fishmongers' Almshouses and Newington Church, some piles and posts were discovered with rings for mooring barges; also a pot of coins of Charles II and William III. A parishioner, aged 109 years, who died early in the present century, remembered when boats came up the "river," as far as the church at Newington.

A few years later, in 1041, Hardicanute, the last of the Danish Kings of England, died suddenly at Lambeth; though others place it at Clapham, which may then have formed part of Lambeth. It was the seat of Osgod Clapa, a Danish nobleman, at the marriage feast of whose daughter, Gytha or Goda, with Tovi Prudham, another noble Dane, Hardicanute was a guest; and, says the "Saxon Chronicle," expired with a tremendous struggle, as he stood drinking—not without suspicion of poison. A popular holiday commemorated this event for many generations, by a feast called Hock Tide, and the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth show entries, till 1566, of sums gathered at these festivals, and applied to the repairs of the church. The Germans, to this day, call a wedding feast *hochzeit*, hock tide; and hock tide sports are still kept up in parts of Wiltshire and Berkshire.

According to William of Malmesbury, after the death of King Edward, Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, placed the crown on his head with his own hands, at Lambhythe.

In Domesday there are mentioned for Lambeth twelve villans, twenty-seven bordars, a church, and nineteen burgesses in London, and wood for three hogs; and the value of the manor is stated at £11. It passed, after sundry changes, to Bishop Gundulph, of Rochester, who taxed it with an annual supply of 900 lampreys, and his

successor demanded, in addition, a yearly salmon to be caught, of course off the Thames boundary; just as offerings of salmon from the Thames were anciently made upon the high altar of St. Peter's at Westminster.

In 1197, the manor of Lambeth came by exchange into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom it has remained ever since, except from the deposition of Laud, in 1640, till the Restoration of Charles II, in 1660. The present palace is the manor-house and, with the gardens and ground, forms an extra-parochial district. Its history has already been narrated in this journal, together with its curiosities. Archbishop Howley expended some £60,000 in restoring the fine old place. As Archbishop, he crowned three sovereigns, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, and his consecration was witnessed by Queen Charlotte, when her Majesty was seventy years of age.

The Lollards' Tower and the Gate House are the oldest portions of the palace. At the gate, the *dole*, immemorably given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is distributed. It consists of fifteen quartern loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings worth of halfpence, divided into three equal portions, and distributed every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, among thirty poor parishioners of Lambeth; the beef being made into soup, and served in pitchers. Among the treasures of the palace are—the library, left to Lambeth for "the service of God and his Church, and of the kings and commonwealth of this realm;" the MSS. (some exquisitely illuminated), and the records and letters of undying interest; the gloomy prison-tower, and the noble two-storied hall *louvre*; the armorial glass; the pictures, not forgetting the Archbishops' portraits, and their chronological wigs; the priests' ancient habit; the Coronation Service-book, and Aggas's rare View of London in Queen Elizabeth's reign; the descendants of Pole's fig-tree; the shell of Laud's aged tortoise; and the solemnity of the palace gardens.

Near the palace gate was the Ferry, granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, it seems in 1750, when Westminster Bridge was opened.

St. Mary's (the mother church) has a perpendicular tower, with a beacon turret. Here sleep many archbishops beneath stately tombs. Thirleby, the first and only Bishop of Westminster, died a prisoner in the palace, and was buried here; his body was discovered wrapped in fine linen, the face perfect, the beard long and white, the linen and woollen garments well preserved, with the cap of silk and point-lace, slouched hat, cassock, and pieces of garments like a pilgrim's habit. Here lies Ashmole, the antiquary; and in the churchyard, the Tradescants, father and son,

"Those famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,"

beneath an emblematic tomb, sculptured with palm-trees, hydra and scull, obelisk and pyramid, and Grecian ruins, crocodile, and shells. In one of the church windows, the Pedlar, with his pack and dogs, is said to represent the person who bequeathed "Pedlar's Acre" to the parish; but it is rather thought to be a *rebus* on the name of Chapman, and to have nothing to do with the bequest. Beneath the church walls, Mary, Queen of James II, found shelter with her infant son, after she had crossed the river by the Horseferry from Westminster; here the Queen remained a whole hour on the night of December 9th, 1688, until a coach arrived to convey her to Gravesend, whence she sailed for France. Among the notabilities in the old burial-ground, near the High Street, was the Countess de la Motte, who figured in the mysterious story of the Diamond Necklace, and

the Queen of France, before the French Revolution. And in the parish register is recorded the interment of the venerable Dr. Andrew Perne, who is reported to have changed his religion four times within twelve years. Dr. Perne was Deau of Ely; he resided at Stockwell, a village of Lambeth. The neighbourhood was celebrated for game of all sorts, and Queen Elizabeth granted to Dr. Perne a license "to appoint one of his servants, by special name, to shoot with any cross-bow, hand-gonne, hasquedent, or demy-hack, at all manner of dead-marks, at all manner of crows, rooks, cormorants, kytes, puttocks, and such like bustards, wyld swans, barnacles, and all manner of sea-fowls, fen-fowls, wild doves, small birds, teals, coots, ducks, and all manner of deare, red, fallow, and roo."

Lambeth had formerly some noble mansions, as Norfolk House, where lived the Earl of Norfolk, in the time of Edward I; and where resided the celebrated Earl of Surrey, when under the tuition of Leland the antiquary. The site and ground are now occupied by Norfolk Row and Hodges' Distillery, removed here from the site of the Millbank Penitentiary, in 1812. Here are stills, varying from 500 to 3,000 gallons; a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, to work the machinery; and large glass air-tight cisterns, to receive the produce of the distillation; and here is an iron cistern to hold many thousand gallons. The Dukes of Norfolk had also in Lambeth, on the banks of the Thames, a garden, let to one Cuper, who decorated it with fragments of the Arundelian Marbles, given to him by his former master, the Earl of Arundel, whose gardener Cuper had been. These sculptures were afterwards buried in a piece of ground adjoining, along with rubbish from the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, then rebuilding by Wren; but the sculptures were disinterred, and the site let to Messrs. Beaufoy, for their vinegar works, which, on the building of Waterloo Bridge, were removed to South Lambeth, the site of the mansion and deer-park of Sir Noel Caron. Here, among Beaufoy's works, we read of a vessel of sweet wine, containing 59,109 gallons, and another of vinegar, of 56,799 gallons, the lesser of which exceeds the famous Heidelberg Tun; yet English tourists gaze at the tun, ignorant that they have a greater wonder at home. Mr. Beaufoy was an eminent mathematician; with his wealth he built and endowed schools for the poor, and presented to the Corporation of London a valuable collection of Tradesmen's Tavern Tokens, to be seen in the library at the Guildhall.

Another noted Lambeth mansion was Carlisle House, the palace of the Bishops of Rochester, until it was granted by Henry VIII to the See of Carlisle. Here, in 1531, Richard Roose, or Rose, a cook, poisoned seventeen persons by throwing some poison into a vessel of yeast; for this he was attainted of treason, and boiled to death in Smithfield, by an *ex post facto* law passed for the purpose, but repealed in the next reign. Carlisle House was not taken down until the year 1827.

Belvedere House was a noted pleasure-haunt, and upon part of the site and gardens were established, in 1785, the Lambeth Waterworks, first taking their waters from the borders of the Thames; then from its centre, near Hungerford Bridge, by a cast-iron conduit pipe forty-two inches in diameter; whence, in 1852, the works were removed to Seething Wells, Ditton, twenty-three miles by the river-course from London Bridge. Thence the water is supplied by the Company's reservoirs at Brixton, ten $\frac{3}{4}$ -miles distance, by steam-pumping engines, at the rate of 10,000,000 gallons daily. From these reservoirs, 100 feet above the Thames, the water

flows by its own gravity through the mains; but, at Norwood it is lifted by steam-power, 350 feet, or the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, above the supplying river. ("Curiosities of London," new edit. 1868.) In Belvedere Road, named from the old mansion, is the Lion Ale Brewery, built in 1836: the upper floor is an immense tank for water, supplying the floor below, where the boiled liquor is cooled; it then descends into fermenting-tuns, in the storey beneath, next to the floor for fining; and, lastly, to the cellar or store-vats. Belvedere Gardens adjoined Cuper's Gardens; and upon the site of the former was a saw-mill erected in the time of Cromwell, and which he protected by Act of Parliament from the violence of those who dreaded the invention. Curiously enough, almost upon this very spot are now erected some of the largest saw-mills in this country.

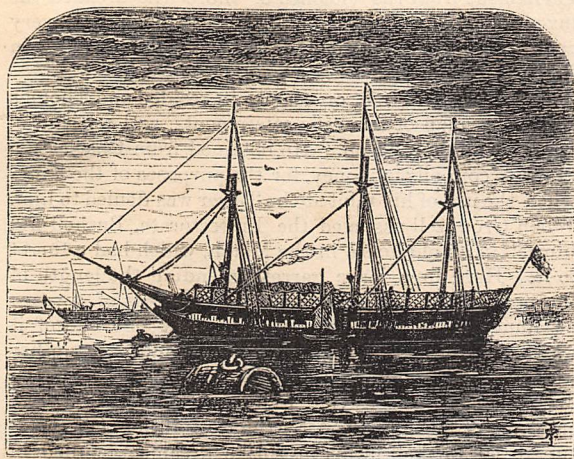
In Lambeth Marsh, or near to it, resided one Thomas Bushell, a man of scientific attainments, and a friend of Lord Chancellor Bacon. He obtained from Charles I a grant to coin silver money, for the purposes of the King, when the use of his mint at the Tower was denied to him. When Cromwell assumed the Protectorate, Bushell hid himself in an old house in the Marsh, which had a turret to it. Here in a large garret, extending the length of the premises, Bushell lay concealed upwards of a year; he hung the apartment with black; at one end of it was a skeleton extended on a mattress, and at the other was a low bed, on which Bushell slept; while on the dismal hangings on the wall were depicted several emblems of mortality. After the Restoration, Charles II supported Bushell in his inventive dreams; he died in 1664, aged eighty, and was buried in the little cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At Vauxhall formerly stood Copt Hall, a house of historic interest. In 1615 it was built by Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to whose close custody in this house was committed Lady Arabella Stuart, on account of having married privately William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford. This lady was the only child of the fifth Earl of Lennox, uncle to King James I, and great grandson of King Henry VII. Her double relationship to royalty was obnoxious to the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth and the timidity of James I, who equally dreaded her having legitimate issue, and prevented her from marrying in a suitable manner. The lady was kept in custody at Copt Hall, and Seymour was sent to the Tower. They both escaped the same day, 3rd of June, 1611. He got to Flanders, but she was taken in Calais Roads, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower, where she became a lunatic, and died in the Tower, 27th September, 1615 (Tanswell's "History of Lambeth.") Copt Hall was surrendered to Charles I, and was subsequently described as Vaux Hall: it contained "modes and utensils for practical inventions;" and after the Restoration there was allowed to settle here one Jasper Calthoff, a Dutchman, who was employed in making guns and other warlike instruments for his Majesty's service; shortly after, part of the premises was occupied by a sugar-baker; and next a large distillery was built here. There was a tradition that this house, or the neighbouring one of Vauxhall, was the residence of Guy Fawkes; but there is no mention of him as an under-tenant on the records. A family named Vause, or Vaux, had been inhabitants of Lambeth for nearly a hundred years; but, had Guy been their relation, and known to them (as he must have been had he inhabited a capital house at Vauxhall), he could never have thought of passing for a servant to Percy, who lived at Lambeth (as did John Wright, one

of the conspirators), and from whose house some of the combustibles were conveyed across the Thames to the Horseferry, and placed under the Parliament House, Westminster. The house in which the conspirators stored their combustibles was certainly at Lambeth, and near the river side; it was merely hired for this purpose in 1604, and was probably occupied by Catesby and Percy; it was "burnt to the ground by powder in 1635."

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.*

I.



ROYAL GEORGE SAILING YACHT.

In due time we hope to see a "People's Edition of the Queen's Book." Reviews and newspaper extracts have made the general contents pretty widely known; but the present price limits the possession of the volume to comparatively few. We should like to see a copy in every English home; for it is a book worthy of higher use than satisfying the curiosity of the idle and affording pleasure to the wealthy. We want it as a help to the education of the people—their education in what is true and good in life, and in what is beautiful in nature and art. Above all, it is a book the influence of which will be felt in fostering the love of hearth and home, and in strengthening those domestic and social ties that form the true defence and glory of our native land.

In this view the keynote to the work is struck in the brief and touching dedication, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy." With no ambition of authorship, and no display of royal state, the pages of this book are really what they call themselves, "Leaves from the Diary" of a happy wife and fond mother.

Under ordinary circumstances this private journal might never have gone beyond the circle of the writer's home; but happily it has been otherwise ordered. The Queen has been pleased to tell to the great body of her subjects the story of her domestic life, writing simply and freely of her joys and sorrows, her tastes and occupations, her feelings and sympathies. The people now know the truth about many things of which they had

before only vague though generally correct surmises. And this confidence on the part of the Queen has been met by a love and loyalty which will be increased the more the book is known.

The volume is divided into three parts:—"Earlier Visits to Scotland," "Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861," and "Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions." They possess different degrees of interest. To many the first will appear the most charming, since it takes us back to the younger days, to the married girlhood of Queen Victoria, when, released for a while from the ceremonies and adulations of the capital, she went to Scotland to catch a first glimpse of its wild and brilliant landscape, of its ancient and lofty cities, of its population, aglow with loyalty, hospitality, gaiety, and independence. This was in the autumn of 1842—six-and-twenty years ago—a distance of time often touchingly referred to in later pages.

The journey was made from Windsor to London by rail, and by road to Woolwich, where the youthful sovereign embarked with her husband on board the Royal George, with a magnificent squadron as escort. The royal yacht was a very different ship from the Victoria and Albert of later years. The voyage was tedious, but thoroughly enjoyed by the Queen. "I saw Fern Island," she writes, "with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it." Singularly enough, that very morning Grace Darling lay dead in her cabin on the Northumbrian coast. The people at sea and ashore were giving merry and distant welcomes to the lady of the land just then passing, "fancy free," through their waters, dancing and piping in their boats, and kindling bonfires



SANDY M'ARA AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861, with Extracts giving Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland." Smith, Elder, and Co. Our illustrations of the Athole country are from sketches by Robert Taylor Pritchett, made during visits to Blair Castle, and now reproduced with the sanction of the Duchess of Athole. In some of the other pictures (to appear in our next part), Mr. Pritchett has found assistance in photographs taken by Wilson, of Aberdeen.

on their hills; and the seamen tripped it upon deck, eliciting from her Majesty one of many amiable compliments to the naval service of her kingdom, "They are so handy and well conducted."

The Queen, from the outset, was enchanted with Scot-

land, with Edinburgh and its environs, with the architecture, the scenery, and the people. "The impression

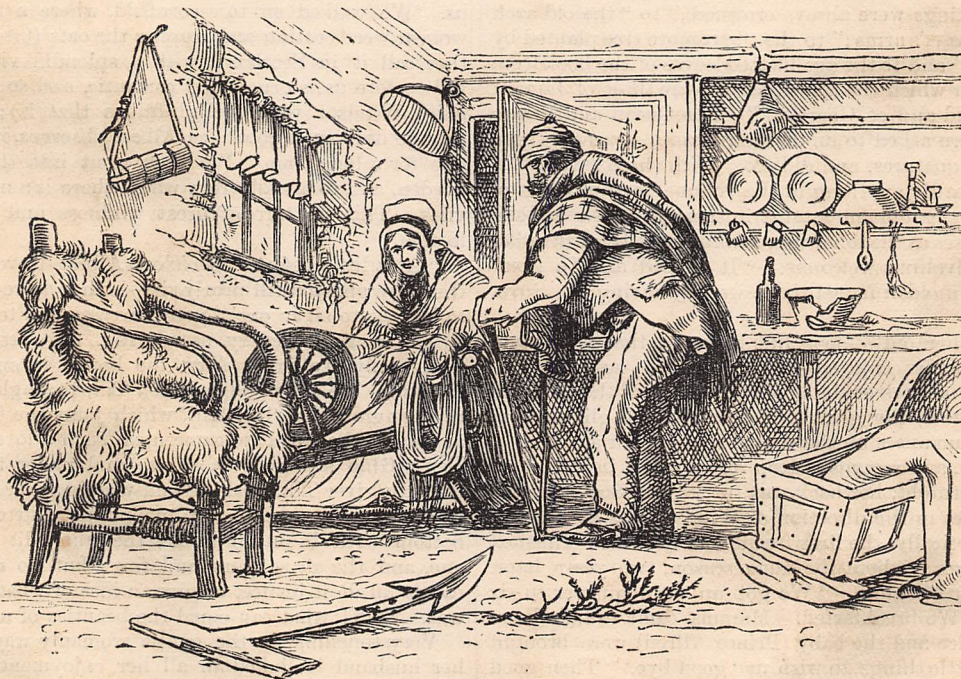
thing built of massive stone: there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. The High Street, which is pretty steep,



A FINE HUNT ON BENY-VENIE.

Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen; and

is very fine. Then the Castle, situated on the grand rock in the middle of the town, is most striking. On the



PETER FRASER AND FOREST LODGE.

what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw; it is so regular, every-

other side the Calton Hill, with the National Monument, Nelson's Monument, Burns's Monument, the Gaol, the

High School, etc., all magnificent buildings, and with Arthur's Seat in the background, overtopping the whole, form altogether a splendid spectacle. "Albert said he felt sure the Acropolis could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh 'the modern Athens.'" The enthusiasm was very great, and the people very friendly and kind." Here she "saw several handsome girls and children with long hair; indeed, all the poor girls of sixteen and seventeen, down to two or three years old, have loose flowing hair, a great deal of it red." These, be it remembered, are the *naïve* observations of a Queen just twenty-three years old, visiting for the first time one nation of her subjects. And here the simplicity, as free from affectation as from egotism, of her disposition begins to show itself. They dined, and "everybody was very kind and civil, and full of inquiries as to our voyage." Next morning the young Monarch tastes oatmeal porridge and Finnon haddock, finding both to be sufficiently good. Then there were trips and parties, and rides and drives, and visits to castles and villages, and to the fishwomen, "generally young and pretty—very clean and very Dutch-looking;" and a Drawing-room, and addresses from provosts and magistrates, churches and universities, "to which I read answers. Albert received his just after I did mine, and read his answers beautifully." It was all a triumph; no shadow of care in these young days.

But in that early time, Victoria, already accustomed to regal state, proved that she looked with interest upon whatever appertained to the history of kings and queens in her dominions. Her pilgrimages were made to Holyrood, "that royal-looking old place;" to Dalhousie, "where no British Sovereign had been since Henry IV;" to the Crown Jewel Chamber at the Castle; to the room in which James VI of Scotland and I of England was born—"such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall"—to Loch Leven, near the castle whence "poor Queen Mary escaped;" to the mound on which "the ancient Scottish kings were always crowned;" to "the old arch with James VI's arms;" to the "sycamore tree planted by James VI," and to the age-blotted leaves of the book from Perth, "in which the last signatures are those of James I of England and of Charles I." The Queen and Prince Albert were asked to unite their names beneath those historic signatures, and did so. With these exceptions, there is hardly anything in the volume to remind us of its writer's paramount station in society—unless we take such phrases as the following, in allusion to Lord Breadalbane's chivalrous welcome:—"It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times were receiving his Sovereign."

It was her out-of-door life, however, that the young Queen chiefly enjoyed—the mountain scenery, the woodland borders of the lakes, the songs of the boatmen on the waters, the glens and hamlets, and glimpses of shepherd manners on the brown slopes. In all this she luxuriated, and records a deep regret when, in little more than a fortnight, her back was turned on Scotland, and her face set in the direction of Windsor Castle. It had been, practically, the first freedom of her life. The next visit was made about the same season, two years later. The journal begins:—"We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby (Prince Alfred) were brought in, poor little things, to wish us 'good bye.' Then good Bertie (the Prince of Wales) came to see us, and Vicky (the Princess Royal) appeared as *voyageuse*, and was all impatience to go." The eldest-born of our Queen seems to have been, from the beginning, an excel-

lent traveller. "I said to Albert, I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us—it put me so in mind of myself when I was 'The Little Princess.'" We quote these slight passages as exemplifications of the perfectly natural tone in which her Majesty describes her earlier experience. "We got out at an inn," she writes, "which was small, but clean, at Dunkeld, to let Vicky have some broth. Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window. There never was such a good traveller as she is, sleeping in the carriage at her usual times; not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds, but pleased and amused." Such are some of the pleasant glimpses, where the mother more than the queen appears.

Never did English tourist more heartily enter into all the delights of travelling in Scotland, nor more thoroughly appreciate the scenery of the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Thus, in Blair Athole she admiringly writes of the grand scenery:—

"Blair Castle, Blair Athole, Thursday, Sept. 12.

"We took a delightful walk of two hours. Immediately near the house the scenery is very wild, which is most enjoyable. The moment you step out of the house you see those splendid hills all round. We went to the left, through some neglected pleasure-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stone and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depth of the shadows, the mossy stones, mixed with slate, etc., which cover the banks, are lovely; at every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top: Albert in such delight; it is happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. We came back by a higher drive, and then went to the factor's house, still higher up, where Lord and Lady Glenlyon are living, having given Blair up to us. We walked on to a cornfield, where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats ('shearing,' as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, and so unlike our daily Windsor walk (delightful as that is); and this change does such good: as Albert observes, it refreshes one for a long time. We then went into the kitchen garden, and to a walk from which there is a magnificent view. This mixture of great wildness and art is perfection.

"At a little before four o'clock Albert drove me out in the pony phaeton till nearly six—such a drive! Really, to be able to sit in one's pony carriage and to see such wild, beautiful scenery as we did, the farthest point being only five miles from the house, is an immense delight. We drove along Glen Tilt, through the wood overhanging the river Tilt, which joins the Garry, and as we left the wood we came upon such a lovely view—Ben-y-Ghlo straight before us—and under these high hills the river Tilt, gushing and winding over stones and slates, and the hills and mountains skirted at the bottom with beautiful trees; the whole lit up by the sun, and the air so pure and fine; but no description can at all do it justice, or give an idea of what this drive was. 'Oh! what can equal the beauties of nature!'"

Very touching is the gentle womanly way in which her husband is linked in all her enjoyments, Albert's delight, and Albert's remarks being always noted. Prince Albert was extremely fond of deer-stalking. Here is his own description of the sport, given in a letter to Prince Leiningen:—



"Without doubt deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself. . . . One has, therefore, to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them, and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in grey."

On many occasions the Queen joined the shooting-party, and has given the following account of a day in Blair Athole:—

"We drove nearly to Peter Fraser's house, which is between the Marble Lodge and Forest Lodge. Here Albert and I walked about a little, and then Lady Canning; mounted our ponies and set off on our journey, Lord Glenlyon leading my pony the whole way; Peter Fraser, the head keeper, (a wonderfully active man) leading the way, Sandy and six other Highlanders carrying rifles and leading dogs, and the rear brought up by two ponies with our luncheon-box. Lawley, Albert's jäger, was also there, carrying one of Albert's rifles; the other Albert slung over his right shoulder, to relieve Lawley. So we set off, and wound round and round the hill, which had the most picturesque effect imaginable. Such a splendid view all around, finer and more extensive the higher we went! The day was delightful; but the sun very hot. We saw the highest point of Ben-y-Ghlo, which one cannot see from below, and the distant range of hills we had seen from Tulloch was beautifully softened by the slightest haze. We saw Loch Vach. The road was very good, and, as we ascended, we had to speak in a whisper, as, indeed, we did almost all day, for fear of alarming deer unawares. The wind was, however, right, which is everything here for the deer. I wish we could have had Landseer with us to sketch our party, with the background, it was so pretty, as were also the various 'halts,' etc. If I only had had time to sketch them!

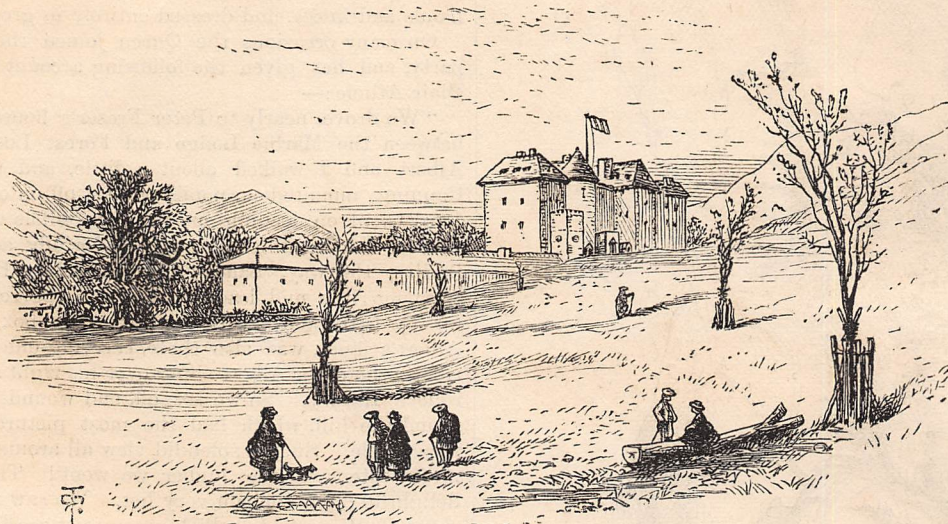
"We stopped at the top of the Chrianan, whence you look down an immense height. It is here that the eagles sometimes sit. Albert got off and looked about in great admiration, and walked on a little, and then remounted his pony. We then went nearly to the top of Cairn Chlamain, and here we separated, Albert going off with Peter Lawley and two other keepers to get a 'quiet shot,' as they call it, and Lady Canning, Lord Glenlyon, and I went up quite to the top, which is deep in moss. Here we sat down and stayed some time, sketching the ponies below, Lord Glenlyon and Sandy remaining near us. The view was quite beautiful—nothing but mountains all around us, and the solitude, the complete solitude, very impressive. We saw the range of Mar Forest, and the inner range to the left, receding from us, as we sat facing the hill called Scarsach, where the counties of Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness join. My pony was brought up for me, and we then descended this highest pinnacle, and proceeded on a level to meet Albert, whom I descried coming towards us. We met him shortly after; he had had bad luck, I am sorry to say. We then sat down on the grass and had some luncheon; then I walked a little with Albert, and we got on our ponies. As we went on towards home some deer were seen in Glen Chromie, which is called the 'Sanctum!' where it is supposed that there are a great many. Albert went off after this, and we remained on Sron-a-Chro for an hour. I am sure, as Lord Glenlyon said, by so doing we should turn the deer to Albert; whereas, if we went on, we should disturb and spoil the whole thing. So we submitted. Albert looked like a little speck creeping about on an

opposite hill. We saw four heads of deer, two of them close to us. It was a beautiful sight.

"Meanwhile I saw the sun sinking gradually, and I got quite alarmed lest we should be benighted, and we called anxiously for Sandy, who had gone away for a

hills sharper. I never saw anything so fine. It soon, however, grew very dark.

"At length Albert met us, and he told me he had waited all the time for us, as he knew how anxious I should be. He had been very unlucky, and had lost



BLAIR CASTLE, FROM THE PARK.

moment, to give the signal to come back. We then began our descent, 'squinting' the hill, the ponies going as safely and securely as possible. As the sun went down

his temper, for the rifle would not go off just when he could have shot some fine harts; yet he was as merry and cheerful as if nothing had happened to dis-



THE HALL DOOR, BLAIR CASTLE.

the scenery became more and more beautiful, the sky crimson, golden red and blue, and the hills looking purple and lilac, most exquisite, till at length it set, and the hues grew softer in the sky, and the outline of the

appoint him. We got down safely to the bridge, our ponies going most surely, though it was quite dusk when we were at the bottom of the hill. We walked to the Marble Lodge, and then got into the pony carriage and

drove home by very bright moonlight, which made everything look very lovely; but the road made one a little nervous.

"We saw a flight of ptarmigan, with their white wings, on the top of Sron-a-Chro; also plovers, grouse,

The arrival and reception at Taymouth are thus described:—

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very



MARELE LODGE, GLEN TILT.

and pheasants. We were safely home by a quarter to eight."

Whenever the Queen paid a visit to any of the nobles of the north she was received with truly Scottish enthusiasm. Two of these state visits may be given as instances.

Here is the description of the reception at Inverary Castle:—

"Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll (dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower), the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, and the Blantys received us at the landing-place, which was all ornamented with heather. The Celtic Society, including Campbell of Islay, his two sons (one grown up, and the other a very pretty little boy), with a number of his men, and several other Campbells, were all drawn up near to the carriage. We got into a carriage with the two Duchesses, Charles and the Duke being on the box (we had left the children on board the Fairy), and took a beautiful drive amongst magnificent trees, and along a glen where we saw Ben Sheerer, etc. The weather was particularly fine, and we were much struck by the extreme beauty of Inverary—presenting as it does such a combination of magnificent timber, with high mountains and a noble lake.

"The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorn, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet. We lunched at two with our host, the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon time. We left Inverary before three, and took the children with us in the carriage. The Argylls, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the others accompanied us on board the Fairy, where we took leave of them."

high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup d'œil* was indescribable. Here were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn



TAYMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE FORT.

up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzie's men (in the Menzies' red and white tartan), a

number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us upstairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders."

The mention of the arrival at Taymouth leads to the introduction of the following simple and touching note:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (*incognita*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and as we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and there, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.

"It seemed unaltered.—1866."

WHAT I SAW OF THE AMBER TRADE.

ANY one wishing, from motives of curiosity, to live awhile in a bygone age, or rather, to learn from actual observation the way some people lived one hundred years ago, should visit the city of Königsberg, on the Prengal, in the eastern part of Prussia.

The people of that city move about as though they had not the slightest fear of being harmed by time or anything else, except by a little activity. The only thing new to be seen there is occasionally a new moon. Everything in the place looks antique. The children look as though they had been children for many years, and would be so for many years to come. The people, however, must have changed a little within the last three or four hundred years, for the present generation do not seem to have energy enough to accomplish the work man has at some time performed in completing so respectable an old city. The magnificent cathedral, containing the remarkable organ with 5000 pipes, and many other public buildings, show that its inhabitants were once young, energetic, and ambitious.

Only three days are required for "doing" Königsberg. To a person fond of travelling, a longer residence in the city will become somewhat wearisome—especially should he be in want of money. Being in the latter predicament, and also desirous of moving on, I did not find myself much in a fix at Königsberg. I am a seaman—one who follows that occupation as the most convenient way of travelling on an income limited to the wages of manual labour. Not wishing at the moment to leave that part of Europe, I joined a small vessel that was to be employed near the mouth of the Dange, in gathering amber.

A large and deep deposit of mud or soft clay, containing much amber, had lately been found not far from Memel, and we were employed to work upon it. Between Königsberg and the Frische-Haff we saw several places where people had been, or were digging for amber, although the work does not appear to be very profitable. The amber obtained in that way on those "diggings" only amounts to about 500 pounds per annum, and too much work is required in obtaining that amount to make the labour remunerative.

Two of my companions told me that they had spent several months in digging for amber, and had worked hard for a miserable living, until they had reluctantly been compelled to give up the business.

I asked, "Why reluctantly?" and learnt that the business could be followed only with the same infatuation that enslaves the gambler—the hope of making as much in an hour as can be made by saving the wages of some ordinary employment for years.

The day after leaving Königsberg we were anchored over that part of the mud-bank where the company had purchased the right of dredging, and were making preparations for work. We commenced business in a more extensive or scientific manner than dredging for amber had usually been performed. The dredging machinery was worked by a steam-engine, and the contents of the buckets were emptied into a barge alongside. Four men were stationed in the barge, employed in turning over the clay and other substances brought up in the buckets, searching for the amber.

I had an opportunity of seeing the result of our first day's work. It consisted of one piece of an inferior quality, weighing about three ounces, and worth about as many shillings. Several other smaller pieces were found, but were of little value, as they could only (I was told) be used for dissolving and making into a varnish principally used by photographers.

The price of amber varies according to size and quality of the pieces. A piece weighing but half an ounce, and worth two shillings, would probably be worth three or four times that sum if only double the weight. Some amber is so discoloured by substances that have adhered to and become mixed with it before being hardened, that it will not bring in the market more than four or five shillings per pound. Other pieces that are clear, or that can be used as specimens, containing insects preserved in perfect shape, are worth from £16 to £17 per pound.

The largest piece of which I heard, and which is said to be the largest ever found, was owned by a firm of amber merchants in Dantzic, who have long kept it in their possession; it weighs twelve pounds. The largest piece found in recent years near Memel weighs about five pounds, and it was said to be worth over 400 Prussian dollars.

The right of gathering amber on the east coast of Prussia was once monopolised by a company. This monopoly was extinguished in 1847, and since then the owners of land on the shores can confer the right of collecting it, although I believe a small fee has to be paid to the government. Dantzic was once the principal port for the trade in amber, but the business is now mostly centred at Memel. The trade in amber between England and Prussia is fast increasing. A few years ago, nearly all the amber reached us in a manufactured state, but now we receive the most of it as it is found on the coasts.

It is estimated that more than 74,000 pounds were procured by dredging in 1866. The amount last year was undoubtedly much larger. A good deal of amber is

obtained along the shore of the Frische-Haff by hand-dredging with small nets, and many people earn a living in this manner. They are always most successful after a violent storm, which has disturbed the bottom of the bay along the shore and exposed the pieces of amber to the action of the dredges.

While at work attending the dredge, I was enabled to obtain a little practical experience of the business of gathering amber. I learnt that it was hard, wet, and dirty work, for which those employed on wages were but poorly paid. At this, however, I could not complain, for it was no more than was expected when entering into the business. On the third day we were at work we were very successful. Nearly every bucket of dirt emptied into the barge contained several pieces of amber. We had found a part of the bank where a large quantity had been deposited, and that day we must have obtained nearly two hundred pounds. Many of the pieces were very clear and valuable. This was much the best day's work we had while I was on the dredge.

Had I been a rich man, I could have afforded to remain in that employment during the season, but being poor, I could not. The most to be gained in the business was a little experience with men and mud by day, and a knowledge of the game of "lansquenet" in the evening. These things were not worth suffering much and long to learn, and I determined to leave.

One day we were visited by the skipper of an English ship lying about a mile away, waiting for the turn of the tide. I prevailed on the skipper to give me a passage to Dantzie, and as but little objection was made to my leaving, I bade my gambling companions "goot tay," and left them.*

I believe that learned men have disputed much about the origin of amber. From the foreign substances contained in it, and from its occurring in connection with lignite or fossil wood, it appears to be a resinous exudation from ancient forests. As to its uses in commerce, I believe it is used in medicine, and in art for preparing varnish; and also for necklaces and other ornaments, of which the most known to me are mouthpieces of pipes.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

EXCITEMENT.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

Up went the flame.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

The flame rose stronger and higher.

"Am I not bright, noble, genial?" cried the Fire.

"Burn away," said the Bellows, and stopped blowing.

The flame faded, and the ruddy light grew pale.

"So," said the Bellows, "I don't think much of *your* brightness; you can only burn while I blow. Give me the steady flame, that keeps strong and clear without the help of puffing."

* The annexed paragraph I have cut out of an English newspaper since my return:—The little fishing village of Schwarzwort, situated on the shores of the Baltic, between Memel and Dantzie, about two leagues to the south of the former place, has within the last three years acquired a certain importance, owing to the discovery of a large bed of amber. This bed is situated near the Cape Korning, and is believed to be extensive. Four steam dredges are employed for the collection of the amber, as well as a considerable number of dredges worked by hand. The amber is found almost uniformly in separate nodules, with lignite, disseminated in the sands at a depth of from ten feet to twelve feet. The dredging is carried on day and night, by shifts of eight hours each. About 400 persons are employed at this work, and their wages are, on the average, 22 silver groschen (2s. 2d.) per shift. The quantity of amber collected is considerable, amounting to about 288 lbs. per shift, and for six days' work 5,184 lbs. The sand is sent on shore, when it is washed in order to find the amber.

ABOUT CRITICS.

"Hold that poor, thin twitter of yours, Bob!" said the Raven to the Robin.

Bob generally took a good deal to be daunted; but he stood now half ashamed, till, recovering himself, he said, "Beg pardon, sir, I have been thought to sing like the nightingale here, by very good judges."

"Nightingale! A melancholy, woe-begone ditty she gives. Keep me from nightingales!" said the Raven.

"Ah, I see; you like something cheerful, sir—like this lark who has just come down, for instance."

"Lark! Insufferably monotonous," said the Raven.

"Oh, variety, then, is what you require; and here is the thrush; *she* is the songster for you!" said Bob.

"The thrush has good notes and variety, and is cheerful, I admit; but oh! so intensely *rustic* and familiar—absolutely vulgar!" said the Raven.

"Sir," said Bobby, with a waggish look, "I wish *you* would give us a song, that we might know what good singing really is."

The Raven sidled off, provoked and offended.

"He put us down when he never could do anything but *croak*! No, no, my friends, we won't stand *that*," said Bobby; and he set up one of his loudest twitters immediately.

PROVE YOUR PRINCIPLES.

"I wish I could open your eyes to the true misery of our condition: injustice, tyranny, and oppression!" said a discontented Hack to a weary-looking Cob, as they stood side by side in unhired cabs.

"I'd rather have them opened to something pleasant, thank you," replied the Cob.

"I am sorry for you. If you could enter into the noble aspirations——" the Hack began.

"Talk plain. What would you have?" said the Cob, interrupting him.

"What would I have? Why, equality, and share and share alike all over the world," said the Hack.

"You mean that?" said the Cob.

"Of course I do. What right have those sleek pampered hunters and racers to their warm stables and high feed, their grooms and jockeys? It is really heart-sickening to think of it," replied the Hack.

"I don't know but you may be right," said the Cob, "and to show I'm in earnest, as no doubt you are, let me have half the good beans you have in your bag, and you shall have half the musty oats and chaff I have in mine. There's nothing like proving one's principles."

REASON IS REASON, THOUGH NOT SEEN.

"Why shouldn't we go abroad for the winter, like the swallows, and lots besides?" asked the House Sparrow.

"Can't say, indeed," replied his friend.

"We are quite as numerous," said the Sparrow. "See what flocks we make."

"Quite," said his friend.

"And we have good wings, and we don't like cold weather and starvation any more than they do," said the Sparrow.

"True," said his friend.

"Then why *don't* we go abroad?" said the Sparrow.

"That's beyond me to explain," said the other; "but indeed, brother, though not very old, I have lived long enough in the world to see there are many things I can't account for; and when I meet with one like this, I make up my mind that the fault doesn't lie in its unreasonableness, but in my incapability of understanding it. By this rule, no doubt, the swallows satisfy themselves that it is right they should have to go abroad while we stop at home."

WHY THE LARK IS A FAVOURITE.

"I can't think what makes the Lark such a favourite," said the Robin to the Thrush; "he hasn't a feather that isn't dull or dingy. He's not to be compared with *me* that way."

"His feathers are well enough," said the Thrush, rather resenting the reflection on sober colours; "but I can't say I think his song worth the fuss they make about it. I should be sorry to change my notes for his."

"Friends," said the Lark, as he rose from behind them, "I will tell you what makes me a favourite. It is neither my dress nor my music in itself; but it is because I sing where few other birds sing, and am more the songster of the free air than any of you. You must have your covert, or your thicket, or your grove, or your brake, so that, as far as you are concerned, it is 'no bush, no bird;' but I am content with the hedgeless field, or bushless uplands, and send down my song full and free, from the heights of the cloudless sky, to cheer the wayfarer when he is out of the way of other music, and hopes for none."

HOW TO WORK.

"SUKEY you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle; "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your pudding or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service, really, than I am; but everything depends on the way you take work. *I sing over mine!*"

STRENGTH VERSUS CUNNING.

"POOH! you're not worth running after," said the Dog to the Plover, as he dropped his wing as if it were broken, and ran haltingly to lure him from the nest.

But the Plover flew on as the Dog closed on him, dropping his wing again, however, in a minute, and limping as before.

"Stupid work this!" said the Dog. "I shall be up to you now;" and he ran rather quicker, not doubting he could catch his prey when he had resolved to do it.

At length, after many feigned flights, the Plover, secure of his object, left the Dog in great dudgeon, while he pealed his whistle of defence, and took his long, wheeling flight over the moor, to return to the nest by another way.

"What a blockhead I was to be taken in by him!" said the Dog; "but how is an honest fellow with only one end in view to match an adversary that does one thing and means another?"

A TIME TO WEEP.

"You are very ungrateful to complain," said the Knife to the Hedge. "Don't you know that I am slashing away at you for your good? Why, every cut I give you will tell, and when spring comes you will be so gay in green leaves, that the birds will delight to build in you."

"Sir," said the Hedge, "in the spring, when my wounds are healed, I *will* thank you; but at present I am too much occupied with my smart to be able to rejoice in the prospect of green leaves."

FIT WORK FOR OWLS.

"MOTHER, what a fine house we live in!" said an Owlet, as he nestled with the old bird in the ivy on the castle tower.

"Yes, my son, it is a fine house," said the Owl.

"Did you build it, mother?" he asked.

"No, my son," she replied.

"Did your father build it?"

"No, my son, no; it was not *originally* built for owls. Once there was not a crack for the ivy to take root in, nor a chink to hold a nest."

"Oh, what a dull place it must have been then!" said the Owlet. "Who improved it to its present state?—the *owls*, I suppose."

"Yes, my son; I daresay it was the owls," his mother replied. "I should think none but owls would dream of turning a good sound building into a ruin, just to suit their own ends."

TROUBLE FOR NOTHING.

"SHINE out, mamma; don't you see how they twinkle at us?" said a young Glowworm to her mother.

"The stars, do you mean, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Yes, if you call them stars; they are staring at us finely," said the daughter.

"Bless your little heart!" said her mother; "do you think they can see *us*?"

"Why not? we can see *them*," replied the daughter.

"Because, my dear, their light is strong enough to travel to us, but ours is too feeble to be seen many yards from the earth. We might shine our hearts out, and the stars would never know we were in existence."

BENEATH TEACHING.

"YAC, yac, yac!" barked the little dog, as Lion and Nero walked through the yard.

"Yac, yac!" he cried again and again, running off, however, as soon as they looked at him.

"Give the impudent little brute a grip, to teach him," said Nero.

"I!" exclaimed Lion. "No, friend, when I fight, it is with dogs of breeding, not with puppies or mongrel curs."

Poetry.

SPRING.

SOFTLY in Winter's place,
Spring steals out on the earth and stands with half-frightened face;
For the frost smell still is keen and the wind is coarse and loud,
And the eddying snow-flakes fall from the edge of the full-filled cloud.

Lo, she is timid and young,
But nowhere in all the fields is heard one welcoming tongue.
Cold are the black marsh pools; in the wood on a lonely beech
Flutters the last of the leaves, red, ragged, and out of reach.

Nearer and yet more near
Every day does she come, and the low skies heighten and clear,
And change into fresh soft blue as when, in a glad surprise,
Eyelids are lifted up from the azure of innocent eyes.

Then, with a throb in the throat,
Up gets a robin and sings a sharp, blithe, twittering note;
Sudden he stops in alarm and flies to a tree in the lane,
Near to the house-door safe, and there he carols again.

All by himself at first;
But in a moment or two the thrush gives a wild out-burst,
Then join the ring-dove and finch, and the little hedge-wren
chirps fast,
For Winter, black Winter is gone, and Spring has come to them at last.

Straight to the thrill of the sound,
Primroses push thro' the moss that cumpers the moistened ground,
And the forget-me-nots spread far thro' the thick, wild brake,
With violets voicelessly glad—so glad for the dear Spring's sake.

Widely, in woodlands brown,
Greeten the tiny buds, and the tender leaves hang down,
Blossoms the guelder rose, and the lilac's purples unfold,
Mixed with the heavy drip of the yellow laburnum's gold.

Early, with early sunrise,
Eager with tremulous joy, flutter the butterflies,
And to the twinkling stream the gnats and the midges come,
And the bee goes by on the wind with solemn approving hum.

Spring, no longer afraid,
Walks with a soft low laugh on thro' the sun and the shade,
Colours the rose on the wall, fills all the flowers with scent,
Then in the eventide rests in a calm content.

Oh, to be wise as Spring!
Gentleness conquers at last every stern, dark thing;
Mercy wins on its way; Patience is strong and sweet;
Faith with these three combined brings the world to our feet.

Look then to One above:
God who gives us the Spring gives us also his Love,
Strong in its sunny warmth—which, touching the cold dead soul,
Calls it at once to life, and some day will perfect the whole.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



LANDED AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT LEARNS, TO HIS ASTONISHMENT, THAT, ACCORDING TO ALL LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS, HE MUST HAVE PERISHED AT SEA.

EARLY one morning, about three months after the Amazon sank beneath the waters of the Mexican Gulf, a fishing-sloop landed, upon the levée* at New Orleans, a party of pallid, cadaverous, wretchedly-clad

* The river at New Orleans rises above the level of the city, and consequently an embankment, boarded with planks, has been raised around it. This embankment, at which vessels load and discharge their cargoes and passengers, is termed "the levée."

creatures, ten in number, of whom five were males and five females—all of whom appeared as if they had recently risen from a sick-bed. Some staggered with weakness as they stepped from the sloop's deck to the shore, and the entire party, when they had collected together, looked about them with an air of indecision, as if they knew not what to do, or where to betake themselves to.

A crowd of idlers, comprising negroes, mulattos, French and Spanish creoles, interspersed with a few southern Yankees, collected together and stood gazing upon them with mingled compassion and curiosity, until

at length some of the more curious began to question them as to whence they came, whither they were going, and what had brought them to their present abject and destitute condition.

These were informed in reply, that the party consisted of a portion of the crew and passengers of the American packet-ship *Amazon*, who had escaped from the sinking ship and had been landed on the island of St. Domingo.

"We numbered eighteen when we landed," said a young man (the youngest, but healthiest-looking of the party), who acted as spokesman for his miserable companions; "but the captain of the ship, who was with us, and seven others, one of whom was a lady, have since died of fever, with which we have been all struck down. I had the lightest attack; for some of my companions have not yet recovered their strength, as you may perceive."

"Heow long hev yer been on the island, stranger?" inquired a tall western Yankee, who had forced his way into the crowd.

"About three months, as near as I can tell. I can't say to a day—hardly to a week."

"What on airth med yer stop *thar*, friend?"

"Simply because we were unable to get away."

"Why didn't you go tew yer consul? S'pose yer hed a consul?"

"No. The island is in a condition of anarchy and confusion: there is scarcely a white person residing on it; and if we had been French, the probability is that, wretched as we were, we should all have been massacred by the negroes and mulattos, who just now look upon all white people with suspicion, and upon the French with absolute hatred."

"Oh, yew'm bin alonger them 'ere niggers who'm sot up for theirselves, es I've heerd on. Heow did ye dew to fix yerselves when ye wor all deown wi' fever, stranger?"

"We did badly enough, as you may perceive from our looks. However, we found some compassionate people even among the negroes, and those among us who recovered from the fever, lived as we could—some days starving; other days living upon vegetables and fruits, sometimes catching a few fish, until at length the captain of a Savannah fishing sloop touched at the island, and took pity upon us, and offered to carry us to New Orleans."

"And what air yer goin' to dew now yer yere? Hev ye got any money?"

"A few dollars among us, that were made up by the captain and crew of the sloop and some of the people on the island."

"Waal, friends, I calculate ef you'm got money, ye'll find some folks es 'll be willin' tew take yer in, and fix up suthin' fur yer to eat, though yer dew look es skeery a lot o' critters es ever I see. Ef yer like tew foller me I'll show yer whar yer kin get took in till yer kin see yer consul, which I reckon yer'd best dew 'soon's yer kin. Them wimmen-critturs don't look es ef they kin stand much more knockin' beout; and es fur es a dollar or tew goes, I don't mind helpin' feller-critturs in such a fix es yew air."

"Eout o' the way, yer grinnin' niggers," cried the stalwart Yankee, forcing a passage through the crowd of mulattos and creoles; and, bidding the party follow him, he led the way through a number of dirty backstreets, until at length he stopped at the door of a restaurant, kept by a stout, middle-aged French creole woman, one "Madame Bidaud," whose name flourished in gaudy yellow letters over the front of the coffee-house.

"Hey, yew, Ma'am Bido," said the Yankee, hailing the good-tempered looking, brown-complexioned mistress of the establishment, whose gaudy attire appeared in strange contrast with the dingy, dark, dirty room into which the party were ushered by their new friend. "Yew fix up suthin' good, and plenty on't, right tew onest, fur these yere miser'ble critturs, an' sot it deown to my 'ceount, and then see un' git the wimmin folks comferble tew bed."

"Oui, M'sieu," replied Madame Bidaud, smiling all over her round, fat face. "Viens, mes pauvre dames—asseoiyez vous pres le feu," she added, addressing the women, when she was interrupted by the Yankee, who cried out—

"Come, yew Marm Bido, jist shet up that air lingo an' talk good 'Merican, es folks kin onderstand. Yer *kin*, arter a sorter fashion, yer know, and be smart and fix up suthin to eat."

Madame Bidaud replied in negro English, intermingled with creole French—a jargon almost equally unintelligible to the majority of the party, as had been her original speech—that she would hasten to do the Yankee's bidding, for the sake of "de poor massas and mesdames dareselves," when one or two of the party interposed, and said that, poorly off as they were, they were able to pay for a breakfast.

"Yew jist shet up neow," answered the Yankee. "Marm Bido knows me, she dew, an' she'll jes' dew es I tell her, an' no tew words 'beout it. I'm Abiram Billings, I am, from Carr'lton, on the Mississip'. What's *your* name, friend? I'm teold yer mine," he inquired of the young man who had been the spokesman of the party.

"Henry Talbot," was the reply.

"Waal, then, Master Tallboots, yew jist tell yecour folk to take keer o' thar money. I dessay they arn't got tew plenty on't. I reckon they *ain't*. Mebbe they'll want it all afore they die. I'm been hard up myself afore neow, I hâve, an' hedn't nought tew chuse atween, but a red Injin and an alligator, many's a time."

"And yew take my advice, young man. Sune es yew've hed suthen tew sot yer up, and the wimmin critters hes been made comfer'ble, yew jist h'ist up yer consul, and tell him es it's his bounden dewty fur tew look arter ye."

Abiram Billings remained until Madame Bidaud had set a comfortable breakfast before the party, when he insisted upon settling the score, there and then, and then took himself off.

Before, however, Henry Talbot could take Mr. Billings's advice, and seek out the British consul, the news had got noised through the city (which, at the period to which this history refers, was a much smaller, and a very different place from the New Orleans of the present day), that a party of sailors and passengers from the lost ship *Amazon* had landed on the levée, and betaken themselves to Madame Bidaud's; and they had scarcely breakfasted ere they were visited by several of the citizens, among whom were the editor and reporter of one of the newspapers.

Again Henry Talbot became the spokesman of the party, he being the only male passenger (the other men were common seamen.)

"Look'e here, mister. What's your name?" inquired the editor, after the young man had briefly narrated the sufferings of the party in the pinnace, after they had landed at St. Domingo.

"Henry Talbot."

"Waal, look'e here, Mister Talbot. This here story

o' your'n may be very true. Mindye, I don't say es it ain't. But it ha'n't a good look wi' it. The Amazon, wi' all aboard, 'cept tew boat's crews, were reported tew be lost. Ain't it so, feller-citizens?" addressing himself to the bystanders, who nodded their acquiescence.

"Waal, now, lookye. Tew put it logical. The Amazon bein' reported tew be lost, and all on board, or, as *were* on board, 'cept tew boat-loads, and won boat bein' found bottom up, and the pinnace never heerd on from then till now, and them fac's bein' duly reported in the noospapers, es yew, respected feller-citizens, air well awar', I say it don't look well fur the pinnace's crew, wi' no less than *five* of the ladies as were believed tew be drowned, tew turn up *now*. 'T'aint 'cordin' tew the natur' of things, arter it's been duly reported in the noospapers, for this pinnace's crew, and 'specially the ladies, which gave interest tew the report, tew turn up at this time o' day."

To this proposition there was a general murmur of assent,* and the editor continued—

"My noospaper, sir, the 'Lone Star of Trooth,' has published a full and akerate report of your loss, describin', in affectin' terms, heow you and these ladies perished at sea, and that report hev gone forth *tew* the world."

"You have but to deny that statement, and say that you are happy to say that the pinnace of the Amazon, supposed to have been lost, with all on board, in the Gulf, happily reached the island of St. Domingo, and that——"

"Never, mister, *never*!" interrupted the editor. "Never shall it be said as the 'Lone Star of Trooth' denied what it once asserted. My repootation 'ud be gone; my circulation 'ud be ruined, and my political opponent, the 'Platform of Virtoo,' would gain an advantage which I should never hear the last on."

"Then you need not, I presume, say anything about us?"

"And allow my political opponent to squirt over a piece o' noos, es he'd hev no hesitation in sayin' I never heerd on! No, sirée, I regret to say as I hold it my dooty tew sacrifice my private feelin's in the cause of the public, and declare yer to be an impostor. The majority of our citizens, sir, believe your folks to be lost, and *I* and *you* must conform tew the opinion of the majority, which air the basis of all trooth. My friend, I reckon you'll may hap be fur travellin' up country? In such case, let me warn you not to tell es you've been rescoted to any of eour people; they wun't stand it, mister—they wun't *stand* it."

With this the editor and his friends took their departure, and Henry, fearing another visit from the editor of the "Platform of Virtoo," hastened to the British consul's office, and acquainted that functionary with the arrival from St. Domingo, and the urgent distress of himself and his companions.

Fortunately the consul took a different view of the matter from that entertained by the editor. He listened attentively and pitifully to the young man's account of the sufferings that he and his companions had endured, congratulated him upon his and their escape, and promised them immediate assistance. Before the day closed, the ladies were removed to a respectable hotel; and the consul having learnt from Henry that it was his

wish to proceed westward up the Mississippi river, in search of employment from friends whom he hoped to find at St. Louis, provided the young man with the means of carrying his object into effect.

The sailors, who were Americans, applied to the mayor, and were sent home to their friends in the Northern States; and Henry, after having bidden farewell to his companions in suffering, soon set forth on his journey.

The morning after his arrival, however, the "Lone Star of Truth," (more to the amusement than to the vexation of himself and the ladies), devoted a whole column to demonstrate that, according to every logical axiom, the crew and passengers of the late ship Amazon having perished at sea (with the exception of those who had landed from two of the ship's boats on the Island of Cuba), it was morally and physically impossible that any of the said crew and passengers who had quitted the ship in the pinnace could have survived; therefore, it stood clearly proved that any person or persons pretending to have been a portion of the said crew and passengers must be impostors, whatever assertions might be made to the contrary. On the other hand, the "Platform of Virtue" devoted a leading article to show that the editor of the "Lone Star of Truth" was a conceited blockhead, who invariably jumped to false conclusions, and added that he not only congratulated the surviving crew and passengers of the pinnace on their happy escape from the niggers, but also hoped that he should yet have to congratulate the crew of the boat that had been found bottom up, upon their escape from the dangers of the deep. "In fact," he wrote, in conclusion, "we should not be greatly surprised if some of these days the Amazon herself were to make her appearance in port, if it were only to prove the utter fallacy of every assertion that has appeared in the "Lone Star of Truth."

The citizens of the then comparatively small city took different views, according to the papers which they patronised; and Henry and his friends found themselves the objects of so much alternate compassion and reproach that they were heartily glad when they were enabled to escape from the place.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT EMBARKS ON A VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI, AS FAR AS ST. LOUIS.

UNDER very different auspices from those which he had so confidently and proudly anticipated, Henry Talbot commenced his travels in America.

The few letters of introduction given to him by Mr. Aston (those of the most importance, Mr. Aston's sudden attack of illness had prevented him from giving) had sunk with the Amazon, and he had forgotten the names of many of those to whom they had been directed. He remembered, however, the name of the New Orleans merchant, who had acquainted Mr. Aston with the loss of the Amazon; but when he called at this gentleman's office, he learnt that the merchant and his family, as usual at that (the sickly) season, had left the city, and were travelling in the Northern States. He at length bethought him of the name of a merchant in St. Louis, to whom also he had had a letter of introduction, and he determined at once to proceed to that city, and try what good fortune might yet be in store for him. For some time he had hesitated whether or not to write to his sister, but he had decided in the negative.

"Mary," he thought, "will have heard of the fate of the Amazon ere now. She will have got over her first great sorrow at my supposed loss, and if I acquaint her

* The author intends no disrespectful allusion to the citizens of New Orleans, nor to the editors of the newspapers of the city of the present day, the New Orleans journals being *now* among the ablest and best conducted in the Union. But the New Orleans of the date to which this story refers had but lately become a city of the United States, and the majority of its inhabitants (otherwise than the French) were of a class similar to those which, at a later period, occupied the state of Texas, adjoining the state of which New Orleans is the capital.

with my present destitute condition I shall only cause her fresh sorrow and anxiety. I will wait until fortune smiles upon me, when I shall be able to write cheerfully."

There was, perhaps, more of pride than of a desire to save his sister from anxiety in the young man's determination, since he well knew that Mary would rejoice to hear that he was still living; but be that as it may, he quieted his own conscience with the pretence that he was saving the feelings of his sister, to whom he was really ashamed to write how low his hopes had fallen.

Thus it happened that, on the sixth day after his arrival at New Orleans, he embarked on board a flat-boat (steamboats had not yet made their appearance on the Mississippi) bound for St. Louis—a distance of more than twelve hundred miles—his sole wealth consisting of a scanty outfit, and the few dollars, barely sufficient to defray the necessary expenses of the journey, presented to him by the British consul.

Still, blank as his future appeared, different as were his present prospects from his former bright anticipations, he was hopeful and cheerful with the buoyancy of youth.

The voyage at least possessed the charm of novelty, although in other respects it promised to be far from an agreeable one.

The boat, possessing few accommodations, was crowded with passengers, consisting chiefly of settlers from different parts of the South-west, who had been to New Orleans to dispose of the produce of their "clearings," or of the spoils of the chase during the preceding winter, and to purchase the few simple necessities required in their isolated, half-savage mode of living.

Broad as is the Mississippi (the Great Father of Waters), it is very shallow for a considerable distance above New Orleans. Poles and oars were in constant requisition to keep the boat from grounding; and thus fourteen days were expended, ere Natchez—only three hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the river—was reached. The muddy water, the gloomy forest-skirted banks, on which only a few wretched hovels, inhabited by fishermen, were to be seen, rendered this portion of the voyage monotonous in the extreme.

Beyond Natchez, however, the scenery became more picturesque. The woods rejoiced in the genial warmth of a Southern sun. The deep green of the grass of the yet early spring, and the light, silvery hue of the maple trees, contrasted with the darker shades of various pines; red and white fruit-blossoms peeped out from the thickets of copsewood; birds of gorgeous plumage flew to and fro from branch to branch; and from countless wild flowers a delicious perfume was wafted on the gentle breeze.

Still, the lack of any signs of human life was remarkable. Now and then, as before—at wide distances apart—some fisherman's or pilot's hovel might be seen, deeply embosomed in the woods, and some few children would come occasionally down to the banks to watch the boat as it floated by, and to shout after it as long as it remained in view. More rarely still, an Indian encampment might be observed, the squaws busied in cooking or basket-weaving, while their dusky lords lounged idly in front of the wigwags, or stood scowling upon the shore; and now and then a canoe would put off, generally paddled by squaws, who pertinaciously offered their wares for sale to the passengers.

These signs of human life were, however, few and far between. Frequently, for days together, the boat passed on her solitary way over the turbid stream, between silent forests, apparently deserted to the prowling

wolf, since the last of the Powhattans fled to their retreats in the distant West.

No sound of busy axe awakened the echoes of the glens; not a tree appeared to have been hewn for ages; not a branch lopped off. The seed fell and took root: the young plant grew until it became a hoary denizen of the forest, and time at length withered its branches and decayed its trunk; a blast of wind laid it prostrate on the ground, where it rotted away, until scarcely a difference could be discerned between it and the huge, scaly alligator which crouched in the mud by its side.

Such was a voyage up the Mississippi forty or fifty years ago, and the aspect of things is not greatly changed at the present day, only that now-a-days snorting, high-pressure steamboats have replaced the slow-moving flat-boats, which in former times solely enlivened the scene. But now, as then, there is a strange contrast between the life and bustle apparent on the northern rivers, and the dreary solitude which prevails on the waters of the lower portion of the mighty Mississippi.

Five or six hundred miles up the river, however, the scene was changed. Then planters' dwellings became numerous on either shore. Fishing-boats, manned by chattering negroes, dotted the stream, sometimes moored to the "snags" or trees that have washed off from the shore, and having become embedded at one end in the mud, saw, as it were, to and fro, and up and down, and greatly impede and endanger navigation. There was no longer one unbroken line of forest on both shores; but wide clearings were to be seen, cultivated with cotton bushes, amidst which hundreds of negroes of both sexes and all ages were at work, and all was life and activity.

Now the passengers began to disembark, and others to take their places. There are no quays or piers on the western streams; the boats, therefore, go on shore into the soft mud banks, a plank is laid between the deck and the shore, and the passengers scramble up and down the bluffs as best they may.

Still the passengers continued to be, with few exceptions, of the same class—a very different people—almost, it would seem, a different race, from the passengers who throng the boats on the northern rivers; hunters from the yet unbroken forests of the Far West; young farmers from the newly-settled districts, and a few dandies, the sons of wealthy planters.

The style of costume embraced all the strange variety of Mississippi fashion. The backwoodsmen wore their leather hunting-shirts and fringed leather pantaloons, looking like Indians, and almost as dark-coloured, by the effects of sun and weather; the farmers were clad in home-made garments of antique cut, and of butter-nut colour, while the young planters appeared in all the glory of blue coats, white trousers, straw hats, and patent-leather boots. All, however, were prodigal of strange oaths, all chewed tobacco incessantly, and used the deck as one vast spittoon, and all divided their time equally between gambling, whittling, and drinking and sleeping, while there were few among them who were not armed with either pistols or bowie-knives, which they appeared ready to display, and to use, on very slight provocation.

It must not, however, be supposed that Henry Talbot met on board the flat-boat with a fair specimen of the white society of the South. He, like many other travellers, was at first inclined to form an erroneous idea of the planters, and others among whom he was about to cast his lot, from the persons he met with during the voyage, being then unaware of the fact that the wealthiest and more refined inhabitants of the South do not throng the great highways of land or water, but lead a

quiet, and, it must be said, generally inactive life, in their country houses.

At length, after a passage of nearly a month (now frequently accomplished, notwithstanding the numerous stoppages, in a week), the flat-boat on board of which Henry Talbot had taken passage drew near St. Louis—the enterprising and growing capital of the West.

For some days before, there had no longer been any cause of surprise or complaint at the solitude of the Mississippi. The river was thronged with flat-boats, barges, and sailing craft of every description, as it is at the present day with steamboats; some crowded with passengers bound down and up the mighty stream; some laden with cotton or with general produce; some about to force their way to the very source of the Missouri, and to penetrate into solitudes as yet unvisited by the white man. A restless eagerness seemed to have taken possession of the people—a desire to seek something—to accomplish something, as yet unheard of. A hundred years before, the surrounding country—the great valley of the Mississippi—was penetrated by the Spaniards, who, however, accomplished little more for its civilisation than had the wandering aboriginal tribes. The French succeeded, and still the great Father of Waters continued to flow through a solitude, from its source among the Rocky Mountains, to its mouth at the “delta” of New Orleans. Then, however, the valley fell under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and, as if by magic, the face of nature underwent a change. Merely rang the woodman’s axe through the hitherto silent forest, and amid the wild brushwood brakes; villages started into existence, where solitary wigwags had alone formerly occupied the sites; the planter laid out his cotton-fields, the sugar-cane rose tall and green amid the charred stumps of forest trees. The lonely hunters and trappers were driven to more distant fields, and the Indians retired gloomily and savagely to the distant wilds of Arkansas, to bide the time, not far distant, when all of their race shall be gathered to their fathers, and the aborigines of a vast hemisphere shall only live in the traditions of the past.

Very soon, the boat drew alongside the wharf at St. Louis—then a small city in comparison with what it is now, but then, as still, the emporium of all the vast country bordering on the Missouri and central Mississippi.

Almost as penniless as when he landed at New Orleans, though somewhat better fed and better clad, Henry Talbot strolled through the narrow, inconvenient streets, lined chiefly with wooden houses, but thronged with adventurers from all parts of the Union, all absorbed in the one great object in their eyes—the desire to improve their fortunes. The busy hum of trade and barter was incessant. It was scarcely possible to stroll through the streets without becoming infected with the eager spirit of gain that possessed the inhabitants of every class.

At the period of which I write, St. Louis was what St. Paul, Minnesota, and other cities of the still farther west, have since become—the resort of adventurers of every description, utterly reckless, often unprincipled, careless whither they went, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but the one great object of gain which had brought them from their homes and families in the north, the south, the east, to found new homes in the western wilderness.

St. Louis has since become a large and opulent city, of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is continually increasing in extent and worth. It has now a large permanent population of wealthy

merchants and traders, and possesses all the requirements of a great metropolis; yet still there is a restlessness in its people that the traveller cannot fail to mark, and which he will not have seen in its intensity until he has arrived at the great nucleus and present emporium of the Far West.

The young Englishman soon found out the residence of the merchant to whom Mr. Aston had given him letters of introduction, and whose name he fortunately remembered. He introduced himself, and told his sad story; and, though he was at first regarded with some suspicion, and keenly questioned and cross-questioned, he was at length believed, and employment was soon provided for him. But he had already learnt that his expectations of fortune were not likely to be so quickly realised as he had anticipated, and that, in America—the land of enterprise and industry, *par excellence*—life may be a long struggle with poverty and hardship, if the adventurer bring nothing with him but mere intelligence, and be without knowledge of any special craft or calling. The knowledge he had acquired at Eton was of no value to him whatever in this far-western district of the new world, nor was the little experience he had gleaned in the lawyer’s office of much greater benefit. Utterly unacquainted with trading or book-keeping, and untrained to any description of manual labour, he was of little real service to his employer, who, however, continued to retain him in his office, for the sake of his friend Mr. Aston, until the young man himself, finding his occupation distasteful to him, and feeling desirous of more active employment, determined, at the expiration of three months, to seek his fortune farther north. Having contrived to save a little money, he at length acquainted the merchant with the object he had in view.

“What do ye think of doing to benefit yourself, young man?” inquired the merchant.

“Anything I can find to do that I am competent to perform,” was the reply.

“Well, young man,” said the merchant, “ye arn’t o’ no partecklar use to me, that’s a fac’. Your folk ought to have brought ye up more ‘cute afore they sent ye out west. I s’pose in the first place ye’ll be huntin’ up Mr. Morton’s folk?”

“Mr. Morton’s folk!” exclaimed Henry.

“What am I am thinkin’ on?—Aston I mean, in course. You’ll be huntin’ them up?”

“I was to have had letters to them,” replied Henry. “Mr. Aston had prepared them for me, I have every reason to think, on the very day on which he was seized with sudden and dangerous illness. He was on the point of speaking of his home and his son and daughter. In fact he had already mentioned their names, when he became speechless. I almost think that I should have gone to them direct from New Orleans had I known where to find them; but I know nothing of them except that they live on the western shore of Lake Michigan.”

“Well, I kin tell ye where to find ‘em,” continued the merchant; “and ef Mr. Mor—Mr. Aston, I mean—was goin’ to give you letters, I s’pose there’s no harm in d’rectin’ ye. I’ve been thinkin’ ye might find employment as ‘ud suit ye on the lake. Ye arn’t much fit for a countin’ house, but you know figures, and you’d do very well for a purser on one o’ the lake boats. Watertown’s the name of the place where they live; and as ‘tarn’t fur from Milwaukie, I’ll give ye letters to a foo o’ the cap’ens o’ the lake vessels, and mayhap ye’ll git a berth from one or t’other on ‘em. And now ye’ll be wantin’ your pay, I s’pose?”

Henry replied that he should be glad to receive the small amount of salary due to him, and the merchant, with the generosity frequently met with among Americans, added to the trifling sum a parting gift of fifty dollars.

A few days afterwards the young Englishman bade farewell to the friendly merchant, and set forth on his second journey through what was almost the extreme west of the settled portion of the North American continent.

This time, however, he chose to travel by land, though, had he been so minded, he still might have followed the windings of the vast Mississippi river as far as Fort Crawford—only a hundred miles westward from the south shore of Lake Michigan.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

III.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

PECULIARITIES of costume always strike a traveller's eye, and the Japanese have certainly a style which is all their own. Women of the lower class wear a long loose dressing-gown sort of garment, that folds in front; a broad girdle is passed round the waist, and fastened in an immense bow behind. The hair is dressed very carefully, and in a peculiar fashion, which will be afterwards described, and the feet are covered with cotton-cloth stockings, made like an infant's glove, the great toe being separated from the others. This makes the foot somewhat resemble a cloven hoof when thrust into the sandals, which are only worn out of doors, and put off on entering a house, that the matted floor may remain unsullied. These sandals are held on the foot by a soft leather band, which passes over the instep and inside the great toe; the sole is composed of leather, shod with iron under the heel, and a layer of beautifully fine-plaited bamboo, on which the foot rests. Men, women, and children all wear sandals of the same pattern, differing only in size and quality. Men and women also in wet weather put on high patens of wood, plain or lacquered; they must be very dangerous to walk in without great practice, and yet they are in constant use, even when the snow lies on the ground. Ladies wear many petticoats, with trains as long as those prescribed in the year 1867 by European modistes. In fact, the latest fashions from Paris seem inspired by Japanese tastes, the high chignon, the silken bow tied behind, and long narrow petticoats, being all seemingly copied from Japanese costumes. In out-of-doors dress the colours are quiet, great attention being paid both to harmony and contrast. The prevailing hues are grey, black, and dark-blue for the dress, and brilliant crimson and rose colour for the scarves which encircle the waist. Silk and cotton materials are chiefly used, and beautiful fabrics are manufactured from the former product. Extraordinary labour is taken with one kind of scarf, made of a loosely-woven crape. Before being subjected to dyeing, it is caught up at regular distances in pyramidal twists; when it has been passed through the dye-pot, the twisted parts are left white, and a curious parti-coloured, almost elastic tissue is the result of the process.

At home most gorgeous garments are worn, with very striking patterns, and the ingenuity of the designer must be as severely taxed as in Western countries to invent new ones. But the circumstance which makes Japanese ladies look most strange is, that so many of them have black teeth, and are without eyebrows; when

the mouth opens for a smile, a yawning black chasm is seen, made uglier by the deep red colour of the painted lips. These great disfigurements have, however, a meaning, and are the tokens of matrimony. Every married woman, instead of wearing a golden circlet on her finger, makes herself hideous as a matter of course; it is, perhaps, to prove that she loves but one, in whose eyes she ought to be beautiful under any circumstances. Her blackened teeth and face, rendered meaningless by the absence of eyebrows, are a passport to her everywhere, and she is permitted the utmost freedom of action. Until they undergo this voluntary disfigurement, Japanese women are, as a rule, very pretty, and even this alteration does not altogether destroy the charm of their appearance and manner. The teeth are blackened by a mixture of steel filings; every day they are cleaned with a powerful tooth-powder, and the mixture re-applied. Custom has wonderful influence; but we think that young English ladies would ponder a long time before uttering the "Yes" which must be followed by such a transformation.

STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

Like all Eastern women, our sisters in Japan take great pains with their hair, disposing it in large loops and bows, drawn off the face, and gathered in a chignon behind. The colour is a glossy black, and it is smoothed with a bandoline, made by placing the shavings of the *Uvario Japonica*, a creeping plant, in water; a mucilaginous liquid is produced resembling a decoction of quince seed, and this serves to prevent the hair becoming rough and disordered, which is of special importance, as no covering to the head is worn out of doors in fine weather. Individual taste is not suffered to determine the style of dressing the hair, except in the matter of ornament, it being always arranged in the same fashion. The glossy black of the hair contrasts with the bright coloured pins and flowers which are placed in it; the brilliant scarlet pomegranate, the bright tinted azalea, the delicate white Cape jasmine, and the primrose-hued *lar-mai*, are all used to adorn the jetty tresses of the Japanese ladies. The pins are mostly made of white glass filled with coloured water, generally of a golden sherry tint; they stick out from the head, and remind one somewhat of a *cheveaux-de-frise*. Some years since, combs and ornaments made of glass, filled with various chemical preparations, such as sulphate of quinine, etc., through which the electric spark was flashed, were exhibited in some of our scientific institutions. The idea of filling glass ornaments for the hair with coloured preparations was novel to Europeans; but in the Far East these fragile ornaments have been in use for a long time. Of course, accidents will happen, and a lady may easily lose a large portion of her head-gear by a fall. That the coiffure may not be disturbed during sleep, the head is placed on a small pillow of flexible bamboo.

PAPER.

This is an article of the greatest utility to our sisters in Japan. Not only do they use paper fans, paper pouches, and paper lanterns, but also paper pocket-handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas, paper waterproof cloaks, paper walls, paper windows, and paper string. When a collection of the different kinds of paper was made, to be sent to the Exhibition of 1862, no less than sixty-seven varieties were forwarded; and, in fact, without paper to turn to a thousand and one different purposes of use and ornament, Japanese life would be at a standstill. So necessary is it, that a stipulation is always made in the

marriage contract that the bride shall receive a certain allowance of paper.

The Japanese obtain it from a different source from our own. Instead of old rags being converted into clean paper, they make use of the bark of the *Broussonetia papyfera*, stripped, dried, and then steeped in water till the outer green layer comes off. It is boiled and rendered quite soft, beaten to a pulp, and then two other kinds of bark are added, one to make it tough, and the other glutinous; the latter is often the bark of the *Sane Kadsra* or *Uvaria Japonica*, a creeping plant, which has already been mentioned as the plant which the Japanese women use to make bandoline. The whole is then well mixed, and spread out in thin sheets on matting frames, and dried. It is cheap, four sheets of the ordinary quality being worth about one farthing. It is a paper that does not tear evenly; some kinds are tough—more like cloth. When required for string, it is deftly twisted into a strong twine, which in some cases is made of part of the paper forming the wrapper. The paper used to cover the framework walls is quite thin and can easily be torn, so that privacy is very difficult of attainment.

When oiled, it is made into waterproof clothing, or stretched on a neatly constructed bamboo frame and used as an umbrella. One kind is manufactured to assume the appearance of leather, and is made into tobacco-pouches, pipe, and fan-cases. The conjurors use a kind of white tissue paper in the famous butterfly trick, when a scrap, artistically twisted, hovers over a paper fan with all the fluttering movements of the living insect.

ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

WHATEVER other results may follow the Abyssinian expedition, we are certain to obtain much knowledge of the physical geography, geology, and natural history of the country. The Royal Geographical Society is represented by Mr. Clements Markham, who has communicated valuable reports on the districts hitherto explored. Before the war is over, and the country evacuated, we may hope to have ample and accurate knowledge of the land and people of "Ethiopia."

The following extracts from Mr. Markham's reports describe some of the places mentioned in the narratives of the expedition from the coast to the interior:—

At Annesley Bay he says that the sea is very shallow for some distance from the shore, and the spring tides rise so as to cover a considerable area of the low land, which, near the beach, has a slope of one in four hundred. The ordinary rise and fall of the tide is four feet six inches. The plain looks green from the anchorage, and when it is clear there is a magnificent view of the Abyssinian Alps. The ridges appear to rise one above the other in a succession of waves. On landing, the illusion as to the greenness of the plain is dissipated. A sandy plain overlying the clay extends from the sea shore to the mountains. It is intersected by dry beds of torrents, overgrown with such plants as *salicornia*, *acacia*, and *calotropis*; and there are also patches of coarse grass. On a few mounds were found broken pieces of fluted columns, capitals, and fragments of a very dark-coloured volcanic stone. A slight excavation revealed the bronze balance and chain of a pair of scales—an appropriate first discovery in the ruins of a great commercial city which existed when the Greeks, in the days of the Ptolemies, carried on a thriving trade with Annesley Bay.

The modern village of Zoulla is at a little distance from the mounds on the right bank of the Hadas, one of

the streams which crosses the plain. The Shohoes inhabiting it are a black race, with rather woolly hair, and small-boned, but with regular and, in some instances, even handsome features. They wear cotton cloth round the middle, and a cloak of the same material. Their head and feet are bare, and they are armed with a curved sword, worn on the right side, a spear, a club, and a leather shield. They cultivate a little jowaree, and have cattle of a very diminutive breed, asses, horses, and sheep. Their huts are scattered over the plain. Their burial-places are extensive, and appear to be used by the people for a considerable distance around them, there being only two between the coast and the entrance to the Senafé Pass. The mode of sepulture is peculiar. The graves are marked by oblong heaps of stone, with upright slabs at each end. A hole is dug about six feet in depth, and at the bottom a small cave is excavated for the reception of the body. The tomb is closed with stones, and the hole leading to it is filled up. The plain around Zoulla abounds in game—antelopes, gazelles, hares, bustards, and spur-fowl. During rains the game is said to be still more plentiful. The coast rains usually commence in December, but there is no great fall; and, beyond a drizzling morning on the 15th of last December, there was no rain up to the end of the month.

At Lower Ragolay a great salt plain extended to the south as far as the eye could reach. The ground was white with incrustations of salt. The whole region had been under volcanic action. Evidences of it were observed at every turn. The most valuable discovery made was the nature of the Ragolay River system. It was ascertained that the eastern drainage of the whole Abyssinian watershed from Senafé to Atebi consisted of tributaries of the Ragolay River; and these two places are about seventy geographical miles from each other. Where the party touched the river it was a perennial stream. In flowing towards the sea, it descends into a depression 193 feet below the sea level, probably caused by some violent volcanic action, and its waters are finally dissipated by evaporation under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and by absorption in the sand. The great salt plain may be looked upon as occupying the place of a vast lake outlet. Under similar circumstances such a lake would exist in a less burning climate; but here the heat of the sun gives rise to such rapid evaporation that no moisture remains except a swamp here and there, and the ground is left with an incrustation of salt.

The Senafé Pass was first examined early in November, and the advanced brigade were led up it between the 1st and 6th December. Koomayloo, the entrance, ten miles west from the camp at Mulkutto, is 433 feet above the level of the sea. The road winds up the dry bed of the Nebhaguddy to Lower Sooroo, a distance of eight miles. In places the alluvial deposit brought down by the torrent was from ten to twenty feet thick. The pass winds very much, and is narrow, whilst the gneiss mountains rise up perpendicularly on either side. In this part the vegetation is like that of the coast plain. At Lower Sooroo the rain-water which flows from Upper Sooroo, four miles off, is lost. Volcanic action is here distinctly visible. The gneiss cliffs are perpendicular on the west side, and in one place a vertical crack, some five feet in width, is filled in with a black volcanic rock. The eye is caught by it at once; it looks like a broad black mark painted on the face of the cliff from the summit of the pass. The road turns sharp to the right, and enters a very narrow pass at Middle Sooroo. It is not more than from 50 feet to 100 feet across, with cliffs on either side, rising to a

height of 1,000 feet, while the pass is (or was) blocked up with gigantic boulders of gneiss heaped together in wild confusion for a distance of 250 yards. The scenery here is magnificent.



AN ABYSSINIAN SOLDIER.

At Upper Sooroo, twelve miles from Koomayloo, the pass opens again. The water is excellent and plentiful. Upper Sooroo is 2,520 feet above the level of the sea. Further on, near Sowakte, the gneiss ceases, and dark schistose metamorphic rock takes its place, apparently overlying it, with strata thrown up at angles of upwards of 70 degrees. It was observable that where there was running water the strata were nearly horizontal, and but slightly tilted, while the waterless tracts were met with where the strata were tilted at great angles. A plain was passed where there were guinea-fowl, candelabra-trees, and aloes, and the scenery in the pass became fine. The cliffs became higher, with peaked mountains towering up behind them, and the vegetation became richer and more varied. The strata of the schistose rocks are not only tilted at great angles, but crumpled into irregular waves, and where there are veins of quartz, the two kinds of rocks are torn away, leaving gaping cracks and fissures. Here there grew figs, peepul, banyan, sycamore, tamarind, jubub, and solanum trees and plants. The pass winds in and out among the mountains. At several spots the cliffs approach within forty feet, while the foliage of four or five venerable banyan trees overshadow the road. In some places there was

a perfect plague of locusts, which rose from the ground in myriads as the party approached, their innumerable wings making a loud crackling noise. Monkeys were numerous in places, and the carcasses of mules had attracted hosts of Abyssinian vultures.

From Upper Sooroo to Rara Guddy the flora becomes alpine. There is turf by the roadside, and there are tall, handsome juniper pines, mimosa, peepul, banyan, sycamore, fig, kolquall, and jubub trees, an evergreen bush with sweetly-scented flowers (*Myrsine Africana*), lobelia, solanum, and wild thyme, while the graceful clematis climbs over the trees. Senafé is on the tableland, eight miles from Rara Guddy; it is five miles to the foot of the ascent, one mile and a half up the ascent, and one mile and a half across the plateau. The length of the gorge from Komayli to the foot of the ascent to Senafé is thus forty-six miles. The ascent of the sloping rocky side of the hill is by no means difficult, and the plateau of Abyssinia is thus reached.

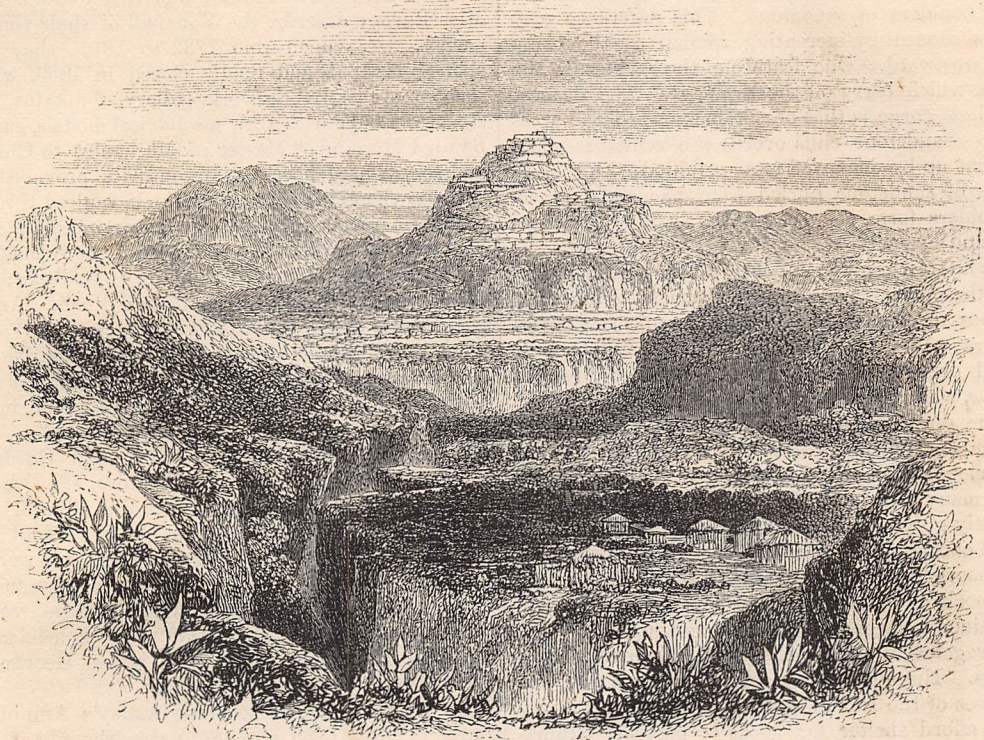
The British camp at Senafé is on a plain, surrounded on every side but the south-west by an amphitheatre of sandstone hills and rocks. This sandstone seems to overlie the metamorphic rocks in the pass. All the table hills towards the south and west are said to be of the same formation. Senafé is 7,464 feet above the level of the sea. The plain is covered with grass or stubble, barley fields dotted with juniper pine, wild thyme, and other bushes. Northward is a scarphill 8,561 feet high. A north-west view over the Hamas valley shows flat-topped mountains rising one above the other into the far distance. Within half a mile of the camp are four remarkable masses of sandstone, each of which rises out of the plain in a confused mass of peaks and precipices. South-west there is a slight rise to a rocky ridge, where the land slopes gently down into an extensive plain, bounded by mountains. South-east, a wild gorge leads to the Ragolay river, down which the drainage of the Senafé plain flows, after furnishing abundant supplies of excellent water. The village of Senafé is at the foot of a grand mass of sandstone rock. It consists of about a dozen houses built of rough stones and mud, with flat roofs, branches being placed in rows across beams and covered with mud. Broken jars plastered into the roof serve as chimneys. The outer door is very roughly formed with wooden posts and lintel, and leads into a large outer hall. This serves as a stable for cattle and goats. A mud platform along one side is the sleeping-place for servants and guests. Doors lead from this into two much smaller chambers occupied by the family. The population of Senafé is about 240, all Mohammedans, an upright people, with good features, very black complexions, and woolly hair done in plaits. The women are filthily dirty, and wear leather petticoat and mantle and necklaces of beads. The dress of the men differs from that of the Shohoes in their having cotton drawers. Senafé is the last Mohammedan village; all beyond in the village of Shamazana are Christians.

One remarkable feature of the region is the number of plateaux, whose summits form a straight level, terminating in scarped sandstone cliffs with underlying schist rocks, the plateaux being diversified with flat-topped peaks and separated by deep ravines and wide valleys.

In the valleys the edges of schistose rock crop up in every direction, with veins of white quartz, the stones and pebbles of which cover the shallow soil of disintegrated rock. Here and there rocks rise and form isolated conical hills, upon which the villages are built. Wherever the hills rise above a certain height they are capped with

sandstone. This sandstone deposit has been washed away in the valleys until the underlying schist is exposed. The schist is first met with in the Senafé pass at an

quented by flocks of geese and ducks, kullum (a kind of heron), ibis, and curlew. Slopes around the village are ploughed, and yield crops of barley, and the low lands



ANKOBA, CAPITAL OF SHOA.

elevation of 3,000 feet; it is overlaid by sandstone at a height of 7,000 feet, so that the perpendicular depth of

afford pasture for cattle and sheep.

The population of sixteen villages in the valley, including



INTERIOR OF ABYSSINIAN HOUSE.

this formation must be 4,000 feet. Eastward, low parts of the valley are covered with excellent pasture, fre-

Senafé, is about 5,000 souls. From the 1st of January to the 15th they furnished 60,000lb. of barley, and

200,000lb. of grass. Some of this comes from the neighbouring valley of Mai Mena. Westward there are long, deep, and very picturesque gorges, with perennial streams of delicious water forming deep pools among the giant boulders of sandstone. This difference may have been caused by increasing rainfall as the party advanced westward. One feature of the ravines is the river beds, which carry off the drainage. The deepest and grandest gorge is that of the Hamas, to the west of Senafé. Sandstone cliffs overlie the schistose rock, which is cut up by deep watercourses filled with gigantic masses of sandstone hurled from the cliffs above. These boulders form deep caves, the lurking places of panthers and hyenas.

A most interesting point of observation in this Alpine region is the character of the vegetation with reference to the zones of elevation. On the summit and slopes of Sowayra (9,100ft.) the flora is of a thoroughly temperate and even English character. The only tree is the juniper, while the most common plants are lavender, wild thyme, dog roses, clematis, violets, and cowslips.

The sandstone plateaux have the same flora; but the highland slopes of the hills bounding the valleys are enriched by many trees and shrubs of a warmer climate. In the lovely gorge of Baraka, rendered sacred by the shrine and church of the Abyssinian saint, Romanos, and his fellow martyrs, masses of maidenhair fern droop over the clear pools of water, and the undergrowth consists of a myrsine, a large lobelia, and solanum. At this elevation vegetation akin to that of the Bombay ghauts commences. Huge and venerable dahio trees (the representatives of the Indian banyan) grow near the villages and afford shelter for flocks of pigeons. Tamarinds, mimosæ, jubul, and oleander trees appear in the ravines. But the English types around Mount Sowayra do not descend lower than Rara Guddy, 6,000 feet above the sea, and they disappear altogether in the Hamas gorge, where there is nothing but acacias and mimosæ. Thus the temperate flora may be said to extend over a zone from 9,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea; the subtropical from 6,000 to 3,000 feet; and the dry tropical coast vegetation from 3,000 feet above the sea. The open elevated valleys are, as a rule, bare of trees. The dahios and acacias only occur in sheltered places near the villages, although the loftier plateaux are pretty thickly covered with low juniper trees, overgrown with clematis.

CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

II.

LAMBETH has for two centuries been noted for its places of public amusement. Vauxhall, the early "Spring Garden," was named, from its site in the manor of "La Sale Fawkes," Fawkeshall, from its possessor, an obscure Norman adventurer in the reign of King John. The estate was laid out as a garden about 1661, in squares, "enclosed with hedges of gooseberries, within which were roses, beans, and asparagus." Sir Samuel Morland took a lease of the place in 1665, and added fountains and a sumptuously furnished room for the reception of Charles II and his court; and a plan, dated 1681, shows the gardens planted with trees, and laid out in walks, and a circle of trees or shrubs. They were frequented by Evelyn and Pepys; and Addison, in the "Spectator," 1712, takes Sir Roger de Coverley there. In 1728, the gardens were leased to Jonathan Tyers, who converted the house into a tavern, decorated the grounds with paintings, erected an orchestra and alcoves, and set up an organ. Hogarth and Hayman

painted the pavilions and supper-boxes, and vocal and instrumental music were added. Horace Walpole and Fielding visited the gardens, which were then illuminated with 1,000 lamps; and Oliver Goldsmith and Miss Burney describe the Vauxhall of their time. The gardens were open from 1732 to 1840; they were reopened in 1841, and finally closed in 1859, when the theatre, orchestra, firework gallery, fountains, statues, etc., were sold; with a few mechanical models, such as Sir Samuel Morland, "Master of Mechanics to Charles II," had set up here nearly two centuries previously. The site was then cleared, and a church, vaulted throughout, was built upon a portion of the ground, besides a School of Arts, etc. Westward of Vauxhall were the Cumberland Tea Gardens, named after the great Duke; the site is now crossed by Vauxhall Bridge Road. An earlier garden was the Dog and Duck, dated from 1617, the year upon the sign-stone preserved in the garden-wall of Bethlehem Hospital, built upon the site. At the Dog and Duck, Mrs. Hannah More lays a scene in her excellent tract, "The Cheapside Apprentice." At Lambeth, also, were the Hercules Inn and Gardens, the Apollo Gardens, the Temple of Flora, etc. A century earlier, here were Lambeth Wells, the mineral water of which was sold at a penny a quart. About 1750, a musical society was held here, and lectures were given by Erasmus King, who had been coachman to Dr. Desaguliers, the first that introduced the reading of lectures to the public on natural and experimental philosophy: he several times read before George II and royal family.

It will be sufficient to name Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt in 1794, 1803, and 1841; near the site of the first theatre, the ground landlord had a preserve or breed of pheasants. The Surrey Theatre, in St. George's Fields, has been twice burnt. The Victoria Theatre was founded in 1817, with the stone materials of the old Savoy Palace, Strand, then being cleared away.

Some public institutions in Lambeth are entitled to special mention. Here was the Asylum for Female Orphans, established chiefly through Sir John Fielding, the police magistrate, whose portrait Hogarth painted; the premises have been rebuilt at Beddington. Next is the Magdalen Hospital, which dates from 1758, patronised by Queen Charlotte fifty-six years, and by Queen Victoria since 1841. Bethlehem Hospital was rebuilt here in 1814, when the old hospital in Moorfields was taken down; adjoining is the House of Occupation, built upon the demolition of Bridewell Hospital. Hard by is the School for the Indigent Blind, originally established in the Dog and Duck premises, but rebuilt in the Tudor style in 1834.

A street in Lambeth was the scene of a strange event in our criminal history. In Oakley Street, at a low tavern, in November, 1802, Colonel Despard, with thirty-two other persons, were apprehended on a charge of high treason; and Despard and seven associates being tried by special commission, and found guilty, were executed on the top of Horsemonger Lane gaol.

Lambeth was long noted as the abode of astrologers. In the house of the Tradescants, in South Lambeth Road, lived Elias Ashmole, who won Aubrey over to astrology. Simon Forman's burial is entered in the Lambeth parish register; he died on the day he had prognosticated. Captain Bubb, contemporary with Forman, dwelt in Lambeth Marsh, and "resolved horary questions astrologically," a ladder which raised him to the pillory. In Calcut Alley lived Francis Moore, astrologer, physician, and schoolmaster, who concocted "Moore's Almanack." Next to Tradescant's House, "The Ark," lived the learned

Dr. Ducarel, one of the earliest Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. Tradescant's garden was well stored with rare and curious plants, collected in his travels. He was "King's Gardener" to Charles I, and, with his son, assembled at Lambeth the rarities which became the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum, now in the University Museum of Oxford.

At Narrow Wall, one of the embankments across the swampy fields, flourished for nearly fifty years Coade's manufactory of burnt artificial stone (a revival of *terra cotta*), invented by the elder Bacon, the sculptor, and first established by Mrs. Coade, from Lyme Regis. Of this material is the bas-relief at Greenwich Hospital, of the death of Nelson, designed by West. The Vauxhall Pottery, established two centuries since, by two Dutchmen, for the manufacture of Delft ware, is, probably, the origin of all our existing potteries; two other potteries at Lambeth were commenced in 1730 and 1741; the potters procure the clay from Devon and Dorset, and the ground flint from Staffordshire. Salt-glazed stone ware is made in Lambeth, of the yearly value of £100,000, of which more than half is paid for labour. In chemical works here, are combined the crushing of bones and the grinding of mustard, with the manufacture of soap and colours, and bone brushes; and stearine, glue, hartshorn, and phosphate of lime, are obtained by steam-power from the refuse of slaughtered cattle. The London Gas Company's Works at Vauxhall are stated to be the most powerful and complete in the world: their mains pass across Vauxhall Bridge to western London, and by Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, to Hampstead and Highgate, seven miles distant, where they supply gas with the same precision and abundance as at Vauxhall. Hawes's Soap and Candle Works, at the Old Royal Barge House, have existed for more than a century. Above Vauxhall Bridge are Price's Works, established 1842: here candles are made from cocoa-nut oil brought from the company's plantations in Ceylon, and palm-oil from the coast of Africa, landed from barges at the wharf at Vauxhall. The oil being converted, by chemical processes, into stearine, is freed from oleic acid by enormous pressure; is liquefied by steam, and then conveyed into the moulding machinery, by which 800 miles of wicks are continually being converted into candles. The buildings are of corrugated iron, and the furnaces consume their own smoke. Shot is made in the lofty towers immediately above and below Waterloo Bridge. The quadrangular tower is 150 feet high; in the upper storey the alloy of arsenic and lead is melted by a furnace, and is then ladled into a kind of cullender, through the holes of which it falls *like rain*, for about 130 feet, into water in the lower floor of the building. The circular shot tower, 100 feet high, is strikingly beautiful, rivalling Wren's London Monument. Plate-glass, for mirrors and coach-windows, was first made at Vauxhall by Venetian artists, under the patronage of the second Duke of Buckingham, in 1670. The establishment, which stood on the site of Vauxhall Square, was broken up in 1780. The finest Vauxhall plates we remember are those in the Speaker's State Coach. The Falcon Glasshouse, which has existed a century, in Holland Street (the site of Holland's Leaguer, the old moated Manor House of Paris Garden) occupies the site of the tide-mill, and is named from the Bankside Tavern, which is said to have been frequented by Shakespeare. The late proprietor of the Falcon Glass-works, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, wrote a small quarto, entitled "Curiosities of Glassmaking," published in 1848, now scarce.

In Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, are Clowes's Printing Works and Foundry, stated to be the largest

in the world: they were commenced by Augustus Applegath, the eminent engineer, and a great improver of steam-printing machinery. The works of Maudsley and Field, in the Westminster Road, commenced in 1810, employ from 1300 to 1400 workmen, besides steam-power. Here are fashioned immense metal screws, like the double tail of a whale; parts of engines several tons weight are lifted by cranes to be adjusted and joined together; cylinders are bored of such diameter that a man might almost walk upright through them; engines cut and shave hard iron as if it were soft wax; cutting instruments have a force of thirty tons; and steam hammers are of thirty cwt.

The district which we have here traversed with our mind's eye, and traced from a swampy suburb to a vast hive of industry, has a strange history. Its population has increased from 27,985, in 1801, to 139,240, in 1851; and 162,008, in 1861. Nearly to the present century, St. George's Fields lay waste, and were the scene of brutalising sports, political meetings, and low places of entertainment. In their water-ditches Gerard found water-violets; William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, in Lambeth Marsh assembled the finest and most complete arrangement of British plants ever before collected; and scores of gardens existed here to our times. But the life of the place was wasteful and recreant, to which the King's Bench Prison contributed. Here a riot was raised by the mobs, who went to visit Wilkes, one of the earliest inmates of the prison; here Lord George Gordon's Rioters met, June 2nd 1780; and on the 7th the 700 prisoners in the King's Bench were liberated, and the building set on fire by the mob. Lambeth, a few years since a feverish marsh, has been greatly improved by drainage. Maudsley's Foundry was raised on pillars from the swamp, where at times a boat might have floated; it is now, by drainage, firm and dry at all seasons. Lett's timber-wharf, from the time of Queen Elizabeth until the beginning of this century, amidst pools and marsh-streams, is now dry and healthy. The building of Waterloo Bridge, and the raised roadway above the Marsh and the Acre, was the first great improvement in the surface of the district, which still is low in the scale of mortality. Next was the extension of the South-Western Railway—from Nine Elms to Waterloo Road, two miles fifty yards—at a cost of £800,000, though it crosses the most grimy portion of Lambeth. Along the river bank, anaconda-like, upon arches, trends another railway extension from London Bridge, across the Thames, below the new bridge at Blackfriars.

Kennington, a manor of Lambeth, named from Saxon words, signifying the place or town of the King, had its royal palace eight centuries since. Here, in 1231, King Henry III held his court, and passed a solemn and stately Christmas; hither came a deputation of the chiefest citizens to Richard II, June 21st, 1377, "before the old King was departed." Here resided Henry IV and VI, and Henry VII shortly before his coronation; Katherine of Arragon was here for a few days; Edward III was here in 1379, from a document tested by the Black Prince, then only ten years of age. James I settled the manor, with other estates, on his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales; after his decease, on Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, and they have ever since been held as part of the estate of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. Charles was the last tenant of the palace, which was then taken down, and there was erected on the site a manor house, described in 1656, as an old, low, timber building. The palace stood within the triangular plot of ground near Ken-

nington Cross. Kennington Common (about twenty acres), was the place of execution for Surrey until the erection of the county gaol, Horsemonger Lane. On Kennington Common, in 1745, was hanged, with other rebels, "Jemmy Dawson," the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, and of another ditty, set to music by Dr. Arne, and sung about the streets. On the common preached, as we learn from his Diary, George Whitfield, to audiences of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand persons. The evening before he embarked for America, he preached here to 20,000 persons, on St. Paul's parting speech to the elders of Ephesus; the people were exceedingly affected; many tears were shed at parting, and Whitfield could scarce get to the coach for the people thronging him to take him by the hand and give him a parting blessing. In 1852, the common, with the site of the Pound, was granted by Act of Parliament, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, as part of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, to be enclosed and laid out as "pleasure grounds for the recreation of the public; but if it cease to be so maintained, it shall revert to the duchy." This has been done, and at the main entrance have been reconstructed the model lodging-houses, originally erected at the expense of Prince Albert the Good, for the great Exhibition of 1851; the walls are built with hollow and glazed bricks, and the floors are brick and stucco, the whole being fire-proof.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

IV.—MARKS AND CROSSES.

THE other day, while taking some of my loophole-peeps, as I strolled through our little village of Minima Parva I had stopped at a thatched cottage to speak with Mrs. Giles, whose husband was a drainer. Her daughter Martha stood by; and, as this young woman was being "asked out in church"—as we, in the vernacular of Minima Parva, term the publication of banns of marriage—I took the liberty to say that I hoped, when her wedding day came, that even if John Jinks (the expectant bridegroom) did not write his name in the marriage-register, yet that she at least would do so. Martha blushed and simpered, and murmured something about not being much of a scholar, but could not deny that she had not forgotten her excellent copy-book performances at the village school, or that she was the scribe to half the people in the parish whenever the tremendous event of getting a letter written had to be performed. But my wish was futile, for, as I afterwards discovered, Martha Giles made "her mark" in the marriage-register, and thus, she and her husband, John Jinks, began their wedded life with "crosses." *Absit omen!*

This is a matter worth noting, because "the mark of Martha Giles" would be considered (and naturally so) a sufficient proof that the said Martha was so deficient in education as to be unable to pen her name. And yet this conclusion, although perfectly natural, would be utterly erroneous. It is said that statistics may be made to prove anything, when dexterously manipulated. But the statistics of marriage "marks and crosses," although involving a considerable amount of truth, certainly go beyond and outside of the real facts. National education is defective enough; but in this particular it is not quite

so black as it is painted. Yet it was upon the carefully-prepared statistics of marriage marks and crosses that Earl Russell, following many precedents, based a portion of the argument contained in his important speech on Education, made in the House of Lords, December 1st, 1867. "I may state," he said, "that there are in existence statistics showing the number of persons who could not write their names when they are married." These were unevenly distributed; but "the proportion generally, over England and Wales, may be taken at about 30 per cent.;" and this state of things, he thought, "justifies some proceedings of a very wide and comprehensive nature, to carry the blessings of education still further" than they have yet been carried. As to the main point, the desirableness of extending education so as to make those write who never wrote before, we are all agreed; but I certainly cannot place implicit reliance on the perfect accuracy of the statistics relating to marriage marks and crosses, as I know, from repeated evidence, that their appearance in the register-book is not to be accepted as an infallible sign that the persons who made them were unable to write their names. Quite the contrary. There are many Martha Giles in the world who possess scriptorial powers, which, for various reasons, they do not care to display



A MAN OF MARK.

on particular occasions. There is what the Irishman calls the sheepishness of the bovine race, the rustic bashfulness of our indigenous Arcadians, at writing before witnesses, especially in a church and in the presence of a parson. There are the hot hands, and the inability to draw from them the unaccustomed Berlin gloves, and there is the very pardonable agitation of the bride and bridegroom, which is sympathetically shared by the bridesmaid and best-man. These, and other causes, influence the contribution of marks and crosses to the marriage-register. There is sure to be a trembling of the hand, even though that trembling is merely the result of nervousness, and not caused by the vicious plan of "keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down," which, as the clergymen of seaport-

towns can testify, is often adopted by "Jack" and his friends, when they haste to the wedding. And when, from any cause, the hand-trembling exists, and is attended by no very great dexterity in penmanship, then it very probably happens that two or three, if not all four, who have to "witness" the wedding, prefer that the parson should do the writing, and that their own performance should be limited to making a cross for "their mark." Afterwards comes the inevitable statistician, who duly records that these people were so ignorant as to be unable to write; whereas they were not ignorant, but nervous, idle, thoughtless, and, worse still, untruthful. It is not long since that there was a wedding in a country church, the bridegroom being a very clever mechanic, who had charge of a steam-engine, and was in the receipt of high wages. But, although a skilled workman, he was altogether deficient in the art of writing, and he transacted his business affairs through the difficult medium of chalked hieroglyphics. To the surprise of the officiating clergyman (a stranger), this respectable, well-dressed man, on the pen being handed to him, declared his inability to write, and accordingly placed "his mark" in the book. His pretty young bride did the same. Some months after this, the clergyman had an opportunity to ask her if she had not received a more than ordinarily good education for a cottager's daughter, from having been at an excellent school in that neighbourhood. Yes, she had. "And of course you can write?"

"Oh, yes! I keep my husband's accounts and make out all the bills."

"Then why did you not write your name in the marriage-register?"

With a bright smile and an honest flush, she at once replied—

"Would I shame my husband on his wedding-day?" Here was true womanly delicacy, and the very essence of romance; but, to tell such persons that they have done wrong, and that they have told a falsehood in a most solemn place and on a very solemn occasion, would probably have no more weighty effect upon them than to tell them that they had been wilfully assisting in the preparation of erroneous statistics on marriage marks and crosses.

The parson-poet Crabbe writes thus on this subject:—

"Behold these marks uncouth! how strange that men
Who guide the plough should fail to guide the pen. * * *
Our peasants, strong and sturdy in the field,
Cannot these arms of idle students wield;
Like them, in feudal day, their valiant lords
Resign'd the pen and grasp'd their conqu'ring swords;
They, to robed clerks and poor dependent men,
Left the light duties of the peaceful pen;
Nor to their ladies wrote, but sought to prove,
By deeds of death, their hearts were fill'd with love."

These lines are from the poem of "The Parish Register."

The most singular marks that are found in parish-registers are those made by churchwardens, in the days spoken of in Crabbe's lines, when those parochial dignitaries could not pen their names, and the parson was frequently the one scribe of the parish. And those days are not so many centuries distant; for parish-registers did not exist before the year 1530, when they were first established by Cromwell, Lord Essex. At certain intervals the records in these registers were examined by the parson and his churchwardens, and a note to that effect was placed upon the parchment page, together with the names of the three examiners. Then, the obstacle of the churchwarden's ignorance of writing had to be surmounted by "their marks" being affixed to their names, as written by the parson, (*i.e.*, the *per-*

sona or person who has charge of the parish.) And each churchwarden invented for his signature or mark a certain hieroglyphic, which he continued to use on all similar occasions, and for which, as it were, he took out a patent which must not be infringed. I have even seen these churchwarden-marks branded on the oaken timbers of a church, which had been repaired or newly-roofed during their term of office. Their marks, however, were of a highly elaborate and complicated character, and very different from those marriage-marks of which I have been speaking, which are made by two strokes of the pen in the form of a cross, and are intended to represent the sacred symbol of salvation, as though they who made the marks pledged their solemn oath to the truth of the document they were called upon to attest.

The consideration of such marks and crosses may carry our thoughts to other cross-like marks, which are brought into prominence on a certain day in the year—which day usually falls in the month of April, and in the present year is on April 10th. Of course I refer to the cross buns of Good Friday. Speaking of buns, I recollect a conversation that I had, not with Mrs. Giles, but with her husband, the drainer. He was telling me how he and others had found, while draining, a stone coffin and various other things, which Giles called "pots, and pans, and sich like rubbidge," but which were, in fact, choice specimens of Samian ware and Romano-British pottery.

"And then," said Giles, after speaking of the discovery of heaps of oyster-shells, the remnants of the feasts of Roman epicures, "and then we fund a sight o' buns."

"Buns!" I cried, "how curious! What kind of buns?"

"They was Christian buns," replied Giles, with solemnity.

"Christian buns!" I echoed. "This is more curious still." Could they have been cross-marked buns? and, if so, what an interesting subject it would make for a paper to be read at the next meeting of the local Archaeological Society, at the neighbouring town of Maxima Parva, "On the Antiquity of Cross-buns, with Roman specimens obtained from ancient *tumuli*." But this day-dream was dispelled by Giles saying—

"Christian buns, you understand, sir. Skulls, arm-buns, thigh-buns, and sich like."

Upon which I was aware that Giles's provincial pronunciation of the word "bones" had somewhat led me astray. Yet this subject of the cross-bun is one that neither lacks its antiquarian nor archaeological interest; and, since it falls in with our present theme of marks and crosses, and can more appropriately be considered in the month of April than in any other month, let me ask the reader to bestow for a few moments a loophole-peep at what I may term the lore of the Lenten cake.

Of the old cries of London, familiarised to us by the spirited etchings of Marcellus Lauron, such as the New-River water, the writing-ink, the Holland socks, the mutton-pies, and the piping-hot fritters, the greater part have passed away; and of the few survivors which seem to connect us, if not exactly with "the tender grace of a day that is dead," yet, at least, with the pleasanter memories of a bygone time, there is one cry that still lovingly lingers among us, although it is heard but on one day in each year; and that is the Good Friday cry of "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns!" The restriction of the bun to the particular day, its circular form—for an oval cross-bun would be deemed by purists in pastry to be as great a solecism as a round mince-pie that did not, therefore,

represent the true lengthened oval form of the sacred crotch or manger-cradle—and the emblematic cross marked within that circular form, these three points, of themselves, denote the Lenten Cake to be a species of consecrated bread. And this is no mere fancy or metaphor; for, formerly, such buns, or *eulogiæ*, were made from the dough of the mass-bread, in order that the priest might distribute them to such as were otherwise unable to partake in the sacramental celebration. These eucharistic wafers or sacred cakes were thus issued from consecrated buildings, to be eaten in private houses; and so, after the Reformation, it easily came to pass that Protestants retained the custom, so far as to eat in their houses an emblematic cake. Nor was it surprising that they should restrict its use to the most solemn fast-day of the year, because the cross that was marked upon the cake so especially reminded them of the great event commemorated on that day—"Holy Friday," as it was generally called; "Long Friday," as the Saxons termed it, perhaps with reference to the lengthened fastings and offices of the day—but a day to which the English Church alone throughout all Christendom has prefixed the emphatic appellation "Good," in remembrance of the unspeakably good things secured to mankind on that day. And so the cross-bun, the Lenten Cake, sweetened and flavoured with allspice, in token of the spices "prepared" by the pious Galilean women, was eaten at breakfast by devout Protestants on Good Friday morning, not without a certain reverent solemnity in keeping with the day.

So popular did these cakes become, that, in the earliest years of the present century, Chelsea alone supplied many thousand hot-cross buns to eager purchasers, who, from six in the morning to six in the evening of Good Friday, thronged the pavement beneath the wooden porticoes of the two royal bun-houses. For there were two houses, both claiming not only to be "the royal," but also "the original," until the sign of the one attained its grand climacteric by proclaiming itself to be "The real, old original Royal Bun-house;" after which, the force of titles could no further go. It was, however, by no means a subject for national sorrow when those two royal bun-houses fell into decadence; and it is to be hoped that their old customers learned to observe the day in a better manner than by flocking to the Chelsea piazzas to buy buns and interchange gossip and scandal. It was evident that although Christmas Day and Good Friday are the only two "close" holidays observed in England, when shops are shut and public offices are closed, yet that the Chelsea confectioners and other pastry-cooks of George III's day, could not make much of a holiday on Good Friday, so long as hot cross buns were in full demand. At the present time, they are made on the previous day, Maundy Thursday, so called because it was the *dies mandati*—"That thou doest, do quickly;"* and they are distributed on the evening of that day, or betimes on the Good Friday morning; so that both the makers and purchasers of cross-buns are enabled to pass the remainder of the day in a more befitting and profitable manner, than by crowding and chattering under the portico of a bun-house.

But these round cross-marked Lenten cakes were not always Christian buns, as my friend Giles would have said; rather are they christianised buns, for they have come down to us both from Jews and heathens.

With the former they were the passover cakes, and were also eaten in memory of the manna. For this they were flavoured with coriander seed, which was similar to that "small, round thing" whose taste was "like wafers with honey," which served the children of Israel for bread in the wilderness. The Jewish women of Pathros, in Egypt, are described in the Bible as offering "cakes to the queen of heaven," who, doubtless, was Astarte; and these *liba* being in blasphemous imitation of the shewbread, the prophet rebuked them for abandoning themselves to the heathen custom. It did not, therefore, originate with the Jews; and we must go back a step or two farther in the world's history in quest of the origin of buns.

Without wandering so far afield as patriarchal and antediluvian times, and endeavouring to identify the bun with the consecrated bread of the patriarch, or with a portion of Cain's sacrifice, we may stop short at the founder of twelve-villaged Athens, the enlightened Egyptian Cecrops; and we may rest content with the antiquity of 2,400 years that is thus credited to the bun. Cecrops' buns were sweet cakes made of flour and honey, and, no doubt, were the cakes just referred to, that were offered by the Jewish women "to the queen of heaven."

"Ashtoreth, whom the Phenicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns."

It was, most probably, those lunar crescent horns whose form was stamped upon the cakes; and not only has Cecrops' cake, with its sacred symbol, been accepted as the original of our Good Friday cross-bun, but some philologists have even detected a connection and verbal resemblance between Astarte and Easter. And this brings us to the etymology of our word "bun." The horns marked upon the cake required but little alteration to change them from the horns of Astarte to those of the sacred ox, *bous* (oblique *boun*) which was not only a Greek, but also a more ancient Tartar word; and the consecrated cake, marked with the horns of the sacred ox, was thence called the *boun*,* from which we derive our "bun."

In process of time, the Greeks came to mark the round buns with the form of the cross, so that, by its means, the cake might be the more readily broken into four equal parts; and two such cross-marked cakes were found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The cross-mark now became general, and was adopted by Christians in the spirit symbolism. The eucharistic bread of the Greek church was thus stamped; and in St. Chrysostom's Liturgy the priest is described as "attentively and reverently" dividing the consecrated cross-marked wafer "into four pieces." And so we trace on, from Cecrops to

* At the very opening of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, we find ourselves in front of a formidable *boun*, over which scholiasts and commentators have fought and differed. The watchman is there made to say, that a great *bous* has come (or set foot) upon his tongue. Now, was this *bous* an ox or a bun? it might mean either; for the expression is evidently some proverbial or idiomatic saying. While it might only mean that something as weighty as the tread of an ox held down his tongue in silence, it might mean that he had been initiated into certain secrets through the medium of the sacred horn-marked cake; and, on the other hand, as certain Greek and Roman coins were stamped with the figure of an ox, it might mean that he had been bribed to keep silence, by the gift of an ox-marked piece of money. Curiously, at this very day, a crown piece is called, in thieves' argot, "a bull;" which bit of slang, like "togger," from *toga*, is not altogether unclassical, if we allow that *pecunia* (money) is derived from *pecus* (cattle or oxen); to say nothing of our "bull," from *bous*, and "cow" from the same word, through the Sanscrit *gau*, the *h*, as is often the case in cognate languages, being turned into *g*. Thus, the *boun*, or bun, came to be symbolical of the animal; and it was certainly much cheaper and easier to offer a hundred such buns than the hecatomb of genuine oxen. Horn-marked buns, such as these, are mentioned by Julius Pollux and Diogenes Laertius.

* Or, the command was that to the Apostles, "do this," etc., relative to the institution of the Lord's Supper. Or, as others think, the command for humility—relative to the washing of feet; or, the command to love one another.

Chrysostom, through *boun*, *libum*, and *eulogia*, until we come to our modern orthodox and Protestant cross-bun. Here, then, is a sequence of centuries for "marks and crosses."

Another loophole peep at the subject, and I have done with it. As might be expected, the sweet-spiced Lenten cake is not without its flavour of folk-lore—a flavour for which many of us have a toothsome weakness. Some people, instead of eating their cross-bun, carefully preserve it until the next Good Friday; and, in the twelve-month's interim, if the need should arise, they will find the bun, when grated and eaten, an infallible remedy against disease, no matter what that disease may be. As a specific, therefore, a mouldy cross-bun must be equally as valuable as Quackaway's pills. Did I say "mouldy?" I was wrong. Such buns never grow mouldy, as ordinary buns would do. Even poor Robin bore testimony to this, in his *Almanac* for 1753, where, speaking of the cross-buns, he says—

"Whose virtue is, if you'll believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

Of course they will not; or, if they did, it would only show that they had not been rightly made. But, not only will a cross-bun kept in the house from one Good Friday to the next, preserve its possessors from sickness, it will also save them from the expense of insuring their property from fire; for it is a canon of faith with believers in folk-lore, that "the devouring element" can never consume that house in which is preserved the charmed cross-marked Lenten cake that was once a Good Friday hot cross-bun.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

III.

LADIES bear their arms upon a lozenge or diamond-shaped figure. The only existing exception is that of her Majesty the Queen, who bears her armorial insignia upon a complete shield. And the reason for this anomaly is explained in the following apposite rhyme:—

"Our sagest men of lore define
The kingly state as masculine,
Puissant, martial, bold, and strong;
The stay of right, the scourge of wrong;
Hence those that England's sceptre wield
Must buckle on broadsword and shield,
And o'er the land and o'er the sea
Maintain her sway triumphantly."

The origin of the lozenge is uncertain, and numerous and curious hypotheses have been suggested. Menestrier, in his "*Pratique des Armoires*," considers it to have had its rise in an ancient Hollandaise custom. He says—"In Holland the custom prevails every year, in May, to affix verses and *lofzangen* (songs of praise), in lozenge-formed tablets, on the doors of newly-made magistrates. Young men hung such tablets on the doors of their sweethearts, or on those of newly-married persons. Also, on the death of distinguished persons, lozenge-shaped pieces of black cloth, or velvet, with the arms, name, and date of the death of the deceased, were exhibited on the front of the house. And since there is little to be said of women, except on their marriage or death, for this reason has it become customary on all occasions to use for them the lozenge-shaped shield." The most popular theory is that which represents the lozenge to be typical of the ancient spindle, formerly so much used by ladies. There is also a tradition extant which asserts that whenever a Roman warrior found a shield unfit for use, he transferred it to one of the gentler sex, who was permitted to place her ensign

upon it, providing that one corner was always uppermost. And, while some antiquarians believe the lozenge to have had its origin in the use of hatchments, others consider it to be due to the circumstance recorded by Plutarch in his "Life of Theseus," that in Megara, an ancient town of Greece, diamond-shaped tombstones were placed over the bodies of deceased Amazons.

In reference to the royal arms the uninitiated may be glad to know that they are not the family bearings of the royal family, but the arms of England; and that, by the laws of heraldry, no person, be his or her station what it may, can use or quarter those insignia without adding some difference, *i.e.*, an additional charge, or ensign. The supporters in the royal arms, of a lion and a unicorn, have been borne uninterruptedly by successive sovereigns since James I, but the arms in their present form have only been borne by her Majesty, as, on her accession to the throne, the arms of Hanover were removed from the shield. Concerning the supporters, a very popular error appears to exist among artists, as these persons frequently draw them in a couchant, instead of an erect position. Whenever, therefore, the lion and the unicorn are displayed seated or lying down, the emblazonment is incorrect.

The income derived by the Government from the tax on armorial bearings has been materially augmented during the last few years, and there is an evidently increasing desire among the community to bear arms. In modern heraldry, however, the incidents connected with the grants of arms are mostly of a prosaic character, and oftentimes partake more of the ludicrous than the sentimental. As an instance of this, we may mention that within the last few years a successful city merchant applied at Herald's College for a grant of arms. The device he desired to bear was a pile of shot proper, upon an argent (silver) field, and for a crest a black deerhound. These arms were duly granted to him, and he then explained that his only object in making such a selection was due to the circumstance that on his road to the college he had seen a pile of shot shining brightly in the sun, and had also admired a stranger's dog of the species described. Future generations will probably believe that the arms indicated were granted to some brave ancestor who achieved renown for his skill as an artillery officer, while the crest may be supposed emblematic of faithfulness, watchfulness, or swiftness. Another modern anecdote is worthy of being recorded. In 1832 the Lord Lyon of Scotland issued a notice that all persons illegally using armorial bearings were liable to have confiscated all their plate, carriages, and other articles on which they were depicted or engraved. Apropos of this, a few years subsequently, much ridicule was passed on a well-known citizen of Glasgow. He was an ironmaster who, having suddenly become wealthy, purchased a handsome equipage, on which were painted the former owner's armorial insignia and supporters. Continuing to prosper, he bought a newer and handsomer carriage, on which he deliberately ordered to be copied the arms that appeared on his former purchase. Information being laid at the office of Lord Lyon, an order was promptly given for the removal of the ensigns, a circumstance that caused him to become the object of much ridicule.

If the above-mentioned fact is not strictly romantic, it is as much a curiosity as the under-mentioned legend is a portion of the poetry of heraldry.

Hamon de Crève-Cœur, Lord of Chatham, and ancestor of the families of Hayman and Heymen, attended Richard I to the Holy War, accompanied by his three noble sons. These youths distinguished themselves by

their gallantry at Acre and at Joppa, but shortly after, at the yet more desperate fight of Ascalon, the unhappy father saw his children killed one by one. Bowed down by grief, he was sufficiently strengthened by hope and confidence in the right to rally his scattered spirits, and to continue, both with counsel and hand, to fight manfully against the enemy. Yet was his heart sad. All thoughts of earthly pride deserted him, and when a truce was agreed upon between Richard and Saladin, he returned to his native land childless and almost heart-broken. Yet was he not entirely without comfort, believing, in the mistaken spirit of those times, that all who fell fighting against the followers of the "false prophet" were certain to reach the goal of heaven. In order, therefore, to express his sense of abasement, bereavement, and confident hope, he made an alteration in the bearings of his shield. His arms had previously been on a field or, three chevronelles gules, but he changed them to a field argent charged with a chevron between three martlets sable. He thus expressed by the field that he no longer delighted in earthly glory, but rather wished to walk beneath the calm, pale skies of humility and peace. The proud gold of his shield was thus altered into the meaner silver, while the martlets, those birds of passage, which, like the birds of paradise, cannot alight on earth, denoted by their number the number of his sons, and, by their character, his belief that the lost champions had but deserted earth for heaven. This was also further indicated by the motto "*Cælum non solum*" (Heaven not earth).

To King Robert Bruce tradition attributes the grants of numerous armorial bearings, the circumstances connected with which are replete with interest. One of these refers to an incident that occurred to him shortly prior to his victory at Bannockburn, and during the period when he was being hunted as a fugitive in the islands and western portions of Scotland. Upon one occasion he was pursued so closely, that he would have been killed, or taken prisoner, had not two men, named Torrance, given him some timely aid by rowing him in their boat over a frith, or arm of the sea, and so enabled him to escape. The allusion to this service is obvious, both in the arms and in the motto now borne by the Torrance family, viz., on a field per pale gules and or, two boat's oars in saltire azure, with the motto, "I saved the King."

The ancient family of Sprotts, resident at Urr, also owe their position and armorial bearings to a favour rendered to the same monarch by a female ancestor. Indeed, they hold their lands, a portion of which is called the King's Mount, subject to their presenting to the Scottish monarch, for the time being, a dish of "butter-brose" whenever he, or she, passes Urr. In reference to this peculiar tenure the following legend is extant:—About the year 1309, when Robert was obliged to wander about from place to place with a small band of devoted followers, he was attacked in the wilds of Galloway by a troop of English cavalry under the command of Sir Walter Selby. The number of combatants was about equal, and the battle took place near the cottage of a soldier-herdsman named Sprott. The fight was so severe, that, with the exception of the commanders, all engaged in it were stretched on the ground dead or wounded. The King and Selby, however, continued to hew away at each other in a most furious manner, and the clashing of their swords excited the attention of Sprott's wife. This woman was both bold and shrewd, and, having an intuitive feeling that one of the two knights was a Scotchman, she naturally desired to assist her countryman; but, as the vizors of both combatants were down,

she was unable to distinguish them. The conflict continued to rage without advantage being gained by either party. At last, however, Bruce dealt his adversary a blow which, though it staggered, did not fell him. Selby, goaded by the blow he had received, uttered an imprecation in Norman-Saxon, and prepared to return the compliment. He reckoned, however, without his host, as dame Sprott, distinguishing him by his accent as a Southron, sprang upon him, seized a lock of hair which hung from his helmet, and pulled him down upon his back. The fallen man was compelled to yield, and, from the dialogue which ensued between the victor and the captive, the heroine of the cottage discovered that she was in the presence of her king. She accordingly invited him to her dwelling, and on his arrival there she offered him some butter-brose for breakfast, a repast that was willingly accepted, inasmuch as he had scarcely tasted food for three days. Although liberal with her food to Bruce, the bold woman intimated to Selby, in terms by no means complimentary, that he should not be regaled by her, and, saving the king's presence, she would have thrown the brose into his face. Resisting the entreaties of the monarch, she persevered in this resolution, until the good-humoured Bruce, partly to prevent his captive from going without food, but chiefly to reward her loyalty and daring, thus addressed her: "All this land, both hill and dale, is mine, and I make thee lady of as much of it as thou canst run round while I am eating my breakfast. The brose is hot and the bowl is large, so kilt thy coats and run." She accordingly tucked up her coats and started off at full speed. Quickly did she run round the hill, and round the holm, cogitating on the probability that during her absence the generous Bruce would not fail to impart a portion of his breakfast to the hated Southron. Comforting herself, however, with the consideration that no two men could possibly empty the bowl, she completed the circle which she had proposed to herself, and kept exclaiming somewhat loudly, "No doubt we shall be called the Sprotts of the Mount Urr, while Dalbeattie wood grows, and while Urr water runs, and the tenure by which we shall hold our lands will be the presenting of butter-brose to the kings of Scotland, when they chance to pass the Urr." King Robert, overhearing her, said, "On thine own terms, my brave dame, shall the Sprotts of Urr hold this heritage." And King Robert's bowl, as it is called, is still preserved in the Sprott family, and in their arms is a royal crown, a bearing conferred upon them by the grateful monarch.

As a contrast to the foregoing will be found the charge of three chess rooks in the arms of the present Admiral Walcott, M.P., said to have been granted by Henry VII to John of Walcott, in consequence of his having been beaten at chess by his faithful subject.

The pious spirit displayed by Hamon, Lord of Chatham, in the alteration of his arms, leads us to remark, in conclusion, that many heraldic mottos have a religious or devotional origin or meaning. Such are the following, borne by some living men of note:—A cruce salus (Salvation from the cross), the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, M.P.; *Spes mea in Deo* (My hope is in God), Sir B. L. Guinness, M.P.; *Christi crux est mea lux* (The cross of Christ is my light), the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P.; *Deus prosperat justos* (God prospers the just), Sir W. Heathcote, M.P.; *In te, domine, speravi* (In Thee, O Lord, I have placed my hope), Col. W. Meller, M.P.; *Omne bonum ab alto* (All good is from above), Sir F. Crossley, M.P.; *Vive revicturus* (Live as one about to live hereafter), Col. H. H. Vivian, M.P. And many more might be quoted.

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AMONG THE INDIAN WIGWAMS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XXVIII. — HENRY TALBOT SETS FORTH ON A JOURNEY THROUGH THE FORESTS, AND ACROSS THE PRAIRIES OF THE FAR-WEST.

THE distance from St. Louis to the south shore of Lake Michigan, as the crow flies, or as they say in America, "in a bee-line," is about 500 miles almost due north. At the present day the journey may be easily accomplished, either by steamboat or railroad-car, in a few days. It was, however, very different at the time

of which I write, when the traveller had, during the greater portion of the journey, to penetrate through dark, gloomy forests; to cross streams often rendered unfordable for days together by floods; when there were only two or three small settlements to be met with throughout the entire distance, and when he had to trust to find rest and shelter at night in some one of the log-cabins that were scattered at wide distances, inhabited by hunters and backwoodsmen, who were hospitable when they possessed the means, but who frequently had little to share with the weary traveller.

The stages in use previous to the construction of the

present intricate network of railroads, which cross and recross the country in every direction, were rude, clumsy vehicles, mere wooden boxes of great strength, set on wheels, sometimes without springs, and drawn at an irregular pace, according to the road, by two, three, or four horses, as the occasion might require.

This was not a very pleasant prospect for the young Englishman; still, to a young man, there was a certain charm in such a precarious mode of travel. Moreover, during his passage up the Mississippi, Henry Talbot had experienced a great desire to see the wilderness of the Far-west, and to penetrate into the primeval forest. He was in possession of youth, health, and activity, and had a sufficiency of money for his present purposes. He set forth, therefore, in high spirits, and at the end of four days' travel by stage reached Springfield, Illinois, since become famous as the residence of the late President Lincoln, and the present capital of the State, but then a small, newly-founded settlement, situated in the midst of extensive prairies.

From Springfield he continued his journey on foot to Illinois city, at that period the only other settlement of importance in the State, and nearly 200 miles distant. His journey, however, was over level prairie-land, occupied by numerous isolated settlers, whose cabins were from five or six to twenty miles apart. He therefore experienced no great hardship, since he could always be sure of reaching some settler's cabin by the time he began to feel fatigued, where he was equally sure of a glad and hearty welcome from its owner.

When, however, he entered the densely-wooded State of Michigan, the travel became more fatiguing as the scenery grew more interesting. He had been twenty-four days on his journey, and during that period had slept in the open air at least one-third of the nights, when, from an eminence, he caught his first glimpse of the vast sheet of water from which the State of Michigan derives its name.

Beneath his feet, but a short distance off, and near the shore of the great lake, stood a long, low, red-roofed wooden building, constructed of unbarked logs, and only one storey in height. Scattered around were some twenty-five or thirty ordinary log-cabins, interspersed with a few Indian wigwams. Moored near the shore, or hauled up on the beach, were a number of boats and canoes of various sizes, and a few furlongs from the shore a small brig lay at anchor, her sails, which had been loosed to dry, the previous day having been showery, still unfurled, and hanging in graceful festoons from her yards.

On the beach, and amidst the cabins, some ten or a dozen men, attired in the garb of hunters, were strolling idly about, talking with one another. Two white women, to judge from their attire and general appearance, were seated at the door of one of the cabins, with their infants in their laps; half-a-dozen white children were gambolling on the beach. Near the wigwams, four or five Indians in their native costume, plentifully bedaubed with paint, and bedecked with feathers, were reposing on the turf, smoking their pipes and playing with their own dusky offspring; while, as usual, their squaws, attired in coarse blue blankets and red leggings, presenting a marked contrast to their gaily attired lords, were employed in bringing in firewood, or preparing the evening meal.

The spot upon which Henry Talbot now looked down was Chicago, at that period a mere trading-post, from which hunters sallied forth to hunt the buffaloes on the distant prairies, and whither white trappers and red men came periodically to dispose of their furs.

The sun was just beginning to dip beneath the translucent waters of the lake as the traveller reached the brow of the hill. Hitherto, throughout his journey, the forests or hills, or some other intervening object, had limited the range of his vision at the hour of sunset; but now, the sheet of smooth, glittering water that lay extended beneath his feet appeared to stretch to the verge of the remote horizon. The atmosphere was remarkably clear after the rain of the preceding day, and the sunset was glorious, so different from anything he had been accustomed to see, unless on very rare occasions, in the misty atmosphere of his native land.

At the present day Lake Michigan* is navigated by scores of steamers, propellers, and sailing vessels of every description. Railroad termini abound on its shores, and telegraph wires form a net-work around it. But at the period of which I write, and even to a much later date, only two or three small brigs ploughed its lonely waters; and, except in the vicinity of the settlements, its sandy shores were rarely visited save by some solitary hunter or trapper, or some red Indian with his squaw and children, who erected his wigwam on some chosen spot, that he might occupy himself awhile in hunting or fishing in the neighbourhood.

For some minutes Henry stood gazing silently and thoughtfully upon the novel scene. But for the little busy spot immediately beneath him, he might have fancied that he stood alone, where as yet the foot of man had never trod since the creation. Darkness was gradually, yet perceptibly creeping over the waters of the lake, and one after another the more distant objects disappeared beneath its cover. Not a sound was audible, save the occasional scream of some water-fowl, and the melancholy monotonous chorus of the bull-frogs from amidst the sedges.

At length the sun dipped beneath the distant horizon, and again he turned his gaze upon the little settlement at the foot of the hill, itself now almost lost to view in the deepening twilight.

The inhabitants had retired to their cabins, from which lights began to gleam, and to cast their reflection on the water; and, just as he commenced descending the declivity, he was startled by the clang of the bell on board the brig, which announced that it was eight o'clock, and sounded wonderfully strange amid the solitude and silence which reigned around. As he descended the hill, however, he began to give some thought to his own personal appearance.

Sleeping in a woodman's hut on a heap of skins, or in the open air, night after night, and pushing his way through thickets of brushwood, and fording rapid streams, day after day, for nearly a month, taking his chance of rain or sunshine as he travelled onward, had not improved the condition of the only suit of clothing he had with him. His cloak, coat, and trowsers, new when he quitted St. Louis, and made of stout and serviceable cloth, were begrimed with mud and dust, and worn almost threadbare. His broad-brimmed felt hat was crushed out of all semblance of its original shape, and stained of many colours by the sun and rain; while he possessed but one more change of clean linen, which it was necessary that he should retain until he drew near his ultimate destination. His shoes, how-

* Until the year 1831 Chicago continued to be a mere trading-post, hardly known save to the settlers on the shores of Lake Michigan. In 1846 it began to increase rapidly in extent and population, and in 1854 it had become a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with 7,027 dwellings, 54 schools, 61 churches, and 196 manufactories. Ten years later, in 1864, the population had doubled, and it is now the largest and most thriving city of the North West.

ever, were worst of all. They too had been new when he started on his journey; but now the wet and the sun together had cracked and split the upper leathers in every direction, while the soles and heels were almost completely worn out. He certainly did not present a very creditable appearance, and in England would have stood a fair chance of being apprehended and placed in the stocks as a vagrant. However, he bethought him that he was in a country in which the outer garments of a traveller attract little attention. If a traveller through the backwoods possess garments to protect him from the cold or rain, it is all that he requires. So, casting aside all thought of his dress, he slowly continued his descent, wearied with an unusually long day's journey, and soon entered the settlement. He passed a wigwam, the curtain of which was still raised, and, looking in, saw that the man was asleep. The squaw, however, looked up from the mat upon which she was reposing as he passed by; and the "papoose," suspended from the triangle in its curved, bark cradle, kept its large black eyes fixed upon him as long as he remained in sight.

Another Indian, as he passed on, bade him "Sago, sago" (the customary Indian salutation), and turned into his wigwam without further remark, supposing him to be a trader on a visit to the settlement; and a few more steps brought him to the cabins of the white settlers. Now the dogs gave the alarm at the approach of a stranger, and a chorus of loud barking roused the traders, who had not yet lain down to sleep. The men came to the doors of the cabins, and gave the customary challenge—"Who comes here?"

"A friend," replied Henry.

"Whar from, friend?"

"From St. Louis, bound to the lake shore farther north."

"What's yer trade, stranger?"

"I have no pelfrey. I'm on a visit to the settlement at Watertown."

A few more questions were asked and answered, and the weary traveller was invited into the largest cabin to repose for the night. The neighbours came in to learn all the particulars of the stranger's journey, and the news he brought from St. Louis; and while the females, who were the wife and daughter of the keeper of the trading-post, prepared supper for their guest, the trader brought forth a demijohn of whisky, and produced tin pannikins and water, and after bidding his guest to help himself, extended the same invitation to the company generally. Hard drinking, however, is not usually a besetting vice of backwoodsmen. It is necessary for them to be ever on the alert, and drunkenness would soon unfit them for their calling. All, therefore, were content with a moderate potation, to drink welcome and success to the stranger; and when Henry Talbot had eaten heartily of the venison-steaks the women soon set before him, a bear-skin was given him for his bed, and he at once retired to rest, and soon afterwards profound repose rested upon the lonely settlement, where, at the present day, the busy hum of human activity never ceases by day or night.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE JOURNEY FROM THE TRADING-POST OF CHICAGO TO THAT OF MILWAUKIE.

THE remainder of the journey to Watertown was, as Henry Talbot was informed, very fatiguing, the path leading across morasses and through dense forests, while the settlers' cabins were few and far between; and as he had yet more than fifty miles to travel, he gladly accepted the invitation of his new friends to remain and rest for a day or two at the trading-post.

As a matter of course, they soon discovered that their guest was an Englishman, and also, as a matter of course, they were very anxious to persuade him that everything he saw or met with in America was immeasurably superior to anything of the kind in England or any other part of the world.

"Waal neow, I dew expect," said the master of the station, while he and Henry were strolling along the shore of the lake the next morning—"I dew expect es this yer grand kintry o' eourn whips all creation. I reckon *you'll* allow *that*, stranger? Look tew this yere lake, neow. I har es in the old kintry they arn't got no lakes es is bigger nor puddles, nor no rivers es is worth speakin' on 'longside o' eourn. I guess heow you'll be flabbergasted, *sourne*, when yer larn es old Michigan is on'y won o' half a dozen big lakes—lakes o' fresh water, mind yer. None o' yer salt-water pison, es arn't fit for nothin' but tew sail ships on."

"I have heard and read of the great American lakes," replied Henry. "Still, I grant that no one can form any correct impression of their vastness nor of their beauty without having seen them."

"I reckon he'd be a moosical sorter coon es could," returned the trading-master. "That ar brig yer see yonder, hev fought agin es heavy gales o' wind, I've hard say, es ever blowed on the Atlantic. When it blows on the lake, it *dew* blow rattlesnakes, I kin tell ye—nothin' shorter. And then, stranger, look tew eour mountins, eour peregaries, eour forests; look tew eour sile, which stretches eout west tew the settin' sun; look tew eour produce, eour manufacturs; look tew the bright sun, which shines deown upon us, and *say*, stranger, ef we arn't an everlastin' tall people?"

Henry acknowledged that the Americans had much to be proud of; and, at length, satisfied on this all-absorbing subject, the trading-master began to question the young man relative to his own private affairs.

"So you'm come tew settle deown on this yere sile o' freedom, eh Mister? Druv eout from hum by tyranny, I expect?"

"I came from England in the hope to benefit myself," replied Henry. "Whether I remain in America or return home will depend upon circumstances. As yet, I cannot say that my anticipations have been realised, nor do my future prospects appear very bright."

"Just like yew Britishers. Never will allow tew the trewth. Allers *air* riled at the overshadderin greatness of eour glorious kintry, and eour everlastin' institutions."

"Ef yer don't like what yer see, why don't yer stay tew hum 'long o' the deown-trodden millions of Europe?"

"*Saay*, stranger, hev yer got any money wi' yer? Ef yer hev, never wor a better time fur layin' on it eout in land."

"The little money I brought with me from England was lost, with all my other effects, in the Gulf of Mexico."

"*What on airth* be yer goin' to dew to Watertown ef yer h'a'n't got no money, friend?"

"I am going to seek for employment. I may not, however, remain there long. I shall probably travel eastward towards the Atlantic States. My present object is to seek some persons of the name of Aston, who have been settled in the neighbourhood of Watertown for many years. Perhaps you may be able to give me some information respecting them?"

"Aston d'ye say? Don't know no sich folks, friend. Stay, though—Aston! Ay, now I think on't, there war a miserable old crittur, name o' Aston, es owned all the

land a'most, 'tween Mississipp', and the lake-shore. But he've been dead many a year, he hev. His darter marr'd on tew a Britisher, name o' Morton or some sich. In coorse the land went wi' her, and when the settlements reound the lake began tew spring up, and they got tew puttin' vessels on tew the waters of old Michigan, this yere Morton got tew be very rich. He owns Watertown, and all the land along the lake-shore, north tew *Fond de lac*, they say, and I hev heard heow he hev a son and darter; but I never seen none o' 'em."

"Morton!" exclaimed Henry. "Still," he continued, "there may be some relation of the old man of whom you have spoken yet living?"

"Not 'long the lake-shore, old hoss, I reckon.

"I kalkilate heow I know the name o' every settler 'long the shore up tew Green Bay, and there arn't no single coon o' the name o' Aston 'mong 'em all."

"I must be mistaken, then," replied the young Englishman. "Still, I should like to see these Mortons. They own some of the vessels on the lake, perhaps?"

"The old man *dew*—own pooty consider'ble nigh the hull on 'em. Ef yer a mind to try yer luck on board won o' *them*, yer can't dew better, friend, than tew curry favour 'long o' old Morton."

"He is still at Watertown?"

"He arn't nowheres else es I knows on, Mister," replied the trading-master; and so the conversation ended, and on the following morning Henry Talbot again set forth on his journey.

His conversation with the trading-master, however, furnished him with food for strange thought. He recollected now that the merchant at St. Louis had on more than one occasion spoken of a Mister Morton, when alluding to Mr. Aston; and it was very singular that this Mr. Morton should in every respect answer to the description of Mr. Aston, as well in regard to his property as to his family, and that he should have inherited his wealth through his marriage with the only child of Mr. Aston—the original owner of the property. Already he began to entertain a suspicion that Mr. Aston and Mr. Morton were one and the same person, and that both were identical with his old friend of St. David, since, as there was little communication between the settlers who lived at wide distances apart on the lake shore, it was not at all improbable that the trading-master had not yet heard of Mr. Morton's departure for England.

He also thought it strange that—if his suspicions were correct—Mr. Morton should bear the surname of his (Henry Talbot's) mother's family, and that he should wish to conceal his name from his friends in England. He recollected the marked kindness with which the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston had treated his sister and himself, after a very brief acquaintance; and he began to wonder whether there really was any connection between them. Perhaps some suspicion of the truth already existed in his mind; but, as he expected to reach Watertown in a few days, and might then discover that the trading-master was not so well informed as to his neighbour's affairs as he professed to be, he would not allow his suspicions to acquire a firm hold of his mind, until he should reach his destination and learn the facts himself.

was the most solitary portion of his long journey. The direct distance he had yet to travel was but sixty miles; but his progress was necessarily slow, owing to the number of tributary streams running into the lake, which he had to cross, many of which were not fordable for some distance from the shore. He often wished he had adopted the practice of the Indians, and brought with him, strapped to his back, a light bark canoe, which he could have launched at any moment, and taken up again when he had crossed the stream. He would thus have saved himself many miles of weary travel.

There were at that period few settlers on the lake-shore between Chicago and the next trading-post, and for three days he did not come across a hut or cabin, nor meet a solitary human being. Wandering on, hour after hour, day after day, he felt himself, as it were, the sole inhabitant of an apparently depopulated world. The lap of the water, as it broke in tiny waves upon the sandy shore, and the solemn note of the solitary bittern, as it rose from the sedgy marshes, were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of nature for hours together. Strange thoughts and fancies sometimes occupied his mind as he lay awake at midnight, stretched beneath the spreading branches of some forest tree, and gazed through the quivering foliage at the canopy of heaven, appearing, as seen through the clear atmosphere, at a vastly greater distance from the earth than it had ever appeared before to his eyes, and studded with myriads of glittering stars, which seemed to shine with tenfold greater brightness than they shone "at home;" for there were visible the same constellations that he had so often gazed upon from the garden of his parents' residence in Wiltshire, four thousand miles distant.

It is no marvel that the aborigines of America, dwelling from infancy amid the silent forests, possessed a religion, which, with all its errors, was more impregnated with a feeling of awe and reverence of the great Father of Spirits than the religion of any other savage race. No marvel that they felt the *presence* of the *Manitou* in the howling of the wind amid the forest trees, in the roar of the cataract, in the drear solitude of the mountains, the gloomy depths of the valleys, or the awful silence of the forest in the midnight hour.

The lonely hunter or backwoodsman, isolated from his fellow man—rude and uncultivated as he is—is almost universally impressed with religious feelings, quaint and imperfect, and imbued with his own peculiar prejudices though these feelings be. Far more calculated to impress the mind with feelings of awe and veneration than the grandest cathedrals erected for the services of religion by men's hands, with all their swelling music and pomp of worship, are the vast solitudes of ocean, with the solemn murmur of the winds, which come from afar and sweep with mournful cadence over the vast expanse of heaving billows; the dark, gloomy forest at midnight, with the mysterious whispers of the breeze amidst its foliage; the loud rolling of the thunder amid the mountain passes; while the vivid lightning illumines the valleys with its vivid glare; or the roar of the mighty cataract that causes the earth to tremble. It was not without reason that the keeper of the trading-post had boasted of the greatness of his native land.

The most striking peculiarity of American landscape, whether in the torrid, temperate, or frigid zones, is the "vastness" which is characteristic of its every feature. Other portions of the world may, and assuredly do, possess a greater variety of charming scenery within limited spaces; but the western hemisphere possesses (with the exception of a few isolated peaks of the Hima-

CHAPTER XXX. — HENRY TALBOT ARRIVES AT THE TRADING-POST AT MILWAUKIE, AND PROCEEDS THENCE TO WATERTOWN.

HENRY TALBOT would now have gladly pursued his journey through the forest; but, fearful of losing his way, he still kept the path along the lake shore. This

layahs) the loftiest and longest mountain ranges; the widest, longest, and most rapid rivers; the greatest expanse of lakes; the mightiest waterfalls; the most extensive meadow-lands, or prairies, and the largest and grandest, and, I may add, the most gloomily-picturesque forests in the world. In no other situation—save, perhaps, amid the solitude of the ocean at the midnight hour—is the mind so liable to be impressed with the majesty of creation, as when the traveller finds himself, for the first time in his life, alone in the heart of one of these vast, silent forests.

Strongly as he had been inclined to venture, Henry Talbot had never yet penetrated into the depths of the primeval forest that now covered the soil over which he sped his way. He still kept the lake shore, and at the end of the fifth day arrived at the trading-post which then occupied the site of the now thriving lake port of Milwaukie. It presented a similar appearance to that which he had lately quitted, though, Milwaukie occupying a more central position on the lake shore, the shipping interest was better represented. Off the port two brigs and five schooners lay at anchor, and several fishermen and Indians were plying their calling in boats and canoes.

Although Henry carried a knapsack to contain provisions for his journey, which he replenished at every opportunity, always contriving to procure a small supply from every settler with whom he put up for the night, it not unfrequently happened that he found himself hungry and with an empty wallet at the end of a day's journey, and such was the case at present. His first care, therefore, after he had received and returned the hearty greetings which always meet the wayfarer in the Far-west when he enters a settlement or cabin, was to satisfy his hunger, after which he was ready to respond to the customary questions relative to the object of his journey, that were put to him by the semi-amphibious, half-backwoodsmen, half-fishermen of the settlement.

"This place, you say, is Milwaukie?" he said, in response to some remark made by one of the settlers.

"Waal, stranger, 't'a'in't nothin' else, I guess."

"What is the distance from here to Watertown?"

"What on airth be you a goin' to do to Watertown?"

"I wish to find some people of the name of Aston. But I asked you the distance hence to Watertown."

"Goin' tew Watertown to seek arter owd Aston, whom bin dead nigh on tew twenty year! But don't yew get riled, stranger, when you're arxed a civil question. Watertown's 'bout twenty mile off, right slick threw the forrest, and 'bout forty, ef yer foller the bends o' the river. But if yer want tew find owd Aston, yer'll hev to sarch for him under the sile."

"Who, then, is the proprietor of the land hereabouts?"

"Waal, I reckon heow Squire Morton owns pooty much all the sile from the lake-shore west'ard and nor'ard es fur es yer could chase a bufler in a three-days' run; but the squire's been away tew Europe nigh on tew twelvemonths, so yer wun't find him, friend. His son an' darter be tew hum, ef they'll sarve yer purpose?"

"At all events I shall go on, since I have travelled so far. The nearest road is through the forest?"

"Yer arn't nothin' else to dew but tew foller the track on a bee-line, right slick threw, ef yer kin keep it, 'till yer come eout at Watertown."

"Is it a large settlement?"

"'Tain't much more'n squire's heouse, an' won or tew log-cabins, whar the hired folk live tew. Owd Squire Aston's log-heouse used fur tew stand on the precise,

identical, parteek'lar spot whar Squire Morton's big heouse stands neow. Squire Morton's made a pile o' money, he hev. All these yere vessels yer see, an' pooty nigh all the vessels on Lake Michigan, and most o' the land 'long the sou-west shore, belongs tew him, I reckon. 'Twar a lucky spec' fur him when he marr'd old Squire Aston's darter."

Here the conversation ended, and Henry was now pretty well satisfied that Mr. Aston and Mr. Morton were one and the same individual. He resolved, at all events, to seek Mr. Morton's son at Watertown, and, by questioning him, to make it certain that his suspicions were correct. This he thought he could manage without betraying his own acquaintanceship with the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston of St. David.

Could he have made his appearance at Watertown in a decent garb, and in an independent condition, he would not have hesitated to ask for an explanation of the apparent mystery. But in his present condition, with an almost empty purse, with soiled and tattered garments, almost shoeless, tanned by the sun to the colour of an Indian, and in search of employment, he was doubtful whether his professed intimacy with the father would be agreeable to the son and daughter.

At all events, he thought that if Mr. Morton really owned most of the vessels on the lake, it was probable that he might obtain from the "young squire"—as the son was styled by the settlers—the employment he was seeking. So he remained at Milwaukie until the next morning, and then, having donned his last change of clean linen, and done his best to make himself as presentable, or rather, I should say, as little like a scarecrow as was possible under the untoward circumstances, he set forth at an early hour, and took the forest path towards Watertown.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

PERHAPS there is no rule so little used and so much abused as the one, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" or, to put it into household English, "Do as you would be done by." Where many decline to act, or find some excuse for not acting upon it, most are ready to complain when it is neglected by others in the treatment of themselves. Whatever any one thinks or does, it is always and clearly his neighbour's business to keep this rule. It is indeed counted "golden" by all, being often considered too precious to be spent or bestowed on another, and yet such as every one wishes to be applied to himself.

I have said that there is no rule so little used and so much abused. Let me try and make this clearer by illustrating both sides of my assertion. First, let us look at the neglect of it. We too often make ourselves the centre of our consideration. There is a vile Dutch proverb, expressing, some may think, the secret of that nation's thriftiness, which says, "Self is the man." But I fear it has a wider application than the limits of that people. Look at the ruling motive of, I might say, all commerce and trade, great and small—Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market. Well. Men of business must live; and yet, surely Christian men of business should look not only at the profit they can make by legitimate trading, but at the essential equity of their transactions. There is many a stroke of business done which is defensible by the established laws of commerce, but which, judged by the highest morality, that of the Golden Rule, is very questionable, to say the best of it. Take an example. A picture-dealer sees

a dingy-looking portrait in a poor broker's shop, ticketed a few shillings. His experienced eye perceives that it is worth many pounds. Now, he is permitted by the laws of trade to reap the benefit of his knowledge, and make five hundred per cent. of his purchase. But, however little the small broker may have paid for the picture, it is evident that he thinks it of little value, by the slight profit he proposes to make by its sale. Now, how ought a scrupulously honest man, who wishes to do as he would be done by, to treat the little broker? Shall he buy the picture at its paltry price, carefully concealing his perception of the prize he has found, or pay such a price as would leave himself only a fair profit? How about the rule, "Do as you would be done by?"

I have taken a solitary case. But there arise many analogous ones in all businesses. How can a Christian trader take advantage of another's ignorance? It is, I grant you, a complicated question. Directly we enter into it we seem to be half stifled by the bewildering atmosphere of casuistry. I doubt, however, whether commerce is not often sorely poisoned, and the moral sense of many who live by it confused by much legitimate sharpness. There is all the difference between regular trading, in which commercial skill gives one dealer a superiority over another, and chance opportunities for a special bargain which are perceived by a shrewd man. Must he try to discriminate between the advantages which educated experience gives him, and those which arise from the exceptional ignorance or embarrassment of another? Surely he ought, according to the Golden Rule. It would not spoil the good savour of his name, the steady progress of his business, and the accumulation of his money, if he refrained from making more than a fair market gain out of each transaction he engaged in. A really great bargain generally involves a really great loss by some unfortunate man who is in a corner. Now, may his special perplexity or inexperience be made into capital by a Christian man of business? Depend upon it, the Golden Rule must come in here. Never mind whether the custom of trade permits the bargain. There is a higher law, which hinders no fair profit, but ever raises its protest against these "strokes of business."

We have hitherto looked at the application of our rule in the conduct of the larger transactions of trade and commerce. It is equally needful, and I fear equally neglected, in common craft and handiwork. What is the custom of "making the most of a job," as it is called, but an expedient for getting more money out of an employer or customer than he wants to spend? How difficult it is to get rid of a workman out of your house when once he has begun to make some chips and noise there! He is a good sort of fellow, no doubt, honest, sober, industrious, after his fashion; but how obvious his effort to spread the job over as wide a space and time as he can! How he potters, mislays his tools, goes to "shop" to fetch this, that, and the other! How persistently he forgets to finish up! You seem powerless. He is such a civil man to talk to, and appears so interested in his work; is so suggestive, intelligent, and skilful, that you hardly know how to complain. And yet, you are sure that he is needlessly spinning out the business in hand. You long to get rid of him: he knows you do. Nay, you tell him so, and he responds with a smile. The fact is, your interest of itself is nothing to him. Of course it is his interest that the work should be well done, that the credit of the trade should not be lowered; but as long as he fulfils the requirements of his craft, he imposes himself upon you with a tedious persistency, which makes many a householder dread the very sight of an "intelligent artisan" within his doors.

After a civil inaccessible fashion he systematically declines to act on the rule, "Do as you would be done by." This is a small matter, one may think, and must be made the best of; but it is not a wholesome thing that large numbers of respectable men, clever and steady at their trade, should, apparently on principle, ignore the convenience and legitimate wishes of those who employ them, looking at their work simply with an eye to make it go as far as possible, and produce the most pay at the least pains, quite irrespectively of the wants and purpose of the person for whom the work is done.

In handiwork, as in commerce, we must admit that there is a serious neglect of the Golden Rule. The illustrations I have given may suggest others to those who know anything of business. The same selfishness crops up in a hundred shapes. We see the spirit of the Dutch proverb, "Zelf is de man." "Self's the man," in more English work than one likes to think of. Indeed it is rendered, in our language, by one which is even worse than the other, inasmuch as it presents itself with an air and in a dress of piety, saying, "Every man for himself, and God for us all"—an utter perversion of, or rather, I should say, radical opposition to, the Christian order of obedience, in which the first commandment is duty to God, and the second to our neighbour, self being left out altogether as a chief object of our work—the concluding moral of a discourse about the law being, therefore, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I need hardly say that a neglect of the Golden Rule is by no means confined to commerce, trade, and handiwork.* It infects more than our relation to strangers in the current business of life. It creeps into the household, and keeps up those little sores which are too often the curse of a family, the fly in the ointment of home love. It is not only master and servant, mistress and maid, that often forget to do as they would be done by, failing in that mutual consideration which alone keeps the wheels of the family waggon greased; but in the kitchen and the parlour, round the fire and the table, the neglect of the Golden Rule, in home chat, and in the interchange of those little duties which are too small and too many to be reckoned up on paper, lies the difference between domestic happiness and discomfort. Try it, my friend. Just make it a special aim for one day to study the ease and convenience—nay, the little harmless whims and fancies, of your own home circle. Contrive to check the querulous or caustic expression of your own opinion. Be ready to hear what others say, and to take interest in what interests them. You will see a result, probably at once. You will feel your humour react upon yourself. It is catching as well as cheering. Suppose you find some one specially pleasant. You can't say exactly what he or she has done to make pleasantness; but something—some influence has flowed in upon you which makes you see things in a better light, and judge them in a gentler temper. You have been treated as you wish. You have been done to as you would in the little matters of home. You have felt kindness. You have enjoyed the application of the Golden Rule in small things. Well, it is in your power to communicate to others the pleasant sensation which you have felt yourself. Try it. Try it fairly, honestly, and you will find that you possess a very talisman, a source of cheery

* A happy application of the Golden Rule was made by Mr. Adams, the American minister, in replying to an Address, on his much-regretted departure from this country: "I believe," said Mr. Adams, "the sum of all true diplomacy is to be found in the Christian maxim of doing unto your neighbour that which you would he should do unto you. If all nations were to carry that into practice there would be no wars to follow controversies and disputes."

atmosphere, which will make you feel twice as rich as you were before—nay, will really make you richer, for you have so far been in receptive contact with the rich Spirit of grace, who sheds his influence not only in those mighty works which move a people, but does not forget the lesser charms of life, any more than the sun which sheds its light and warmth upon a crowd of worlds, fails to tint and cheer the daisy on a lawn. You have so far been in receptive contact with the Spirit whose law is “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

But I have said that there is no rule more abused than the Golden one. Let us look at this side of the matter. If we are to do as we should be done by, we must wish to be “done by” honestly. No law of the Lord is over-ridden by falsehood or injustice. Right must ever be the root of the Golden Rule.

Of course the case of a thief, who might wish me to drop my purse in the road he was walking, and so be “done by” as he would, is not to the point I am making for, since he would be himself unwilling to drop his; but I can imagine a case in which we might seem to be keeping the Golden Rule, and yet be far from doing right.

A beggar presents himself before me in the way. I think, “Poor man, if I were he, I should be very glad of an alms,” and I give him a coin. Now, am I thus really keeping the rule to do as I would be done by? Is my act a kindly departure from the severe rules of political economy, by which we seek to check pauperism and imposture? Does not the beggar heartily desire alms? If I were a beggar, would not I desire them? Do not I do as I would be done by if I bestow them upon him? Yes, indeed, if so be that I have a beggar’s soul, or can really identify myself with one who makes it his business to live upon alms, who is willing to accept, nay, to seek, the proceeds of work solely by refusing to do any work at all. The business of the beggar is to feed upon that which is directly or indirectly the result of some one’s labour. He dislikes toil. He dislikes the restraints of productive industry, and he himself produces nothing, except it be a brood of beggars in prospective, and some increment towards the pauperism of a people, with the additional item of confusion in the sense of the word charity.

I have referred to professional beggars; but what I say has many applications. When we are asked to do as we would be done by, and our good nature, frequently the child of mere selfishness, is appealed to, we are bound to consider not merely whether, if we were in the petitioner’s place, we should like to have our petition granted, but whether it ought to be granted. No man has a right to expect his desire to be granted unless he desires what is just and right. We must ask whether the person who wants help considers himself alone in his prayer. If he considers himself alone, we merely encourage selfishness by granting it. We promote that very vice which causes the right use of the Golden Rule to be neglected.

There is room for much more kindness in the world, but there is daily proof that much apparent kindness, such as is often received with profuse thanks, is really not true kindness, but the stimulant of mischievous dependence.

Let us, then, not suppose that the Golden Rule is kept by a mere compliance with the wishes or importunities of others. He who gave it did, according to the record of his work, by no means gratify the requests of all who appealed to him.

While, therefore, we may do wrong by yielding to

selfishness in our refusal to act upon the Golden Rule, we must take care lest we overshoot the mark, and encourage by our deed that very fault which we wish to strive against ourselves. We must do as we would be done by when the deed may fairly be demanded of us, but we must not do as we would be done by when the petitioner is unjustified in his request.

THE QUEEN’S JOURNAL.

II.

CONTINUING our extracts from the Queen’s book,* we give the first impressions of Balmoral:—

“Balmoral, Friday, Sept. 8, 1848.

We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hill rises all round.

There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert’s. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children’s and Mrs. Hildyard’s three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate, and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Luggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine.”

No wonder that the Queen became more and more attached to her Highland home, especially after the improvements which were the result of Prince Albert’s constant and personal superintendence. She thus wrote of it after eight years’ experience:—

“October 13, 1856.

Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dearest Albert’s *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year.”

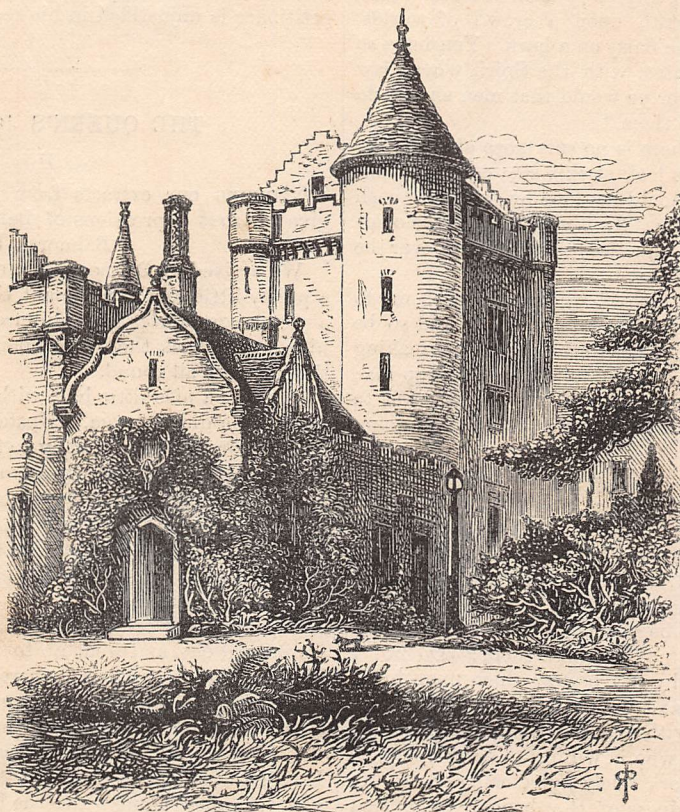
On one occasion it began to snow on the day fixed for leaving Balmoral, and she almost wished they might

* In our first notice we expressed the wish to see a “People’s Edition.” The announcement has since appeared of its publication at half-a-crown. We are glad to hear that the work has been reprinted, and sold in America by hundreds of thousands. We hear, also, of translations into various languages.

be snowed-up, so loth was she to leave "the dear Highlands."

"Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people

fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a

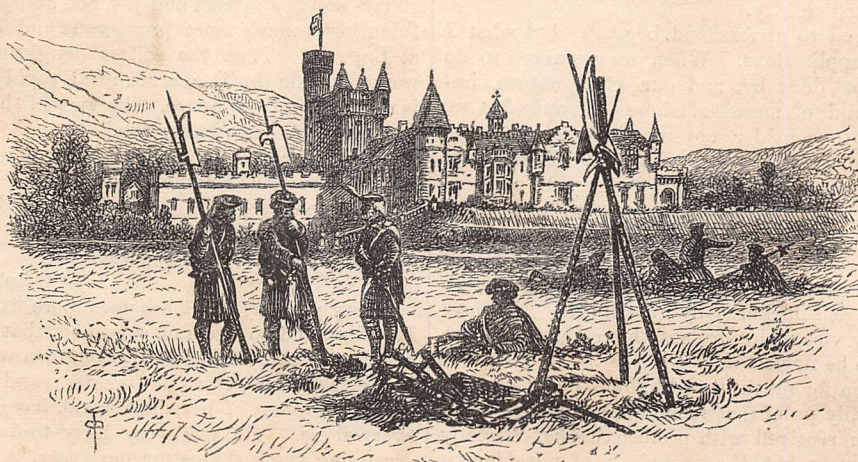


BALMORAL AS IT WAS.

who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh! the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind!"

liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us."

The Queen was delighted with these people, and chose



BALMORAL AS IT IS.

And then, on reaching England, she feels the contrast:—

"The English coast appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him I was so attached to the dear, dear Highlands, and missed the

from among them her most trusted attendants. She says, in one part of her journal, "All the Highlanders are so amusing, and really pleasant and instructive to talk to—women as well as men—and the latter so gentlemanlike." In another passage she observes, "We

were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders, with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them."

tralia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

And, if Her Majesty can speak thus generously of her



GRANT HOTEL, GRANTTOWN.

From among these men she chose some of her most trusted servants. Thus, she speaks of Mr. Grant, her head keeper, in these terms:—

"He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper. He was born in Braemar in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine, intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons. The second, Alick, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale, old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He himself lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."

She allots another note to Mr. John Brown:—

"The same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865). He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers—three of whom have died—two are in Aus-

servants, they were not insensible to such kindness, and could speak enthusiastically of their master and mistress. The Queen says on one occasion:—

"We then rode on, Albert talking so gaily with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me, in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content." ' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown [said, 'Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said, they certainly did."

Towards her servants the Queen has always shown a spirit of kindness and consideration worthy of imitation. The usages of modern society have so widely departed from the old patriarchal system, and from the relations of feudal life, that it is only by moral influence the good order and kindly feeling of a household can be sustained. The truth of the saying, that "good mistresses make good servants," is well illustrated in the household of the Queen. Thoughtful and just treatment is met by the most faithful attachment and attentive service. This is the case in all the royal homes, and especially at Balmoral, where the loyal spirit of Highland retainership is super-added to ordinary domestic bonds.

It was at Balmoral that the Queen received the sad and startling news of the Duke of Wellington's death:—

"Alt-na-Guithasach, Thursday, Sept. 16, 1852.

We were startled this morning, at seven o'clock, by a letter from Colonel Phipps, enclosing a telegraphic despatch, with the report, from the sixth edition of the 'Sun,' of the Duke of Wellington's death the day before yesterday, which report, however, we did not at all believe. Would to God that we had been right, and this day had not been cruelly saddened in the afternoon!

* * * * *

We got off our ponies, and I had just sat down to sketch, when Mackenzie returned, saying my watch was safe at home, and bringing letters; amongst them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and, alas!

it contained the confirmation of the fatal news—that England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced; was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday, at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come; the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!

In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the Sovereign; and how simply he carried these honours! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and I fear never *will*, so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends), his loss is *irreparable*; for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times—with the last century."

At Balmoral, also, in 1855, she hears of the fall of Sebastopol, and Albert, Bertie (Albert, Prince of Wales), Ministers of State, pipers, gillies, all go off to light the bonfire on the hill. Here, too, Vicky (Victoria, the Princess Royal) is betrothed to the Prussian heir apparent:—

"He had already spoken to us of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Gironach, which led to this happy conclusion."

Many anecdotes have been told about the visits paid by the Queen to the cottages of the poor, and her own account of some of her visits to old Highland women will be read with deep interest.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may he ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

We went into three other cottages—to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy;' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair, the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself'; and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm: I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady, she is such a pleasant person.

Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

The change from the noise and bondage and ceremony of Court life in London to the quiet and freedom and independence of Balmoral was always welcome, but even in the Highlands the Queen took delight occasionally in seeking the still more complete freedom of moving about *incognito*. The following is her account of one of the incidents of those expeditions.

"A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got, Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other—a break; each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far for forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had decided to call ourselves 'Lord and Lady Churchill and party,' Lady Churchill passing as Miss Spencer, and General Grey as Dr. Grey! Brown once forgot this, and called me 'Your Majesty,' as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box once called Albert 'Your Royal Highness;' which set us off laughing, but no one observed it.

We had a long three hours' drive; it was six o'clock when we got into the carriage. We were soon out of the wood, and came upon the Badenoch-road—passing close by Kinrara, but, unfortunately, not through it, which we ought to have done. It was very beautiful—fine wooded hills, the high Cairngorm range, and Ben Muich Dhui, unfortunately much obscured by the mist on the top, and the broad Spey flowing in the valley, with cultivated fields and fine trees below. Most striking, however, on our whole long journey was the utter, and to me very refreshing, solitude. Hardly a habitation! and hardly meeting a soul! It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small halfway house for the horses to take some water, and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

The mountains gradually disappeared—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'toun,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly, Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bedroom at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large fourpost bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle was with me) had driven over by another

road in a waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were 'bashful' and did not. A ringletted woman did everything, and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own, which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the talking round me confused me), while Albert played at 'patience.' Then went away, to begin undressing, and it was about half-past eleven when we got to bed."

"Wednesday, September 5.

A misty, rainy morning. Had not slept very soundly. We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait for some little time. Good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle (who was very useful and attentive) said they had all supped together—namely, the two maids, and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker (who was still there), and were very merry in the 'commercial room.' The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, 'Dr. Grey wants you,' which nearly upset the gravity of all the others. Then they told Jane, 'Your lady gives no trouble,' and Grant in the morning called up to Jane, 'Does his lordship want me?' One could look on the street, which is a very long wide one, with detached houses, from our window. It was perfectly quiet, no one stirring, except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand. General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2."

Messrs. Brown and Grant were afterwards taken mildly to task for not waiting at table:—

"We mounted our ponies a short way out of the town, but only rode for a few minutes, as it was past two o'clock. We came upon a beautiful view, looking down upon the Avon and up a fine glen. There we rested and took luncheon. While Brown was unpacking and arranging our things, I spoke to him and to Grant, who was helping, about not having waited on us, as they ought to have done, at dinner last night and at breakfast, as we had wished; and Brown answered, he was afraid he should not do it rightly. I replied, we did not wish to have a stranger in the room, and they must do so another time."

From the account of the "Second great Expedition," undertaken in September, 1861, we take the following:—

"SECOND GREAT EXPEDITION—TO FETTERCAIRN.

Friday, Sept. 20, 1861.

At a quarter past seven o'clock we reached the small quiet town, or rather village, of Fettercairn, for it was very small—not a creature stirring—and we got out at a quiet little inn, 'Ramsay Arms,' quite unobserved, and went at once upstairs. There was a very nice drawing-room, and next to it a dining-room, both very clean and tidy, then to the left our bedroom, which was excessively small, but also very clean and neat, and much better furnished than at Grantown. Alice had a nice room, the same size as ours; then came a mere morsel of one (with a 'press-bed'), in which Albert dressed; and then came Lady Churchill's bedroom just beyond. Louis and General Grey had rooms in an hotel, called the Temperance Hotel, opposite. We dined at eight, a very nice, clean, good dinner. Grant and Brown waited. They were rather nervous, but General Grey and Lady Churchill carved, and they had only to change the plates, which Brown soon got into the

way of doing. A little girl of the house came in to help, but Grant turned her round to prevent her looking at us. The landlord and landlady knew who we were, but no one else except the coachman, and they kept the secret admirably.

The evening being bright and moonlight and very still, we all went out, and walked through the whole village, where not a creature moved; through the principal little square, in the middle of which was a sort of pillar or town cross on steps, and Louis read, by the light of the moon, a proclamation for collections of charities which was stuck on it. We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog! Suddenly we heard drums and fifes! We were greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised; but Louis and General Grey, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time; and when we reached the inn door we stopped, and saw six men march up with fifes and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street and back again. Grant and Brown were out, but had no idea of what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was, 'It's just a band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd! It went on playing some time after we got home. We sat till half-past ten working, and Albert reading, and then retired to rest.

"Saturday, Sept. 21.

Got to sleep after two or three o'clock. The morning was dull and close, and misty, with a little rain; hardly any one stirring, but a few people at their work. A traveller had arrived at night, and wanted to come up into the dining-room, which is the 'commercial travellers' room,' and they had difficulty in telling him he could not stop there. He joined Grant and Brown at their tea, and on his asking 'What's the matter here?' Grant answered, 'It's a wedding party from Aberdeen. At the Temperance Hotel they were very anxious to know whom they had got. All, except General Grey, breakfasted a little before nine. Brown acted as my servant, brushing my skirts and boots, and taking any message, and Grant as Albert's valet."

In the account of this second expedition, there is a note of melancholy interest. The Queen writes how Grant told her in May, 1862, that when they were returning, the Prince Consort, while giving directions as to the planting of Glen Muich, which he intended as a deer forest for the Prince of Wales, said to Grant, alluding to the finishing of the planting, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." The Queen adds, "In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself. He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared." In returning, a sociable, which had belonged to the Duchess of Kent, was brought out, and vividly reminded her Majesty of the recent death of her mother, and "made her sad in the midst of much that was so pleasant."

In an account of the "Third great Expedition," we find the following amusing piece:—

"ARRIVAL AT DALWHINNIE.

At length, and not till a quarter to nine, we reached the inn of Dalwhinnie—twenty-nine miles from where we had left our ponies—which stands by itself, away from any village. Here, again, there were a few people assembled, and I thought they knew us; but it seems they did not, and it was only when we arrived that one of the maids recognised me. She had seen me at Aber-

deen and Edinburgh. We went upstairs; the inn was much larger than at Fettercairn, but not nearly so nice and cheerful; there was a drawing-room and a dining-



BRUAR FALLS, BLAIR ATHOLE.

room, and we had a very good-sized bed-room. Albert had a dressing-room of equal size. Mary Andrews (who was very useful and efficient) and Lady Churchill's maid, had a room together, every one being in the house; but unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no *fun*; no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying our and their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late, we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown, and Stewart (who came, the same as last time, with the mails) in the 'commercial-room,' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens!"

In October, 1861 the Athole country was revisited:—"We passed by the Bruar, and the road to the Falls of the Bruar. The Duke of Athole took us through a new approach, which is extremely pretty; but near which, I cannot help regretting, the railroad will come, as well as along the road by which we drove, the Pass of Drum-ouchter. The duke has made great improvements, and the path looked beautiful, surrounded as it is by hills, and the foliage still full, though in all its autumn tints, the whole being lit up with sunshine. We drove through

an avenue, and in a few minutes more were at the door of the old castle. A thousand recollections of seventeen years ago crowded upon me; all seemed so familiar again. No one there, except the dear duchess, who stood at the door, and whom I warmly embraced, and Miss Macgregor. How well I recognised the hall with all the sporting trophies; and the staircase, which we went up at once. The duchess took me to a room, which I recognised immediately as the one where Lady Canining lived. There we took off our things; then went to look at the old and really very handsome rooms in which we had lived—the one in which Vicky had slept in two chairs, then not four years old. * * We got into the carriage, a very peculiar one, viz., a boat put on four wheels, drawn by a pair of horses, with a postilion. The morning was beautiful. We drove up by the avenue, and about a favourite walk of ours in '44, passed through the gate, and came on to Glen Tilt, which is most striking, the road winding along, first on one side of the Tilt, and then on the other; the fine high hills rising very abruptly from each side of the rapid, rocky, stony river Tilt; the trees, chiefly birch and alder, overhanging the water.

We passed the Marble Lodge, in which one of the keepers lives, and came to Forest Lodge, where the road for carriages ends, and the glen widens. There were our ponies, which had passed the night at the Bainoch, or Beynoch (a shooting 'shiel' of Lord Fife's). They came over this morning, but, poor beasts, without having had any corn. Forest Lodge is eight miles from



BROWN AND GRANT.

Blair. There we took leave of the dear duchess, and saw old Peter Frazer, the former head-keeper there, now walking with the aid of two sticks."

To the account of the "Last great Expedition" a mournful interest attaches. The following are the concluding sentences:—

"LAST EXPEDITION.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1862.

This gave one a very good idea of the geography of the country, which delighted dear Albert, as this expe-

* "Shiel" means a small shooting-lodge.

dition was quite in a different direction from any that we had ever before made. But my head is so very un-geographical that I cannot describe it. We came down by the Mouth Eigie, a steep hill covered with grass,

part of it which is finished, and which is to extend to the cairn wall. We went back on our side of the river, and if we had been a little earlier Albert might have got a stag; but it was too late. The moon rose and



FORESTER OF ATHOLE.

down part of which I rode, walking where it was steepest; but it was so wet and slippery that I had two falls. We got down to the road to the Spittal Bridge, about fifteen miles from Castleton, at nearly half-past four, and then down along the new road, at least that

shone most beautifully, and we returned at twenty minutes to seven o'clock, much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition. Alas! I fear our last great one!

(IT WAS OUR LAST ONE!—1867.)"



SHEARING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDS.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

V.—GOING A-MAYING.

MAY has come, and folks are going a-Maying in various ways, and after very opposite fashions. The Maying of the town is altogether another thing to the Maying of the country. In "the season" of the former, the bursting bloom of Nature is counterfeited by the May fashions of the milliners; and all the brilliant colours that begin to show themselves in woods, fields, and gardens, are out-rainbowed in hue by the silks and satins, muslins and velvets of Kensington and Belgrave.

May in Mayfair, in the height of the season, is a scene of brilliance and fashion that is an outward sign of the wealth and nobility of Great Britain; and the roll of the thousand carriages and the clatter of the thousand horses in the Row and the Mile, and the fluttering of ten thousand bright ribbons and dresses in West-end drawing-rooms, may be accepted as a remembrancer of the trade of the country, which is sustained in so large a degree by the demand for those articles of luxury which are a necessity to the season of May in Mayfair. Court receptions, drawing-rooms, and levées make themselves felt very far down in the social scale, and contribute to the livelihood of industrious workers in almost every part of the Queen's dominions; and the return of her Majesty to a prominent position in these useful and necessary, though wearisome, ceremonials of state, has not only gladdened the hearts of many of her loyal subjects, but has revived the trade of London, which had greatly languished since the days of her sad bereavement.

Another notable feature of London at this season is the bustle of the "May Meetings," which, as means to an end, are of very considerable importance, and greatly affect the yearly revenues of the chief religious and charitable societies. The interest in such institutions is aroused, sustained, and increased by the vast gatherings held at Exeter Hall and elsewhere during the month of May. The contact of Christian men in such meetings as these seems to kindle in their hearts a sacred fire whose brightness and warmth will be felt far and wide. It will cast its light on the dark places of cruelty and ignorance, and cheer the poor and destitute with works of philanthropy and benevolence.

The majority of those who attend these May Meetings will find their way to the Art galleries in the near neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, or perhaps will content themselves with going a-Maying to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, there to crowd round the pictures of the year. May ushers in the artists' harvest, when the fruits of their busy year are garnered; on May-day the Royal Academy opens its portals; and, in the present year, 1868, it is numbered among those centenarians for whom the "Quarterly" has been fighting a battle; for it has attained its one hundredth year. Painting and Music are sister arts, and May is the month for the nightingale, both in town and country—though in the concert-room or opera-house, the warbled notes of the nightingale, whether Swedish or Italian, are so far from being "unpremeditated," like to those of the real Philomela, that they are only produced through the medium of other notes of a pecuniary and banking value. And if the nightingale of the woods and groves sings

"jug-jug-jug-jug-teren," as Lilly, Queen Elizabeth's poet, says that she does, or merely "oree, osee," as Chaucer reported, or indulges in that twenty-four lines of distracted letters with which Bechstein endeavoured phonetically to represent her unapproachable melody, it is at least quite as intelligible as much that is heard from the lips of wingless singing bipeds. Milton has a sonnet to the nightingale, warbling at eve, with

"Liquid notes that close the eye of day,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May;"

And Cowper, not only in his Address to the nightingale that he heard on New Year's day, but also in his lines "To Catharina," and in a passage in "The Task," showed that he considered the song of the bird as cheering, exhilarating, and most musical; but not "most melancholy," the epithet of Milton, which stirred the poetic indignation of Coleridge, and inspired him with his well-known "Ode to the Nightingale."

The nightingale takes us a-Maying into the country; and, although we live in an age that is too utilitarian and matter-of-fact to permit the careful cultivation and popular recognition of poetical and old-world customs, yet the observance of May-day is not altogether a thing of the past. In many sequestered nooks and corners of the land there are people to be found who lovingly cling to old customs, and to whom folk-lore is a living reality, and not a dead letter to be exhumed for the interest of a curious minority.

The Maypole! Washington Irving, in a delightful passage in the "Sketch Book," has recorded the fancies that were awakened by the mere sight of one at Chester, although it was nothing but a bare pole. And as for the phrase "going a-Maying," it sounds so pleasing, pretty, poetic, pastoral, and picturesque, that quite an alliterative crop of early May p's might be forced, as epithets wherewith to grace the banquet of delights that Nature so bountifully provides in "the merry month of May." For going a-Maying is suggestive of the sweet burst of bud and blossom; the tender mist of green that overspreads the woods; the forest carpet of primroses, violets, hyacinths, and anemones; the bright tassels of the birch and the opening fans of the chestnut leaves; the kine-dappled meadows, sprinkled with cowslips and gemmed with buttercups; the snowy bloom of the cherry, plum, and blackthorn; the kingcups and the golden broom, on first seeing which Linnæus fell upon his knees and thanked God for having created so glorious a sight; the cuckoo, telling "his name to all the hills;" the delicious trills of the nightingale, and the universal charm of songbirds. Of a multitude of things, in short, that are pleasant, and fragrant, and beautiful, does the phrase "going a-Maying" remind us; though not of the "May" itself, for the hawthorn does not bloom in time to grace the May-day festival. Going a-Maying has the ring of poetry in its very sound; and the memory that is stored with poetic passages in praise of May, can feast on some of the sweetest bits of our choicest poets. Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," makes great mention of the attractions of May; so that even to "the blissful place" he could assign no higher charm than by saying, "There green and lusty May shall e'er endure;" and, in "The Knight's Tale," we see Arcite and Theseus going a-Maying to the grove, and from thence procuring their hawthorn garlands. Then we have Herrick going a-Maying with his Corinna; and we listen to Spenser and Milton chanting their hymns of praise to "fair May," "flowery May," "beauteous May," "bounteous May," and, perchance, we try to emulate Archdeacon Wrangham in translating Buchanan's Latin Ode to May-day; and we hear Ben

Jonson's "Salutation to Maia;" and see Dryden's gentle Emilia, "more fresh than May herself," going forth

"Before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May."

Then from Thomson, Wordsworth, and modern poets, we pass through the peasant Clare's too-much-neglected verse, to the laureate's "May Queen," who, although artists persist in depicting her as a little child, was evidently a grown-up young woman, not without vanity and a spice of flirtation, and who was expecting soon to be the wife of that Robin who was, doubtless, one of the many partners with whom she

"Danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles' Wain came out above the tall white chimney tops."

The description of the "Lady of the May," given by Browne, in his "Britannia's Pastorals," coincides with Strutt's account of going a-Maying, which was conducted in such a fashion that it very deservedly, in 1585, obtained reprobation in Stubbes' "Anatomie of Abuses;" and the palace-porter's man, in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," complained that the blowing of the horns, and the tumult of the men and maidens as they went to the wood to break branches from the trees, made it impossible to sleep on May-day morning.

On the whole, we may congratulate ourselves that the sport of going a-Maying has fallen into the hands of village school children. We may have lost the "stage-plaies," of which Stowe tells us—the Robin Hood and Maid Marian, whose *morion*, or head-piece, together with her whole attire, was paid for by the parish, of which accounts are yet to be found in the ancient books of churchwardens. We may have lost her successor, Malkin or Mawkin, the clown dressed up in woman's clothes, who afterwards still further degenerated to the Jack-in-the-Green; but it does not require a great amount of stoicism to reconcile us to the loss. We may be quite content with reading in the pages of the Old Chronicle, Hall, of Henry VIII going a-Maying to Shooter's Hill, and of Queen Elizabeth doing the same at Sir Richard Buckley's, at Lewisham; but we may prefer to look upon that picture of our present sovereign as the Queen of that May-day ceremony of 1851. Nor need we grieve that we cannot see Chaucer's May-pole, that "great shaft of Cornhill" (from which the Church of Andrew Under-shaft took its name), whose last appearance was on "the Evil May-day" of 1517, when the tragedy of the "London Apprentices" cast a gloom over the May-day sports, from which they were many years in recovering; thirty-two years after which date, that tall shaft was cut up and burnt by the hearers of the curate of St. Katherine, Sir Stephen, who had denounced it as an idol; and as such was it destroyed on the Sunday afternoon, by Sir Stephen's hearers, "after they had well dined, to make themselves strong," as Stowe says, not without sarcasm. Its companion, that famous "tall May-pole" that once "o'erlook'd the Strand," and was celebrated by Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Pope, had a better fate; for although it had fallen in 1644, in obedience to law, it had been replaced in 1661, there to remain, though shattered, till 1717, when Newton removed it to Wanstead to support Huyon's great telescope. We can part with these May-poles, and we can walk through Brook Street, May-fair, without caring to see that brook and that field where was wont to be held the May-fair to which gossiping Pepys went in 1660—those fairs, "whose greatest crime was harmless, honest mirth," according to the cavalier's testimony. We have outlived these, as we have out-

lived the chimney-sweeps' May-day, of which Horace Smith and Charles Lamb have told us; and their predecessors, the milkmaids, with their "garland of polished plate," of which we have an account in "The Tatler." Enough for us are the village school-children with their May "garland;" and even they are only to be found here and there, and in certain counties; and in another generation their pretty and innocent custom may have become extinct. Let us glance at it before it leave us, first quoting some lines by the poet of "The Christian Year:"—

"Come, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown,
Wreathed this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copse-wood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadows wide,
Gemmed with cowslips in their pride;
Or perchance, high prized o'er all,
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden-bed,
'Mid bright smiles of infants bred,
Each a lily of his own
Offering, or a rose half-blown.

"Bring me now a crown as gay,
Wreathed and woven yesterday.
Where are now those forms so fair?
Withered, drooping, wan, and bare,
Feeling nought of earth or sky,
Shower or dew, beheld they lie,
Vernal airs no more to know;
They are gone—and ye must go;
Go where all that ever bloomed,
In its hour must lie entombed.
They are gone; their light is o'er:
Ye must go; but ye once more
Hope, in joy, to be new born,
Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

"Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet:
None of all the wreaths ye prize,
But was nursed by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.
So if e'er that second Spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare,
How should else earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?"

The children in the illustration on the next page* were drawn from life, last year, in Huntingdonshire, where "going a-Maying" after this fashion is very generally observed. Their "garland" was made in the traditional pyramidal shape, and was composed of cowslips, hyacinths, wood-anemones, orchids, crab-blossom, gilliflowers, periwinkles, primroses, laurestinus, and topped with the crown-imperial. Dolls were placed on the garland, the chief doll (though they knew it not) being the representative of the goddess Flora, in the festival of the Roman *floralia*. From the base of the garland, which was carried by means of a stick thrust through it, were hung ribbons and pieces of gay-coloured stuffs. The children took their garland to the houses of the various farmers and residents, and sang their May-day song—a curious medley, in which religion figures after the manner of the old times, and is introduced with the appearance of levity, yet so as quaintly to suggest how simple piety may be connected with the enjoyment of any

* An account of the parish, and a photograph of the church, will be found in "Historical and Architectural Notes of the Parish Churches in and around Peterborough." By the Rev. W. D. Sweeting. Illustrated with photographs by Mr. W. Ball, of Peterborough.

festival. The whole ballad is too characteristic to be lost. I took down the words, and found that they had been taught by mother to daughter, for three or four generations; and they were these:—

"Here comes us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin,
To lead our lives in righteousness,
For fear we should die in sin.
To die in sin is a dreadful thing,
To die in sin we mourn;
It would have been better for our poor souls
If we had never been born.
We have been rambling through the night,
And part of the next day;
And now we have returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.
A branch of May, it looks so gay,
Before your door does stand;
It's only a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of the Almighty hand.
Awake, awake, my pretty fair maids,
And take your May-bush in,
Or it will be gone before to-morrow morn,
And you'll say that we brought you none.
Awake, awake, my pretty fair maids,
Out of your drowsy dream,
And step into your dairies all,
And fetch us a cup of cream.
If it's only a cup of your sweet cream,
Or a mug of your brown beer;
If we should live to tarry in the town
We'll call another year.
Repent, repent, you wicked men,
Repent before you die;
There's no repentance to be had
When in the grave you lie.
The life of man it is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
To-day we are, to-morrow we're gone,
We're gone all in one hour.
Now take a Bible in your hand,
And read a chapter through;
And, when the day of judgment comes,
The Lord will think of you.
Good morrow, lords and ladies,
It is the first of May;
We hope you'll view the garland,
For it looks so very gay.
The nightingale she sings by night,
The cuckoo she sings by day;
So, fare-ye-well, we must be gone,
We wish you a happy May!"

Orton Waterville, Huntingdonshire, three miles south-west of Peterborough, a living in the gift of Pembroke College, Cambridge. The May garland in this village is got up with considerable care, and forms an item in the annual Church Missionary Report, the money collected in the "going a-Maying" being presented by the school-girls to the Church Missionary Society. Thus, in the £44 3s. 3d. sent to the Society from this parish, as its contribution for 1867, one item is "May Garland 10s. 1½d." Another item is "Sale of flowers £13 3s." This large sum was procured from the sale of garden and wild flowers, sold chiefly in penny bunches, made up every week with much artistic skill, and sold by ready and cheerful agents, the market-woman, the postman, the rector's daughter, etc. "The flowers," says the rector, the Rev. John Mills, in a communication published in "The Church Missionary Gleaner," for January, 1868, "The flowers are collected, not from one garden only, but from many, both in the villages and outside. And it is exceedingly pleasant to see the children coming in, in troops almost, in the merry spring time, with joyous faces bringing in their bunches of violets and primroses and orchises, collected in the fields and woods about. They each receive a little printed card, with a picture on it (a Missionary subject generally), which provides them with a fresh thought for that week, and these cards they usually put up in their cottage rooms. And who shall say what good and blessed results may come from this simple means of enlisting the sympathies of the young, and keeping up their interest in such a loving and loveable employment." Of the origin of the "May Garland," at Orton Waterville, Mr. Mills gave an account in "The Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor," for 1858, page 175. Perhaps this instance of the "May Garland" may be unique; it is certainly suggestive, and commends itself as worthy of imitation in some, at least, of those twelve thousand villages in which, as the Rev. J. C. Ryle tells us in "Work to be Done," the missionary cause is never pleaded or supported. Orton Waterville shows us how "going a-Maying" may be made pleasant, agreeable, and instructive to all concerned, and, at the same time, subservient to a good and great cause.

The church shown in the illustration is that of



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IN THE PINE FOREST.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXXI.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT IS STARTLED BY AN APPARITION IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.

DISREGARDING the advice of the backwoodsmen and fishermen of Milwaukee, who recommended him—as a stranger to forest travel—rather to choose the longer route, and to follow the windings of the Watertown River, Henry Talbot, confident in his own prowess, struck at once boldly into the forest, and soon found himself completely shut in from any view of the lake or the open country.

The forests of North America differ widely in appearance from the jungles of Asia or Africa, glowing with the gorgeous foliage of the tropics; or from the woods of Europe, often entangled with undergrowth and brambles, and variegated with the different-coloured foliage of deciduous trees.

In the western hemisphere, and particularly in the northern portion of that vast continent, the forest trees consist chiefly of larches, pines, cedars, and other, generally sombre, evergreens. The trees stand wide apart, tall and straight as the masts of a ship, the branches rarely at a less elevation than twenty feet from

the earth, and these shoot directly upwards. There is no obstruction whatever to impede the progress of the traveller, and men may easily walk four or five abreast, or horsemen may ride without difficulty through the long, regular aisles, which extend in every direction until the perspective apparently reduces them to a point in the far distance.

The soil is covered, to the depth of several inches, with a soft, yielding, springy substance, of the colour of tan, the *débris* of former trees which have died with age and rotted away, while others have grown in their place. Not a spot of verdure is to be seen; for the sun is shut out by the thickly interlaced branches high overhead, and the tan with which the soil is covered prevents the growth of grass or herbage.

The traveller seems to be walking over the softest of carpets, and not a footfall of man or beast is audible. There is no blithe twittering of birds, for the birds shun the forest depths; no busy hum of insects; no sound of living creature. The beasts of the forests hide themselves during the day, and generally prowl stealthily and silently throughout the night. It is only after nightfall that sometimes, though rarely, may be heard the low growl of the bear, the howling bark of the wolf, or the shrill, unearthly scream of some bird of night—sounds calculated to strike terror to the heart of the traveller.

In the depth of the forest, even at midday, a sombre gloom prevails, somewhat resembling the "dim, religious light" shed through the painted-glass windows of the chancel of a cathedral, while during the night everything is wrapped in utter Egyptian darkness. From day to day the traveller wanders on without the slightest change being perceptible to his eye, and without meeting with a living creature, and if he be provided for the journey, and have a pocket-compass to direct his course, he will, probably, in course of time, reach his destination in safety.

Woe, however, to the inexperienced traveller who enters the dark forest of the Far-west without compass or guide. Having been warned of the difficulties that he will meet with, and told what precautions to take when he first enters the forest, he laughs at the idea. Nothing seems more easy than to pursue a straight path through the long apparently interminable aisles of trees—nothing, in reality, is more difficult. He walks on for hours, and fancies that he has not swerved a yard from the straight path—that he has never quitted the alley he entered. He may lie down and rest for the night, and continue his journey the next day, and the next, and not discover his error until he begins to wonder when he shall reach his destination. He now begins to fear that he has strayed from his course, and watches the trees narrowly as he passes along, until at length he remarks some stain, some piece of torn bark, or some peculiar patch of moss on the trunk of one of the trees, and fancies that he has seen it before. Still he walks on, until, perhaps, before long, perhaps not for hours, he remarks it again, and then he discovers, to his consternation, that he has been travelling in a circle.

He tries again and again to keep his course, but with a similar result; he has no means of guiding himself but his eyes, and he finds that they are of no avail. Perchance, in course of time, he may emerge from the forest at a spot far distant from his destination, or he may fall in with some backwoodsman, or hunter, or more experienced traveller; but it is as likely that he will wander on unavailingly, until he faints with hunger and fatigue, and lies down to die. Years after, some redman or hunter may come across his bleached bones beneath the trees.

The Indians, and backwoodsmen, however, find their way with the utmost facility, by means of marks and signs familiar to themselves, though unintelligible and often imperceptible to strangers, to whom, even with the aid of a pocket-compass, forest travel is extremely difficult, since they must stand to set the compass after every few yards of progress, to save themselves from going astray.

Henry Talbot smiled to himself at the notion entertained by the settlers whom he had just quitted, that he would find himself at fault in the forest.

"What can be more simple," he murmured, as he gazed admiringly down the long alleys formed by the trees, stretching away to a distant point in every direction—"what can be more simple than to keep straight on through one of these alleys, if a fellow be careful in the first instance to select the right one? Let me think. A bee-line, due west. That was the direction. I am all right; and a walk of twenty miles over this soft turf is a precious sight easier task than many a day's journey that I have performed of late. Shaded from the sun; no streams to ford; no hills to climb! Why, I ought to reach Watertown with ease in six hours at the utmost."

Thus satisfied in his own mind, he stepped briskly forward, charmed with the impressive novelty of the scene.

Completely shut in by trees, the many cheerful sounds, which in the early summer morning had made music in the air, became suddenly inaudible. The sudden lapse into silence was almost awe-inspiring. He could not hear his own footfall, nor could he see his own shadow on the springy turf. He felt as if he were the spirit of that vast silent solitude. It was a grand sight to gaze through the long alleys of trees, seemingly planted by rule and compass, so regular was the space between each trunk. It was a grand sight to look upwards at the leafy canopy which shut out the sky from view. The atmosphere he breathed was heavy with the perfume of the pines and cedars; and, scarcely heeding whither he went, yet fancying that he kept the same straight path, he wandered on, taking no thought of time or distance, until a slight sensation of hunger and fatigue warned him that it must be time to partake of his midday meal.

The watch he had brought from England had become the spoil of the pirates in the Gulf of Mexico; but he had purchased a cheap watch at St. Louis, and on consulting it he discovered that it was already past noon-day, and that he had been five hours in the forest.

"I must have walked at least eighteen miles," he thought to himself; "and I ought to be nearly through the forest. They told me the clearing extended two miles from the settlement, and I should by this time be getting a glimpse of the outer world again. It's all very pleasant for a while; but a fellow gets wearied with the sameness, and I shall be glad to see the blue sky once more, instead of this dark-green roof of branches."

He seated himself and ate his dinner, and rested an hour, and then again set forth on his journey, expecting every moment to see the bright daylight beaming in through the trees ahead.

Another hour passed away, and again consulting his watch, he thought—

"I must have walked slower than I fancied I was walking, or else those fellows at the settlement count Irish miles instead of English ones!"

When, however, another hour had slipped away, without the appearance of any sign to indicate that he was near the edge of the forest, he began to be alarmed, and to suspect that he had really missed his way.

"Three o'clock!" he exclaimed. "If I go on thus it will be dark before I escape from the forest. Can it be possible that I have swerved from the path? I don't think it; and yet I ought to have reached the clearing ere now."

Still he walked, wondering if it were really possible, if a traveller walked steadily on, that he could by any chance swerve from the alley of trees through which he was walking.

It seemed to him quite impossible; and, attributing his delay in getting clear of the forest to a wrong estimate of the distance on the part of the people who had directed him, he increased his pace, fearful lest darkness should overtake him. He had remarked that the afternoon had become rapidly more and more gloomy; and though he knew that it would be daylight for several hours to come in the "open," he knew not how soon the forest might become wrapped in the dark mantle of night.

"A nice treat it would be to camp down in the forest all night!" he thought to himself; "though I have camped in worse quarters. But then I expected to camp out. Now I hoped—What's that?" he suddenly cried aloud.

This exclamation was caused by the appearance of some object which glittered in the dim light, at the foot of a tree a few yards in advance; and on reaching the spot he discovered, to his chagrin and consternation, that the gleam of light came from a bottle—the very bottle that he had brought with him from the settlement that morning, and which had contained the water that he had drunk at his noonday meal. He had thrown the bottle away because it was cumbersome to carry, and now he examined it narrowly, before he could really believe the fact. There was, however, no mistake, and a further search over the turf disclosed other evidences that after a rapid walk of nearly three hours—as he thought straight ahead—he had returned to the spot where he had dined.

"Well, this is pleasant, certainly!" he ironically muttered aloud. "Delightful! I suppose I have been playing this game all day, running round in a circle, like a fellow at a circus. I wonder now whereabouts I really am? whether I'm nearer the lake than Watertown, or whether I've gone astray in a wrong direction altogether. I wish I'd taken the advice of people wiser than myself, now that it is too late; though, how I can possibly have gone astray I cannot imagine. Perhaps," he went on, half vexed, half amused at the dilemma in which he found himself, "the fairies and wood nymphs, whom the march of progress has driven from Europe, have found refuge in the New World, where they still play their tricks upon travellers. I can account for it in no other way."

He considered for awhile what was best to be done. He had already walked a great distance—thirty miles at least, according to his own estimate—and was both hungry and weary.

By pressing on he might only wander still farther out of his path, or else return again to the same spot. In another hour or two the forest would become perfectly dark, and he would be compelled to camp down.* Under the circumstances, he thought it quite as well to camp down at once, before he made himself still more

hungry and weary to no purpose; for he had not a particle of food remaining in his wallet, wherewith to satisfy his appetite. He therefore unstrapped his cloak from his shoulders, wrapped it closely round, and lay down, with his knapsack for a pillow, at the foot of the tree beneath which he had dined three or four hours earlier, and, thinking moodily over the continuous succession of mishaps—serious and trivial—which he had suffered since he had left his home, he fell asleep.

He must have slept a full hour, when he woke suddenly, fancying that he heard a human voice at no great distance. He sat up and listened; but as all was still, he supposed himself to have been dreaming, and was about again to compose himself to sleep, when he heard a sound as of leaves scattered in the wind, and presently a youthful and musical female voice was heard to say—

"'Tis of no use, Peppercorn. You *shall* not have your own way. Ah! but you are rightly named, you little vixen. You thought to crush me against that tree; but I'll teach you that I am your mistress. There now—So-o-o. Be a good lass, and we'll go home. In a day or two we'll be the best friends in the world—"

The voice was still speaking, when—treading silently over the yielding turf—a pony appeared from an adjacent alley of the forest, and, seated on a side-saddle on the animal's back, was the speaker, apparently quite a young woman, dressed in a riding-habit and hat and feathers.

The lady's costume, as far as Henry Talbot could discern amid the fast gathering gloom, would not have discredited a lady-equestrian either in London or New York, and, in his astonishment at the unexpected sight, the young man pinched himself to make sure that he was really awake; and even when he had satisfied himself that such was the case, but that he had heard the voice he would have fancied that he beheld an apparition, so unlooked for, in such a spot, was the appearance of the youthful stranger, and so stealthily and silently the horse and its rider seemed to glide towards the spot where he sat.

Suddenly, however, the lady drew the reins, and in a voice in which surprise and some little alarm were intermingled, exclaimed—

"What is that? Who is there?"

"A traveller, madam—an Englishman," replied Henry, springing to his feet and doffing his hat. "I have unfortunately lost my way in the forest."

The young lady appeared to be re-assured by the tone of the young man's voice; but his sudden movement had caused the pony to shy violently.

"Take care, sir, pray take care," she cried. "You frighten my pony. Steady—steady, Peppercorn." Then again to Henry—

"You say, sir, that you are a traveller and an Englishman. Pray may I inquire what has brought you here, away in the backwoods, where we see few strangers, and far from any route that an ordinary traveller would be likely to take?"

"I have come lately from St. Louis," explained Henry. "I left Milwaukie settlement this morning for Watertown, where I wish to see one Mr. Morton."

"To see Mr. Morton!" exclaimed the lady. "Well, sir, you are not very far from Watertown, and Mr. Morton resides there. The question is, though, how you are to find your way there through the forest tonight. If you have lost your way in the daylight, you are not likely to find the path in the darkness, which will soon come on. You must not remain here, at all events, unless you wish to be seized with ague before morning."

* The phrase to "camp down," or "camp out," is applied in the backwoods of America and Canada to sleeping on the bare earth, beneath the canopy of heaven, as well as to resting in a tent or camp. Travelling in a circle is explained by the instinctive tendency to face the light. In the Australian bush many a life has been lost by following the sun. Occasional glimpses of light even in the forest would fatally mislead.

"Pray, madam, what may be the distance from here to Watertown?" inquired Henry.

"Oh not far. About four miles. If you keep that alley to the left (pointing with her whip) until you come to a cedar, mossgrown to full three feet from the ground, and then turn off at a right angle till you come to a pine which has been scathed by lightning—a pine, mind, because you'll come across *three* scathed cedars before you reach the pine; and then—But it will be perfectly dark before that, and you Englishmen are so sure to go wrong when you attempt to thread the forest. I really don't know——"

"I am afraid, madam," replied Henry, smiling at the idea of his following such a direction, "that I should stand a poor chance of getting clear of the forest to-night, if it be left to me to judge between scathed pines and cedars."

"Well, I'm something of the same opinion myself," returned the lady, smiling in her turn. "But don't, pray, address me as madam. Say Miss Morton, or never mind any title. Mr. Morton is my brother. I'll tell you what will be the best plan, young gentleman. Just remain where you are. Don't stir an inch, and I'll hasten home and tell my brother Henry to send one of the hired men, with a led horse. You may thus perhaps yet reach Watertown before the storm comes on. There's a violent storm brewing, but it won't come on until after sunset. Now don't stir from that spot if you value your health—perhaps your life. By the way, sir, I have not inquired your name."

"Henry Talbot is my name," replied the young man.

"Henry Talbot!" exclaimed the young lady, with a start of surprise. "That's strange indeed!" she went on to herself. Then she added—

"Pray don't stir, Mr. Talbot, and in another hour you'll be safe at Watertown. I'm glad I fell in with you;" and, lightly touching her pony with the whip, she darted away at a gallop, and was almost immediately lost to sight in the gathering gloom, leaving Henry still half doubtful whether he was not under the influence of a vivid dream.

CHAPTER XXXII.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT FINDS HIS WAY OUT OF THE FOREST, AND ARRIVES SAFELY AT WATERTOWN.

"A STRANGE adventure!" thought Henry Talbot, after the fair apparition had departed. "I could not clearly see her features, but I fancy she is pretty. At all events, she has a pleasant voice. But what a strange way she has with her. Except a little tremor in her voice at first, she did not appear to be at all frightened, while most young women in her position would either have fainted with terror, or have galloped away at full speed."

Thinking over this latest adventure, and wondering what sort of a place Watertown would prove to be, he sat still beneath the tree, or only rose to pace a few steps to and fro, fearful that if he once were to lose sight of the spot he might not be able to find it again, and might, in that case, be compelled to remain all night in the forest. He waited, as he fancied, much more than an hour, and yet there were no signs of the approach of the promised guide. He listened attentively; but not a sound was audible save a low moaning in the air, and a whispering noise among the branches of the trees, foreboding the coming storm.

"Can she have played me false?" he asked himself, "or am I deceiving *myself*, and has all that has passed been mere imagination? am I dreaming still?"

The darkness had closed in so rapidly that he could not, without great difficulty, make out the figures on the

dial of his watch. At length, however, he discovered that it wanted a few minutes to five o'clock, and that little more than three quarters of an hour had elapsed since his fair visitant had disappeared.

"I could have declared that two hours had passed away since she left me," he said aloud, as he replaced the watch in his pocket; and the words had scarcely escaped his lips when a slight rustling of the turf caught his attention, and, turning his head, he saw two huge, dim, shadowy objects approaching towards him from the alley in which the young lady had disappeared.

"He hoy!" presently shouted a voice, to which he replied with an "Hilloo!"

"Oh ye're thar, air yer, mister?" was the reply; and the next moment the two shadowy objects stood still before him, and he perceived a man seated on horseback, with a led horse beside him.

"Best meount tew onest, stranger," cried the man. "Thar bean't no time tew lose, I kin tell *yew*. We'll hev it comin' deown young b'ars and catameounts, claws downmost, afore we get tew hum tew Waterteown."

Henry mounted without a word.

"Got no 'plunder,' I s'pose?" asked the guide.

"Only my knapsack and cloak," answered the young Englishman.

"That's well; hitch'em on tew the saddle. Some folk can't travel 'thout a hull pile o' plunder. I never carr's more'n a shirt-collar and a baccy-box myself. Now hold on like greim death, stranger, and follow me."

With this the guide cantered off at full speed, followed by Henry, who, in less than ten minutes, found himself clear of the forest.

Although the sky was lowering and gloomy in the "open," and the evening twilight was beginning to set in, the light was for a few moments dazzling to the young man's eyes, so long accustomed to the gloom of the forest. In a little time, however, he was able to look at the country over which he was riding.

As soon as he was clear of the forest, the guide somewhat slackened his speed, and allowed his companion to ride abreast with him, and Henry again inquired the distance to Watertown.

"I reckon heow ye're in Waterteown, neow, friend," was the reply. "But if yer mean the *Place*, why it's 'bout tew mile ahead. Ye'll see the houses sune's we git atop o' yon meounting. The forr'st used fur tew reach tew thar."

The "meounting" was simply a slight elevation—a mere rise in the road; but all elevations, from a mere hillock to the loftiest peak of the Alleghanies, are called mountains in the Far-west; and that the forest, at no very distant date, had extended to the rising-ground, was sufficiently manifest by the presence of thousands of charred and blackened stumps—that most dismal and unsightly blemish to the American landscape—which rose up in every direction, imparting to the surrounding country the appearance—to a stranger's eye—of a vast, long disused burying-ground, in which the tombstones had been left to blacken and decay uncared for.* Between these stumps, corn and grain, and various descriptions of produce, were sprouting from the soil; but the absence of hedges, or indeed, except here

* Whenever the forest is levelled to prepare the land for tillage, the stumps of the trees are burnt, and then left to decay with the roots in the ground. There are machines for tearing these roots and stumps from the soil; but the expense and difficulty of removing them are so great, that the machines are seldom used, especially as the idea prevails that their gradual decay improves the soil. The stumps occupy several years in decaying, and are to be seen almost everywhere except in the very eldest settled states, though they are most numerous in the West.

and there, of any division of the fields, rendered the landscape dreary and desolate.

Soon large drops of rain began to fall at intervals, and the sky grew darker and darker, and again the "hired man" urged his horse more rapidly onward, and his companion was not slow to follow his example.

At length they reached the summit of the hill, and Henry saw before him, about half a mile distant, a large, straggling dwelling-house, enclosed in rather extensive grounds, which his companion informed him was "the Place." This dwelling was surrounded by a dozen or more log-cabins, and by barns, out-houses, and store-houses innumerable. The cabins all had small gardens attached to them, and the surrounding fields appeared to be in a high state of cultivation; large grazing grounds, a short distance beyond them, were well stocked with cattle and sheep, and hedges alone were wanting to give to the place the appearance of a very extensive English farm.

A few minutes' canter brought them to the gate of the "Place," where a tall, sunbrowned, athletic young man, attired in woodman's costume, yet having the appearance of a gentleman, was waiting to receive them.

"You, sir, are, I presume, the traveller of whom my sister has spoken?" he said, courteously addressing Henry. "Please to dismount, and I will lead you in doors. You are no doubt tired."

"Isaac," to the hired man, "take the horses round to the stables, and be sure that everything is well secured before the shower comes on."

Then, again addressing himself to his guest, he said, "It was fortunate that my sister fell in with you, sir. We are going to have a storm, and our western storms are very violent. You would have found the forest but a poor shelter."

As they drew near the house, Henry, blushing and hesitatingly, spoke of his attire as being unfit for respectable society.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the young man, Henry Morton, "it would be strange if it were otherwise than it is, if, as my sister has informed me, you have travelled from St. Louis. The woods and prairies are not beautifiers of apparel. You must do as we all do out in the Far-west when travelling—accept the assistance of your host. I dare say *my* wardrobe will supply you with something that will fit you, and you must make free with it for the present."

The young Englishman was about to expostulate, when he was interrupted by his host.

"Nonsense!" he said; "it would never do out here, to adhere to the conventionalities of life as in the old settlements. We are too glad to welcome a stranger, to hesitate to put all we have at his temporary disposal. By the way, you know my name. Yours, my sister tells me, is Talbot, Henry Talbot."

Henry bowed assent.

"We are namesakes, then, in one sense. And you are an Englishman?"

"Yes, I am an Englishman," answered Henry.

"It is strange," continued the young squire; "my father, who is an Englishman by birth, and who has been for some time absent in England, wrote me some months ago that it was probable that we should be visited by a young friend of his who bore your name. Poor fellow! we looked for him for some time with considerable anxiety; but he will never come to us now."

"From what part of England was he expected?" inquired Henry.

"My father wrote from St. David, in Cornwall, where he met with this young man, who was on a visit to his sister," was the reply.

"Then, in that case, Mr. Morton," said Henry, "I am he whom you expected."

"Sir!" exclaimed the young squire, stopping short as he was about to enter the house, while a look of stern doubt and suspicion came over his features. "The young man of whom my father wrote perished at sea, in the Gulf of Mexico. My father subsequently wrote to that effect. Indeed, his letter only came by the last British mail packet; and, moreover, I have read the newspapers, which gave a full account of the loss of the Amazon, with all on board, except two small boat-loads of passengers and sailors, who landed in Cuba. Henry Talbot was in neither of those boats."

Henry felt that he was suspected to be an impostor, who had assumed the name of Talbot in order to impose upon strangers, and for a moment his face flushed with shame and indignation. He knew not how to explain away the suspicion, and he felt that anything except a satisfactory explanation would only serve to increase mistrust. At length he recollected that he had a letter from the British Consul at New Orleans in his pocket, as well as the letter given to him by the merchant of St. Louis, and, drawing these letters forth, he handed them to young Morton, saying—

"I think, sir, you will be satisfied when you have read the contents of those letters, that Henry Talbot *did* escape with his life, though with little besides, and that I am he."

The young man read the letters, and Henry then narrated all the details of the seizure of the Amazon by pirates, the subsequent sinking of the ship, the escape in boats of the passengers and crew, and the arrival of the pinnace at St. Domingo, together with his subsequent adventures in America; and this story, together with his replies to several questions put by young Morton relative to his father, convinced him that his guest spoke the truth.

"Pray excuse me for a momentary doubt and suspicion," he said, seizing Henry's hand. "I am sure now that you are the young gentleman of whom my father wrote, and I sincerely congratulate you upon your escape, and bid you welcome to my father's house. My sister will be rejoiced to hear what you have told me. But it is strange that my father has not heard of your escape."

"I suspect," replied Henry, "that the fault rests with me. I knew my sister believed me to have perished, and I would not write to her while I was in a state of destitution. By assuring her of my existence I should only have filled her mind with fresh anxiety."

"There I think you are wrong," said the young squire. "But we will talk over all these matters by-and-by. We shall have lots of questions to ask you about my father, who seemed to have been much attached to you, and wrote of you in high terms of praise, I assure you."

In spite of his expostulations, Henry was forced by his youthful host to proceed at once to the parlour, where Miss Morton was awaiting her brother.

"My sister will excuse everything," he said. "You will have plenty of time to smarten yourself up by-and-by. You must be formally introduced at once, or I shall get a scolding from her. What matters your appearance? She saw you in the forest, and you look like what you are—a traveller off a long journey through the wilderness."

Passing along a passage into which rooms opened on

either side, they came at length to a door at the far end, which opened into an apartment handsomely furnished with mirrors, pictures, sofas, lounges, and all the appliances and adornments of modern comfort and luxury. On one side of the room was a row of bookshelves, well filled with books, and on the opposite side stood a pianoforte and music-stool.

Near one of the windows, at the far end, a young lady, elegantly attired, was seated with a book in her hand. She rose at the opening of the door, and, perceiving her brother, came towards him; and, as she drew near, Henry recognised in her the fair equestrian to whom he was indebted for his release from the forest.

"Now what do you think, Mary?" the young man exclaimed, "You told me you were surprised when you first heard Mr. Talbot mention his name. You will be more surprised when I inform you that this gentleman is really our father's friend, whom we so long expected, and whom we believed to have perished at sea."

THE WORKSHOP REGULATION ACT.

THE Act of Parliament which bears the above title, and which is gradually coming into operation, has been called the Magna Charta of English childhood—a high-sounding designation, but not an inappropriate one when we realise the fact that by its various clauses it takes the working child and the growing lads and lasses of the factory and the workshop from under the arbitrary jurisdiction of the employer, and subjects them instead to the regulation of just, humane, and considerate laws. Let us glance briefly at the new regulations, and at some of the effects they are likely to produce.

Premising that the Act* is applicable to factories in the widest sense of the term—that is, to industrial establishments of all kinds where many hands are employed—the first thing that strikes us is the prohibition which excludes children under eight years of age from being employed at all—a clause which will deliver thousands of children from a bondage to which they ought never to have been subjected. A second regulation forbids the employment of any child on Sunday; a third limits the working hours of all children under thirteen years of age to six and a half hours a day; and a fourth compels the attendance of such working children at school for three hours daily, on five days in the week. Thus, where children are constantly employed, two sets of them have to be engaged, one set working in the fore part of the day, while the others are at school, and the other set working in the afternoon, while the morning workers are at school; though this regulation is subject to certain modifications—not at all damaging ones—made to suit the convenience of employers, under the sanction of the inspector of factories.

The parent is required to see that his child attends the daily school; and the employer is bound to ascertain every Monday morning that the child has so attended during the previous week—the school certificate book, filled up by the schoolmaster, being evidence of such attendance on the part of the child. The employer cannot set the child to work without such certificate, and it is therefore his interest to see that the child's attendance is regular; still, no responsibility attaches to the employer for any neglect on the part of the child—all such responsibility being very properly cast on the

parent. But here there is a difficulty sufficiently obvious: if a number of children absent themselves from school during one week, or any portion of a week, and cannot be employed during the following week on that account, two evils are the result—the master loses their labour, and his manufacture, it may be, stands still, and the idle children are remitted to further idleness. With a view to obviate this difficulty, Mr. Redgrave, the inspector of factories, proposes a remedy of a simple and practical kind, which, as it punishes the only real offender—the neglectful parent—cannot be too strongly recommended. The plan is merely an arrangement made with the schoolmaster, that he should, whenever a child does not appear in school at the appointed hour, send on the same day the name of the child to the manager or overlooker. If the child ought to have attended school in the morning, by sending the name to the manager he is enabled at once to prevent the child from working that afternoon, and to require the child to go to school instead; the child will thus make up the proper number of school attendances during the week, the parent will forfeit the *day's* wages—an immediate penalty of a moderate amount—and the employer will lose only one day's labour instead of five. If the child miss school in the afternoon, the same process is gone through, the manager forbidding the child to work the next morning, and requiring it to attend school instead. This is not a new arrangement: it has been in operation in many factories for years; and wherever this plan has been adopted it has succeeded in lessening the absences from schools. Although it requires prompt attention at first, yet the punishment follows so rapidly after the discovery of the neglect, that in a surprisingly short space of time children who have been truants, careless, irregular in their hours of attendance, and who have been in the habit of performing domestic duties at home instead of attending school, are transformed into regular and attentive frequenters of school, without the institution of legal proceedings against employers, who are less to blame in the matter than the parents, over whom they have no control, or against parents who err from their inability to appreciate the humane intentions of the Legislature. It appears at first to be a troublesome arrangement; but when it has been firmly carried out, and the children know that non-attendance at school will not be overlooked, and that they will certainly lose a day's wages, they give comparatively little trouble, and attend school as regularly as could be wished; in fact, the attendance of half-timers in many schools is punctual and constant, being frequently better than the attendance of the other scholars who are not under the restrictions of the Factory Acts.

Thus much at present as to the children between eight and thirteen years. Let us turn now to the "young persons," by whom the reader will understand persons of both sexes between thirteen and eighteen years. The Act provides that no female shall be employed on the Sunday, or shall work at any time in any part of any factory, where the melting or annealing of glass is carried on; and that no young person, and no woman, shall be employed either before six in the morning or after six in the evening, or on Saturday after two in the afternoon, with certain reservations.

The effect of these regulations, in connection with those fixing the meal-times, is, that the ordinary hours of work are sixty in a week, namely, ten and a half hours on each of the first five days, and seven and a half on the Saturday. In the winter months, that is, from the first of October to the first of April, the hours of work

* Three separate Acts came into force on January 1st, "The Agricultural Gang Act," referred to at page 165, "The Factory Regulation Extension Act," and "The Workshop Regulation Act."

may be taken from between seven in the morning and seven in the evening, instead of between six and six; but no work can be done later than two in the afternoon on Saturday; though, in order that seven and a half hours may be obtained on the Saturday, the work may begin at six in the morning. One month's notice must be given to the inspector previous to any alteration of the hours of work for the months of winter.

With regard to meals, the Act decrees that one hour and a half must be allowed for meals to all children, young persons, and women, between half-past seven in the morning and six in the evening—one hour being given before three o'clock, and at least half an hour before one o'clock. The time allowed for meals, and the hours at which they are to be taken, are to be stated in the notice hung up in the works. Other conditions with regard to meals provide that they shall not be taken in the same rooms where unhealthy processes are carried on, or where there is not a wholesome provision for ventilation. For the convenience of the employer, or for that of the workers, it is allowed to lessen the time set apart for breakfast or dinner, and to make up to the worker for it by ceasing at an earlier hour in the evening—a practice which has prevailed for years, both in factories and in workshops not subjected to inspection, and has been found to work well.

The question of holidays is not left to be determined solely by the demands of business, or the disposition of employers. No child, young person, or woman is allowed by the Act to do any work on Christmas Day or Good Friday; and, in addition to these customary holidays, eight half-holidays must be given in the year, four of them at least in the summer months, a whole day's holiday being reckoned as two half-holidays.

Special sanitary regulations are enforced for the ventilation of work-rooms, and to prevent their overcrowding, as is also the use of mechanical means for obviating or abating the peril to life and limb attending certain dangerous processes of manufacture. Stringent rules are also laid down enforcing the boxing-off, or fencing of machinery, so as to secure to the workers the utmost possible immunity from danger.

Such, briefly stated, are the principal measures provided by the new Act. It must be evident that to bring them all into force at once, without warning or time for preparation, would only tend to confusion, loss, and hindrance of business. Certain temporary exceptions have therefore been allowed, the effect of which is to delay, unavoidably, the full operation of the Act for a period varying from six months to two years; but such exceptions are of comparatively small import, and it is probable will cease to be practically operative before the expiry of the date the law assigns to them. Again; as many of the regulations above quoted, would, if carried out to the letter, be altogether mischievous in certain branches of modern industry, it has been found necessary to modify the application of them to such departments of manufacture. Thus, in letter-press printing, in the manufacture of glass, in the making of paper, and in various other industries in which men work to catch time, or have to attend on processes which cannot be safely intermitted, it would be impossible to insure that regularity and periodicity which are the normal result of ordinary labour, if the new regulations were strictly adhered to. Modifications of the new rules are therefore made in favour of such trades, and it is in the discretion of the Secretary of State to extend such modified rules to any particular class of industry, should such extension be required by the exigency of trade. It must be understood, however, that these modifications are in no way

oppressive to the workers; they do not increase the number of the working hours per week, but only economise the hours by distributing them in such a manner as to secure the efficiency of the work done.

While we can but congratulate the child worker on the protection this Act awards, and on the education it provides for him, one awkward reflection presents itself. The Act does not apply—cannot apply—to children who work at home under their parents' roof. There are tens of thousands of such children in London and the provinces. In London numbers work at home at lucifer-box making, lozenge-box making, the making of card-boxes of various kinds, baby-shoe making, carpet-bag and carpet-slipper making, artificial-flower making, etc.; etc. The earnings of all such children are small, often not more than twopence or threepence a day; but where the family is large and the parents poor, they are regarded as indispensable. Now it is to be feared that the child who is shut out of the workshop until he has completed his eighth year will be very little benefited if his work is only transferred to his home, which there is too much reason to fear will be the case. Work at home has no limit as to age, and would seem to have hardly any as to time. It is a fact that in the straw-plaiting districts infants of three to four years are found at work splitting and even plaiting the straw; and in some of the miserable villages of the Black Country one comes upon whole families working at the forge—six or eight of them at one fire—making nails, a task at which boys and girls of five or six are often efficiently skilled, and at which we have found them working up to near ten at night. In many of the handicrafts of Birmingham, again, children far younger than eight are, or used to be, employed in the simpler and easier departments of the work. The question is, whether the closing of the factory and workshop against the very young may not be an injury instead of a benefit to them, unless the law step in also to forbid or to limit the home work and to enforce attendance at school instead. It would be a miserable thing if the new Act were allowed to be defeated by those who make their profits by children's labour; if the work which young children are forbidden to do in the factory be exchanged for work of the same or a different kind which may be done at home.

One of the results of the limitation by law of child labour is likely to be an advance in the price of such manufactures as children take part in producing, and this result is to be expected as soon as ever the operation of the Act begins to be felt by employers. It is not that they will pay more money in wages in proportion to the work done (though it is likely enough that they will have to do that), but rather that in many cases they will get but half a day's work on the same area, and out of the same plant, which have heretofore furnished a whole day's work, and thus their cost of production will be enhanced. This consideration points to another possible result, by no means to be deplored, according to our notion, and that is, the gradual diminution and final abolition in some trades of child labour altogether. For it may well be that the expense and the trouble of superintending two sets of child-workers in one day may render it more profitable, or as profitable and less troublesome, to substitute adult labour in lieu of that of the child. To some extent this is likely to take place at once, but it will hardly be practicable in those branches of industry which are carried on upon an extensive scale, and where the margin of profit is so very small that any increase in wages must swallow up the employer's gains. What may have to be guarded against with reference to such cases and other analogous ones, is the

creation by new circumstances of a new class of middlemen employers, who shall undertake specified descriptions of labour performable by young children, and distribute it broadcast among the poorer families of our larger manufacturing districts. Such a system would effectually defeat the "humane intentions of the Legislature," if it became at all general—in which case we should have a race of industrial baby-farmers comparable to the old rural gang-masters whose exploits aroused such general indignation a short time ago. We will hope, however, that any such evil consummation will be sufficiently guarded against, even if it be not speedily rendered impossible by the forthcoming laws, which are to provide a suitable education for every poor man's child, and which will of course prevent his working while he ought to be learning.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON. MAY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

If we refer to our diagram representing the sky south of the zenith for midnight in the middle of May, we shall discover that it is enriched by several of the most celebrated stars of the first magnitude, visible above the horizon of London, as Vega, Arcturus, Altair, Antares, and Spica. In addition to these, the planet Saturn is a conspicuous object in Scorpio, and easily distinguished from the bright stars near it, by the absence of any scintillation, or twinkling. Saturn, for the reasons given in January, is not inserted in the south view, but its position can be seen in the corresponding index map. Many new constellations have appeared in the east and south-east since last month, while the general advance of all the stars from east to west is clearly marked by the altered positions of the brightest objects.

Taking, then, the lower diagram first, the attention of the observer is directed to the zenith, which is now occupied by the constellation Hercules. It is the first time this year that Hercules is wholly contained in the southern half of the sky at midnight. There are one or two stars of the second magnitude, and several of the third in this constellation, some of which are near the zenith, east of the meridian line. Hercules extends over a large portion of this region of the heavens. West of Hercules, and on the meridian, the semicircular group of stars forming the Northern Crown is very conspicuous, its brightest jewel being Alphecca, or Gemma, in the centre. Directly below Corona Borealis is Serpens, with several stars of the second and third magnitudes; and, lower still, very near the horizon, is Scorpio, with its principal star Antares, and several others tolerably bright. Some degrees above Antares Saturn will be recognised. Looking due east, the brilliant Vega attracts our notice, about thirty degrees from the zenith. This star has passed since April 15th, from the northern half of the sky to the southern. Near Vega there are several stars in Lyra of the third magnitude. Below Lyra is Beta Cygni, or Albiero, a double star celebrated for the number of observations made on the colours of its two components. Between Albiero and the eastern horizon are several small constellations, the principal being Vulpecula, Sagitta, Delphinus, and Equuleus, the horizon itself being occupied by the sign Aquarius. In the E.S.E. the constellation Aquila can be distinguished by its group of three stars, the central one being Altair, of the first magnitude. In the diagram, Altair is in-

serted near the eastern limit; it is, however, about thirty degrees above the horizon. The horizon in the south-east and south is occupied, beginning from Aquarius in the east, by Capricornus, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Lupus, and Centaurus. If we now turn to the west and south-west sky, we shall have little difficulty in identifying most of the constellations and stars, with which some of our readers are probably by this time acquainted. These are Boötes, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Libra, and a few others. Looking due west, Cor Caroli is situated nearly



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, MAY 15.

half-way between the zenith and horizon, surrounded always by stars of comparatively small magnitude. The first star of importance from the zenith towards the south-west is Beta Boötis, between which and Arcturus are several bright objects; Arcturus itself being recognised by its ruddy appearance. Farther down in the same direction Spica can be seen. At this time a line drawn from the zenith through Arcturus passes through Spica. Near the south-west horizon, west of Spica, the stars in Corvus are still to be distinguished. Between Cor Caroli and the horizon all the principal stars in Leo can be identified, Regulus being very near to the horizon. This star is not included in the diagram, which contains only a few stars in the most easterly part of this constellation. The horizon from west to south contains parts of Sextans, Hydra, Crater, and Corvus.



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, MAY 15.

The complete list of constellations which adorn the southern half of the midnight sky of May is composed of Hercules, Corona Borealis, Boötes, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Libra, Serpens, Ophiuchus, Aquila, Sagitta, Del-

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, MAY 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, MAY 15.

phinus, Equuleus, Vulpecula, and parts of Sextans, Crater, Corvus, Hydra, Centaurus, Lupus, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Cygnus, Lyra, Leo, and Canes Venatici.

Boötes is one of the principal constellations of the summer evening sky. It is bounded on the east by Corona Borealis and Serpens, on the south by Virgo, on the west by Canes Venatici and Coma Berenices, and on the north by Draco. In the ancient catalogue of Ptolemy, twenty-three stars were included as belonging to this constellation; in the "Historia Celestis" of Flamsteed observations of fifty-four have been recorded; while, in the more modern celestial Atlas of Bode, 319 are inserted. Many of those observed by Bode are, however, invisible to the naked eye. Arcturus, one of the most brilliant stars in the northern hemisphere, is situated between the legs of Boötes. In ancient times it was a noted star among mariners, who, however, looked upon its influences with suspicion. The squally weather which generally preceded the autumnal season was ascribed by the Greeks to the power of Arcturus. It is related by Demosthenes "that a sum of money was lent at Athens on a vessel going to the Crimea and back, at the rate of 22½ per cent., with the understanding that unless the ship returned before the rising of Arcturus, 30 per cent. was to be paid."

Arcturus was the first star observed with a telescope in daylight. This feat was announced in 1635 by a M. Morin. It appears, however, that little notice was taken of the occurrence till the year 1669, when the Abbé Picard published the results of an observation of Arcturus, made when the sun was seventeen degrees above the horizon. This discovery created a sensation among astronomers, who were gleaning at this time quite a harvest among the stars by the use of the telescope, lately invented. Owing, however, to the small object-glasses of the first telescopes, which were only toys compared with the magnificent reflectors and refractors of modern days, the astronomer of the seventeenth century was unable to see more than the principal celestial objects. Several important discoveries were, however, made in that century among which may be mentioned the satellites of Jupiter and five of those of Saturn, together with the ring of the last-named planet. We have still preserved, on the walls of the Royal Observatory, the transit instrument used by Dr. Halley at that place, with an object-glass no larger than that of many modern ship spy-glasses. Let us compare Dr. Halley's small object-glass with one lately constructed for Mr. Newall by Messrs. Cooke, with a clear aperture of twenty-five inches, or with the six-feet speculum in the reflecting telescope of the late Earl of Rosse, and we shall not be surprised that the astronomers of the seventeenth century appeared somewhat elated at having seen a star in broad daylight. This is now a very common occurrence. In the winter days, the writer has frequently observed at noon-day, not only such bright stars as Arcturus, Vega, and others, but occasionally some as small as the fourth magnitude. In short, from the beginning of November to the end of February many such are observed on cloudless days with the transit-circle at Greenwich.

Boötes is figured generally as a robust man holding in one hand a club, spear, pastoral staff, or sickle; for at various epochs he has been represented with each of these symbols. The other hand is upraised towards Canes Venatici. When Hevelius introduced the Greyhounds in his "Uranographia," published in 1690, they were attached to Boötes and placed near the hind legs of the Great Bear. Boötes has therefore been called

the Bear-keeper, and also the driver of the waggon composed of the seven chief stars in Ursa Major. Arcturus was for some time supposed to be the nearest fixed star to the earth; but there have been many others now found to be much nearer. There is, however, no doubt that it is less distant from us than the great bulk of the stars. Epsilon Boötis, sometimes called Izar, is a double star, interesting for the distinct and contrasting colours of its components, the principal one being of the third magnitude and of a pale orange colour, while the companion is of the seventh magnitude, and of a sea-green colour. This star has been frequently seen double in the daylight, although the companion is so small. It is not known at present whether the two stars form a binary system; if so, its period of revolution must extend over not less than a thousand years. Xi Boötis is another interesting object of this class, the principal star being of the third and a half magnitude, and of an orange colour, and the secondary about the sixth or seventh magnitude, and of a purple tint. The contrast between the colours is very brilliant.

We will now devote our attention to the sky north of the zenith, as illustrated by the upper view. The principal northern constellations visible at midnight on May 15th, are Ursa Major, Draco, Cygnus, Ursa Minor, Cepheus, and Cassiopeia, with portions of Leo, Cancer, Gemini, Auriga, Perseus, Andromeda, and Pegasus. First, let us, as usual, give a rapid glance on the meridian northwards, as far as the horizon. Passing over Kocab and Gamma Ursæ Minoris, the eye falls naturally upon Polaris. This standard star is still apparently in the same position as in preceding diagrams, though, to the astronomical observer, it has performed a part of a revolution since January in a small circle round the north pole, in a similar manner to other stars. Polaris is really distant from the pole about one and-a-half degree; consequently its distance from the zenith or horizon differs about three degrees at its upper and lower transits over the meridian. For our purpose, however, Polaris is sufficiently near to the north celestial pole to serve as a zero-point which may be used as an easy reference for the identification of the other stars. The space between Polaris and the zenith, east and west of the meridian, is occupied entirely by Ursa Minor and Draco. The latter constellation completely separates the two Bears. In an old astronomical volume, printed at Venice in 1448, some very interesting figures of the constellations are inserted, including one in which the two Bears are completely enfolded in the embrace of Draco. Virgil, as rendered by Dryden, says:—

"Around our Poles the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a wandering stream the Bears divides."

Although several of the stars in the lesser Bear are of small magnitude, its contour can be readily traced, Polaris being at the point of the tail, and Kocab and Gamma Ursæ Minoris at the other extremity in the direction of the zenith, but slightly west of the meridian. These two stars are easily found, and by drawing a curved line from Kocab to Polaris the intermediate stars, though small, are distinctly visible. Directly north of the zenith, and a little west and east of the meridian, all the bright stars reaching in the west to the Great Bear, and in the east to the constellations Lyra and Cygnus, belong to Draco, the two brightest being Beta and Gamma, almost due east about twenty degrees. The principal portion of the sky west of Draco includes Ursa Major, below which are Leo Minor and Leo, Regulus being near the horizon north of west, but outside the limit of our diagram. The reader will perceive that all the seven principal stars in Ursa Major, Charles's

Wain, are now in the northern half of the sky. He will also notice that the apparent position of this group of stars is very different to that in the first diagram of this series; for whereas the two pointers were in January approaching the upper meridian, they are now farthest from the zenith, and passing onward to the lower meridian below the pole. But their relative positions remain the same, and in whatever part of the sky they may be situated, Dubhe is always nearest to Polaris, and with Merak pointing out its position. The stars in Ursa Major are, perhaps, the most known of any in this part of the heavens, on account principally of their almost equal magnitude. One star Delta, is, however, sensibly smaller than the others, and is suspected to be variable in lustre at intervals of long periods. At present it is ranked only of the third and a half magnitude, while that of the other six is about the second. In the time of Tycho Brahé, Delta was designated of the second magnitude, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of the third and fourth. A mere glance will show that now it can bear no comparison in lustre with its companions. This great constellation is recommended to the young student as an early lesson in the configuration of the stars; for

"He who would scan the figured skies,
Its brightest gems to tell,
Must first direct his mind's eye north,
And learn the Bear's stars well."

Below Ursa Major, in the north-west, is the bare constellation Lynx, and near the horizon Castor and Pollux may be seen on very fine nights. Between Polaris and the north horizon are Camelopardus and parts of Auriga and Perseus. The two bright stars, Capella and Beta Aurigæ, are circumpolar, and may be observed near the horizon a little west of north.

The north-eastern part of the sky contains at midnight the constellations Cassiopeia, Cepheus, Andromeda, Cygnus, and Pegasus. Several bright stars in Cepheus may be noticed east of Polaris. Below Cepheus in the N.N.E. is Cassiopeia, with its well-known group called the chair, and near the horizon numerous bright stars in Perseus and Andromeda can be distinguished on brilliant moonless nights. The principal objects in Pegasus can also be seen near the horizon in the E.N.E., while Alpha Cygni can be easily found in the same direction, about midway between the zenith and horizon. Vega, which has hitherto been a conspicuous star at midnight in this half of the sky, has passed over the boundary, and is now included in the diagram of the southern half.

The planet Saturn is now favourably situated for observation, passing the meridian at midnight about the middle of the month. We shall therefore take this opportunity of giving a brief account of his telescopic appearance and position in the solar system. Neglecting the host of minor planets between Mars and Jupiter, the number of which now discovered amounts to ninety-seven, Saturn is the sixth planet from the sun, and is one of the most beautiful celestial objects which come under the notice of the star-gazer. Saturn is a stupendous globe, about seven hundred times greater in volume than the earth, surrounded by a series of rings of solid matter, and accompanied in his course around the sun by eight satellites. All this complicated system moves with a common motion so exact that no part interferes with another in their revolution round the sun, which is performed in rather less than thirty years. The mean distance of Saturn from the sun is more than nine times that of the earth, and nearly double the distance of Jupiter. The equatorial diameter of the

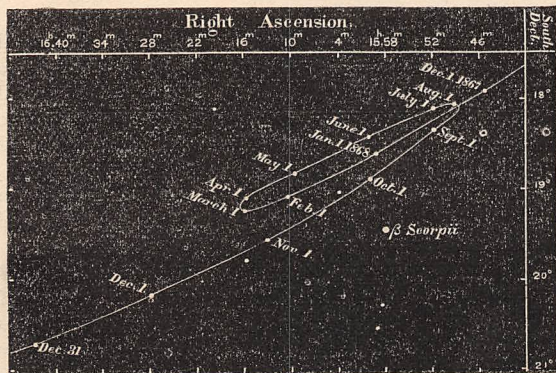
ball is 74,000 miles, while its polar diameter is about 66,000 miles; its form is therefore sensibly elliptical, and is something of the shape of a well-flattened orange. Streaks of light and shade have been observed on the ball, very similar to the better known belts of Jupiter, affording some kind of evidence of the existence of currents of air analogous to our trade winds. This supposition would lead us to infer that the surface of Saturn is surrounded by an atmosphere subject to all its attendant meteorological phenomena. Saturn revolves on his axis in 10h. 29m. 16s., consequently a Saturnian day is less than a half of a terrestrial day.

But the system of rings which encircle the central ball of Saturn is by far the most interesting appendage of this magnificent planet. Before the invention of the telescope, the existence of the rings was unknown. Even the veteran Galileo was unable to view them satisfactorily, owing to the low penetrating power of the telescopes of his time. According to M. Arago, this low-defining power of Galileo's telescopes was a source of great perplexity to him. In a letter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he announced that the planet was "three-bodied," remarking that when he observed Saturn with a telescope magnifying thirty times, the central object appeared the greatest, the two others being attached, one on the east, and the other on the west side of the principal ball. At a later period Galileo observed Saturn at the time of one of its equinoxes, when the plane of the ring passes through the sun, which then illuminates only the edge of it. On this occasion Saturn appeared to the illustrious astronomer as a perfectly round object; he was therefore led to conclude that his previous observations were nothing more than optical illusions. Galileo died in 1642, and it was not till Huyghens observed the rings, in 1659, that a true explanation of the cause of the phenomenon was given. The gradual improvement in the construction of telescopes soon, however, supplied the means for observing the form and dimensions of the two bright rings as we see them at the present day, excepting only that the superior definition given by modern telescopes has enabled us to make further discoveries of great importance. For instance, the exterior ring, or that farthest from the planet, is seen separated from the intermediate ring by an empty space, showing that they are quite independent of each other. Between these and the ball of the planet, a dusky, or semi-transparent ring has been observed during the last twenty years. The tint, or colour of the rings, is varied, the intermediate ring being the most brilliant of the three. The two exterior rings are opaque, and cast a very decided shadow on the disk of Saturn; but the dusky ring is evidently of a gaseous nature, as a part of the luminous disk can be seen through it. The thickness of the rings is very minute, so much so indeed, that when the edge is precisely directed to the sun, it is nearly invisible even in telescopes of great power. It is assumed from this that the thickness cannot be much greater than 200 miles. At these times of Saturn's equinox, he has the same globular appearance as the other large planets, and advantage is always taken of the invisibility of the rings to obtain accurate measures of the form of the central ball. The phenomenon of the disappearance of the rings of Saturn takes place at intervals of about fifteen years.

The mass, or weight of Saturn, is about ninety times greater than that of the earth. The density is, however, only about the eighth part of that of the earth, or, in more familiar words, a cubic foot of the material of Saturn is eight times lighter than a cubic foot of the material of which the earth is composed. Saturn moves

in his orbit around the sun at the rate of 21,220 miles per hour, and also turns on his axis at the equator 22,216 miles in the same time. It is impossible for any one to view this magnificent object through a large telescope without admiration, especially when the planet is in such a position with respect to the sun and earth, as to exhibit the fullest extent of the rings. Many observers have on such occasions made elaborate drawings, showing all the minute peculiarities of the planet—those by Mr. Warren De la Rue and Mr. Dawes being almost perfect delineations of the disk and rings. Of the eight moons of Saturn, five were discovered between 1655 and 1684—two by Sir William Herschel, in 1789, and one by Messrs. Lassell and Bond, in 1848. The satellites of Saturn are distinguished by the names of Titan, Japetus, Rhea, Dione, Tethys, Enceladus, Mimas, and Hyperion. The three last are very faint objects, visible only occasionally in our largest telescopes. It has been remarked by Sir John Herschel, that at the time Enceladus and Mimas were discovered by his father, “they were seen to thread, like beads, the almost infinitely thin fibre of light to which the ring, then seen edge-ways, was reduced, and for a short time to advance off it at either end, speedily to return, and hastening to their habitual concealment behind the body.”

The following diagram of the path of Saturn is interesting to show the apparent motion of the planet in the heavens from December 1st, 1867, to December 31st, 1868. It must not be supposed, however, that the true path is so irregular as it appears in the diagram, as the apparent retrograde motion from April 1st to August 1st is merely the effect of the direct motion of the earth in its orbit, being, with respect to the stars, relatively greater than that of Saturn. As viewed from the earth, Saturn, for this reason, seems to go backwards in the heavens with respect to the stars near his path.



APPARENT PATH OF SATURN.

On the following days and hours in other months the aspect of the sky will be similar to that at midnight on May 15th. Our diagrams for this month will therefore serve for 10 P.M. on June 15th, for 8 P.M. on July 15th, for 2 A.M. on April 15th, for 4 A.M. on March 15th, and for 6 A.M. on February 15th.

No very striking astronomical phenomenon takes place in May, 1868. Venus is still the most conspicuous evening star, and will adorn the north-western sky till nearly midnight. She sets below the horizon at 11.43 P.M. on the 1st, at 11.49 P.M. on the 15th, and at 11.26 P.M. on the 31st. She will be at her greatest easterly elongation on the 7th.—Mars is a morning star, but is not yet in a favourable position for observation. He rises on the 1st

at 3.52 A.M., and at 2.35 A.M. on the 31st. Jupiter is also a morning star, rising on the 1st at 3.27 A.M., and on the 31st at 1.41 A.M. These two morning planets can only be observed shortly before sunrise.—Saturn is more favourably situated in May than the other planets, being in opposition to the sun on the 23rd; but his low altitude, even when on the meridian, prevents the observation of many of those minute peculiarities of his system, some of which we have briefly described in this article. He is visible in the south-east in the early evening hours, in the south at midnight, and in the south-west in the early morning hours.—The moon will be near Saturn on the morning of the 8th, the planet being nearly three degrees south of the moon. On the 18th she will be near Jupiter. Venus and the moon will be in conjunction on the evening of the 25th; they will be, however, separated by about six degrees; and on the 27th the moon will precede Regulus. Full moon will take place on the 6th, at 6.37 P.M., and new moon on the 22nd, at 6.36 A.M.; and in the last and first quarters on the evenings of the 14th and 28th respectively. The moon will be farthest from the earth on the 13th, and at her least distance on the 25th. In the summer months, when at her greatest phase, or full moon, she is always low down near the south-east horizon in the evening hours after sunset, and passes the meridian at midnight, at a low altitude, due south.

CORAL AND THE CORAL FISHERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT I SAW OF THE AMBER TRADE."

THE immense extent of coral formation found in various parts of the world is seldom fully realised by the many millions of people who only see small fragments of this substance fashioned into ornaments, and exposed either for sale or the gratification of vanity.

When we reflect that the great "Barrier Reef," one thousand miles long, on the north-east coast of Australia, and many other reefs nearly as great in extent in other places, are the growth of animal life, we might almost excuse the belief of the ancient Greek philosopher, that the whole world is either one animal, or a mass of insects.

The growth of what is erroneously called "coral plant," assumes many forms. Sometimes they resemble a gigantic plant, with flowers and leaves. Often they grow like a large tree with leafless branches. Sometimes one stem spreads out into a broad, flat surface, in shape of a fan. Whatever shape the growth of coral formations takes, there is an astonishing regularity in maintaining an equilibrium, each branch being balanced by another opposite, and each stem or main body growing perpendicular to its plane.

Coral, as we see it here, is the bone or shell of an insect, from which the flesh or living substance has been removed. A living branch of coral, when first taken from the sea, has a rough, irregular surface, covered with a slimy substance, and dotted with little spots of what appears to be red jelly. These spots are the coral insects. Examined minutely when growing in the sea, the insect is seen in thousands, each having a room of its own, which it never leaves.

In many kinds of the polypi, or coral insects, the head has a little parasol-shaped cover. The arms, which are furnished with eight claws, are long in comparison with the body, and are generally seen extended for the supposed purpose of gathering food; but what that food really is, I am unable to say.

It is generally supposed that the coral insect is industrious; that it is a builder; and that by its labours, commenced at the bottom of the sea, the coral islands have been formed. This is only partly true. They live and multiply—that is all; and in doing this, a family that starts a habitation at the bottom of the sea, in time reaches the surface at low-water. The structure they form is not elevated one inch above the sea level, for the insect can only live in the warm salt water.

The older the coral shells or bone, the stronger is the colour, and the more difficult it is to procure. The money value of coral depends wholly on its scarcity, or the difficulty of obtaining it, although, as far as use or ornament is concerned, one kind is worth in reality as much as another.

At Honolulu and other places on the Pacific Islands, I have seen houses built of coral, which was as common as granite or sandstone here, and was worth no more. If the many-headed public, who suffer the sorrows of following fashion, could be made to believe that this common coral was seldom found, and was procured with great danger and difficulty from a depth of five hundred feet under water, it would immediately discover some heretofore hidden beauty in that particular kind of coral, which would become a valuable article of commerce. Those who are enslaved by fashion are very sharp in learning from others what is common from what is rare; and, without the slightest regard for the use of an article, the merchants who live principally by the vanity of others, regulate their prices.

To witness the forms of coral structures, one would think that the insects must have some means of communicating with each other at a distance, although they cannot leave their shells. Naturalists may be able to account for some of their peculiarities, but to me there is a mystery in the way they manage to construct formations of coral rock on mathematical principles. When growing in the shape of a tree, what teaches the insect to withhold extending its branches farther in one direction than another? When one tribe of insects commence a structure in the bottom of the Pacific, what enables them to extend it in two directions in a perfect circle until the two ends meet, forming a ring from half a mile to ten miles in diameter? What tells these insects, working in opposite directions, as generations after generations are moving farther from each other, that the circle they are building shall be a large one or a small one? These things, to an observing sailor, unacquainted with the theories of the learned, are always a mystery.

Amongst the South Sea Islands there is a little trade for coral; yet not much is done in fishing for it in the manner I have seen followed in other places. Most of the coral gathered there, of a quality valuable in the market, is obtained in small quantities from the shores of islands surrounded by a coral reef. Fragments of the reef become detached from the main body, and in violent agitations of the sea by storms, pieces of the right kind are sometimes thrown within the view and grasp of man.

The only opportunity I have met for seeing the coral fishery conducted on what may be called an intelligent manner, was off the coast of Africa, where for a few days I was near some natives of Algiers, who were fishing for coralline plants in the same manner pursued in the Strait of Messina. The coral fishery I witnessed was carried on from three feluccas anchored in about seventy fathoms of water. A felucca is the largest and fastest boat used. It has three masts with *lateen* sails, and a jib on a short bowsprit. It is also furnished with

long strong oars. During the time I remained near those engaged in the fishery, all three were visited, and I became familiar with the mode of gathering coral; but, being unable to converse with the men, I could learn nothing about the trade.

Two strong poles, about twenty feet long, are firmly fastened together at the middle, and at right angles to each other. On the under side of the poles is a net made of strong cord, and fastened to the extremities of the poles. A heavy stone, for the purpose of sinking the poles, is fastened where they cross each other, and a strong line is also tied at the crossing. One end of the line is held aboard the felucca, and the net is launched over where the coral branches are supposed to be growing beneath. The net sinks slowly to the bottom; and should it fall over the spot where coral is growing, some of the branches generally become entangled in its meshes, and are broken off and hauled up.

When the net and poles become firmly entangled below with large branches of coral, much force has to be used in freeing them, and often the end of the line has to be fastened to the windlass, and a few turns given to bring the net from the bottom. Only small portions of any large mass brought up on such occasions are of any value. Sometimes the net becomes so firmly fastened below, that it is torn in pieces in extricating it. It not unfrequently happens that the line by which the net is drawn up breaks, although, to avoid this, it is always made of larger and of stronger material than the net. Often the net is pulled to the surface and not the smallest fragment of coral is found attached to it. On one occasion I saw, as the net was brought near the surface, a large branch of bright red coral, which was hailed by the Algerine fishermen with shouts of delight. The instant the poles spreading the net touched the stem of the felucca, the branch, which was only hanging by what is best described as a twig, broke away and was lost. There was a sudden transformation of Algerine features from expressions of joy to those of anger and disappointment.

Notwithstanding these little misfortunes, the coral fishers are engaged in a profitable business, and make during the season, which lasts from the middle of April to July, enough to keep them, with a little economy, the remainder of the year. Should they be successful at every cast of the net, the coral, such as they procure, would become too common to please those affected with an insane desire for anything that requires time and toil in procuring.

The price of rough coral varies according to its quality and colour. The whims of changing taste, or want of taste, and the quantity in the market, have much to do with its value. I have seen it sold for about two shillings per pound, and have seen some sold for more than fifteen shillings. The great market for all the cheaper kinds of coral sold, is Africa, where it is an important article of commerce, finding its way far into the interior of the country, and is eagerly purchased by the natives for ornaments.

DER BLAUEN SEE.

In a corner of the French picture-gallery in the Paris Exhibition, there hung a small picture which, at a passing glance, might be thought an over-coloured and exaggerated fancy landscape. It represented a little blue lake, surrounded by rugged rocks, dark fir-trees, and all the charming accompaniments of Swiss scenery. Many pleasant associations recurred to my mind as I

recognised the scene, which I will now endeavour briefly to describe by way of protest against any charge of excessive colouring or artistic licence in the picture.

We had been travelling in Switzerland—a merry party of nine—and arrived one bright August afternoon at Kandersteg, the well-known village at the northern base of the Gemmi Pass. No sooner had we arrived there, however, and installed ourselves comfortably in *Hôtel Victoria*, than a fog came on, accompanied by large, heavy intermittent rain-drops. This did not augur favourably for the weather on the following day; and, as we had been unfortunate in crossing the Great Scheideck and Wengern Alp, entirely enveloped in clouds and rain, we decided to halt a whole day at Kandersteg, hoping that the weather might clear for the passage of the Gemmi. It grew very chilly as the evening wore on, and we were all delighted when the civil waiter, hearing our exclamations at the cold, brought in an armful of wood and quickly lit up a blazing fire. Two young English tourists came in about seven o'clock, tired and hungry, and after they had finished their evening meal we grew sociable, and endeavoured to arrange ourselves in English fashion round the fire. This was difficult, with the fireplace most awkwardly built quite in a corner of the *salle à manger*, and we must have formed a curious-looking group when we were all seated, with one whose feet were cold perched on the high mantel-shelf, and another, who had been bathing in a glacier-stream, and wanted to dry his hair, squatted on a low stool, with his head up the chimney. I forgot to mention a very pleasant French artist staying at the hotel, whose name we did not hear, though I have every reason for believing him to be the painter of the picture described, in the Paris Exhibition.

I always seized opportunities of this kind to study and compare the guide-books, of which we carried four by different authors. As I was doing so this evening, one of the Englishmen remarked that the prettiest sight in the neighbourhood was not mentioned in the guide-books.

"Indeed!" I replied. "May I ask what it is?"

"It is a small lake," he answered, "about two hours from here, between this and Frutigen. We were told of it by a Swiss, and we turned out of the road this afternoon to see it."

"Go and see it by all means," echoed his companion. "It is in its way quite a wonderful sight, or at least very interesting, and deserves to be much better known by tourists than it is."

I instantly turned to Ball's "Alpine Guide," my favourite amongst the books, fully expecting to find a description of it there, in spite of what had been said to the contrary; but no: the young tourist was quite right; it was mentioned neither in Ball, Baedeker, Murray, nor Bradshaw. The French artist was also enthusiastic about the little blue lake, and told us that it was known by no other name than *Der Blaue See*, and how he had sketched it, and what a unique study it made for a picture. We instantly resolved to make an expedition thither the following day, should it prove fine enough.

I started in the afternoon with one of my companions, and, after descending the steep hill that leads up to Kandersteg, retracing our steps of the day before, and walking for about an hour, we came to a bit of ruined castle, perched on a high rock that rises close to the road, on the right-hand side walking north. This was to be our land-mark; for we had been told to turn in from the road on the left, just opposite this old ruin.

We soon spied a footpath, leading across a plank laid over a narrow stream, and through some meadow-land bestudded with flowers. We followed this path, and presently saw a boy approaching us from a *châlet* on the other side of the meadow. He was a poor cretin, and could give us no information. The footpath, however, only led up to the *châlet*, at the door of which a woman sat knitting. From her we again attempted to learn the whereabouts of the *Blaue See*, but were again unsuccessful. Whether that *châlet* was inhabited by a family of cretins, I know not; but the woman only shook her head helplessly and muttered unintelligibly.

Returning to the road, we accosted two men who were building a *châlet* close by. They seemed very honest and intelligent, and when I held up forty centimes, and promised them to the man who should guide us to the *Blaue See*, one of them instantly threw down his tools and led the way.

We followed him by a little path very much like the one we had taken ourselves, but at a point rather higher up the road. Then began a real scramble, with no kind of path to guide us, first up a grassy hill, then through a wild glen, down which a little mountain stream was hurrying. This our impromptu guide pointed out as issuing from the *Blaue See*. Then we crossed the *Kander* (that flows all through this valley into the Lake of Thun), by a rough plank thrown over it; and after issuing from the wood, and climbing another steep grassy knoll, we looked right down upon the little blue lake. It was surrounded on two sides by fir-trees growing down to the water; on another by the steep rocks that bounded the narrow valley we were in, and on the side from which we overlooked it by low rocks rising roughly from the water's edge, but sloping away from the lake into rich meadow-land literally strewn with flowers.

The water was intensely blue—not the hazy cobalt of Lake Lemman, or the greeny blue of a deep sea, but a clear dark blue, unlike anything either of us had ever seen before. Two or three of the fir-trees had been uprooted—apparently by some tempest—and fallen into the lake; there they lay covered with what looked like a glistening crystalline deposit, every twig being distinctly visible through the clear blue water. This transparency was another peculiarity about the little lake; it was so clear, we could see every pebble that lay at the bottom, shining white and silvery like the fir-trees, for everything looked perhaps whiter than it really was, by contrast with the dark blue water.

This naturally deluded us into imagining the lake to be but a few feet in depth, though the artist told us afterwards that it was really much deeper.

I do not know whether I have done full justice to the beauty of the scene, or whether I have succeeded in conveying to my readers the same impression that it made upon me. It was little short of enchantment, and just as if some woodland fairy, wishing to prolong a moonlight effect, had by a touch of a magical wand changed every hue to silver and blue, and then carefully hidden it away from mortal eyes. Perhaps it would have looked still prettier in the sunshine; for I should mention that the sun had set, or rather disappeared behind the hills, by the time we arrived at the spot, although it was only half-past four on an August afternoon. It is often the case in these mountain regions for the sun to rise and set in the deep valleys several hours after or before it does so to the rest of the world. The inhabitants of the valley of *Lauterbrunnen*, for instance, never see the sun in winter until twelve o'clock in the day.

We were vexed when, with all our efforts, we could not make our guide understand that he might leave us to rest there, and find our way into the road again ourselves, for he persisted in waiting to conduct us back. He then led us partly round the lake, through the fir-wood, and along a wilder path than the one by which we had come. He pointed out the bit of ruined castle on the rock as Der Felsenberg, and when he had put us into the road again, civilly wished us good night, and went off quite contented with his forty centimes.

We sat round the fire that evening, discussing the cause of the singular blueness of the Blauen See. One thought it must be due to the action of sulphate of copper on the water, and all wished that we had brought some away in a bottle for analysis.

We were also comparing it with the Oeschinen See, another lake in the neighbourhood of Kandersteg, whither, in tourist-like obedience to guide-book directions, we had all made an excursion the same morning. I greatly preferred the Blauen See, but others differed from me; and certainly the Oeschinen See is romantic enough. Its celebrity consists in its great altitude, and in being entirely surrounded by snow-peaks (the principal of which is the Blümlis Alp), except on the west side, where a narrow valley opens on to a wild ravine, by which we ascended to see it. A German family joined us for this excursion, and we made a merry party altogether; consisting of five ladies and an elderly gentleman on horses, two ladies who were unequal to riding, in *chaises-à-porteurs*, eight bearers with two assistants, and six pedestrians. We had not gone far when one of the men commenced singing a wild Swiss air. His nine companions joined him one by one, in perfect harmony, and swelled the chorus till it echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, and then the voices gradually fell off until it quite died away. They kept on bursting out with it in this way one after another, during the whole expedition.

It appeared that they always began to sing as they came to a rough or difficult part of the road, to warn one another of it, and cheer themselves on. It would be well if we could all learn the life-lesson contained in this simple incident, to cheer the rough places in life's pilgrimage with songs of warning and encouragement. The fact that most of the men belonged to one family, by name Ogi, who act as guides, porters, bearers, etc., to the numerous visitors to Kandersteg, or travellers over the Gemmi, may partly account for the exquisite way in which their voices harmonised.

The Oeschinen See is much larger than the Blauen See, and this, with the snow peaks round, makes perhaps a grander scene than the other; but for all that I like the little blue lake best, and was delighted to recognise it as a perfect gem in landscape scenery, amongst many larger paintings in the French Exhibition.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

It is interesting to note how two independent thinkers, exercising their minds on the same general topic, in different ages, both with the same grand wish to glorify God as the moral Governor of the universe, have unconsciously approached each other. We subjoin from the famous treatise of Hooker, "Ecclesiastical Polity," and from the now famous work of the Duke of Argyll, "The Reign of Law," parallels, not of language, nor of sentiment, nor even of thought, but of general subject. The profound conceptions of the great Elizabethan divine are in fine contrast with the practical, clear, and

full illustrations of the modern philosopher. Space will only allow the following instances:—

DESCRIPTION OF LAW.

From Hooker.

All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth any thing ever begin to exercise the same, without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by; for unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind; that which doth moderate the force and power; that which doth appoint the form and measure of working—the same we term a Law. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular; that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end, by some canon, rule, or Law, which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself.

From the Duke of Argyll.

The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by Law. Our very spirits are subject to it—those spirits which yet seem so spiritual, so subtle, so free. How often in the darkness do they feel the restraining walls—bounds within which they move—conditions out of which they cannot think! The perception of this is growing in the consciousness of men. It grows with the growth of knowledge; it is the delight, the reward, the goal of Science.

THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT LAW.

From Hooker.

Now, if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for awhile, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother-elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way, as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand, and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

From the Duke of Argyll.

Each force, if left to itself, would be destructive of the universe. Were it not for the force of gravitation, the centrifugal forces which impel the planets would fling them off into space. Were it not for these centrifugal forces, the force of gravitation would dash them against the sun. The orbits, therefore, of the planets, with all that depends upon them, are determined by the nice and perfect balance which is maintained between these two forces; and the ultimate fact of astronomical science is not the law of gravitation, but the adjustment between this law and others which are less known, so as to produce and maintain the existing solar system.

THE RESULT OF THE INQUIRY.

From Hooker.

Wherefore that here we may briefly end. Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

From the Duke of Argyll.

The laws of nature were not appointed by the great Lawgiver to baffle his creatures in the sphere of conduct, still less to confound them in the region of belief. As parts of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, they present, indeed, some difficulties which perplex the intellect, and a few also, it cannot be denied, which wring the heart. But, on the whole, they stand in harmonious relations with the human spirit. They come visibly from one pervading Mind, and express the authority of one enduring Kingdom.

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THE TWO HENRYS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT WRITES TO HIS SISTER FROM THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN, AND MAKES SOME STRANGE DISCLOSURES.

AMAZED to witness such evidences of refinement and luxury, as it were on the very confines of civilisation, Henry Talbot stood for a few moments utterly bewildered, as though he were doubtful in his own mind whether this was but another phase of some vivid dream.

Miss Morton made some remark, but he did not answer—he scarcely heard her; and it was not until she

repeated her words, and, pointing towards the window, against which the rain was now beating furiously (the shower, accompanied by a violent squall of wind, having come down suddenly, as is usually the case in the forest-grown districts of the Far-West), added playfully—"I think Mr. Talbot might be more grateful to me for having delivered him from durance vile in the forest on such a night as this promises to be," that he woke up with a start and made a confused apology for appearing in his present travel-stained condition.

The young lady smiled at his evident confusion, and went on, addressing her brother—

"I perceive, Henry, that Mr. Talbot will not be at ease until he is permitted to make some changes in his toilet. He is still a novice to our far western customs, and has yet to learn that we sometimes necessarily set aside the conventionalities of civilised society in the backwoods. He fancies that a traveller should carry a portmanteau with him in the wilderness, in order that he may appear *en règle* in the presence of a lady at the end of his journey. Had I waited to listen to him he would have detained me till the storm came on, while he apologised for appearing before me in the forest in travel-stained apparel."

This speech was not calculated to set the young man at ease. He blushed deeply as he glanced at his soiled garments and worn-out shoes, which looked all the more wretched and poverty-stricken in contrast with the neatness and elegance with which he found himself so suddenly and unexpectedly brought in contact; and he felt relieved when Henry Morton led him from the room, and, conducting him to his own chamber, placed his wardrobe at his disposal.

"You forget," said the young Englishman, "that I have no other clothes coming, that I have no garments except these I wear. Everything was lost."

"The better reason that you should avail yourself of my offer," interrupted Henry Morton. "Of course you lost everything, and were lucky in not losing your life into the bargain. You must just put up as well as you can with what my wardrobe offers, until you can rig yourself out again. Come, not another word of apology. I should expect *you* to act the same towards *me* if our relative positions were changed."

As he spoke he drew forth several suits of clothing, most of which were adapted to the backwoods, though, to Henry Talbot's surprise, there were two or three complete suits of broadcloth, suitable for morning or evening wear in the cities.

"You see, living as we do far distant from any place where we can readily procure fresh supplies," the young backwoodsman went on, "we are obliged to keep a largish stock of everything needful, though some of these garments are seldom or never worn. What do you say? Will you try how a hunter's costume suits you? You and I are about the same size, and I daresay all my clothes will fit you. Or will you still adhere to the conventionalities and try a dress suit?"

The smart hunter's costume worn by Henry Talbot set off his tall, athletic figure to great advantage, and was, as the young Englishman thought, more in accordance with his surroundings, and better adapted to the daily habits of his life, than the ordinary costume worn in cities; and after some hesitation he selected a similar costume from the wardrobe.

"You have chosen wisely," observed young Morton. "For my part, I'd never wear any other dress if I could help it. Now (opening a drawer) here you'll find linen and anything else you may require. Take what best suits you. And now I'll leave you to your toilet. By the time you're ready I'll return and escort you back to the parlour. And—I say—don't mind Mary's jokes, She's a good girl, and you'll like her very much when you come to know her."

An English Bible, very old and worn, and apparently stained and soiled by time and use, lay on the dressing-table. Henry Talbot carelessly opened it, and saw that the fly-leaf was covered with a list of names, with dates of birth attached. The ink was yellow and faded; but the names—all Mortons—were still legible.

"You are shocked to see a Bible in such dilapidated condition," said Morton. "But that little book has

seen hard service. It is my father's, and was given to him by his sister, when he left home—a boy—to go to sea. My father preserved that book, and a trinket also given him by his sister, amid shipwreck and peril of every description. It has hitherto accompanied him in all his travels, for he values it highly. The names are those of his father and mother, himself, his brothers and his only sister. It did contain a certificate of his birth and baptism, that his mother had previously placed in his Bible when he was a child; but when he left home he cut it out of his own Bible and pasted in that which he brought with him. He took the certificate and the trinket to England with him—why I cannot say: nor why he left that book behind him, I verily believe for the first time in his life. But I'm keeping you from dressing with my idle clatter;" and with this the young man left the room.

Left to himself, Henry Talbot began to reflect upon the singularity of his position.

It was evident to him that Mr. Aston, who, he was confident, was the father of his new friends, had not acquainted them with the fact that he had adopted an assumed name in England. They spoke of their father as "Mr. Morton," and expected that he (Henry) would understand to whom they alluded; and while he wondered *why* Mr. Morton had assumed the maiden name of his deceased wife, he thought it very strange that he had not informed his children that the visitor he had led them to expect would only know him by his assumed name. Other thoughts passed through his mind. He began to suspect who Mr. Morton really was. He recollected many strange questions that the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston had put to him at different times, which at the moment he could hardly understand, but which now seemed plain enough. He had heard from his mother something of her youngest brother's early history, and the little episode of the pocket Bible confirmed certain suspicions that had begun to enter his mind from the moment when he had first heard the names of Aston and Morton coupled together, and had increased since he had fallen in with his youthful guests. He opened the Bible again, and read the almost faded names. They were those of the grandparents and uncles whom he had never known; and the last two on the page were those of Henry and Mary Morton, whose dates of birth exactly corresponded with those of his mother and her favourite long-lost brother. "Mr. Aston is—he *must* be my uncle Henry," he soliloquised. "He has purposely concealed his name from Mary and me, though, I daresay, he would have explained all about it to his children before now, had he not believed me to have been lost at sea. But how am *I* to act under these strange circumstances?"

And after some consideration he came to the conclusion that it was advisable, at least for the present, to continue to speak of the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston as Mr. Morton, and to conceal his own suspicions from his youthful host and hostess.

While thus soliloquising and considering, he had effected a complete change in his attire. Though Henry Morton was somewhat taller and stouter than himself, the garments fitted tolerably well, and he was admiring and wondering at the change they made in his personal appearance, when young Morton returned.

"Famous!" he exclaimed, as he entered the room unperceived, while the young Englishman was still surveying his reflected form in the looking-glass. "I declare you might have been a backwoodsman all your life. Stand forward and let me criticise."

The garments Henry Talbot had selected consisted

of a tunic of green chamois leather, fringed with martin fur, and pantaloons of tan-coloured buckskin, also fringed with the same kind of fur down the outer seams. The frock was left open in front, to display a shirt of the whitest linen; and in place of his worn shoes he wore a pair of braided and beaded mocassins.

"Famous!" repeated young Morton, after a brief survey. "You have forgotten one thing, though. You have no belt;" and, opening another drawer, he drew forth a scarf of the finest and brightest scarlet worsted, and bound it somewhat tightly round his young guest's waist.

"There! Now you are perfect," he said; "and I defy even Mary's sharp eyes to detect a fault. Come. Dinner is waiting. Fortunately we dine late to-day. Mary was out trying her new pony, and I had business at a trading-post ten miles off. Usually we dine at two o'clock.

"Wheew! How the rain pours down! Isn't it lucky that Mary fell in with you?"

While thus speaking he had taken Henry's arm, and the two young men were retracing the long passage together.

"Mary *will* be surprised," young Morton went on. "She expects to see you re-appear in broadcloth. But she's a sensible girl, and she'll like you all the better in the garb of a backwoodsman."

He was right in his surmise. The young lady sprang from her chair as her brother and his guest entered the dining-room, to which she had adjourned during their absence, and, clapping her hands with glee, she exclaimed—

"The two brothers, I declare! But which is he of Ephesus, and which of Syracuse? I hardly can tell one from the other; and you are both Henrys too."

"Let me look at you. Ah!" (addressing her brother)

"I see now that you, sir, are Henry Morton.

"Please to take the head of the table, Mr. Morton. And you, Mr. Talbot, will occupy this seat by me.

"Really, Henry—you, my brother, I mean—you must look to your laurels. Hitherto I have fancied you the very beau-ideal of a young backwoodsman; but Mr. Talbot has merged at once from a pale chrysalis of the settlements—and a poor specimen of that," she added, laughingly, "into a full-blown hunter."

The fare to which the little party sat down comprised all the delicacies of the backwoods; viz., venison in various forms, and bear's-meat steaks, and wild pigeons, and fish from the lake, with various preserved meats from the settlements, as the cities of the Atlantic coast are usually styled in the Far-West; and, at the period of which I write, the west shore of Lake Michigan was the extreme limit of civilisation. Nor was there any lack of wine and other liquors, besides the native cider. The table, also, to Henry's astonishment, was set out with everything that might have been expected at the table of a wealthy citizen of New York or Boston. The spoons and cruets were of silver (and also, to Henry's amazement, were engraved with the crest of the Mortons, his mother's family), and every other arrangement was perfect. The only circumstance that would have attracted notice in a city was the absence of servants.

Perhaps Miss Morton remarked Henry's wonder at this; for, turning towards him, she said, with a smile—

"We have to help ourselves out in the backwoods, Mr. Talbot. We might as well expect our 'hired help' to fly as to wait upon us at table; and really, so far as I am concerned, I rather prefer the liberty of helping myself, without the attendance of listening servants."

Henry Talbot had now an opportunity to regard the

young lady with closer attention than he had hitherto dared to bestow upon her. He found her to be really a very pretty girl, with regular classic features, dark blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair, which was permitted to flow naturally over her neck and shoulders. She appeared to be about the age of his own sister Mary, but she was taller, and, though now slender and graceful in form, she gave promise of future *embonpoint*. The expression of her countenance was gentle and truthful, yet she looked as if she were able to assert and maintain her own will, if she were thwarted in her desires; and, in fact, she was in every respect a feminine counterpart of her brother, while in both the brother and sister he could trace a strong resemblance to their father.

The more he looked at and listened to them, however, he was the more astonished to find two such young people in such a situation as that in which he had met them, where the last thing he would have looked for was education and refinement.

Later in the evening, however, when they had retired to the parlour, his astonishment in this respect was modified on learning that Mary Morton had been educated at one of the best boarding-schools in the State of Massachusetts, and that her brother, after his previous education at a grammar-school, had gone through a course of study at Yale College, where he had carried off some of the highest prizes.

"Do you like this life in the backwoods, Miss Morton?" he ventured to inquire, in the course of the evening, after the young lady had gratified himself and her brother by her performance on the piano.

"I did feel it somewhat lonesome at first," she replied, "until Henry came home from college. Now, I rather like it, though I don't think I should care to spend all my life in the Far-West. The worst thing about it is the lack of society, especially of female society. I *can* get along with the men, but I cannot with the women. I dare say they think me proud, poor things; but that is not the case, I'm sure. Still, one must have *some* education and refinement in one's female companions. As to my brother, there is not a better backwoodsman in the West than he. Henry insists that a thorough backwoodsman must be an educated man, otherwise he is unable to enjoy half the pleasures that the forest affords; and I think he is right."

Later in the evening, after the brother and sister had been speaking of England and other European countries, and asking several questions relative to their father, the young lady remarked—

"From the tenor of papa's letters, I should not be at all surprised if he were to determine upon selling or making some other arrangement relative to his American property, and taking up his residence in England altogether. He has pined after his native land, I fancy, ever since poor mamma's death. In that case, of course, I should rejoice him there."

"And your brother?"

"Of course Henry would go with *me*; but I think it probable that papa would make over the American property to my brother, in which case he would return to this country."

"And you—would you like to live in England?"

"I should much like to visit England, and also to travel on the continent of Europe. Whether I should prefer to reside in England I cannot say, until I have seen the country and learnt to know the people."

A room in the house was appropriated to Henry Talbot by the brother and sister, and, had he so chosen, he might have remained with them as their guest for

months, or for any unlimited period; but he took an early opportunity to acquaint Henry Morton with his desire to procure employment on the lake if possible; and though the latter tried to dissuade him from this, as being unnecessary, at least for the present, he persisted in his purpose, and, through the young squire's influence, he soon obtained the appointment of purser on board the Franklin, the largest vessel that then navigated Lake Michigan.

A letter which he wrote to his sister at this time will afford a better idea of his position, and of his hopes in the future, than any description that I can give.

After having acquainted Mary with all the details of the seizure of the Amazon by pirates, and of all his subsequent adventures (known to the reader) up to the date of his letter, he went on to say—

"I am now employed, nominally, as purser of the Franklin, a brig of some three hundred tons burden; but I am really acting as a sort of purveyor-general to all those vessels on the lake which belong—to whom do you think? To none other than our friend Mr. Aston, of St. David!

"It was to *his* children I came, after I left St. Louis, as I have narrated above. As soon as they learnt that I was acquainted with their father, they gave me a hearty welcome, and we, that is, Mr. Aston's son and daughter, Henry and Mary—you perceive they are namesakes of ours—became immediately the best friends in the world. I like them very much, and so will you like them, if by any chance you should come to know them; and, as they have some idea of visiting their father in England, it is not at all improbable that you will some day be introduced to them.

"Henry, who is four or five years my senior, has been educated at one of the American colleges, and possesses a far better acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics than I have. He reads *Æschylus* and *Herodotus*, and *Ovid* and *Cicero*, with perfect ease, and is a very fair modern linguist. Yet withal, he is no puny book-worm, but a fine, manly, handsome fellow, who can ride, swim, and row a boat or paddle a canoe to perfection; and moreover, he is an excellent sportsman, and can hit a mark the size of my hand at five hundred yards with a single bullet, without ever missing; at least, I have never seen him miss, and I have seen him shoot scores of times.

"Mary is about your own age, and has been educated at one of the best boarding-schools in Massachusetts—the literary State of the Union, *par excellence*. She is a skilful musician; she speaks French and Italian, and sketches very prettily from nature, and rides as well and almost as fearlessly as her brother. Yet she is no tomboy, but a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed lady-like girl, fond of fun, but very good tempered. If I write any more about *her*, you will be thinking that I am in love with her, so I shall leave you to fill up my sketch of her from imagination.

"When I am up at the 'Place,' as our friend's house is called, which is very often—for my duties keep me much more frequently on shore than afloat—we sit down to dinner, out here in the backwoods, to a table that would not disgrace the dining-room of a London alderman, not only so far as the viands and wines, but the furniture and garniture of the table are concerned. I can assure you I was amazed on my first arrival, to find such comforts and luxuries as the 'Place' affords, in the extreme Far-West of America, and still more amazed at the appearance, manners, and conversation of my youthful host and hostess.

"As to the 'Place' itself, it is a large, straggling

residence, rather resembling a number of better-class cottages built into one, than one single dwelling. It presents, however, a very picturesque, though strange appearance from the outside, being built partly of stone and partly of wood painted white, with a very irregular red roof. Inside it is the picture of neatness and comfort. The rooms are numerous, and it is very handsomely furnished, in a style well adapted to such a 'Place.'

"Henry and Mary live as happily as if they were the prince and princess of the land, which, in one sense, they are, since Mr. Aston is the proprietor of thousands of acres of land on the west shore of Lake Michigan, and must be a very rich man.

"Besides the 'Place,' however, the settlement of Watertown consists of merely a few log cabins, inhabited by the 'hired helps,' that is to say, the farm labourers, etc., etc., of Mr. Aston; and the surrounding country would be very charming, if it were not that, a few miles beyond the 'clearing,' the land is covered with forest, which extends, I imagine, to the Rocky Mountains on the one hand, and to the North Pole on the other, and conceals everything from view, while the 'clearing' itself is so completely disfigured by the charred stumps of what once were forest trees, that it looks for all the world like an overgrown pauper cemetery, which has been filled up and let out for farming purposes.

"Now for a few words about myself again—

"My duties are to go from trading-post to trading-post, sometimes on shore and sometimes on board the Franklin, or some other of Mr. Aston's vessels, to sell and purchase cargo, and to purchase provisions and make arrangements of various kinds. I also keep all the accounts. For the performance of these duties I receive a salary of fifty dollars (£10) a month, and have everything found me, and my land travelling expenses paid. It is hard work sometimes, but pleasant because of its variety; and the pay is not bad to commence with.

"I have said nothing about your rejoining me out here, nor anything of my proposed future movements, since they are quite uncertain. It is not *improbable*, indeed, that *should* Henry and Mary visit their father in England, I may return home with *them*.

"As to yourself, my dear sister, I hope that you are still happy at St. David, and that you retain your usual good health and spirits. You must accept the reasons I have given—absurd as I daresay you will deem them—as my excuse for not writing sooner, and letting you know that I was still in the land of the living, while I have no doubt you believed me to have perished at sea.

"However, dear Mary, think you what you may, I was much cast down at the wreck of all my bright hopes and anticipations, and the sudden collapse of the fine castles I was so fond of building before I came out from England.

"It seemed to me that the loss of the two hundred pounds, with which I had hoped to accomplish such great things, was a just retribution, sent to punish me for the improper manner in which I became possessed of it. I had really no business to take it, and I often thought so during my thinking moments on shipboard, and I still remember that—though I am confident that he from whom I obtained the money will never put me to trouble about, or prosecute me for its repayment—I must some day make restitution, and it is a large sum to make up.

"Speaking of the lost two hundred pounds reminds me of your locket. If you have hitherto shown the keepsake to no one, I still wish you, for special reasons that I cannot now explain, to keep your possession of it

a secret from every one, and *especially* from Mr. Aston. Some day, perhaps, you may wear it openly.

"And now I must close this long letter. I shall look eagerly for a long letter from you, my dear Mary, by the next packet, and should be more anxious than I am, had I not heard, through Mr. Aston's last letter to his children, that you were in good health.

"Please give my kind regards to him, and all other friends at St. David, and to good old Mrs. Margaret, when you write; and meanwhile, till I write again, believe me, my dear Mary, ever

"Your affectionate brother,
"HENRY."

It will be remarked that Henry Talbot did not once allude to the name of Morton in the above letter, but spoke of his new friends as Henry and Mary, the children of Mr. Aston. If he had any suspicion of their relationship to himself and his sister, he kept those suspicions secret.

The fact really was, that before he disclosed anything he suspected, to them or to his sister, he wished to learn from Mary's reply, whether Mr. Aston had made any disclosures to her. If he had not, he held himself bound in honour not to betray the secret he had accidentally discovered, without Mr. Aston's permission. He had, however, no doubt in his own mind that the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston was his long-lost uncle Henry Morton, and that his youthful hosts at Watertown were his cousins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MARY TALBOT AT HOME.

WHEN the intelligence of Mary Talbot's relationship to Mr. Aston (who, for reasons known to the rector alone, still chose to retain his assumed name) became known throughout the village, great astonishment was manifested. She was generally congratulated upon the discovery of an uncle who was not only able but anxious to befriend her; and though Mr. Sinclair and his niece at first contemplated with some anxiety the probability that the discovery would lead to her resignation of the situation she held, and in which she had rendered herself necessary and almost invaluable to them, their minds were soon set at ease by the young lady herself, who declared that it was alike her own and her uncle's wish that, for the present at least, she should continue to perform her customary routine of duties.

"It is some consolation to me to find that I am not utterly alone in the world," she observed one day, soon after the discovery, to Miss Wardour; "and though this knowledge cannot compensate me for the loss of my only brother, I try to be—I *am*, thankful to Him who, in the midst of my sore trials, has given me so many kind and sympathising friends; but Henry and I were all in all to each other."

"It is hard to suffer these trials, dear Mary," said Miss Wardour. "Still, we must try to believe that though the ways of Providence are inscrutable, everything is ordained for the best."

"I cannot, I cannot," cried Mary. "It is vain to urge me," and she gave way to a burst of grief that she was unable to restrain.

Miss Wardour made no effort to restrain the sorrowing girl's tears. She felt that there are times when any attempt at consolation is resisted as an intrusion by those who are suffering from the first smart of a sore affliction, and in a few minutes Mary became more composed.

"Forgive me, dear Miss Wardour," she said, taking her friend's hand, "and may Heaven pardon me. It is wrong, I feel and know it is wrong, to doubt the wisdom

and goodness of Providence. I hope the day may come when I shall be able to say, 'All is well;' but I cannot now—I cannot indeed. Do not urge me. You only make me feel my loss more keenly. Leave me to my own thoughts, and I will strive, I will pray for submission. But let that be between me and Him who has seen fit to try me so severely."

"You will not remain here now, I presume," said Miss Wardour, after there had been a few minutes silence. "I do not mean that you will leave us. I am aware that you and your uncle have arranged that you are to remain with us. But you must feel lonesome here by yourself in the farmhouse. It was but a week ago that my uncle and I were talking on that subject, and we almost decided to offer you a room at the Rectory. Now, however, I suppose you will go to reside with your uncle."

"No," replied Mary; "I have never felt lonesome here. My uncle does wish me to remove to Cliff Cottage; but I have decided to remain here, where Henry and I spent our last hours together.

"Once—but a little while ago," she went on, "I did think of leaving St. David altogether. I had reasons. Perhaps some day I will tell you what they were—not now. But even then I should have regretted to have given up my charge, now that the children have become so attached to me."

"We should hardly have liked to ask you to remain," said Miss Wardour, "had you not decided to do so of your own accord, though we should have missed you sorely. You have no idea, my dear Miss Talbot, how highly my uncle values your assistance."

"Henceforward you and I must be closer friends than ever."

Miss Wardour then spoke of several new projects that her uncle was contemplating, with a view to improve the condition of his poor parishioners, and thus sought to divert her friend's mind from dwelling upon her troubles; and to a great extent she was successful in her endeavours.

"You are very kind," said Mary, when Miss Wardour was about to take her departure for the night. "I hope I shall never give way again as I did just now; but I cannot bear people, however kind their intentions, to try to console me—not just yet. I can think over more calmly and dispassionately when I am left to myself."

So Miss Wardour embraced her young friend and departed, leaving her alone with her sorrows and her reflections.

THE POST OFFICE.

WE have often taken occasion to speak of the progress of the Post Office—a progress, the details of which are duly announced in the Postmaster-General's Annual Report. Instead of giving the mere statistics of the last year, we extract from a recent article in the "Times" some passages likely to interest our readers:—

The number of letters, which in the year 1839 was estimated at 75,907,572, in the first year of the reduced tariff increased to 168,768,344, and has gone on increasing without a check to the present time, in a higher ratio than the increase of the population. In the year 1865 the number of letters had risen to 724,460,000, the books and chargeable newspapers to 97,250,000, and the samples and patterns-post to 1,280,990,000, making a total of 818,990,000 articles carried within the year by the Post Office—a number which had probably increased,

by the end of last year, to the magnificent proportions of 1,000,000,000. Such numbers as these stagger the imagination; and we may be sure that the machinery by which these myriads of letters are distributed moves with perfect smoothness and ease, for any stoppage would throw the whole correspondence of the country into the most inextricable confusion. The sorting-rooms of the General Post Office on Friday evenings, before the despatch of the night mails, present a most curious sight. Hither are brought the entire correspondence of the metropolis, and of the country districts around, that has to be passed through London, and in addition hither are brought such letters as are posted in the central district for metropolitan delivery. Of these letters only those which belong to the E.C. district are delivered from the Post Office, letters for all the other nine metropolitan districts being forwarded to them in bags, each district being now considered as a post town, sorting and delivering its own correspondence, and interchanging bags one with another. This distribution of the letter-sorting and delivery has relieved the central office of most of the work it had to perform, when, in the old days of the penny post, every district letter came to the head-office for distribution; but the vast increase of the general letters for the country has made up for this diminution of work, and at five o'clock, say, on a Friday evening, the sorters are all at their posts, and the labour of arranging the letters into the various roads and districts commences. The speed with which this operation is completed is extraordinary; the long range of pigeon-holes which face every table are speedily filled, and then the letters are stamped. In order to enable the authorities to trace letters, every stamper is supplied with a fresh stamp before commencing work. This he signs for; consequently, the envelope will at any time bear witness through whose hands it has passed previously to delivery. The book and sample post sorting is carried on at the same time, and if the publishing day of the magazines should happen to fall upon a Friday, the strain upon the office is greatly increased. The size of the book packets allowed by law is extremely liberal; parcels two feet by one foot square are permitted to pass, and the number that do go through the post testify to the great labour that falls upon the postman. The penny post for the conveyance of letters and parcels about London and its suburbs was established as early as 1683 by an upholsterer named Murray, and on its first starting parcels were not limited in weight. This was a more generous arrangement than the present parcel post, but it gradually became much restricted, and one Dockwra, who afterwards conducted the undertaking, was charged with forbidding the taking of any handboxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound; so that, in respect of the carriage of parcels, we have not made a very great advance, but then the numbers have enormously increased. The sample post, established in 1864, has been taken advantage of by merchants and tradesmen to a very large extent. In 1865 no less than 1,280,000 samples and patterns went by post. The majority of these samples consist of produce, such as tea, sugar, coffee, hops, seeds, corn, beans, etc.; but every conceivable article under the allowed weight, from mouse-traps and clock-works to leeches and Pharaoh's serpents, now passes through the Post Office. These samples are sorted on the same counters with the letters, and their bulk, of course, is far greater. Attempts are made to burden this department with very odd articles: a limb for dissection not long since was discovered by its smell, and rejected. Letters and parcels,

when sorted, are sealed up in bags and despatched by eight o'clock to the various railway termini. We must mention, however, that the sorters can never depend upon the amount of work they may have to perform, as occasionally advertisers will swamp the tables with small packets and printed enclosures. Thus, in 1859, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Crystal Palace Company, posted in one day at the central office 400,000 circulars, and while we were watching the process of sorting the other evening, 100,000 circulars came in as a disturbing element in the machinery of the office. There are, however, certain regular irregularities. For instance, on Friday evenings there is a vast increase of newspapers, consequent upon the despatch to the country of the weekly newspapers. On Saturday, again, there is a great increase of letters, consequent upon the Sunday closing of the Post Office. On Monday there is a like increase from the same cause. But the most striking regular irregularity occurs on the 13th and 14th of February. Some people may imagine that St. Valentine's Day is only dear to children and nurserymaids, and that the amorous gush of correspondence that occurs on the anniversary of the saint is declining in these days of enlightenment. Alas! the gush is only becoming more impetuous. In the year 1866 there passed through the London Post Offices, for town and country delivery, 897,900 valentines, and last year the number had increased to 1,199,142, giving a revenue to the Post Office of £11,242.

The sorting of newspapers is effected in a large room, ingeniously suspended by iron rods from the roof. They come on Friday nights in such overwhelming numbers that they require a special lift, or rather series of lifts, to take them to the sorting-room; when this process has been accomplished, they are placed in sacks and sent down a shoot into the vans which await them in the yard. The Government has no monopoly in the carriage of newspapers such as they possess with respect to letters; consequently, prodigious as the number of the papers is that pass through the Post Office with the impressed stamp, a still larger number go by railway in quires unstamped; and we may state that Mr. Smith, the great newspaper agent, has a sorting-van on the railways, in which he arranges newspapers for his agents and subscribers, just in the same manner as the letters are sorted in the Government railway travelling Post Offices.

Late letters, as the public is well aware, require extra stamps, according to the lateness of the hour at which they are posted. It is not so well known, however, that at all railway stations from which a travelling Post Office runs, there is a box for the receipt of letters for delivery on that particular line of rail, up to a quarter of an hour before the starting of the mail. However convenient this arrangement may be to those pressed for time, it does not appear to be taken advantage of, if we may judge from the contents of the letter-box at the Great Western terminus, in which the average number of letters is nine, and the largest number never exceeds twenty daily. Possibly the public do not avail themselves of this arrangement, because they are not aware of its existence.

The Travelling Post Office, the most ingenious of all the arrangements of the department, is established for the sorting of all the late letters which could not be sorted in time, and for the sorting of letters received while travelling along the line. It is simply a van fitted up with pigeon-holes and counters, where, while the train is hurrying at express speed through the dark night, the sorters are hard at work arranging the letters

for delivery at the different Post Office district stations down the line. The travelling Post Office stops at long intervals, but it delivers and takes in the mail-bags when going at full speed, by a special apparatus devised by one of the *employés* of the central office. By the side of the travelling Post Office there is suspended a netting, looking very like a hammock-netting, with an opening towards the head of the carriage, and closed at the other end. The bags to be received are hung on the near side of the rail, suspended from an iron standard, and they are swept into the bag by a V shaped catch, just sufficiently strong to do its work, but sufficiently weak to give way rather than destroy anything if it should get in any way entangled. The mail bags fall with a loud thud into the netting, whence they are immediately taken, and the letters they contain are sorted—some of them, possibly, for a postal district lower down the line. The transfer from the travelling Post Office to the station is made in the same manner as from the station to the travelling Post Office. On two occasions the letter bags, while suspended from the standards, have been stolen, and the contents rifled, and on one occasion two of the registered letters were abstracted. Registered letters are always sent by themselves in a green bag. Every step of their progress is registered by the endorsement of the person through whose hands they may pass, and such is the security the public place in this method of transmitting money and articles of value, that the number has increased from 1,965,000 in 1863, and 2,130,000 in 1864, to 2,232,000 in 1865, the last return that has been published. This increase was no doubt largely due to the regulation by which unregistered letters, unquestionably containing coin, were, in 1861, charged with a double registration fee, to be paid by the addressee. The effect of this measure was to lessen the applications for missing letters containing coin, from 6,000 to 2,000 per annum. Nevertheless, the tendency of a certain class of people to break the wisest regulations in spirit, if not in fact, is evidenced by the increase of letters containing postage stamps. Senders of money in this form possibly believe that by so doing they are not throwing any temptation in the way of the postmen, but we are assured, by those versed in the matter at the Post Office, that postage stamps, if not felt through the envelope, can be smelt.

While every care has been given towards the collection and rapid conveyance of letters by the Government, the public has not assisted the department as much as it might have done. Possibly the Board of Works are mainly at fault in one particular—the want of care in properly naming and numbering the streets. Builders have created unnecessary difficulties for the postman, by the absurd repetition of the word Westbourne, for instance, which is applied to streets, groves, terraces, etc., in the western district. The nomenclature of streets is especially worthy of the supervision of the Board. There are fifty King Streets, as many Queen Streets, sixty John Streets, sixty William Streets, and upwards of forty New Streets. Again, the irregular numbering of streets is a great cause of delay in delivering the letters. In some cases the four corner houses are sometimes called No. 1. Indeed, in some of the new streets there is no sequence at all in the numbers. The inspector of letter-carriers gives a very singular case in point. He says:—"On arriving at a house in the middle of a street, I observed a brass number—95—on the door, the houses on each side being numbered respectively 14 and 16. A woman came to the door, when I requested to be informed why 95 should appear between 14 and 16; she said it was the number of a house she formerly lived at

in another street, and it (meaning the brass plate) being a very good one, she thought it would do for her present residence as well as any other!"

The returned letter office, which is one of the most singular and interesting departments of the General Post Office, is situate in St. Martin's-le-Grand Street, opposite the great building. To this department gravitate all the letters that fail to be delivered throughout the empire. It will astonish the reader, perhaps, when he is told that this number amounted in the year 1865, to 3,518,000, equal in quantity to the entire annual correspondence of many a German kingdom. Of course, we do not mean to say that the entire number failed to reach their destination eventually, or that they were all *bond fide* epistles; many were circulars, having reference to the general election of that year, many advertising circulars, but the larger proportion were genuine letters. The reasons that led to this large return of correspondence are numerous and singular. It will, perhaps, scarcely be credited, that in 1865, 12,000 letters were posted in Great Britain without any address, and these letters contained valuables in the form of checks, notes, and money to the amount of £3,700. On one occasion, £5,000 in notes were sent, improperly addressed, open at the ends, like a book packet. Not long since, the "blind men," of this department, as the decipherers of illegible and imperfect addresses are termed, were fairly beaten by the Arcadian simplicity of the following superscription on a genuine letter, containing a pair of spectacles:—

"My dear Father in Yorkshire, at the white cottage with green pailings."

It had evidently been written by a servant who, having a fond recollection of the paternal home, thought everybody in Yorkshire must be equally acquainted with it. Bad writing and spelling are a fruitful cause of failure in the delivery of letters. Some years since a letter came thus addressed:—

"Mr. Owl O'Neil,

At the Post-office."

The "blind man" into whose hands it fell, surmised at once that this was a bit of phonetic spelling, and delivered it without hesitation to Sir Rowland Hill, its rightful owner.

Every letter, after remaining in the office for a certain time, to give persons an opportunity of claiming it, is opened, and, if possible, sent back to the writer. Nevertheless, there are a large number that are destroyed. The official reasons given for non-delivery to the persons addressed, are as follows:—One per cent. are dead, three per cent. are not called for at post-offices, five per cent. are refused, five per cent. are illegibly addressed, twenty-one per cent. are addressed to persons who have gone away, and forty-five per cent. are not known as addressed. About three-fourths of these undelivered letters are returned to the senders. Out of the 600,000,000 letters posted per annum, only 3,000,000 fail to be delivered, in other words, not more than one in two hundred letters fail, or one-half per cent.

All returned letters containing articles of value, lapsed post-office money-orders, and books, are kept for two years, and, if still unclaimed, are sold at Debenham and Storr's, and the proceeds are carried to the credit of the Life Insurance Office in connexion with the Post Office, the sum being added to the extent of five per cent. on premiums of those insured.

Newspapers that fail to be delivered, in consequence of the wrappers coming off, or returned from the fact of not being stamped, or insufficiently stamped, etc., find their way to this office in large quantities. It is just possible that the department was until very lately charge-

able with the miscarriage of many of these, inasmuch as the postage-stamps were so thinly covered with gum that they fell off; 1,200,000 got loose in the Post Office in 1865. In the next year this was remedied by a thicker coating of the adhering material, and the number of loose stamps fell to 760,000. Possibly, if people would not lick stamps, but wet them, there would be still fewer failures of both letters and newspapers from this cause. The detained newspapers amount to five sacks a week. They are all torn up, and are sold for waste paper. While witnessing this destruction, we could not help thinking that a few of them would be well distributed if sent to our poor-houses and other charitable institutions, where the poor inmates have so little to cheer them in their often enforced idleness. We recommend this idea to the Post Office authorities.

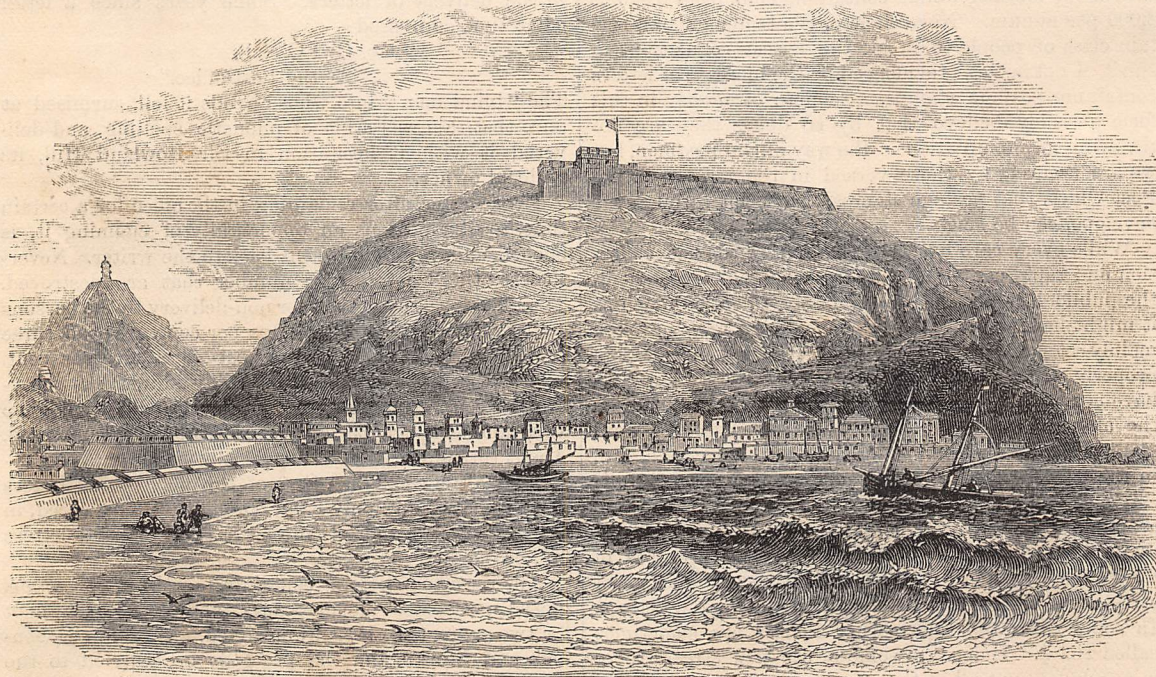
We cannot, within the limits of this article, do more than refer to the many new departments which have, of late years, been created and placed under the government of the Post Office. The Money-order Office has grown enormously, and has, in fact, superseded to a very large extent the system of bank draughts. The Savings Bank, with ramifications throughout the country, and with a receiving-house in the large percentage of its Post Offices, has become a large establishment in itself, and is every year increasing; the Government Insurances and Annuities Office—all these establishments, which may be considered satellites to the General Post Office, will grow with the growth of the country. At present they are scattered in various buildings, but it is

the intention to concentrate them in one large building to be erected, as soon as all the leases have been obtained, on the site in St. Martin's-le-Grand, opposite the Post Office, extending from Newgate Street to the Bull and Mouth. This building will, in course of time, no doubt, surpass in size the General Post Office, and the whole system, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, will probably represent the most powerful, as it is the most profitable, of all the Civil Service departments of the State.

The revenue of the Post Office, from all sources, has year by year been increasing. The last return published, refers to the year 1865, when the net revenue amounted to £1,482,522. According to the annual increase, that amount cannot now be much under two millions, which is paid into the Exchequer without any deductions. Lord Stanley of Alderley, the late Postmaster-General, clearly anticipated that in a few years it would, without in any way stinting the service, produce an income nearly equal in amount to the income-tax. Such being the case, it will become a question for the consideration of the Government, what we shall do with it. It has been often asserted that the Post Office ought not to be a source of revenue; possibly not; but we cannot help agreeing with his lordship "that it would be difficult if not impossible, to devise any mode of raising a public income less burdensome or more equitable in its operation, than that which exacts no payment without giving a service in return, and which is not open to the appellation of a tax."

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."



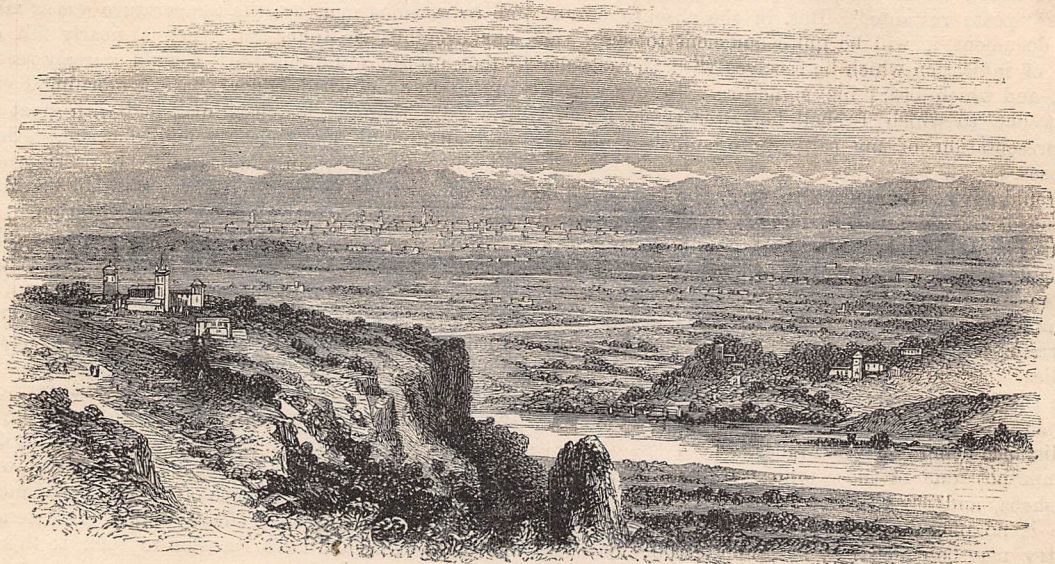
SAN SEBASTIAN.

ALTHOUGH an old traveller in many parts of the world, I had never visited Spain. Vague ideas of troubles and discomforts had hitherto deterred me. But the railways, if they have destroyed the romance, have removed most of the difficulties of travelling, and, armed

with Bradshaw's Guide, and Murray's Handbook, I felt sure that the chief routes in the Peninsula must be easily accessible. Accordingly, I resolved on the expedition, a brief record of which may serve as a guide to other travellers.

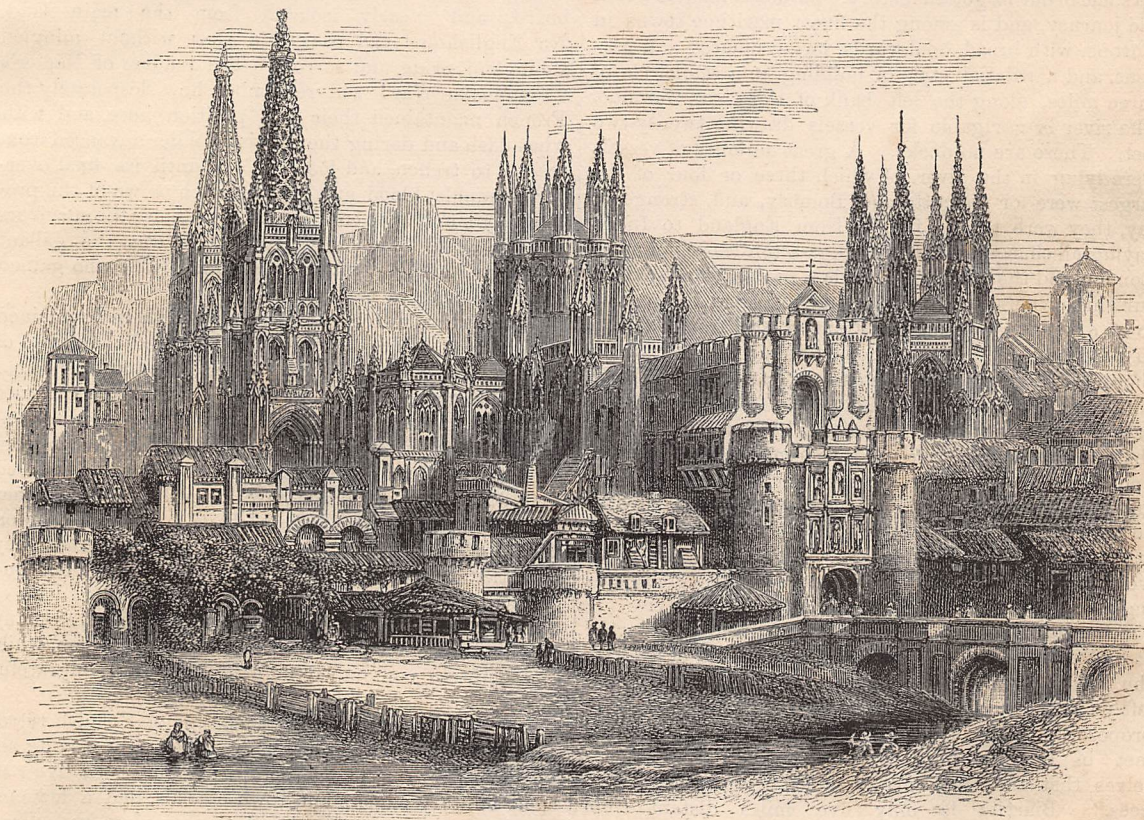
I may say at once, that if the reader expects any perilous adventures among contrabandists or banditti, he will be disappointed. Travelling in Spain is as easy in

were included guides in the various cities, photographic views and other *souvenirs*, and all incidental expenses. On a more economical scale, and with sufficient comfort,



PLAIN OF VITTORIA.

the present day as on any part of the "grand tour of Europe;" and as to cost, while the railway fares are | the same tour of two months could be managed at an outlay of little more than £40. I took with me circular



BURGOS.

higher than in France and Germany, I found that my expenses, including first-class travelling and hotel accommodation, did not exceed a pound a day. In this | notes of the Union Bank of London, a safe and convenient "circulating medium," as they can be cashed in any city of Spain without loss or trouble.

There is no passport now required from the British traveller in Spain; but, if he has an old one of any date by him, it may be as well to put it in his pocket, as it may be asked for at the post-office, when applying for letters "poste restante." But, in the absence of any such document, it will be quite sufficient to show the letter of indication which he receives with the circular notes, and which bears his signature. In every case, except one to which I shall hereafter refer, I found the presentation of my card quite sufficient for all purposes.

I would advise the tourist to carry the least possible amount of luggage, which will save much trouble and expense; and, having nothing that is subject to duty, a simple declaration to that effect will generally satisfy the Custom House authorities. One of the articles of which they are most suspicious is tobacco; and I would advise the traveller who smokes to trust to Spain for his supplies.

On the 2nd November last I left Paris by the express train at 10.30 A.M., and arrived at Bordeaux at 9.30 P.M., the distance being about 360 miles.

I am not one of those who "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say that all is barren;" but certainly there is no picturesque scenery on this journey. The country may be called flat, fair, and fertile; for every foot of ground is well cultivated. The journey is not without interest, as we pass the old historical cities of Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême; and if we do not see much of these cities by the present go-ahead mode of travelling, the fact of passing them prompts us to read up some of our forgotten history. Bordeaux itself is worth the journey, and is among the finest maritime towns in Europe, with broad boulevards, large squares and gardens, and a palatial style of building, in a semicircle of three miles, along the left bank of the river Garonne. The river is navigable for vessels drawing twenty-two feet. There are no docks. A great number of vessels were lying in the river, of which three or four of the largest were for Calcutta and Bombay, and, strange to say, they were taking freight from England to India, paying all charges, at ten shillings a ton less than from London and the Clyde. Here is a problem for some of our ship-owners to solve. Twenty years ago I happened to be a passenger on board a French vessel from Calcutta to Bordeaux. The commander, Captain Ireland, was a thorough sailor and a gentleman—a Frenchman by birth and education, and an Englishman in feelings and sympathy. I had not been long at my hotel when I learned that he was settled here as a merchant, and I called upon him. We had not met for twenty-six years; both had become grey, and these long years had told greatly on both of us; but, strange to say, we recognised each other at once by the voice, and I had a most kind and welcome reception, and was introduced to the club reading-room, and all that was interesting in the city.

After spending two days here very agreeably, I started at eight A.M. for Bayonne and Biarritz, and arrived at the former city at noon. A number of our passengers left us at the station of Dax, *en route* to Pau, where they proposed passing the winter, some of whom I afterwards met in the south of Spain, congratulating themselves that they had not remained "under the Pyrenees." Biarritz is only five miles distant from Bayonne, and there is constant omnibus communication; so that, instead of going on at once by rail to the pleasant and favourite retreat of the Empress of the French, I stopped four hours at the latter city, and had time to look around the citadel, and stroll about the quays and harbour, which lay within sight of the Bay of

Biscay. Then I took the outside of the omnibus, and arrived at Biarritz at 5 P.M. Nothing could surpass the beauty of this evening. Far out on the Bay of Biscay, which was calm as a mill-pond, the golden sun was sinking in all its glorious majesty; the temperature was as mild as our evenings in June, and when a nearly full moon "took up the wondrous tale," I could scarcely reconcile myself to come within doors. Next morning I visited the Villa Eugénie, which is furnished with great taste, and all around looks cleanly and cheerful. Several English and American families talked of passing part of the winter here, from which I would rather be excused, unless I wished to retire for private meditation.

Next day at noon commenced what I may call my Spanish journey. An hour and a half after leaving the station of Biarritz we come to the frontier town of Irun, where luggage, not registered for Madrid, is examined with very little trouble. If you have only one package, a shake of the head and "nada" will meet with a smile and exemption from being searched. I retract the "smile," and call it a complacent look, for I have not yet seen a Spaniard smile, and I begin to doubt if such a thing is possible. Much has been said and written about the drowsy indifference of the Spaniard, and here we first begin to see its effects, which increase as you go on; but I shall have occasion to refer to this hereafter.

The next station we pass is San Sebastian, where we remained long enough to take a sad look at the rugged cone where stands the citadel, about four hundred feet above the sea, and overlooking the town, which is built on the isthmus lying along the seaboard, and nearly isolated from the main land. No Englishman can pass this spot without mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. The readers of Napier's "Peninsular War" will remember how desperately the French maintained their last position here, and with what dash and daring the British soldier advanced from trench to trench, and foot by foot, until its final overthrow, amidst blood and carnage such as we of the present day shudder to contemplate. Among the survivors of that awful 31st of August, 1813, was the gallant "young Campbell," afterwards Lord Clyde, who gained his first laurels at this eventful siege.

I arrived at Vittoria at 7.30 P.M., and there I remained all the next day to see the battlefield, and the points of interest described by Napier. From the tower of Santa Maria I had a complete view of the position of both armies during the heat of the battle, and of the eight or ten villages from which one after the other the French were driven, and where King Joseph and his army suffered such disasters. It must have been hot work on that summer day of June, 1813. I have my own opinion on these sanguinary interventions and the millstone they have tied round our necks; but there can be but one opinion among Britons of the wisdom and sagacity of our great Captain, and the valour of our troops, so many of whom were left behind to dust and desecration, while England was contemned by a boastful and ungrateful ally.

The town itself is but another type of Spanish retrogression—dull and dilapidated. The only moving activity seems to be about the dinner-hour. At five P.M. some military officers and town officials, and a few employés of government, entered the *comedero*, or *salle à manger*, each with a cigarette in his mouth, and, divesting themselves of their large cloaks, sat down at table, evidently to enjoy themselves; and with that easy volubility of language which seems to flow like a smooth rapid stream from the lips of a Spaniard, the conver-

sation never seemed to flag. One wonders how, in the absence of political and religious controversies, they can find twaddle for their lengthened harangues. The dinner occupied more than an hour; and I refer to it more particularly, as it was the first characteristic Spanish *table d'hôte* that I had been at, and where I first saw the cigarette introduced at dinner. I have said that they all came in with one in their mouths, which they threw on the floor when they sat down, and after soup they lighted another; and so on, after each course, the smoke was renewed, till the cloth was removed and the appetites satisfied.

The next morning I took a guide, and was first introduced on the scene of the Spanish Alamedas. Whatever stagnation there may be about a place, they still keep up these charming promenades, and the Florida and Prado outside this town, with their shady avenues of trees and broad walks, form delightful lounges. The spacious and well-supplied markets are another characteristic of Spain.

The next day I came on to Burgos, the capital of Old Castile. The Cathedral is the great attraction here, and is certainly a fine specimen of the florid Gothic of the thirteenth century. The rough and neglected exterior does not at first impress you with beauty; but after wandering through its aisles, and under its lofty Gothic arches, and ascending the main tower, and looking down upon its beautiful architecture and elaborate ornamentations and vast proportions, I am inclined to rank it among the very finest specimens of the florid Gothic of the fourteenth century. The figures and carving that ornament the beautiful towers that spring from the arches, and that have stood the storms of six centuries, are as sharp and defined as if they had just come from the hands of the workmen.

The interior has lost much of its former wealth and art, but it is still rich in architecture and in painted windows and altar ornaments. The wood carvings in the choir and round the stalls are wonderful specimens of labour and art. The French made sad havoc here, and robbed the cathedral of much of its silver ornaments and works of art. One of the principal chapels is dedicated to the patron Santiago, or St. James, "who planted the first church in Spain, and was its bishop!" The Spaniard has, no doubt, as much authority for his saint as the Roman has for St. Peter; and when I expressed to my guide some surprise that I had never heard or read that "James, the brother of John," who was stationed at Jerusalem, and suffered martyrdom there, had ever been so far as Spain, my devout friend knew nothing about the Gospels or "Acts of the Apostles;" the Church knew best, and he was bound to believe it. The grandest of all these chapels, and large enough to form a church of itself, is that of the Constables of Castile—a perfect study of beautiful white stone carving and floral ornament.

I stopped longer than I had intended at this interesting old city, as I was anxious to ramble over that barren hill and dilapidated old castle, before which we lost more than two thousand men, and after five different assaults and thirty days' fighting had to retire and leave the French in possession. There has been little change for these fifty-four years; the old broken wall, the ruins of the church, and the exploded mines are there, with a sentry pacing among the crumbling ruins. I took a conveyance, and drove two and a half miles to the Carthusian Convent of Santa Maria. The chapel is still a perfect gem, but the abodes of those friars and monks who lived on the fat of the land are now silent as the tombs to which they have passed.

Proceeding from Burgos to Valladolid, the old capital of Spain, I found interest enough to remain a part of two days. At the hotel there was a melancholy Swiss waiter, and a sort of *valet de place*, who spoke French and acted as my guide. Poor fellow! it was amusing to see the mixture of Spanish melancholy and Swiss vivacity; now wiping the glasses and plates, and brightening up with our references to his beautiful native lakes and mountains; again addressed by some sombre señor, in Spanish, every muscle of the face settles down to its proper gravity, and he becomes a native of his adopted country. This man was from a Catholic canton, and may be undergoing some penance, which I hope he may not sink under. I found him very useful: he had the usual Swiss intelligence, and I daresay knew more of the history of the city than half the natives. We visited every place of interest: first, the house in which Columbus died, now a miserable woollen shop; the University, the principal one in Spain for legal study, with upwards of 1,000 students; the Museum, which is more curious than instructive, and may be called the tomb of sacerdotal trumpery—a gathering of the wreck of the French ravages, and the confiscated monasteries and convents. The Cathedral is a fine massive building, of the Corinthian order, but unfinished, and, like all Spanish churches that I have seen, bare and dilapidated. The Queen has a royal palace here, of plain exterior, but this was not open for visitors. The great Inquisition still stands here in ruins—that abomination of all abominations. The first Napoleon made a complete clearance here; but if he had never done anything worse in his unscrupulous career than turning this pandemonium into barracks, stables, and military storehouses, he would have much less to answer for. The great church through which the anathemas rang against the new heresy is now a tottering ruin, and there is not a whole pane of glass throughout the building—a true emblem of the past and present Spain.

I left Valladolid at 9.30 P.M. by train, and although the distance to Escorial is only about 120 miles, we were nearly eight hours on the journey, and the heat of the day made us feel the rather cold, frosty night more severely. We arrived at 6 A.M. It was just daylight: there was no conveyance in attendance, nor, in fact, any one to take charge of our luggage. There were the usual two or three muffled statues, even at this early hour, with their cloaks round their mouths and over their shoulders, smoking their cigarettes; but these dignified persons were not porters; they were not looking after any one either coming or going away; they were simply looking at vacancy. A passenger, seeing me anxious about my "equipage," directed me to accompany him up the hill, of three-quarters of a mile, and to give my *receta* to the servant of the hotel, who would come down for my portmanteau. I may here mention that the plan adopted on the Spanish railways for the care of luggage, though somewhat tedious, is admirably adapted for safety. There is no value put on time. You are expected to be at the station half-an-hour before the train starts, and if the train is half-an-hour late, you have ample time to take out your ticket, and have your luggage entered, for which they give you a number and receipt; for over-weight, the charge is rather high. When you arrive at your destination, you must not lose your temper if you are kept another half-hour. "Is not the luggage of the coming passengers to be put in, and that of those stopping to be taken out, and all carefully arranged on a table before the doors are thrown open; and do you expect this to be done in a hurry? Señor Inglis is a little impatient, but there is plenty of time."

I came to Spain to learn, and I took my lessons coolly.

The Fonda Miranda is a type of all the provincial hotels in Spain that I have seen. When I describe anything to English readers, I endeavour to make some comparison that will bring the object to the mind's eye; but there is nothing in Great Britain or anywhere else that I know of to which I can compare the Spanish Fonda. The total neglect of all those little domestic comforts and cleanly habits to which we are accustomed in England is almost revolting. You will imagine me cold and tired, arrived at a closed and barred door, at seven o'clock in the morning. After knocking for some time, the master or his representative comes half-dressed, seeming to wonder why you have disturbed him. On explaining that you want a bed-chamber, he makes no reply, but takes down a key, and you follow him up a rickety wooden stair with broken balustrades, till you come to a long dark passage; and finally a thick clumsy door is opened, which emits a little light, and you are ushered into a matted room, very much like those cells for prisoners on the silent system. Here you are left, water and towel are brought, and you have plenty of time to contemplate your new prison, with the little iron bedstead, the dirty-looking rug, the small hand-basin in the iron stand, and the rickety old chest of drawers: even the old clock, that never goes, of French bed-rooms, is absent. This is the Windsor of Madrid, and this is the accommodation afforded by the best hotel in the place. After making my ablutions in the smallest of soup bowls, and getting an egg and a cup of black coffee, I sallied forth to explore the wonders of the far-famed Escorial.

The first sight of the Escorial is disappointing, particularly if the imagination has been wrought up to a high pitch by flowing description. I may begin by giving some idea of the dimensions of the building. It is nearly in the form of a quadrangle, and for convenience sake we will take each of the four sides at 750 feet. It is said to represent a gridiron, being so built after the legendary mode of the death of St. Lawrence, to whose honour the place was dedicated in a vow by Philip II; hence it is properly called San Lorenzo el Real—the four turrets at the corners forming the inverted feet, and the Royal apartments the handle of the gridiron. It stands about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, in the bosom of a semicircle of rugged barren hills, and the whole surrounding scenery at this season presents a very desolate appearance. When you have gone round the exterior of the building, you can come to no other conclusion than that it is a gaol, a reformatory, or penitentiary. There are said to be 11,000 windows, more or less, in the building; there are five rows of these, and the two lower are iron-barred, still carrying out the idea of a gaol: the windows are simply holes in the wall, five by three feet, without any attempt at ornament. The exterior is built of a fine light-brown stone, as fresh as when it came from the hands of the mason. There are no grand porticoes or ornaments to arrest the eye: everything is in keeping, of the simplest and purest Doric. The interior is composed of massive blocks of grey granite: the pillars, arches, and roof seem to be hewn out of the solid granite rock. I have never seen anything in which strength, solidity, and simplicity were so happily combined. We were shown round the apartments by a guide, who spoke Spanish and French alternately; but the sight is scarcely worth the labour. The walls are hung with Flemish and

Spanish tapestry, with a great deal of very pretty marqueterie round the panneling of the walls. We were shown the small and solitary apartments of its bigoted founder, Philip II, where he held counsel with his priests and confessors. From these apartments a passage led into the church. I have spent days in St. Peter's, in Rome, and could return again and again to its artistic details; but here you have merely the grandest mass of unadorned granite, wrought into classic form of the simplest order. The eye has nothing specially to rest upon, unless it may be the frescoed roof of the choir, which stands some forty feet above the nave, and is on the opposite side of the altar. If it is a complaint that St. Peter's is too ornamental for devotional purposes, this building is free at least from this fault. Certainly its founder had a noble conception of what a great temple, devoted to the living God, ought to be; for here there is nothing but magnitude and space to divert the attention from the solemn and impressive service.

The ground plan of the palace is composed of some fifty courts—in fact, carrying out the idea of the bars or meshes of the gridiron; and in most of these are fountains of water playing. I spent the whole day wandering through these courts and apartments, and the only impression left on my mind is, that this vast building, which cost fifteen millions sterling, and, like Versailles, laid the foundation of national bankruptcy, is now only and admirably adapted for a penitentiary.

I had almost forgotten the Pantheon, or royal tombs of the kings and queens of Spain, immediately under the great altar. The guide supplied us with lights, and we were led down a stair, under a sloping arch lined with fine coloured marble. At the bottom of this stair is an octagon vault, of some forty feet in height and diameter, and round the building are the marble coffins, or sarcophagi, of the kings and queens of Spain, from the father of the founder down to perhaps the last of the Bourbons; and there are still a number of empty coffins waiting to receive the ashes of majesty.

The whole building originally consisted of a palace, a convent, and a tomb, and was a sort of earthly paradise from which the holy Philip might make his apotheosis. The church, with its beautiful dome, and the library, with its arched fresco roof and marble pavement, and the marble and porphyry reading-tables, which are never used, and the massive book-cases, which are never opened, are the chief attractions of the building. The guide had a long story about the number of fountains, cloisters, stair-cases, court-yards, etc., but somehow or other it was all lost upon us, and it was a happy relief to get out into the open air.

On two sides of the building are a succession of fine broad terraces, bordered with box and other evergreens, and sparkling fountains; and on the southern declivity, an extensive garden and park, which at this season looked neglected and out of order, but was finely wooded with elms, fruit-trees, vines, and olives.

A CASE OF DOUBLE VISION.

WITH the conviction that the facts I am going to record are calculated to be of use to all business men, and to literary men especially, to whom the preservation of good sight is of vital importance, I shall sketch as briefly as I can the phenomena of a sufficiently distressing experience. I ought to premise that from infancy the lachrymal duct of the left eye has been closed; but

the closure never affected the sight for a period of more than forty years, during the whole of which time I could see with remarkable clearness, and to a great distance.

In the year 1854 I was induced to undertake a certain amount of literary work, which, once entered on, could not be given up until the year had expired—although I had at the same time regular employment for ten hours a day. The writing had to be done in the evenings, by the light of candles. For a time all went on comfortably enough; but before the expiration of the third month, the sight began to be at times misty and disturbed. Then the disturbance grew worse. I could not discern the point of the pen as I wrote, or I could not see the word I was writing, while those just written were perfectly distinct. At other times I could not see the line that was being written, only those above it; and again, sometimes, what I can only describe as a *bar of nothing*, some three or four inches in length, and half as much in breadth, would accompany my pen as it moved along, effectually veiling its motions from myself. I could at first get rid of these hindrances, and of the frontal headache which accompanied them, by bathing the eyes, forehead, and temples in cold water; but, as time went on, I had to use more stringent measures, such as turning the tap of the cistern on to the crown and back of the head, until the parts felt quite numbed. Even these means would not avail for long, and eventually I had to set to work of an evening with a wet towel bound round the head; and this practice I was compelled to have recourse to until the colder weather of autumn and the approach of winter enabled me to discontinue it.

When the year's overwork was done, the symptoms above described abated, and in the course of a few months seemed to have vanished altogether. It was not exactly so, however; as upon occasions I was made unpleasantly aware of the possibility of their recurrence. With years I had learned experience, and was now quite willing to be more economical of the visual power. On the *venienti occurrere morbo* principle, I now kept watch against the first indications of disturbance, and by continual care was enabled to stave them off. I worked less, and took more recreation and more frequent change of air; and when I did work, I did not tax my sight so much or so long together as it had been my custom to do. In consequence of my watchfulness, perhaps, the bad symptoms did not recur for several years, and at length I lost all apprehension of their recurring at all.

But in 1861 I became low in health, suffering most dreary depression in the fore part of the day, sometimes, but not always, compensated by extra vivaciousness and hilarious feeling towards evening. Now it was that the visual disturbances returned, not only in their old forms, but in others quite new to me, and as disagreeable as they were new; while their visitations were so frequent as to be quite a nuisance, often preventing me from work for hours together. The old plagues, which I fancied I had got rid of, returned in all their force and variety, and now they harassed me, not only when at work but at other times. The new phenomena were even more alarming. Sometimes, when sitting at my desk, or at meals, I would see but half of any object before me—the blade of a knife, or the bowl of a spoon without the handle, the feet of the servant and her figure up to the waist, as she seemed to wait at table without her head; or the shaggy head of the house-dog as he went to and fro without his hind quarters. Such broken visions were, however, never in my case more than momentary; I could in an instant, by an effort—

and I always made the effort—bring the whole of the divided object into view; and the fact that I could do so was a great relief to my mind.

Now and then, when looking at two objects, I saw but one of them, or, if I saw both, the outlines of both would be blurred, as if interfering with each other. This defect I could not so readily correct, though I could do so by rubbing or bathing the eyes. Again, it would happen that while I was busily at work, a chance look at the floor would show me the carpet apparently raised a foot or more above its actual position, nearly to the level of the chair-bottoms; it would never stay in this position, but would sink down again slowly and steadily as I looked at it. Or if I looked at the wall of my room, I would see it nearer to me than it really was, and that by a full half of the distance; at the same time the pictures which hung against the wall seemed to be partly sunk in the wall, their images not coming nearly so far forward as the wall itself. If, while thus looking at the wall, I happened to glance to the right or the left, it seemed that the pictures and wall-paper moved also to the right or left, their images falling in a confused manner on the objects occupying the new field of view, but fading quickly out of sight, disappearing in two or three seconds at most. I found that the best remedy for these unwelcome visitations was a run into the country for a day or two, and a temporary cessation from working and thinking; but the cure was now much less certain, and more slowly effected than it used to be.

By this time the long sight, the power of distinguishing objects at a distance, which I had once possessed in so remarkable a degree, had gradually changed to its opposite, and I had become near-sighted. For years past I had been using a concave lens for looking at distant objects, and was quite incapable of defining them without its aid. Still I used no spectacles, not feeling the least need of them, but reading the smallest print with perfect ease.

I pass over some subsequent experiences, which would be interesting if I could describe them accurately, and hasten on to the event which has been the cause of my writing this paper.

On a day in the second week of June, 1867, I had been writing sedulously from breakfast time to near sunset, when I became suddenly aware of the return of some of the unwelcome symptoms described above. At first I saw here and there a single letter only in each written word as it was formed; after a few minutes I ceased to see any part of the word until it was completed; in a few minutes more I could not see the line that was being written, although the lines above it were clearly visible. Anxious to complete the article in hand, to which, indeed, I stood pledged, I persevered in my work, with the determination to get it done before the darkness came on. I had almost finished when that strange visitant which I have before described as a "bar of nothing" came and interposed itself between my eyes and the work of my hand. But, having only a few lines more to do, I wrote on, even in spite of this, and completed my task, having little doubt but that the long evening walk I intended to take, followed by a night's rest, would tranquillise the optic nerves and set me right again. It was just past sunset when I left the house, and walked down the terrace to deposit my paper in the post-office. I had taken but a few steps, and was looking at an advancing figure which I thought I knew. When, to my astonishment and alarm, I saw another figure the exact counterpart of the first, save that it seemed twice as big, walking in the air at the height of some twenty feet. I soon saw, however, that the ap-

parent increase in size of the upper figure was but a delusion consequent on its greater distance; for, as both figures approached, the upper one drew nearer to the lower without diminishing in stature, and yet coalesced with it, though not at all perfectly, the two together presenting a blurred image of a gentleman with two heads, one over the other; and under that grotesque appearance it passed me. If this odd vision had come without any of my previous experiences, my alarm had been doubtless great; but the familiarity that breeds contempt had in a measure prepared me for it. I knew at once that my sight was at fault, and I began to test it immediately with other objects. Looking at an omnibus swarming with outsiders, as it passed along the road, I saw its double running along in the air above, the two images separating farther and farther apart as they receded in the distance. I saw that every figure on the opposite side of the street was doubled in the same way, and subject to the same changes; that the houses were twice as high as they should be, some of them showing six storeys instead of three. At first I imagined that the doubling of objects was confined within certain limits of distance, because on reaching the fields I found that a tree-covered hill, distant near a mile, showed without its double; but this was a mistake too, soon dissipated by the appearance of the distant hill far up in the sky, where I had not thought of looking for it. I walked farther through the suburbs towards the country, in the hope of shaking off the visual incubus, which much annoyed and bewildered me. But the symptoms grew worse instead of better as evening wore on. I detected myself in wandering out of the straight line as I walked, like one intoxicated, and I knew that this happened because I was constantly mistaking the doubles of objects for the objects themselves. When I looked at the pavements I saw double lines of flagstones overlapping each other and mingling together, and I saw my own legs and feet doubled at every step. As the lamps were lighted in the long suburban roads, they became confused in an indescribable manner—a chaos of red lights in the foreground, and streaming upwards like the tail of a rocket in the distance; and when the stars shone out it was in vain that I endeavoured to recognise the most familiar constellations.

I came home early and went to bed, with a hope, almost amounting to assurance, that a good night's sleep, for which I felt more than ordinarily disposed, would prove a perfect restorative, and that morning would find me all right and ready to resume work. No such thing. I slept soundly and long; but in the morning the first thing I saw was the vision of four windows instead of two in my bed-room, and double images of everything around me; even—what I had not noticed before—my hands and fingers were doubled; the double vision seemed confirmed, though the slight haziness which had accompanied it the night before had disappeared, and all objects were now clear and distinct in their double existence. As I lay in bed that morning, I began to study the business a little, with a view if possible of getting at the *rationale* of it; but I could not make much of it then, being probably too much interested to weigh and compare the phenomena as I might have done had the case been another person's. But I learned something. I found that all objects directly in front of me were fairly doubled; if large and near, the two images overlapped each other to an extent proportioned to their size and nearness; if small or distant, the two images stood perfectly distinct from each other, and on the same plane. But objects not in front of me were displayed in a different manner. Thus, on looking at the pictures on


the walls, I found that those on the right-hand wall, though doubled as distinctly as objects in front, had not their images on the same plane; the lower images stood in their right place, but the upper ones were farther off, rose high as they receded, and converged downwards in a diagonal line as they were nearer; and I could see that this diagonal would not touch the perspective line of the lower image until it had reached a point considerably in the rear of the spot where I lay. I was not prepared to discern, as I did on looking at the objects which hung on the wall to the left, that on that side the visual disturbance was much less than it was in any other direction; the objects, it is true, were doubled, but the doubling amounted to little more than a blurring of the outline, unless the objects were very small indeed, in which case I could see them distinctly side by side.

At this stage of the business there was nothing else for it but to go to my medical man, and I paid him a visit accordingly. He did not give me much medicine, but treated me for a short time with mercurial laxatives and aperients in small doses; knowing my constitution well, he was chary of strong measures, and advised a cessation from work, a prolonged holiday, with change of air and scene.

Accepting his advice, I started on the following day to pay a visit long due to some friends in the country, trusting that the change of air would prove beneficial. Nor was I altogether disappointed. Spending most of my time out of doors, I gained strength from day to day, and after a time found that my disordered vision was assuming a new phase, considerably less severe and trying. After a few days the doubling of objects began to confine itself to a certain angle of vision. When I looked upwards all was right; there was no appearance of doubling in the clouds by day, or in the stars by night; though at all angles between ten or twelve degrees above the horizon, and all below that, the doubling remained as before. This improvement was gradual, and not regularly progressive—the angle of disturbance widening and narrowing, and being generally narrower in the morning than at night—the disease in a manner oscillating from bad to better and *vice versa*, though on the whole the improvement was marked. I found, further, at this time, that by a powerful effort I could get rid of the doubling of the flag-stones beneath my feet, although I could only do that for a few moments at a time, the effort being too painful for lengthened endurance. I had also learned ere this to mitigate the giddiness and bewilderment which so much distressed me by closing one eye as I walked about—as, so long as I used but one eye, I saw, of course, but a single image of objects. I had more than a suspicion, however, that this was not the way to hasten my cure, and therefore I resorted to it only for the sake of ease and rest. For the most part I could manage, when sitting within doors, to see objects singly, even with both eyes, by simply placing the objects outside of the angle of disturbance, which I could do by sitting with my face inclined downwards, and thus looking up at them. This method answered extremely well; so much so that I could sometimes fancy that there was nothing wrong—the smiling faces around the table all appearing in perfect single distinctness; but I was soon undeceived if for a moment I raised my face to the level of theirs; then the whole family appeared with two heads apiece, one elevated about a foot above the other. Some days were more favourable than others. When I drove out for a ride, the air and the rapid motion through it produced an excellent effect, and at such times I always noticed that the two images were nearer together; on the other

hand, when I had fatigued myself with too much walking, the double images would appear farther apart. My worst days occurred in the hottest weather, and were generally saddened more or less by severe pain in the forehead and temples, and a distressing sense of pressure at the back of the eye-balls.

Towards the end of June I ran down into Somersetshire, to the neighbourhood of Clifton. There I spent the whole of the month of July, strolling about the fields, or wandering under the shady, leafy avenues. I had plenty of time now to study the phenomena that plagued me, and their effects upon myself. What in a manner surprised me, as it recurred to me again and again, was the fact that, though I have usually been eager and anxious to be doing, and always detesting even the idea of inaction and profitless idleness, I had now no such feeling, but was perfectly content to do nothing at all and let things take their course. Instead of wanting to do the work which was waiting to be done, I rather wanted to sleep, and indeed could have slept almost at any time. I attributed this state of feeling to the sympathy of the brain with the visual nerves, and the influence of their perverted action upon it. Of course I kept a constant watch upon my enemy the double, while I nourished the determination to get the better of him. I was still aware that the visual angle to which the doubling of objects was confined was growing narrower, although but very slowly; and I had learned by this time that this vicious angle was at the narrowest when my digestion was in order and my general health at its best. I had found out also, that whatever might have been the fact at the beginning, the fact now was that the right eye was perfectly well and healthy, and the fault lay with the left one, which had not the power to bring down the image it received, so that it might be superimposed and blended with that received by the right eye.

At this stage of my disorder I was often the subject of optical delusions which would have been quite inexplicable to any other person. Thus, I would see a horse going up a hill, appearing quite right until he got within my angle of disturbance; then he would suddenly become endowed with two heads, and a moment after gallop off on eight legs. When attending divine service on Sunday, I could manage to see the preacher singly, by choosing my position so as to get him out of the vicious angle, though a certain portion of the congregation would always appear confused and crowded by the doubling. The reader may easily imagine what kind of view I had at this period of things in general, and the queer changes that all objects underwent to my perception, as they passed in whole or in part across my angle of disturbance. The thing which now annoyed me most—perhaps because more serious symptoms had abated—was the fact that the ground I walked on was always seen in the vicious angle; so that, when walking on a paved footpath, I could not walk confidently and comfortably. On the grass I could not detect the doubling, and on the earthy road it did not much signify; but on foot pavements the lines between the flags were all double lines, arranged thus , a yard apart at the left hand, and near together, but never touching, at the right. I may mention here, what might have been mentioned before, that all along, the images received by either eye, dissimilar as at times they were, appeared to be quite correct when viewed singly; the only difference was, that the image of a landscape, or a street seen in perspective, when seen with the left eye alone, had its horizon line at an enormous elevation above its proper place, that elevation

decreasing, of course, as the angle of disturbance grew less.

August saw me at Dudley, in the midst of the iron country, where I remained for a fortnight. My host had a large manufacture in active operation, and he took me to see his forges and puddling furnaces, and their ponderous produce. Whether it was that the carbon in the atmosphere strengthened my nerves, I cannot say, but at Dudley the angle of double vision grew rapidly less, and before a week had elapsed the doubling had ceased as a general thing, recurring only at intervals. The giddiness, however, and the frontal uneasiness, remained, and any attempt to read for more than twenty to thirty minutes at a time, or to write for the same space of time, was sure to bring on a feeling of bewilderment, under which I was compelled to desist. Further, although the double vision was gone, I could at any moment bring it back again. All I had to do was to throw my head back, and in that position to look at any object lying on the ground; at the same time a nervous feeling, common enough in such cases, but not easily accounted for, set me trying this experiment fifty times a day.

I could not consider myself cured so long as this capacity remained. I knew that by putting it in exercise I was most likely doing the very thing to ensure its continuance, and yet I could not refrain for any length of time from so doing. Fortunately for me, an interesting excursion was planned at this time, in which I was to join, and the preparations for which put my ailments for a time out of my thoughts. It came off in the pleasantest manner, and when it was over I had the satisfaction of discovering that I no longer possessed the undesirable faculty of recalling the incubus which had tormented me so long. Still, the disorder had not finally disappeared, but would return at times, as if under provocation. Thus, if I went suddenly into the sunshine from a shaded room, I would see double for an instant; and the same thing would occur on entering the house from the sunshine without. Also, any sudden shock to the nerves of sound would produce the same effect, as I proved by experiencing it after the discharge of some small cannons fired one evening close to our house, on the celebration of a wedding.

Towards the end of August I proceeded to Matlock, to try the efficiency of the hydropathic treatment in recruiting my general health, which had long been at fault. I felt that the establishment of average good health was necessary, if I would escape the return of my visual plagues; and I hoped to effect this by a few weeks' use of the baths. I shall not here recount the various moist ceremonies to which I was subjected. Enough to say, that in less than a week from beginning the baths, I had lost every remnant of my disorder, and had gradually "waked up," as it were, out of a sort of half dreamy condition—had recovered my old self, and lost all apprehension of the return of my visual plagues.

ODD MOMENTS.

"TAKE care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is an oft quoted and generally received maxim. There is a story told of one who called on a merchant for a donation to a charitable object. He found the rich man in the act of rebuking a clerk for some trifling waste in the office. On receiving a handsome gift, he expressed agreeable surprise, saying frankly that he expected to fare ill, from what he heard on entering the office. "So far the reverse," was the

reply. "If I did not look after the pence I would have no pounds to give away for good objects."

Now, what is true of the oft despised pence, is true in a no lesser degree of those equally disregarded fractions of time, known as "Odd Moments." And yet these are the gold dust of life, the sands of which mountains are formed. As pence swell into pounds, so moments expand into hours, hours into days, weeks, months, years, until time for us exists no longer.

While studying the biographies of great men, it is truly surprising to find what they accomplished merely by making good use of the odds and ends of time—the sand-grains which appear of such small account to those who lack the energy and perseverance necessary to achieve greatness. Smiles, in his useful work styled "Self-help," tells us that Elihu Burritt, disclaiming all pretensions to anything like genius, attributed his first success in self-improvement to his not wasting "odd moments." While toiling at the blacksmith's forge, he mastered no fewer than eighteen ancient and modern languages, together with twenty-two European dialects. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while going his rounds amongst his London patients. Dr. Darwin composed the chief portion of his works while similarly employed in the country. Dr. Burney attained a knowledge of French and Italian as he rode on horseback between the houses of his musical pupils. Henry Kirke White instructed himself in Greek in the course of his walks to and from a lawyer's office. Hall wrote his "Contemplations" as he travelled on circuit. Daguesseau, one of the greatest chancellors France ever possessed, wrote a large-sized and able volume in the intervals of waiting for dinner. And Madame de Genlis informs us she composed many of her books while waiting for the coming of the princess whom she taught.

Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," speaking of his wonderful achievements in the way of literature, remarks, "Those who observed him most constantly, were never able to understand how he contrived to keep himself so thoroughly up with the stream of contemporary literature of almost all sorts, French and German as well as English. That a rapid glance might tell him more than another man could gather by a week's poring may easily be imagined; but the grand secret was the habitual practice of his own grand maxim, *never to be doing nothing!* Every moment was turned to account, and thus he had leisure for everything."

This turning to account every odd moment was a marked feature in the character of the late Dr. Abercrombie, whose works on the Intellectual and on the Moral Powers made him celebrated as a philosopher as well as a physician. In his daily rounds, or in driving to consultations at a distance, his pencil and note-book were in constant use, and many of his writings were thus composed while travelling in his carriage.

An Italian author expressed in his motto that "time was his estate;" an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry.

But while dwelling thus on the value of moments in respect to things of Time, let us not forget their more vital importance in respect to those of Eternity. *Tempus fugit*—time flies—we say, almost with levity. How few of us attach anything like a proper degree of solemnity befitting these words! Yet how awful their import, for "time, like life, can never be recalled." Let us remember this solemn truth, and so improve the fleeting moments as they pass over our heads, that we may not have wherewith to reproach ourselves when the shadows fall of that night wherein no man can work.

Varieties.

ROGATION WEEK.—Rogation week, previous to the Reformation, was called the Gang Week, and Rogation Days the Gang Days—from the Saxon *gangan*, to go. These days are the three days before Ascension Day, and were so termed because they were fast days, when God was besought (*rogare*) to bless the fruits of the ground, and avert his wrath from the nation. A homily was provided for each of these Gang Days; and a fourth for the day on which the parish boundaries were perambulated, which was sometimes done on Ascension Day; and it was the duty of the parish priest to see that those of his flock who had been at variance were reconciled, and made to walk together in the processions in Gang Week. "Holy" George Herbert says of his country parson: "Particularly he loves procession, and maintains it because there are contained therein four manifest advantages. First, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field; secondly, justice in the preservation of bounds; thirdly, charity in loving, walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; fourthly, mercy in relieving the poor, by a liberal distribution and largess, which, at that time, is, or ought to be used." In such processions Sir Thomas More joined; and Isaak Walton testifies to the strong value attached to their observance by the "judicious" Richard Hooker. But the Puritans objected to these processions and perambulations; and one of them, in 1572, especially denounced "the Gang Week" among "Popish Abuses." And so it came about that the Gang Week got a bad name, and that its observances have only come down to us in the form of "beating the bounds," and in the names of sundry "Gospel Trees" and "Gospel Oaks," under which the portion of Scripture was read on the Gang Days. Brand, indeed, found a custom existing in Hertfordshire, in 1787, when, on Old Michaelmas Day, which they called "the Ganging Day," a young man was chased by his companions across country, through brake and through briar; and, as they went, they bumped every person they met, whether male or female; and each publican contributed to the sport a gallon of ale and a plum cake, which, by rule, were consumed out of doors; and "the revellers generally spent the best part of the night in the fields." This Ganging Day was a septennial custom, and we need not be surprised at reading that respectable people took no part in it. A modest field-flower here asserts its claim not to be forgotten in connection with this subject. It is the milk-wort, with which the grass is tufted in May, and whose clusters of bloom range through all the shades of lilac and purple. It was called the Gang flower, because it bloomed in the Gang Week. It was also called the Cross flower, because the Feast of the Invention (or finding) of the Cross was held on May 3rd, when it was in blossom; and it was, moreover, known as the Rogation flower, and also as the Procession flower, because, as Gerarde said, "the maidens who walk in procession in Rogation Week do use it in their garlands." They wove its little tufted clumps into wreaths and nosegays, and with them they also decked their windows and street-doors in Gang Week; and, with their garlands, the young men and maidens walked out into the country, as we are told, "in goodlie companies," praising God for all his works, singing sweet psalms, and saying, "The earth, O God, is full of thy riches, and all thy works praise thee.—*Cuthbert Bede*."

[For reference to the Rogation Homily of the Bishop of Vienne-on-the-Rhone, under fear of earthquakes, in the fourth century, see article on the "Volcanoes of Auvergne," "Leisure Hour," September, 1867.]

A RESULT OF COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION.—The financial collapse of 1866 is having deeper effects than has been imagined. A striking fact in connexion with her Majesty's Customs clearly proves how great the devastation has been among private individuals in consequence of that panic. In the Inland Revenue Department at Somerset House, as the public are aware, is kept a register of all those persons paying duty on carriages and horses, and at this office notice has been received, since the 31st of December last, that 1,600 private persons intend to discontinue keeping their carriages, and claim, therefore, to be exempt from duty in the financial year 1868-9. This will cause a noticeable deduction in the balance which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will next have to exhibit. The loss to the revenue by these withdrawals will not be less than £10,000 per annum.—*Globe*.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



A PERPLEXING LETTER.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MR. SHARPE AND MARY TALBOT HAVE A DISCUSSION, WHICH TERMINATES UNSATISFACTORILY TO BOTH.

ONLY a week had passed since the arrival of the long-expected mail-packet from America, and Mary had eagerly looked for a letter from her brother. Within the brief period that had since elapsed, she had heard of that brother's loss; had believed herself left without a relative, alone in the world; and had found a relative whom she had believed to have been dead many years before she herself drew her first breath.

She recalled to mind the events that had occurred since her father's death. But little more than twelve months had passed since that first great sorrow of her young life. Since then, trouble, care, and change, had followed in rapid succession. Her mother's death; the removal from the happy home of her infancy and girlhood; her temporary sojourn in the vicinity of the great metropolis, when the kindness of old Mrs. Margaret lightened her first induction into that weary struggle for mere existence, which is the lot of the poor and friendless in this world; the removal to St. David, and entrance upon new duties; the departure of her only brother, followed by a strange

depression of spirits that was incomprehensible to her, and seemed prophetic of evil; the gossip to which she had listened in Dame Hoolit's cottage, which had given birth to painful suspicions; the miserable days and weeks that had succeeded—all these, crowding, as it were, one upon another, passed before her mental vision, and, as her memory dwelt upon them, she felt as though she had during the past twelve months lived twice as long as she had lived during the twenty preceding years.

Her thoughts, when she was alone, constantly reverted to her brother; but with her sorrow at his loss there came even now a gleam of hope. She kept this to herself. She never mentioned it even to Miss Wardour, or to Mr. Aston. It was a secret treasure of thought, which had become as firmly fixed in her mind as had her former forebodings of evil. She knew not why, but she believed that her brother still lived. At first it had been a mere faint hope. She had thought, one evening that since her mother's brother, who had been reported as lost at sea, had returned in life and health, after many long years, it was possible that Henry might still be alive. Gradually the faint hope had grown stronger, until it had almost become belief. Still, as I have said, she kept it to herself, never even hinting at such a suspicion, lest a word of doubt from others might shatter the hope which was the greatest happiness of her existence.

As Miss Wardour had surmised, Mr. Aston wished his niece to remove from the farm-house, and take up her abode with him in Cliff Cottage. But Mary declined to accept his offer. She visited her uncle almost daily, and she was glad to receive him in her own humble lodgings. She liked to converse with him of his distant home in the far western wilds of America, and of the cousins living there, with whom she was now anxious to become acquainted. But she preferred to retain possession of the home in which she had spent her evenings with her brother during his final visit to St. David. In her little parlour at the farm-house she could recall to mind her brother's every feature and gesture, and every tone of his voice, more vividly than she could elsewhere; and—it was a foolish idea, but people sometimes cherish foolish ideas—she fancied that if she were to give up that home, the bright hope of her brother's existence in life, and of his eventual restoration to her, upon which she fed, would fade away from her.

Thus three months passed away, and with the arrival of every successive mail-packet from America, during that period, Mary secretly, yet vainly, sought for some confirmation of her hope.

The secret attachment of the young curate to Mary Talbot became known—how, I cannot say—but by some means by which all such secrets become known in small isolated communities; and, now that the young governor's position was altered in consequence of her acknowledged relationship to the wealthy Mr. Aston, there appeared to be no reason why, if the attachment were mutual, the youthful couple should not in due time become husband and wife.

The rector and his niece would have been glad to have seen Mr. Sharpe wedded to Mary. They thought her admirably adapted to become a clergyman's wife. Mr. Aston, had his consent been asked, would not certainly have withheld it, but would have assented, and presented his niece with a handsome dowry into the bargain. Mr. Sharpe was anxious that the period of probation which had been formerly decided upon should be curtailed. In fact, he would have been happy to have had the wedding take place as soon as a reasonable period of

mourning for the (supposed) death of Henry Talbot had elapsed. His mother—a worthy but haughty old lady—proud of the former though now fallen greatness of her own family—had already waived whatever objections she had held, in her desire to see her beloved and only son wedded to the young lady of his choice. In fact, there really seemed to be no obstacle in the way to prevent the marriage from taking place sooner or later. And yet there was one great obstacle—an obstacle that might prove insurmountable. This was the firm refusal of the young lady herself to listen to any arrangements whatever relative to the matter.

It was not that Mary had altered her mind, or ceased to regard the young clergyman with those feelings of affection and esteem without the possession of which she felt that it would be sinful on her part to become his wife. Since she had known Mr. Sharpe more intimately, her affection for himself and her respect for his character had been continuously increasing. She felt assured that she would be happy as his wife; but she refused to listen to any arrangements respecting her marriage, for reasons known only to Mr. Aston and herself—reasons which her uncle vainly attempted to combat, and which she declined to divulge to any one else.

Although, as has been said, she had in a great measure recovered her former cheerful spirits, and was sustained by a secret hope that her brother yet lived and would sooner or later be restored to her, she still felt that a terrible suspicion rested upon his memory. Her uncle professed to entertain the same confidence as she did herself in Henry's innocence; but she doubted the sincerity of his professions, and she felt that, although the suspicions which had once pointed to her brother had been temporarily lulled and seemingly forgotten, they might at any moment break forth again—perhaps through the merest accident—unless the mystery were cleared up and her brother's innocence made manifest, either by himself or by some other means.

"Uncle," she said one day to Mr. Aston, "until the mystery is cleared up, until my brother's character, or his memory, if he be indeed no more, is vindicated from the least shadow of suspicion, I can never—never become the wife of Mr. Sharpe, nor of any other man."

"But, my dear Mary," replied Mr. Aston, "you feel too keenly on this subject. You know my feelings; and you know that it is the belief of all others in St. David, from Mr. Sinclair to the poorest fisherman, that the pocket-book and its contents were lost under other circumstances than those which I at first gave out. In this belief I am desirous that they shall continue until the mystery in which the matter is enveloped shall be cleared up."

Mary shook her head. It was her belief (how could she believe otherwise?) that her uncle still suspected her brother, in his secret heart, and that only in his regard for herself, and his tenderness towards her brother's memory, did he profess to believe that the theft of the pocket-book was shrouded in mystery. She did not blame him. She felt that, were she in his place, she should entertain the same secret suspicions that she believed him to entertain. *She felt and believed* that Henry was innocent. She did not expect that any others, who had not known her brother as she had known him, should believe as she did.

"If Henry should have escaped the perils of the sea, dear uncle," she said, after a pause—and this was the first time that she had ever intimated to her uncle that she entertained the slightest hope that her brother might be still living—"if he should have escaped the perils of the sea, as you did; if he should return to

England, as you have done, would others—if they knew what you know—think of him as they do now? For a while, perhaps, all might be well; but if any trouble were to come upon him, if through some idle gossip any dispute or difficulty were to arise, would not all the former suspicions be cast up against him, unless he were boldly to come forward and vindicate himself? That, in such case, he could, and would vindicate himself, *I* feel assured; but that time may never come. He may never return; the mystery that surrounds the robbery may never be cleared up. Where mystery or secrecy exist, there can never be security; and think, dear uncle, what horror *I* should feel if *I*, as the wife of a clergyman, were to bring odium and disgrace upon my husband, and upon his sacred calling."

"My dear niece," replied Mr. Aston, "you dread what is not likely to occur; and even if your worst fears were to be realised, are *you* to blame because people, whether justly or unjustly, suspect your brother of wrong doing?"

"Uncle," continued Mary, "in the estimation of the world—ever censorious, and perhaps justly censorious in such matters—one member of a family cannot suffer alone under the imputation of crime. Suspicion does not, cannot rest, even though it rest unjustly, upon one of a family, and others escape its blighting breath and influence. Again, *I* say, *I* have a firm belief that some day, perhaps ere long, all will be made clear, and that my brother's honesty and truth will be triumphantly vindicated, or his memory freed from the slightest shadow of suspicion. Until then *I* shall never change my condition; least of all can *I* become the wife of Mr. Sharpe, much as *I* esteem him, strange as he may deem my conduct. A clergyman's wife should be 'like Cæsar's wife, above all suspicion.'"

Mary's voice faltered, and tears dimmed her eyes as she uttered the last words, and for some time the uncle and niece remained silent.

At length, Mr. Aston endeavoured to persuade his niece that it was at least her duty to acquaint Mr. Sharpe with the reasons which had led her to form her present resolve.

"Mr. Sharpe," he said, "is aware that for a short time suspicion was directed towards your poor brother by the village people; but he, and all who had known Henry, were shocked at the very idea. He and they have perfect faith in your poor brother's integrity, and though Mr. Sharpe may feel regret, he cannot but think the more highly of you for having formed this resolution.

"Perhaps," added Mr. Aston, with a smile, "Mr. Sharpe may be more successful in overcoming your resolution, and in inducing you to view the matter in another light, than your old uncle has been?"

Again Mary shook her head. She felt, herself, that it was due to Mr. Sharpe that she should acquaint him with the reasons which had led her to adopt her present resolution; but in doing this, if she were to tell the whole truth, she must acquaint him with matters which were only known, so far as she knew, to her uncle and herself, and she feared that the disclosure would give birth to suspicions in his mind that she shuddered to think of.

Still she thought over her uncle's words. She began to feel that Mr. Sharpe must think her whimsical and changeable—perhaps, in time, he might begin to think that she was unworthy of him. Many a time when they met—and in the regular routine of their several duties they met frequently—she was on the point of disclosing all to him; still, she shrank from so doing:

Three or four months passed away. Several mails had in the meantime arrived from America, and one of these mails had brought strangely confused accounts of the arrival at New Orleans of some of the supposed lost crew and passengers of the Amazon. Some of the newspaper writers seemed to doubt the truth of the report; others stated, that, in the opinion of many who had seen these people, they were impostors, seeking to prey upon the sympathies of the benevolent; others, again, insisted that these poor creatures, who were described as being in the last stage of misery and destitution, were really what they represented themselves to be.

Mary and her uncle read these accounts with the deepest interest; still, they doubted, even if the reports were truthful, whether Henry were among this remnant of the lost crew and passengers of the ill-fated ship. They felt sure, if such had been the case, that he would have written to relieve his sister's mind, and they laid the newspapers sorrowfully aside. Mary, however, urged her uncle to make inquiries as to the truth or falsity of the reports among his friends, and Mr. Aston, at his niece's request, had written to New Orleans, and also to the merchant at St. Louis, as well as to his son and daughter, requesting each and all to furnish him with all the information in the matter that lay in their power. They both hoped that the mail-packet that would be due in a few days would bring them the information they sought.

With a mind full of anxiety, Mary went one afternoon to visit an aged invalid who resided at a distance from the village, and near Dame Hoolit's cottage, whither she had gone to visit the sick child on that afternoon when she had first heard of the robbery of the pocket-book.

She and the curate met at the cottage of the invalid, and they set out together to return to the village. Mr. Sharpe was quick to remark the pre-occupation of the young lady's mind, and in a voice full of sympathy he inquired the cause of her evident anxiety.

Mary told him of all that she and her uncle had read in the American newspapers, and explained that her anxiety was caused by her expectation that the next packet would bring replies to her uncle's inquiries, and her dread lest those replies should prove unfavourable to her hopes.

Mr. Sharpe dared not attempt to re-assure her. He, like all her other friends, entertained no doubt that Henry had perished at sea; but he sought to arouse her from her despondency, and the conversation changed from one topic to another, until at length, for perhaps the twentieth time, he besought her to give him some explanation of the cause of her estranged behaviour towards him.

Mary had been deeply touched by his kindness and sympathy, and his patience with her, under circumstances that might well have aroused his indignation, and she confessed the reasons which had induced her to form the determination at which she had arrived. This confession, strangely enough, was made on the very spot where she had first heard from her companion's lips the story of Mr. Aston's loss, when, as now, she was returning home from visiting the sick.

Mr. Sharpe endeavoured, as she had anticipated, to combat her resolution. He avowed that her fears were groundless; that no one had really suspected for a moment that her brother knew aught of the theft. In fact, he said, Mr. Aston himself had acknowledged that he had probably been mistaken in his supposition that he had been robbed on the beach, and everybody else was satisfied that the pocket-book had been previously lost in Falmouth.

"The people of the village," he went on, "cruelly and unjustly directed suspicion towards your brother, because they felt that they were unjustly accused. They no more believed that your brother was guilty of the crime than you or I do."

"Still," said Mary, almost wavering in her resolution, "they may, as cruelly and unjustly, raise those suspicions again."

"And as my wife, dear Mary, they would the less dare to do so; and were they to do so, you would find me ready to support and defend you. Do you fancy for a moment that idle clamour and vain gossip could prejudice me? But it is folly even to fear such base insinuations, that none save yourself would ever dream of."

"You fancy *now* that you could brave all such mortifications, Alfred," replied Mary; "but it would be different were they really to come upon you. You would then repent of your generosity, and blame me, justly, for having taken advantage of it."

"Never, Mary. I should never blame *you*," said the curate. "I should not blame you even if it were possible that there were a grain of truth in such aspersions. But it is impossible—utterly impossible."

"And then," continued Mary, "there are others to be thought of. Your mother——"

"My mother," interrupted the curate, "has, although she has never seen you, learnt to regard you as a daughter through what I have told her concerning you. She longs to see and know you. I am amused sometimes to see how large a portion of her letters are occupied with questions about you, and expressions of her desire to become acquainted with you. Stay: you are smiling doubtfully; but to convince you of the fact, I have a letter from my mother in my pocket, yet unread. It was handed to me by the carrier as I came through the village, and I put it into my pocket to read quietly on my return to my lodgings. I will read it now, and will guarantee, ere I begin, that I meet with your name before I have read ten lines."

He stopped, and, drawing the letter from his pocket, broke the seal and began to read.

Mary stooped to pluck a wild-flower, and when she rose, said smilingly—

"Well, have you forfeited your guarantee, or——" she checked herself as she looked up into the curate's face and remarked the change that had come over it. He appeared to be annoyed, or distressed, and she went on. "You have received some ill news. I am sorry——"

"No, no. No ill news," he hastily replied. "But it annoys me. It is absurd—ridiculous. I will not believe it. My mother should know better than to listen to such nonsense."

"It does not relate to me, I hope, Alfred?" said Mary, speaking as if in jest, but feeling a sudden pang at her heart.

"No, no. That is, it does relate to you, Mary," replied the curate, hesitatingly. "But it is sheer nonsense. I shall write and tell my mother so at once."

"You will tell me what it is?"

"No. It would annoy you to no purpose, Mary. I am sorry now that I spoke of the letter."

"Alfred," said Mary, "I must entreat you to tell me what it is that annoys *you*, that relates to *me*. I have a right to ask. You should have kept silent if you wished to withhold the matter from *me*, though, under any circumstances, I have a right to know what is said to my prejudice. I claim that right."

"It is such a piece of wicked, malicious nonsense,

Mary. Better let me destroy the letter, and deny the story of which my mother speaks."

"You have no right to deny what you cannot prove to be false," said Mary. "Let me know what your mother has written. If it be false, I will empower you not only to deny its truth, but I will enable you to prove its falsity."

"You will be angry, Mary, and with reason. Still, if you insist. But mind, I disbelieve it *in toto*. Do not, therefore, be angry with *me*? Now listen—"

"After inquiring, as usual, after your health, my mother goes on to say—Really, Mary, I cannot repeat such scandal. If you *will* know what she has been foolish enough to listen to, you must read it yourself. But recollect, I say, before you read it, that it is an abominable piece of scandal."

Mary received the letter from the curate's hand, and glanced at the paragraph he pointed out to her. The writing seemed to swim before her eyes, and the paper fluttered in her trembling fingers. Nevertheless, she read the paragraph to the end.

It ran as follows:—

"I wish, my dear Alfred, to think kindly of Miss Talbot, for your sake; and, without having yet seen the young lady, I have schooled myself to believe that I shall find in her all that I can require in a daughter-in-law—in the wife that is to be of my only son. Nevertheless, I have heard a strange story, which I am unwilling to credit, yet which, if it be true, and cannot be satisfactorily explained, must necessarily alter, or altogether put an end to, the existing state of affairs between Miss Talbot and yourself.

"You will recollect telling me, on the occasion of one of your visits, the particulars of a serious loss sustained by the Mr. Aston (who has so singularly turned out to be a long-lost uncle of Miss Talbot's), under very peculiar circumstances, and while he was walking on the beach with Miss Talbot's brother.

"You said that Mr. Aston believed that he had been robbed while in a state of unconsciousness, by the fishermen who carried him home to his dwelling, and that, among the property of which he had been plundered, was a costly trinket—a locket, which he especially valued as an heirloom, and which was engraved with his family crest and motto—and (if I am not mistaken) you added, that though the gentleman refused to prosecute, you would not be surprised if, some day or other, the thief or thieves were to be discovered through this trinket.

"This brings me to my story.

"The other day Betsy Hoolit, whom I engaged as a housemaid, through your recommendation (and who, by the way, seems to be a very decent girl, though somewhat prone to gossip), went home to visit her mother at St. David, and on her return she told me, as a piece of wonderful news, that her mother knew who had got the 'lock-up,' she called it, that the stranger gentleman, Mr. Aston, had been robbed of.

"Now, my dear Alfred, I do not encourage tales and gossips among my servants; but I confess that, in this instance, my curiosity was excited, and I asked who was in possession of the trinket.

"The young woman hesitated somewhat, and then replied—

"I don't know as I ain't doing wrong in speaking on it, mum; because mother says as it's a secret, and the young lady as has it have been very kind to my little niece, who have been ill; but I'm sure, mum, as you'll not go for to tell on it. It be Miss Talbot, the governess, mum, whose brother was a walking with Mr. Aston when he were tuk ill. Mother went to Miss

Talbot's lodgings to ask her to come and see her gran'darter, and the governess were not at home, so she waited, and she see a curious thing as they calls a "lock-up," all goold and figures, in Miss Talbot's drawer, which was open, and nat'rel she looks at it, and puts it back ag'in; and, when Miss Talbot come in, she went quick to the drawer and shut and locked it, as if she hadn't wanted mother to see what were in it.

"Mother went home, and thought nothin' more of the "lock-up," but it happened that very arternoon, when Miss Talbot came to see my little niece, mother first heard of the robbery, and how a goold "lock-up" were among the things as was stole.

"The fishermen was blamed, mum, but mother says it's more likely as the governess's brother, as was walking along with Mr. Aston, stole the pocket-book and the money, and g'in the "lock-up" to his sister; and that's why the genelman as is her uncle won't make no fuss about it.

"But you'll say nought about it, mum, please." And so Betsy ended her story.

"Now, my dear Alfred, this may be merely a piece of idle village gossip. Still, it *may* be true. You will acknowledge yourself that it has a suspicious look, and I wish you, as cautiously as possible, to endeavour to find out whether the girl has spoken the truth.

"Under any circumstances, I do not for a moment suspect that Miss Talbot had any knowledge of the robbery. Still, *if* her brother was concerned in it (and you know Mr. Aston declined to prosecute), you could not retain your present relations with the young lady, even though you were *not* a clergyman. However, I will say no more about the matter now. Your own good sense will urge you to take such measures as may be necessary to ascertain whether Betsy's story be or be not mere idle gossip."

Mary read this long extract through to the end, and then, with a pale face and with compressed lips, handed back the letter to the curate.

Mr. Sharpe fancied that the emotion she betrayed was caused by indignation.

"Is it not *scandalous*?" he cried. "You insisted upon reading it, though I told you that it would excite your just anger and indignation. Now, I shall write to my mother, and, much as I respect and love her, I shall tell her plainly that she did very wrong to listen to such scandal from a servant. Moreover, I shall beg her instantly to dismiss the young woman, and I shall call on Dame Hoolit, and—"

Mary by this time had gained strength to speak.

"You need take no such trouble," she said, calmly, interrupting the curate's flow of indignation. "I regret the construction that Mrs. Sharpe has erected upon the tale of a servant; but it is quite true that I possess the locket. Mr. Aston is aware of it."

"He gave it you himself, then?" cried the curate, eagerly. "It was not stolen with the pocket-book, after all?"

"It was lost with the pocket-book, and it was given to me by my brother before I—and I believe, as surely as I stand here—before he knew aught of the robbery."

"Poor fellow! I believe he never *did* know of it."

"I remember seeing Dame Hoolit standing near the open drawer of my writing-desk when I entered the room, and, blaming myself for leaving temptation in the way of any poor person—for there was also money in the drawer—I closed it hastily; not that I really suspected the old woman of dishonesty, and certainly not because I then wished to keep the fact of my possession of the

trinket a secret from any one: So you see that Betsy Hoolit has merely told the truth, only she, like Mrs. Sharpe, has placed a false construction upon my action."

"But how—by what means did your brother obtain the locket?" asked the curate, hesitatingly.

"Honestly, I truly believe. How I cannot say. He told me nothing more than that he bought it, because it was engraved with the crest of my mother's family, and contained a portrait (my mother's) that resembled me. Where he bought it I did not think to inquire."

For some moments Mary and her companion walked on in silence. Then she again spoke, though her voice trembled with emotion.

"I feared this," she said; "and I thought it were better that we should cease to be what we have been to each other. I knew that, should suspicion, though that suspicion be false and groundless, close around me, you could no longer regard me as one fit to become your wife; and believe me, I do not, cannot blame you."

Still the curate made no reply; and when at length they reached the end of the lane, Mary wished him good afternoon, and was about to turn aside in the direction of her own lodgings. Then, however, he held forth his hand.

"We must not part thus," he said. "I am amazed at what I have heard. It has come upon me so suddenly. Believe me, Miss Talbot, when I say that I think of you still as I have always thought of you. Do not on your part judge me unjustly. Before I reply to my mother's letter I must see you again. I wish with all my heart I had never mentioned the letter."

"It were better as it is," replied Mary, as she withdrew her hand. And thus they separated, each walking away in the direction of their own home.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

W. WORDSWORTH.

In reproducing a characteristic letter of the poet, I have no comment to offer. It touches upon several topics on which it is interesting to have the opinion of such an authority, and seems to me very strongly to indicate that sound sense can be closely allied with "the sounding verse." In consequence of a conversation in which he criticised some of the sights of London, especially, as I remember, an eccentric "Jessica," by Turner, in the Exhibition, and a ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre, in a very entertaining style, a liberal honorarium was proposed for an itinerary of his trip to the continent, upon which he was then starting. The Mr. Reynolds mentioned was son of the dramatist, himself the author of the striking volume of "Miserrimus," and at this period projecting the annual—the "Keepsake"—which he afterwards edited.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 23rd August I did not receive till my arrival here several weeks after it was written. My stay in London was only of a few days, or I should have been pleased to renew my acquaintance with you.

I really cannot change my opinion as to the little interest which would attach to such observations as my ability or opportunities enabled me to make during my ramble upon the continent, or it would have given me pleasure to meet your wishes. There is an obstacle in the way of my ever producing anything of this kind, viz., idleness; and yet another, which is an affair of taste. Periodical writing, in order to strike, must be ambitious, and this style is, I think, in the record of tours or travels, intolerable, or at any rate the worst that can be chosen. My model would be Gray's Letters and Journal, if I could muster courage to set seriously about anything of the

kind; but I suspect Gray himself would be found flat in these days.

I have named to Mr. Southey your communications about Mr. Perceval's death; he received them, and wrote you a letter of thanks, which by some mishap or other does not appear to have reached you.

If you happen to meet with Mr. Reynolds, pray tell him that I received his prospectuses (an ugly word!) and did as he wished with them.

I remain, dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,



Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,
October 7th.
W. Jerdan, Esq.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Of the Ettrick Shepherd I have spoken in the "Leisure Hour" (No. 411) and elsewhere, so that nothing remains for me to say here, avoiding repetition, but that in nature he was as singularly an open-hearted man as if he had the fabled glass in his bosom, and entirely possessed by the impulsiveness that pertains to genius. The annexed letter will illustrate the latter feature under his own hand; and I have only to explain that on his visit to London he frequently met a charming young girl at a private house, with whom he chose to fall in love, *quasi prozy*; and so, having arranged matters in his own mind (just as if planning a new poem), on his return home made the proposal in serious earnestness:—

Alhvie Cottage,
Dec. 27th, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received yours safely, with the bill of exchange enclosed, on the day of the election at Selkirk, where of course we were outvoted. There is such a revolutionary mania abroad that it is quite needless to speak to people; even the eloquence of the Shepherd failed in a place where he is perfectly understood, and the Tories lost by eight votes! * * I would like to know from whom the note came, as I want you and Lockhart to keep a correct list of the subscribers, and publish them in the same way as those for the memory of Sir Walter. But you are the man for these things. I am fully persuaded that you can do more in furthering any benevolent action than all the literary men in Britain put together.

I said nothing to William [his nephew] that my suit had been so equivocally received by the lovely Mary. But I will not, I cannot, give up the hopes of yet having her for my niece, and of her forming by-and-by one of our family circle. I assure you she shall be wooed in due form; but how to effect it I do not know. Does she never visit Kelso? There never was a match my heart was so much set on as that, not even my own marriage, and I got a very lovely and amiable lady; for I regard William as quite a treasure, both for intelligence and gentlemanly demeanour, and since he is come home for a wife, and can so well afford to keep one, I would like that he should take out the flower of his country with him. It is only for a few years; and according to him, the greater part of the Bombay presidency is a very fine and a very healthy country, except for children. He neither requires nor desires any tocher or provision, but merely a helpmate whom he can love and cherish. Don't hand my off-hand letters over to Mary, the wild, sly-looking gypsy. I am even terrified to think of that; but let us suggest some possible plan between ourselves. The allowing a small siege of [blotted] is no departure from the noninterference system.

Alas! what can I do in this wilderness towards the furthering the subscription to commemorate Sir Walter? They have made me a member of committees in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, but I can do nothing. Only, as I have written to them all, I request and beseech that, in the first place, that the estate, house, library, and armoury of Abbotsford may be secured to him and his lineal heirs for ever; for that is a great and splendid monument of his genius and research, and the monument that will always be visited in after ages in preference to any other; and people will be proud to possess a stem of

the fruit-trees which he planted with his own hand. Indeed, the idea of raising stone and lime monuments to Sir Walter appears to me quite ridiculous, with the exception of something in Westminster Abbey and Abbotsford. Stick by that, To him and his lineal heirs for ever. I am the more anxious about this, as the next lineal heir to the present Sir Walter is likely to be Wat Scott Lockhart. All other monuments are vain. He has raised two monuments to himself, in building and literature, which are far beyond what any other architect can produce. There is an apt quotation from Horace, but I dare not quote it for want of proper Latin.

As this will reach you about the very day I reached your hospitable dwelling last year, please shake hands with all the interesting family in Grove House, and wish them all a good new year, and many happy returns of the season in the Shepherd's name. You have not said a word about my Tales, which, in the way I have altered and renewed them, I think will do me great credit, and, if in good hands, would, I am sure, bring me great profit. Cochrane has applied for the continuance of them, and as no others have applied I have promised them, with Lockhart's acquiescence.

I would like to have your sentiments about this. It can be no loss to me any way, and if they sell well I shall surely get my share. Smith and Elder have proffered to publish them for me and give me the whole profits; but then I was to give them securities to the extent of £200. As such a thing never had been required, I was perfectly indignant, and refused, thinking the edition in their hands perfect security. As I do not like to offer them to anybody, and no one has applied for them since Smith and Elder's strange conditions, I know not well what to do. I suppose Cochrane must have them. I think him an exceedingly simple good-hearted fellow, with a great deal of ambition and very little calculation how to obtain his object. But I am merely prosing.

God bless your kind heart! Amen is the sincere prayer of
Your most affectionate Shepherd,
JAMES HOGG.

To Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

The marriage proposal occasioned much mirth to the juveniles in the secret, as, unluckily for it, it happened that the wooed one was pre-engaged. Since writing, I observe that the "Quarterly Review" relates some instances of coarse manners on a visit which the Shepherd paid to Abbotsford, and in a letter addressed to Sir Walter Scott. These, I take upon me to say, must have been early ebullitions, such as I have described, as too often disfigure the poetical temperament; but, as I stated of Maginn, the Shepherd knew nothing of bitterness or malevolence, and in a brief intercourse with the world he acquired not only an easy deportment but a happy style, which generally captivated individuals, and literally carried social companies of every class along with him in the outpourings of his natural humour.

I am tempted, by its relation to the Shepherd, to publish parts of a letter of this period, which I trust many readers will excuse, on account of the particulars it contains respecting several men "noticeable" in their day in productions of art, then in the zenith of popularity. It is from John Field, the celebrated profilist, and its want of regular sequence may be pardoned because of my difficulty in divesting it of much of a personal rupture between the writer and his co-partners, the elder Miers and his son, both widely-patronised profilists:—

March 22nd, 1832.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to forward for your acceptance the two enclosed profiles taken from life, one of Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who lately sat to me; the other from an original outline in black, which I possess, of Robert Burns, taken many years ago by the deceased Mr. Miers (when in Edinburgh) to whom I engaged myself to execute his profiles from the year 1794 to 1821 inclusive, having in that space of time completed many thousand likenesses to which he attached his name, whereby he acquired a fortune and great reputation in this country to works executed solely by me! On my joining Mr. Miers I found his profiles had been performed by Mr. Barber (now John Thomas Barber Beaumont, Esq., the

managing director of the Provident and County Fire Offices), who had nearly completed his engagement of three years with Mr. Miers as his profile painter, and to this person I am indebted for my instruction, on his leaving for his present lucrative greatness.* On the death of Mr. Miers, in 1821, I was prevailed upon to join his son William Miers in partnership, to continue the profiles, he well knowing my own works to realise from twelve to fifteen guineas per week. I conducted them in the partnership for nearly eight years; they were sent out as the work of Miers and Field.

[He then mentions outlines of persons whose profiles were taken by him in the elder Miers' time, and for which applications were constantly being made for duplicate copies by the friends and relatives, without emolument to him as the original artist.]

I beg leave, in concluding, to observe that I have been appointed by her Majesty's warrant, bearing date the 24th of August, 1830, to be her Majesty's profilist, as also to his Majesty, as communicated by him to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, for whom I have executed profiles.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JNO. FIELD,
No. 11, Strand.

To William Jerdan, Esq.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

Covered with tributes of honour from every quarter of the globe, an old friend has lately finished his mortal span. It is neither the time nor the place for me to discourse upon his many virtues and altogether most estimable character. In his elevated intellectual course he was all that might become a man. Gifted, diligent, persevering, he passed nobly through his long course.

Incidentally, within a few hours of hearing of his death, the annexed letter turned up among my papers, and I at once recognised it as well suited to these selections, and offer it to my readers as a striking trait of the writer's ambition to deserve honest fame, his devoted perseverance—truly *nulla dies sine linea*—and his cordial gratification in receiving the scientific distinctions which were showered upon him, and even extorted from an Arago, the last scientific man in France to acknowledge British merit. It is short and simple, but it tells its tale:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for the copy of the "Literary Gazette," and for your very kind notice of my election as one of the Foreign Associates of the National Institute. I never saw the state of the election till I read it in your number. The event has been very gratifying to me on many grounds, but particularly from the liberal conduct of MM. Arago and Biot, who were members of the Commission, who unanimously agreed to place my name on the first line, as they call it, for election.

I hope we shall meet at Birmingham, if not earlier.

I am, my dear Sir,
Ever most faithfully yours,



St. Leonard's College,
Jany. 23rd. 1849.
William Jerdan, Esq.

An anecdote, not less characteristic, may, I hope, add something of interest to this brief record. Dr. Paris wrote an amusing volume, entitled "Philosophy in Sport," and, as far as my experience goes, I know no

* With this gentleman I had the pleasure of a cordial acquaintance. His active benevolence and munificence in founding and fostering charitable and patriotic institutions are well known. His energy was untiring. I remember his strenuously urging me to espouse the cause against Lady Byron on the rupture with her husband, but I had had enough to do with his lordship, and no desire to take his part in a quarrel of which the mystery is yet unrevealed.

class of mankind who do enjoy recreative sport so cordially as the philosophers. But be that as it may, Sir David Brewster was one, and Mr. (now Sir Charles) Wheatstone (well deserving to be bracketed along with the foremost of the age) was another, who acted in the little drama. I can hardly describe it, so as to afford an idea of its merriment and laughter. It was after the Bristol meeting of the British Association. These eminent men were, by their country engagements, thrown into companionship with my daughter, her husband, and myself. We had to ascend a Monmouthshire hill together, and the humour veered into a proposition then mooted, that by a certain division of labour any body of people might climb an Alp without the expenditure of any muscular waste, or the sufferance of any physical fatigue. The experiment in proof was suggested by Brewster. He went in front; my daughter held on by his coat-tails, her husband laid hold of her gown, Wheatstone held fast by his coat-tails, and I communicated firmly by the skirts of the founder of the electric telegraph. Thus, in train, and all stooping in canine posture, we commenced, like John Anderson and his wife, to "climb the hill together." Of the success of the experiment I cannot speak positively. Like a good objector, I can only say it was not fairly tried; for very soon we all laughed so much as to be incapable (even if the London police had been there) to "move on." The problem, therefore, was left unsolved; but we demonstrated the philosophic truth of the *dulce desipere*. Oh, for a photograph to have pictured the scene!

HINTS ON SICK-NURSING.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

THE portrait of Florence Nightingale will suggest far more than we need express in words; for her truly womanly mission in going out at the head of a small body of nurses, in the face of countless dangers, to tend our wounded soldiers in the Crimea, is known to every British subject. A testimonial fund of £50,000, raised in acknowledgment of her services, which was at her special request spent on the establishment and maintenance of an institution for training nurses, shows how generally her work was appreciated; but few, except her personal friends, know the self-devotion and energy she brought to bear upon her task, or the difficulties she surmounted.

Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter of W. E. S. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, was born at Florence in May 1820. She enjoyed all the advantages of education which wealth could command; it was said of her—"In knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general arts, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English."

It is also recorded of her that "the schools of the poor round Lea Hurst and Embley first felt her kindly influence as a visitor and teacher." But from early childhood her great delight was to minister to suffering. The little girl would bind up the broken limbs of her dolls; the young maiden would visit and soothe the young and suffering on her father's estates. But when she attained womanhood she craved a broader scope for her special instincts, and she gathered fresh knowledge from visits to the reformatories and hospitals of London and Edinburgh. In 1851 she sought further

experience by spending three months in the German institution at Kaiserwerth. On her return to London she devoted her personal services and private means to re-organising the Hospital for Sick Governesses in Harley Street. In 1854, at the request of the War

rally far into the night before she again reached her quarters."*

After her return to England, in 1856, her health suffered so severely from all she had undergone, that she was debarred from active service, but her pen has been



From photograph
by H. Lenthall.

Florence Nightingale

Secretary, she took the conduct of a body of nurses sent out to alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers in the hitherto woefully mismanaged hospitals at Scutari. What her ministrations were there is best described by the pen of an eye-witness.

"Night is specially trying to the sick and wretched; then on all sides arose the moans of pain or the murmurings of delirium. At this period there were no night nurses; but Miss Nightingale, lamp in hand, each night traversed alone the four miles of beds. How many lives this lady has been the means of saving during these rounds, by calling medical aid, or by administering little alleviations, is known only to herself and to the Unseen, who watches our steps. She was peculiarly skilled in the art of soothing; her gentle, sympathising voice and manner always appeared to refresh the sufferer. It was gene-

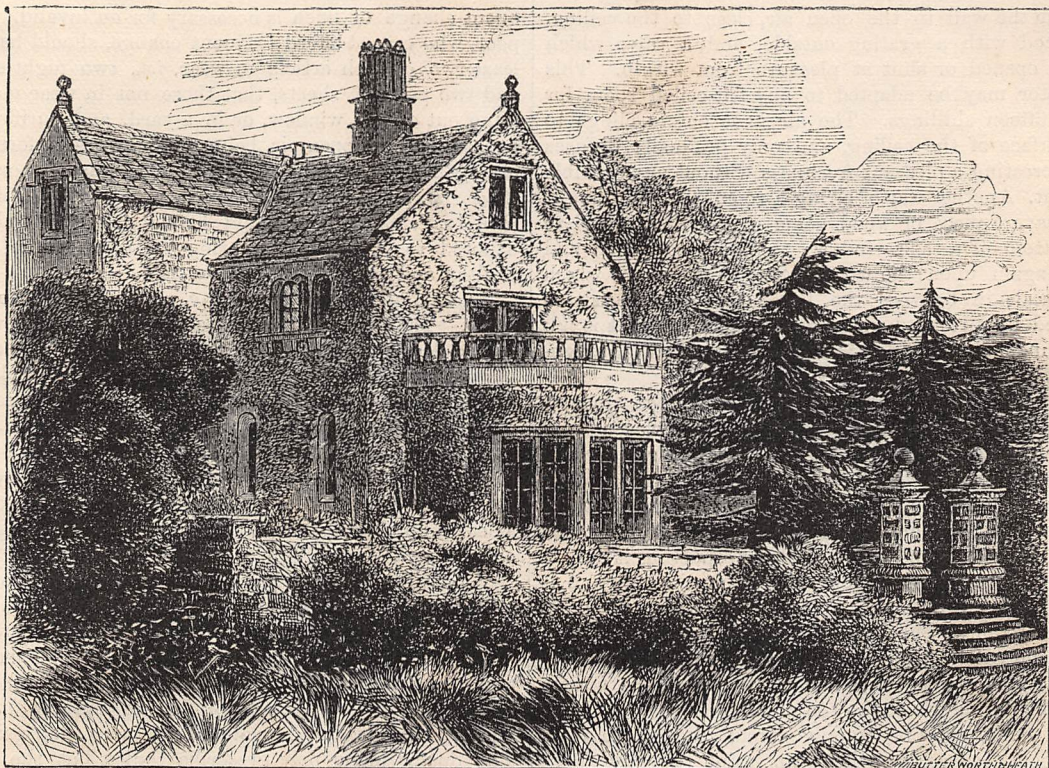
busily at work. In 1859 she published "Notes on Hospitals," and in the same year, "Notes on Nursing," a book rich not only in the dictates of good sense, but in such enlarged experience as few women possess. We earnestly wish the maxims of this book were more known and acted upon by English women. Every woman cannot be a Florence Nightingale, but every woman is more or less called to nurse the sick; and unfortunately it is a most fallacious idea that every woman is a born nurse. No one can be a nurse without a fair share of that most uncommon quality, common sense—and a professed nurse requires more; the ear, the eye, the mind, must be educated for this as for any other profession. The art of bandaging, dressing wounds, making sick-beds, applying

* "Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy."

blisters, leeches, etc., is best learned practically at a hospital; and here too the method, punctuality, and petty management required by the sick is best studied. Hospital training is now open to ladies whose natural tastes, health, and freedom from home claims leave them free to choose nursing as their vocation.* But comparatively few ladies can avail themselves of such opportunities; for one woman who can be taught nursing in a hospital, there are thousands of mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters who have to nurse sick relations, and hundreds of patients who are sacrificed unnecessarily to the ignorance and incapacity of their attendants. This applies as much

hardly have one child out of every seven in England, two children out of every five in London, die before they are one year old, if mothers knew and acted on those general laws of health which in God's providence cannot be broken without entailing illness or death.

We venture, then, to throw out a few hints for nursing, gathered partly from observation, partly from the experience of Miss Nightingale and others, premising that they are only hints; for the requirements of the sick are as varied as their complaints, and nothing but practical observation, directed by ready tact and forethought, will make a woman a nurse.



LEA HURST, THE EARLY HOME OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

to the rich as to the poor. In serious illness a poor patient is removed to a hospital, where he has not only the best advice, but the most skilful nursing, and hospital patients sometimes recover from diseases which prove fatal in private cases.

Can a woman, then, train herself, or be trained, in family life, for those duties to the sick which will infallibly devolve upon her sooner or later? We believe to a great extent she may, and ought to do so. Moreover, the knowledge required for efficient sick-nursing is as necessary for the healthy as the sick; it is chiefly the knowledge of those physical conditions, those laws of health, which are quite as needful to maintain health as to assist in its repair when broken. Child-life is the most delicate test of healthy conditions, and we should

* The Nightingale School has accommodation for eighteen free probationers, and five special or paid; these latter must be women of education and good social position, to whom the superintendence of the nursing and nurses in hospitals and general and workhouse infirmaries may be with confidence entrusted; no menial service will be required of them. Before admission, personal application should be made to Mrs. Wardroper, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S. The regulations and previous information required may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, H. Bonham-Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

I. *Pure Air.* Miss Nightingale tells us—"The very first canon of nursing, and the first and the last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to the patient, is to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him." If food and medicine be important, the air breathed is tenfold more so. We eat three or four times a day, we breathe sixteen or twenty times in a minute, and on that breathing depends the renovation of our whole system. Poisonous influences are more directly absorbed by the blood when breathed than when swallowed. Our own breath is poison even in health; the crowded work-room, the unventilated school, the close bed-room, are poisonous with carbonic acid gas; but also the air in an uninhabited room, if shut up, becomes stagnant and positively injurious. There must be a current of air to ensure healthy ventilation; one inlet is not enough: there must be a window and open chimney. It is always best to air from without, from the fresh open air. What is the use of airing a room by opening the door into a passage full of house smells, mustiness, and shut-up air? But nurses are so afraid of giving their patients cold by exposing them to a draught. Of course,

when the window is open the door must be shut; but there is little or no danger in opening the window when the invalid is warm in bed. The time to be careful about a patient's catching cold is when he first gets up after the continued perspiration of days in bed, and the effort of dressing, as at such times he is peculiarly susceptible. Then warmth is essential; but warmth may be secured by other means than shutting up a room, such as hot bottles, a good fire, and warm though not heavy clothing. And fresh air does not mean a draught. The window should be opened from above, or the room should be furnished with a ventilator near the ceiling. The simplest and best we know is one invented by Squire (the Queen's chemist); it consists of an oblong hole cut through the wall to the open air, close to the ceiling, furnished with a grating outside, and a valve which can be opened or shut at pleasure from within. This ventilator may be adapted to any flat-ceiled room for about fifteen shillings. The air as it enters clings to the surface of the ceiling, and only gradually diffuses itself, creating a pleasant freshness without any sensible draught. Another way of airing a room without draught is to have a piece of wood, some inches deep, fitted to the bottom of a sash window; the sash is opened and closed again upon the wood; the current of air which now steals in between the lower and upper sash is directed upward, and while no sensible draught is felt even under the window, the room is effectually ventilated.

An intelligent testimony to the value of open windows was given by a poor woman. "Ah! that was a wonderful evening when you told us what air we could live on, and what we couldn't. I says to Mrs. L., as we were going home, 'There, now, we've been a shutting up our windows, and thinking we were shutting the pizen out, instead of which we were shutting it in. I soon got my window made to open at the top, and it has never been quite shut since, for we always sleep six in this room. The neighbours did say at first that we should catch our deaths, but they soon saw that we were so much better, that half the people in the streets open their windows at the top now.'"

The nurse must be equally careful to remove from the room everything that can taint the air. Bed-hangings, window-curtains, carpets, are all absorbent, and noxious effluvia will cling about a woollen substance for months, being given out whenever the air is damp. Generally speaking, the lighter and more free from furniture a sick-room is, the better.

II. *Cleanliness.* Another all-important duty of the nurse is to look well to the cleanliness of her patient. The thousands of small pores which you may perceive on the surface of the skin are all the outlets of so many tiny pipes conveying waste matters out of the system. Every healthy person steams from one to one-and-a-half pint of moisture from the skin in twenty-four hours; in sickness, perspiration is often much increased, for in many important diseases nature relieves itself almost entirely by the skin. But perspiration remains on the skin, clogging its pores unless washed away; and if this be neglected, the patient will suffer from skin-poisoning. Every one knows the comfort and physical relief of a good wash; none experience greater benefit from it than the sick; but with them, as the power of reaction is small, care must be exercised not to expose too great a surface at once, so as to check perspiration, which would renew the evil in another form. It should also be remembered that soft water should be used, not hard.

For "water dressings" soft water is absolutely necessary; hard water produces an opposite effect. If soft water cannot be got, you must collect rain water, or, failing this, boil the water, which removes half its hardness.

In fevers great relief is frequently found in sponging the face and arms with quite hot water. Restless patients are often soothed by having their feet bathed with water as hot as they can bear, and dried with a hot towel; but the bed must be previously protected by a mackintosh and towels spread underneath the feet.

Cleanliness in bedding and clothing is not less essential. Much of the moisture of which we spoke saturates the bed-clothes and linen of the patient. Hence, frequent change of linen is necessary for an invalid. The poor, who cannot afford frequent change, should have at least two of each article in wear, *i.e.*, two night-shirts and two pairs of sheets, that those not in wear may be hung out of the window, or in a yard, and purified by exposure to the open air, being well warmed before they are again used. If possible, no soiled garment or bedding should be aired in a sick-room. If the invalid is able to rise, his bed should be entirely stripped and exposed to the air. A spring mattress is the most healthy and comfortable for the sick.

Again: *all the things about a patient should be kept clean.* The floor and furniture must be carefully wiped with a damp cloth, to avoid raising dust. The medicine glasses should be rinsed and wiped whenever used. In giving liquid food, see that none is spilled into the saucer, or it will drop on the sheet or bed-gown. Before every meal spread a clean napkin from the chin of the invalid to the tray, to catch any crumbs which may fall, and which are a great worry to the sick, if they get into the bed. These minute things make a real difference in a patient's comfort and his willingness to take food.

A nurse's duties are positive as well as negative; not only is watchful attention to ventilation and cleanliness needful to protect the sick from injurious influences, but any vital power they may have must be cherished and strengthened; for it is their best hope of throwing off disease or living through it. In nursing, it eminently holds good, "A penny saved is a penny gained." The doctor alone may prescribe tonics, but the nurse may economise the strength of her patient by attending to his warmth, rest, and food.

III. *Warmth.* If some substances, such as starch, fat, and sugar, are burned in the open air, they disappear, changing into carbonic acid and steam. Such changes are always accompanied by light and heat, or, if more slowly effected, by heat only. Now, such changes are continually going on within us, and are the continuous natural source of our animal heat. While part of our food, the gluten, fibrine, and curd goes to repair our wasting frames, a scarcely less important part, the fat, butter, sugar, etc., forms fuel for the vital fire on which our warmth depends. Any cause, then, which reduces the temperature of the animal makes a demand upon its substance. Now, "in certain diseased states much less heat is produced than in health, and there is a constant tendency to the decline and ultimate extinction of the vital powers by the call made upon them to sustain the heat of the body. Cases where this occurs should be watched with the greatest care from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute. The feet and legs should be examined by the hand from time to time, and whenever a tendency to chilling is discovered, hot bottles, hot bricks, warm flannels, with some warm drink, should be made use of, until the temperature is restored. The fire should be kept up. Patients are frequently lost in

the latter stages of disease from want of attention to such simple precautions. A patient may sink from want of a little external warmth. Such cases occur even in summer; this fatal chill is most to be feared towards early morning.*

Warmth must be *judiciously* applied; for instance, blankets should never be doubled over the chest, as weak patients are always oppressed by weight of bedding. Again, hot bottles must not be filled with *boiling* water, nor left in the bed when cold. You should always be able to touch a hot bottle with your naked hands; if it is required to keep hot some hours, it should have a flannel cover or bag.

IV. *Sleep.* Who can estimate the renovating power of sleep? During sleep all the processes of life go on more slowly; the wear and waste of substance is so much less than in waking as to justify the expression "nourishing sleep." Never allow the sick to be waked; if you let them be roused out of their first sleep you secure a bad night for them. Be absolutely quiet while a patient is *trying to get to sleep*; whatever has to be done must be left rather than risk his night's rest by fidgeting about. Far better wake him after some hours of sleep than rouse him when drowsy; for sleep perpetuates itself, and in sickness the more a sick man sleeps the more power he will have to sleep. A good nurse ought to be able to change warm bottles, and even to give nourishment during sleep, without rousing the invalid. A comfortable arrangement of the pillows helps to sleep. This requires some little knack. "Every weak patient, be his illness what it may, suffers more or less from difficulty in breathing. To take the weight of the body off the poor chest, which is hardly up to its work as it is, ought therefore to be the object of the nurse in arranging his pillows. Now, what does she do, and what are the consequences? She piles the pillows one a-top of the other like a wall of bricks. The head is thrown upon the chest, and the shoulders are pushed forward so as not to allow the lungs room to expand. The pillows, in fact, lean upon the patient, not the patient upon the pillows. It is impossible to give a rule for this, because it must vary with the figure of the patient. But the object is to support, with the pillows, the back below the breathing apparatus, to allow the shoulders room to fall back, and to support the head without throwing it forward. The suffering of dying patients is immensely increased by neglect of these points."†

All noise is painful to the sick, but sudden or unnecessary noise is far the worst. Any noise which excites expectation, such as a slow, shuffling step, or a whispered conversation, is to be avoided. A nurse should have a light, quick step, and a noiseless dress; the rustling of silk, the creaking of hinges or shoes, and the rattling of window-frames or flapping of blinds are peculiarly irritating to nerves rendered sensitive by fever or weakness. It needs but little care (a touch of oil, a wedge of paper, a stout stick to stir the fire, etc., etc.) to avoid them, and the patient should never have to tell you of them. Never speak to your patients while they are moving, or keep them standing, or interrupt them when occupied, or jar their bed or chair by leaning against it.

V. *Food.* Thousands of patients, we are told, are annually starved in the midst of plenty, not from neglect but from ignorance. A patient may only be able to take food at particular hours, or he can take some particular kind of food at one hour which he cannot at another.

Chronic cases of illness tax all the ingenuity, perseverance, and observation of a good nurse, and in careless hands become cases of protracted starvation. "As a general rule, weak patients cannot take solid food before 11 A.M., and yet require liquid food to sustain them from hour to hour; a spoonful of beef-tea, arrowroot and wine, egg-flip, every hour, will give them the requisite nourishment and prevent them from being too much exhausted to take at a later hour the solid food which is necessary for their recovery. Every patient who can swallow at all, can swallow those liquid things if he pleases."

The *times* for taking food must be carefully planned, and punctuality in sick-room meals is essential; life often hangs on minutes in taking food; but it must not stand by the bed-side, or a capricious appetite will be disgusted. The *quantity* of food must be watchfully regulated; if a teacupful ordered every three hours is thrown up, try a tablespoonful every hour. The *kind* of food must be judiciously selected. Jelly is of little nutritive value: one hundred teaspoonfuls only contain one teaspoonful of gelatine. Beef-tea has a restorative power peculiar to itself, and can be relished when all other food is rejected.*

Cream is the lightest form of nourishment, and is much more easily digested than milk; but great care is needed to ensure its being perfectly sweet. Wenham Lake ice is an excellent preservative. Tea and coffee, like beef-tea, have a remarkably restorative power. Chemists have found out why. They have weighed the man, and found that the infusion of one ounce of roasted coffee daily will lessen the waste going on in his body by one-fourth. As a rule, however, tea and coffee are too exciting for the sick after 5 P.M., and interfere with sleep. Sleepiness in the morning, on the other hand, is often caused by exhaustion, and is relieved by an early cup of tea or coffee. A patient must not be talked to, or allowed to attend to anything else while at his meals: all his nervous strength will be needed for digestion.

A nurse who is true to her vocation will study the tastes and feelings, as well as the physical wants, of her patient. We do not need psychologists to prove the intimate connection between mind and body: it is patent to every-day observation. What invalid has not felt the better for a bunch of fresh flowers brought into the room? It is an exploded fable that a few flowers will deteriorate the air. A bouquet or a growing plant refresh both mind and body. You can hardly realise the weariness of constant confinement within four walls, without occupation, till you experience it. The sick should be indulged with as much variety as possible; only let it be a slow variety, which may amuse without fatigue. Invalids should be able to see out of the window, and the sunshine, with its cheering, renovating power, should not be excluded from their room. In public hospitals it has been noticed that almost all the patients lie with their faces towards the light.

A glad, pleasant face is peculiarly welcome to the sick. A cheerful word is a positive tonic. An instance occurs to us. "One of the Light Brigade, who had escaped from the Balaclava charge, long after was kicked by a horse in the chest, and sent to the Sentari Hospital. He was depressed in spirit, which prevented him from throwing off the disease engendered by the blow. The

* If the essence of beef-tea is wanted, cut a pound of raw beef into small slices, put it in a covered jar without any water, cover it and stand the jar in a saucepan of water to simmer for six hours. When you take it out you will find about a teacupful of the strongest beef-juice. For other receipts, see "Plain Words about Sickness, addressed to the Mothers and Wives of Working Men."

doctor remarked he wished the soldier could be roused, and among other remedies leeches were prescribed. While watching them I tried to enter into conversation, but received only monosyllabic replies. A copy of Tennyson's poem having been sent to me that morning, I took it out and read aloud—

“ ‘Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
‘Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!’ he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

“ ‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder’d;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.’

The man at once forgot his pain, and entered into a spirited description of that terrific gallop to and from the cannon-crowned height. In a few days the invalid requested the doctor to discharge him for duty, being now in health; but, whether the cure was effected by the leeches or the poem, it is impossible to say. On giving the card, the medical man murmured, ‘Well done, Tennyson!’”*

Many fancy a nurse is only needed to spare her patient *bodily exertion*; but it is far more necessary to spare him *mental effort*. If the sick have to think for themselves, they might as well have no nurse. They must not have to remind you of their medicines, their meals, their night-light, etc., nor require to answer the same questions again and again when once would suffice. You must plan for them, remember for them, and anticipate all their wants, and all this without expatiating on what you are doing or mean to do. “A nurse ought to understand every change of her patient’s face, every change of his attitude, every change of his voice. And she ought to study them till she feels no one else understands them so well. She may make mistakes, but she is *on the way* to being a good nurse. Whereas, the nurse who never observes her patient’s countenance at all, and never expects to see any variation, any more than if she had the charge of delicate china, is on the way to nothing at all. She will never be a nurse. ‘He hates to be watched,’ is the excuse of every careless nurse. Very true. All sick people and all children hate to be ‘watched.’ But find a nurse who really understands her children and her patients, and see whether these are aware that they have been ‘watched.’ It is not the staring at a patient which tells the really observant nurse the little things she ought to know. The best observer I know, the man whose labours among lunatics have earned for him the gratitude of Europe, appears to be quite absent. He leans back in his chair with half-shut eyes, and meanwhile sees everything, hears everything, and observes everything.”†

This habit of correct observation will enable you to give a concise and serviceable report to the doctor; you can tell how many hours the invalid slept, and at what hours of the night; you will be a fair judge of how many ounces of food he swallowed; you will learn to distinguish the indication of the pulse, so valuable when rightly interpreted, so fatally delusive to a novice; and you will notice many other points on which we cannot here touch.

Yet observation alone is not sufficient, without thought and judgment, to make use of the details with which it supplies us. A nurse should be a thoughtful, responsible person; nor must her thoughtfulness benefit her patients only while she is in actual charge over them. Her own health requires that she should leave the sick-room for rest and daily fresh air, and it is during her absence that so many *accidents* (?) occur; the visitor is injudiciously admitted, the afternoon rest is broken, the medicine omitted, and the meal delayed. All this might be prevented by previous arrangement; and it is the duty of a nurse not so much to do the things which are actually required, as to know they are done. Indeed, the same principle applies to every person in charge; we should so conduct our affairs as to be able to devolve them on others when needful.

Have we sketched too high a model? Yet, less than this will not meet the wants of the suffering and helpless. For this, as for every other vocation, we must through prayer obtain a strength beyond our own. This will help us to meet patiently the irritability of nervous invalids, calmly and promptly to fulfil duties of critical importance, and to reflect Heaven’s own light to those walking in the shadow of death.

At this time, when so much is said about the employment of women, and the difficulty of procuring it, it is well to know that in the nursing department the demand far exceeds the supply, and this although ample remuneration is offered. Even probationers at St. Thomas’s Hospital are allowed a stipend during their year of training, after which, immediate employment is obtained for them, commencing at not less than £20 a year, with extras. Will not some of the women of England, then, come forward and embrace this truly womanly vocation?

INDIAN THIEVES.

COMMUNICATED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR THOMAS SEATON.

In that most interesting work, “Modern Egyptians,” by Lane, the translator of the “Thousand and One Nights,” I met with this paragraph:—“Even the common thieves used not many years since to respect a superior, who was called the Sheikh. He was often required to search for stolen goods and to bring offenders to justice, which he generally accomplished. It is very remarkable that the same strange system prevailed amongst the ancient Egyptians.”

I think it is equally remarkable that not many years ago—1823—a somewhat similar system prevailed in various districts in India, and may possibly prevail in a modified form to this day. The thieves in those districts were banded together under acknowledged leaders, to whom they all paid implicit obedience, and through whose influence stolen property might be recovered. But the strange feature in these Indian brotherhoods of thieves was that they and their leaders were always ready to earn an honest livelihood, and their peculiar and favourite line was that of chokeydar, or watchman. To sober-minded Englishmen it may seem a strange and most dangerous plan to employ a professed thief to watch and guard property from thieves—his own comrades, in whose company he had robbed and plundered many a time; but it is one of the many remarkable anomalies that are to be met with in that most remarkable, and still little known country. I have never known these chokeydars other than honest and faithful; the goods and chattels of any person entrusted to one of these thieves were respected by the band; his house was never robbed. Sometimes a thief, disappointed, perhaps,

* “Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.”

† “Notes on Nursing.”

in his share of a booty, would "run rusty," and, to show his spite to his leader, would commit some small depredation on a protected house; but he could not do much, he could get no assistance, and there were too many of the fraternity on the watch.

In October 1823 I reached Cawnpore, on my way to join my regiment, and as I should be some time getting together my marching establishment, tents, horses, servants, etc.—for I had come up by the river—I hired a small bungalow. As soon as I had taken up my residence, I was waited upon by the cutwal of the chokeydars, as he was called, a respectable looking individual, well-spoken, dignified, stately, but with an eye that seemed to glance round and to catalogue and appraise everything in the room in that glance, who advised me to take a watchman whom he was prepared to supply. I did not "see the fun" of paying ten shillings a month, for (as I thought) a mere incumbrance, and I refused. Fortunately a friend came in at the moment, and told me the story of a young officer who had been recently robbed; he would not hire a chokeydar, so everything he possessed was taken out of his house, the very sheet he was lying on was taken from under him, and his sword, as a warning, was thrust through his mattress.

This clever and seemingly impossible feat was effected in the simplest and neatest way possible. The young officer was warned that his house would be robbed, the thieves knew that he would watch, but they knew also that his youth would soon succumb to the heat of the climate and the fatigue of watching, and then he would slumber most profoundly. So on the third night, as day began to dawn, and when, as anticipated, overcome by the fatigue of the two previous nights' watch, and lulled by the coolness of the morning air, in fancied security the young officer had sunk into a profound slumber, the thieves commenced operations. They had but a few minutes for their work, for daybreak was close at hand, and it dawns near the tropics as rapidly as light departs; there is very little twilight; dawn springs at once into broad daylight. To get into his room, remove all his boxes, his furniture and other things, to take the pistols from under his pillow, and gently remove the sword from his now relaxed grasp, was the work of a few minutes only, and the main body of the gang moved rapidly away, carrying off the plundered property. The leader of the gang remained with two of his men. They first drew off gently the single sheet that covered the sleeper, then they rolled up the under one until it was parallel to, and touching his back as he lay on his side. Then all left the room but the leader. Squatting on the ground close to the sleeper's head, as it hung over the pillow, he took a feather and gently tickled his nose. Thinking it was a fly, he instinctively rolled over to the other side, and when he had again settled into sleep, the rolled-up sheet was easily withdrawn. Then, thrusting the sharpened sword through the mattress, the thief walked off in triumph, following his gang, who with the stolen property had effected their retreat in safety.

This story settled the matter. The cutwal kept his promise to supply me with a good man, and before evening I was master to a hearty, jolly old fellow, called Bhowanny, who, to my great surprise and the surprise of all my friends, proved to be a Brahmin of the highest strain. How one of the purest caste came to be connected with the guild of thieves I never could understand. I thought at one time that he might be their Friar Tuck. At all events, he was the most straightforward, honest, good-tempered old fellow I ever met with. He left his old wife and family to follow me, when I left Cawnpore, and looked after me as if

I was his son. He remained in my service over eleven years—in fact, until I came home on furlough. My other servants treated him with the greatest respect, always addressing him as Maha Rajah, or great prince. This, in everyday intercourse, was shortened to Mārāj; and they constantly kissed his feet, embraced his knees, or stood before him in the attitude of supplication.

About a year and a half after I had engaged him, I found myself at Seetapore, in Oude, a place celebrated in those days for skilful and desperate thieves and dacoits. My chum and I thought that we might as well have one of the local practitioners to help Bhowanny, who, from being a stranger, and unknown, might not at first have any influence with the professionals of the district. Bhowanny knew what he was about, and went and engaged for our service the leader of all the thieves in the place, and a more wild, desperate-looking, audacious, intelligent, outspoken, civil, and obliging blackguard I never met with. He had attained to his pre-eminence in the thieves' fraternity by his numerous skilfully-planned and audacious robberies, by his thorough knowledge of the whole country, his aptitude at disguise, ability in getting intelligence, and in disposing of his plunder.

He was a perfect picture, and would have been a "joy," a small fortune, to an artist, could any have seen him as he stood before us—his head covered with rope like rolls of red muslin wound into a turban, that covered his ears and the back of his neck; his spare muscular frame stripped to the waist; his beard flowing down nearly to his breast, his long locks curled and matted together; and his keen piercing eyes glistening with excitement; while leaning upon a six-foot bow, and flourishing in his right hand half a dozen ugly-looking arrows, giving emphasis to his words, he recounted his adventures, sometimes tragical, but mostly ludicrous.

I will give an outline of one of his stories, which may amuse, though it loses half its interest for want of the man's rough language, his grand expressions, and the force derived from the gesticulations with which he acted his tale.

One day in the rainy season, Tokee—the name by which we knew him—received intelligence from a sure and trusty spy, that a well-to-do "Bunniah" grocer and Chandler in the town had several hundred rupees concealed in his shop; that the Bunniah was going out the next night to attend some merry-making in a neighbouring village, and that he would be absent all that night and part of the next day.

The man and his shop were but too well known to Tokee. He had somehow contrived to borrow a small sum of money from the Bunniah, which was constantly increased by enormous interest, by usury; or, if Tokee contrived to pay off any portion, the debt was speedily brought up again to the original amount, by some process which seemed mysterious to the unfortunate debtor. "Sahib," he said, "I was being eaten up. I paid him ten times over."

So here was an opportunity for personal revenge, to plunder the old extortioner, reimburse himself of all of which he had been defrauded, live at the old fellow's expense, and enjoy his anguish of mind at the loss of his treasure.

Towards sunset, when the great heat of the day had passed, and people were thronging the bazaar and streets, Tokee, who was determined that this *coup* should not fail for want of proper precautions, went to reconnoitre, accompanied by his second in command, a sort of Little John. Tokee charged himself with the delicate task of

reconnoitring the inside. His comrade was to examine the outside of the shop, and all connected with it.

The shop was of the kind common throughout India and the East, generally a square room of a convenient size built on to the dwelling-house, with which it communicated by a low strong door. The front of the room was open towards the street, but closed at night by strong sliding shutters. This contained the bulk of his goods, and was the shop proper. Outside this was a broad verandah, with a floor raised eighteen inches above the street. On this floor was placed a stand, on which were vessels of various sizes, containing convenient quantities of the article to be sold; and here the Bunniah sat, and his customers came to buy and sell, and haggle over their pennyworths.

Whilst Little John scanned the walls and doors of shop and house, and examined the neighbouring walls and houses, Tokee, who had put some money in his girdle, watched his opportunity, and when no other customer was there, and the Bunniah had gone into the inner or shop proper, he boldly entered after him, and plumped himself down on the floor. Startled by this sudden and unceremonious entrance, the Bunniah hastily snatched up an old sack, and threw it over something, which Tokee instinctively divined was the hiding-place of the treasure. To avoid suspicion, he immediately diverted the Bunniah's attention by talking about his debt, and tendering payment of a portion; then, purposely taxing him with usury and fraud, he drove the old fellow into a fury, and when the tempest of altercation, mingled with volleys of abuse, "waxed fast and furious," Tokee, who was cool and collected, had ample time to take an accurate survey of everything in the shop, the position of the sacks, the shelves, the shutters, stands, and such like, and calculate the chances of a successful attack. Having found out all he desired, Tokee calmed the Bunniah by seeming to be convinced; then, paying the money he had brought, he left the shop, and, parting on good terms with the Bunniah, he went to meet his confederate.

On comparing notes, Tokee instantly decided to attack the shop by breaking through the wall from the lane: the discoveries of his confederate seemed to render this mode of attack both safe and certain. The wall of the shop was built of *kutchā puckā*, that is, of kiln-burnt bricks laid in mud plaster; and, of all kinds of wall, this is the easiest to break through.

It may be as well to explain that in India there are several modes or kinds of building: the first is *puckā*, that is, with kiln-burnt bricks laid in lime-mortar; the next is, *kutchā puckā*, kiln-burnt bricks, laid with tempered clay instead of mortar; then *kutchā*, or sun-dried bricks laid on tempered clay; and lastly, walls built of tempered clay, like what is called *cob* in Devonshire. It may be well imagined that there cannot be much cohesion between kiln-burnt bricks and the tempered clay used instead of mortar, and that of these several kinds of building it is most easy to break through.

The shop stood at the corner of a lane leading down to the river, which was in flood at the time. Half-way down the lane was a narrow winding gully, that led to the bridge, most convenient for advance or retreat. A small stock of firewood had been laid in the lane against the wall of the shop, in such a manner as to form a snug dark corner against the centre of the wall of the shop, as if on purpose to favour the intended attack, by securing the actors from prying eyes of chance passengers going down the main street.

But to counterbalance these great advantages, the

position of the shop, the dark gully, the screen of firewood, and the nature of the walls, were several serious disadvantages: the nights were moonlight, and the moon would not set till late, thus contracting the time for their operations; then the Cutwallee (police station) was within two hundred paces; the district watchman was close by, and the door of the courtyard of the Bunniah's dwelling-house opened into the lane a few feet beyond the stack of wood. This was most awkward. The near vicinity of the police station, or of the district watchman, Tokee cared little about: the latter could easily be provided for; and in respect to the former, "You know, Sahib," he said, "the old proverb, *Cheragh ke neechē undeyāra*—there is a shadow below the lamp—the police would not think of looking for a robbery just under their noses." But the door of the courtyard opening into the lane, so near the place of attack, was the real danger; for on any alarm whilst they were at work, the enemy might sally out and take them in flank, or if they happened to be in the shop at the time, they would be caught in a regular trap. But nothing venture nothing have; the prize in view was too great, and the desire for revenge for the Bunniah's extortion too strong to be foregone, and as the dangers were all in the way of business, and rather a pleasurable excitement, the attack was decided upon without the least hesitation.

Next day the shop was narrowly watched, and every move of the Bunniah and his people duly reported to the two principals by some of the gang. As night came on the shop was closed, and the Bunniah went off to his engagement; the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, the people disappeared from the streets one by one; the shops were closed; lights were extinguished; all sounds died away except the occasional warning cry of the watchmen, the barking here and there of a dog, or the wailing howl of the jackalls, and sleep settled down on the weary inhabitants.

As the night advanced, and the moon went down, the clouds grew heavier; a soft, drizzling rain came on. Chokeydars, men, dogs, and jackals took shelter from it, and then all was silence. Presently four or five figures, wrapped in black blankets, entered the town; three went off in different directions towards the Cutwallee (police station), and up and down the street; and two, divested of all superfluous clothes, stopped in a dark place, took off their blankets, oiled their bodies, and, resuming their blankets, advanced towards the Bunniah's shop, and squatted themselves in the dark corner formed by the stack of wood.

The confederates had effectually provided against interruption from the distant chokeydar, by sending one of the gang, an amusing, chattering fellow, to engage him in a gossip over sundry pipes of good tobacco—temptations that no native of India can withstand; and of course the chokeydar was to be intoxicated by a little *bhāng* mixed with the tobacco.

Secured by the weather, and the manœuvre of their comrade, from all immediate fear of interruption, the confederates set to work. To get out the first brick was one great difficulty; no blow could be struck by any instrument: it would ring through the wall and inevitably rouse the sleepers. But these skilful operators picked the clay-mortar out with tools made for the purpose, and without much delay got the brick out. The others followed closely. The bricks were of the old Indian pattern, five inches square, one-and-a-half inch thick. After getting out a few, it became necessary to exercise the utmost judgment and caution to ascertain which was the inside layer of bricks, and to get out the first without letting it fall into the shop; this was successfully

done. As the hole every moment was made larger, more and more care was required to prevent materials falling inwards and making a noise. All went on prosperously and silently until the hole was large enough to admit a man's head, when a brick fell into the shop with a dull, heavy thump on the earthen floor, and at that very moment their scout in the main street signalled that some one was coming.

The confederates shrank into the dark corner formed by the pile of wood. Cowering down under their black blankets, they held their breath, listening for sounds from the inmates who might have been disturbed, and for the footsteps of the belated person. Slowly the passenger came along, pace by pace; then, turning down the lane, and passing within two feet of the crouching men, he paused as if he saw something. Their hearts beat wildly, and Tokee's comrade was about to spring up and rush away; but Tokee seized him by the arm and forced him to keep his place. Then the drizzle, which had almost ceased, began to come on thicker, and the man moved slowly away.

As soon as he was out of hearing, they listened intently at the hole to ascertain if any of the inmates had been disturbed. All was quiet. The work was resumed with increased vigour, and in a short time a breach was made large enough to enable a man to creep in freely. Putting his head and shoulders through the breach, Tokee listened intently for any sound that would indicate the vicinity of an inmate—any one sleeping in the shop or stirring in the house. All was silent, and the confederates crept in and groped about, Tokee to find the hiding-place of the treasure, his comrade to help, or find anything of value. The hiding-place of the treasure was soon found, the bags piled over it moved away; then, with some difficulty and care, to avoid noise, the box containing the treasure was forced open, and they got possession of the bag.

Again their faithful scout in the main street gave the signal; but this time the house was stirring, for day-break was close at hand. Quick as thought, Tokee made a dart at the hole, and got out into the lane, grasping the bag of rupees. His confederate, following at his heels, was equally quick, but not equally lucky; for, in the hurry of getting through the breach, Tokee's foot caught in a string that hung from a shelf above, and, in the struggle to free himself, he brought down on the head of his follower a large round earthen pot, that proved to be full of treacle, and felled him to the ground.

"Bāp ré bāp!"—oh dear, oh dear! called out the man, in his surprise; but in an instant he was up again, struggling to get out through the hole. Half of the broken pot, however, stuck on his head, and the treacle, streaming down, filled his eyes and half stupified him.

The crash of the pot and the man's involuntary exclamation roused the Bunniah's family; some rushed into the shop, others into the courtyard, and one stout old lady ran into the lane, all screaming at the top of their voices, "Chor, chor"—thieves, thieves—"Dawro,* dawro"—help, help—"Dhakoo, dhakoo, dacoits, dacoits." The neighbours, roused by the well-known cry, took it up, and the police, who were on the move, came running up from the Cutwallee, calling out "Māro, māro"—kill, kill—"Pukrō, pukrō"—seize them, seize them. Just as they reached the corner of the lane the unfortunate thief had staggered out of the hole with the instinct of self-preservation, had thrown off the broken pot, had drawn his hand across his eyes to clear away

the treacle, and dashed down the lane. Coming full butt against the stout old lady, he knocked her down and fell over her. Up he jumped, and off again, running for dear life, for the police were within a few yards of him; but the fall of the old woman saved him. On being knocked over, she fell on something hard, and, being terribly frightened and much hurt, and feeling herself covered with something wet, which she thought was blood, she believed herself to be wounded, and groaned out, "I'm killed, I'm killed." The foremost policeman stopped a moment to see if a murder had been committed, and this gave the fugitive some yards start. Running and staggering on, he missed the narrow gully (fortunately), blundered on to the end of the lane, stumbled over a heap of rubbish, and went souse into the river. This washed the treacle out of his eyes, and he struck out boldly for the other bank, but with much noise, for he was a poor swimmer.

In the meantime Tokee, who on the first alarm had darted off like an arrow, fled down the gully, and threaded its various windings with the silence and speed of a night hawk; but as he emerged from the lane and got to the bridge head, he was suddenly confronted by three chokeydars. Believing that his comrade was close at hand to second him, he instantly dashed at the three. The right-hand man was knocked down and hurled several paces away, but the others, though staggered, seized hold of him, one by the blanket, which was hanging loose from his head and shoulders, the other seized by the arm; and now the precaution of oiling his body stood him in good stead. Struggling on, he abandoned his blanket to the man who had seized it, and, giving himself a sudden wrench, he twisted easily out of the hands of the other, who had no firm hold on account of his greasy skin. Then, bounding forward, he crossed the bridge, the chokeydars in full cry after him, leaped the low wall at the end of the bridge, and dived at once into a perfect rabbit-warren of mud huts close at hand, the resort of himself and gang, and he was safe, for the chokeydars dared not follow him. Hiding his plunder, and putting on some clothes, and taking another blanket, he went boldly on to the bridge, and calmly listened to the uproar in the town.

When his less fortunate comrade fell into the river and swam towards the opposite shore, some of the police came up armed with matchlocks, and, directed by the noise he made, began to fire at him. Tokee instantly guessing that his comrade was swimming the river, ran swiftly and silently to a bend in the stream, gave the signal to his follower, and, reaching out, he soon caught him by the hand and got him ashore. Then, making a wide circuit, to avoid the police, they reached their haunt in safety, and on examining their booty found that they had got nearly six hundred rupees.

Of course, Tokee did not fail to visit the old extortioner next day and enjoy his despair, whilst he lectured him on the folly of keeping so much money in such an insecure place. It was tempting, he said, all the rascals in the country to try and rob him; and on being shown the breach made in the wall, he quietly remarked, that it must have been done by a pukka chōr (a skilful thief), and an impudent fellow, to attack a house so near the police-station.

BEE-BATTLES.

AFTER reading "The Battle of the Bees" in No. 840 of "The Leisure Hour," I waited to see if any bee-masters could afford to the writer trustworthy information on

* Dawro means run; but, as used here, it means "run and help us."

the subject of his very interesting paper. Having made the habits of the honey-bee a careful study for many years, I offer the following observations.

That the uninitiated may be the better able to judge of the extent and consequences of these occasional wars called bee-battles, be it known that each community of bees consists of one queen, from 500 to 1,500 drones, and from 10,000 to 30,000 working bees. The drones,

"Those lazy fathers of the industrious hive,"

are allowed to enjoy their life of ease and pleasure but for a few months—generally from May to July, sometimes from April to August.

In the contests between the drones and workers the fighting is all on one side. This we pass over for the present, only observing that the hive is placed in a better position by the contention.

A battle between the workers of different communities is a much more serious affair. Bee-fights generally originate in those persistent attempts to rob, which are to a greater or less degree indulged in at various times, but mostly in the autumn. In the richer part of the honey-season, if the weather is very hot, the strong odour of pollen and honey attracts the bees recently hatched, so that, instead of following the older ones into the fields, they enter the fragrant domiciles of their neighbours, and many fall a sacrifice to this indulgence of their natural instincts. But newly-hatched bees are not the only robbers. Bees, though proverbially industrious, will always save themselves labour when they can, and help themselves to honey when it can be had. A swarm of bees sometimes enters a hive already occupied, causing serious strife. Queens never take part in these desperate struggles, commonly called bee-battles. Bees have many enemies; but the inhabitant of the adjoining hive is the one most to be dreaded. Strong, or at least well-to-do hives, are as a rule the aggressors, and weak hives, especially queenless ones, are the first victims. When weak hives are overpowered and robbed, the marauders seek other prey, and occasionally the most disastrous consequences follow.

When bees are about to swarm, certain scouts select a place suitable for a new home, and it often happens that the neighbouring hives are examined for this purpose. This leads to quarrelling, and to some loss of life, but never to a bee-battle. Such loss may in some degree be prevented by keeping near the apiary a hive or two, with a little comb in position.

After a battle the defeated hive is always robbed; indeed, the robbery goes on during the fight, and the few remaining bees (if any) are dispersed—mostly, perhaps, in their search for food.

Some years ago, at Newtown, a hamlet belonging to this parish (Tisbury, Wilts), two stocks of bees, the property of cottagers, occupied each its own garden, the highway lying between. At the close of the honey season one hive attacked the other with such violence, that, after several days' hard fighting, the whole population of one of the hives was destroyed, and the fruits of the summer's industry transferred to the stronghold of the invaders. I had not the opportunity of ascertaining the origin of this battle, but have not the slightest doubt but that it began in the usual way, by a raid in search of plunder.

In my own garden, where I have had from thirty to sixty hives, I have frequently prevented a serious fight by contracting or closing the doorways of the hives. Upon one occasion the strife had assumed such serious proportions that I was obliged to remove the invaded

hive to a distant part of the garden. Even this did not suffice, probably on account of a few of the invaders being left in the hive. I then took the stock about five hundred yards from the scene of conflict. This succeeded, and in a few days the bees went to work as if nothing had happened, although during the fray they had lost many bees, and some pounds of honey. It is a difficult matter to separate the belligerents after a fight has fairly commenced, because in their exasperation they continue the strife long after working-time.

Within the limits of this parish is a farm called Withyslade, the property of Lord Arundell of Wardour. The dwelling-house is situated about a quarter of a mile from any other residence. Many years ago the occupier of this farm lost a mare when her foal was in a helpless condition. It was taken and "brought up by hand," and thrived in a most satisfactory manner. As was likely under the circumstances, it became quite the pet of the family, and was allowed to go in doors with the freedom, if not the frequency, of a lap-dog. When it had grown quite a nice colt it found its way into the garden and upset a stock of bees. The infuriated insects attacked the poor animal with such fury that after a short time he died in extreme agony.

Some years afterwards, this same garden was the scene of one of the most determined and disastrous bee-battles perhaps ever recorded. The farm had passed into other hands, a new house had been built, and an apiary erected at right-angles with the house, and close to it. In the spring (I forget the year), four or five communities occupied the apiary. My aunt (the bee-mistress), considering her bee-house too much exposed to the wind, placed all the swarms of the season out of doors, in the usual single-pedestal cottage style. Five or six swarms came off during the summer, and were placed just outside the apiary, and in a line with the front of the farm-house.

At the usual time for freebooting, a serious disturbance amongst the hives took place. Very soon the strife had become alarming, and my aunt concluded that some mysterious cause of quarrel between the old hives and swarms had arisen. From this time to the end of the conflict the battle raged so furiously that no person dared do more than look on from a respectful distance, and, with regretful amazement, let the thing take its course.

My aunt's suspicions as to the combatants were not verified. Whilst this fierce war was raging, something equally enigmatical was taking place in the garden of a cottager living about a quarter of a mile distant. He kept a number of bees, and was not a little astonished to find them in the early part of the day leaving their homes in the most excited manner, as if some half-dozen swarms were coming off at the same time. The bees were evidently intent upon something that engaged all their energies, and that was not in the line of common bee-work. This was the invading host, so skilfully marshalled, and that seemed to understand the cause of the uproar. Off to the seat of war in "double quick time" seemed to be the order of the day. Day after day was this terrible conflict continued, till every hive of my aunt's was destroyed, and every cell rifled of its treasure.

It would be quite useless to attempt a description of the scene of desolation that appeared after this fierce battle; it can be more easily imagined.

It seems somewhat ungrateful to our industrious and useful little friends thus to hold them up as quarrelsome neighbours; but I hope to make them some amends by adding, in a future paper, a few facts relating to their "love and labour."

J. B.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A TROUBLESOME MISSIVE FOR SQUIRE FOLEY.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—IN WHICH SQUIRE FOLEY, OF BRIER HALL, RECEIVES AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

WHILE the various events recorded in the several preceding chapters of this history were transpiring at St. David and elsewhere, nothing of importance had occurred to disturb the even tenour of the way of the inmates of Brier Hall.

As I have heretofore stated, Mr. Foley, in his sudden affright upon hearing of the mysterious visit of the stranger to Fordham, had caused some inquiries to be

instituted after his former ward, Mary Morton, of whom he had heard nothing since a year or two after her marriage with Lieutenant Talbot. These inquiries, however, not very earnestly pursued, had resulted in failure; and, hearing nothing more of the stranger, who had come and gone, and left no sign, the squire had settled down to his former quiet routine of life. Though he was still looked shyly upon by his brother county magnates, he consoled himself with the reflection that, let them be as distant as they pleased, he was still lord of the manor of Fordham, and the wealthiest commoner, and one of the largest landowners, in the county.

One morning, however, about the same date as that to which the preceding chapter relates, Squire Foley, on unlocking the letter-bag, which had been placed on the breakfast-table, as usual, by the footman, drew thence, among other correspondence, a strange-looking, square-folded letter, fastened with a wafer, which had evidently been impressed by a large and dirty coarse-grained thumb. This odd-looking epistle was directed in a large, schoolboy hand, to

"Mister Squire Foley, with speed,

"at brier Hall, near by fordham,

"B—shire, England."

"What's this? What's this?" cried the squire, irritably, as, with a look of intense disgust, he held the queer-looking letter daintily between his finger and thumb, and glanced at the postmark through his gold-rimmed double eye-glass.

"Falmouth, Cornwall!" he went on. "I've no correspondents in Cornwall. And, I declare, thirteen pence postage! Here, you Thomas!"

Squire Foley, like most people, rich or poor, before the era of cheap, uniform postage, had a mortal aversion to paying the high rates that were charged in those days; and, turning angrily to the footman, who appeared at his summons, he growled—

"You tell Jackson (the groom) that the next time he dares to take an unpaid letter from the post-office, unless he knows the writing to be that of some one of my regular correspondents, I'll stop the amount out of his wages. People who don't pay their postage would as soon as not pick a pocket.

He seemed half inclined to throw the letter into the fire. "Some begging epistle, I warrant," he muttered to himself. "Or some rascal of a servant whom I've discharged at some time or another writing for a character. He'll get one with a vengeance!"

Upon second thoughts, however, though with an expression of disgust upon his features, he tore the letter open, and glanced disdainfully at its contents. But his attention became immediately so absorbed in what he was reading, that his daughter, who was seated at the breakfast-table, said, with a smile—

"At all events, papa, the letter seems deeply to interest you."

"Eh, what?" cried the squire. "Interest me! I can hardly make out the dirty, ill-spelt scrawl."

"Perhaps I can assist you in deciphering it, papa."

"Perhaps you can attend to your own business, miss, and not interrupt *me*," growled the squire; and, thrusting the letter, which but a moment before he would scarcely deign to touch, into his pocket, he commenced breakfast, without even looking at the remaining letters in the bag. He seemed, however, to have lost his usual good appetite; and, the moment the meal was ended, he retired to his study.

"I'm sure papa's dreadfully annoyed by something in that odd-looking letter, mamma," said Miss Foley, as soon as her father had retired.

"Something about the elections, I daresay, my love," replied Mrs. Foley. "I'm sure, when I was a girl, and your grandpa stood for the county, he used to get letters from all sorts of vulgar people, asking for favours of one kind or another, and sometimes he was very much annoyed. I often wonder why gentlemen care to get into Parliament. I'm sure it costs a great deal of money, and causes terrible disappointments. Think of your brother William, when we all went up to London to hear him make his first speech, and they laughed at him so much, poor fellow, and your papa lost thousands of pounds."

"Nay, mamma," interrupted the young lady, "it surely cannot be that which annoys papa. William, I've heard, hasn't a chance to gain the next election, and I should think he and papa too have had enough of Parliament. That letter's nothing to do with the election. It comes from Cornwall, a hundred miles from any part of our country. I *should* like to know what it contains to vex papa so, though. It quiet spoilt his breakfast."

Mr. Foley, however, did not choose to enlighten his daughter, nor any member of his family, as to the contents of the epistle in question.

Immediately upon reaching his study, he perused the scrawl again and again, and then sat down and penned a letter to his lawyer, requesting that gentleman to favour him with a visit immediately, as he wished to consult with him upon a matter of possibly great importance.

"In fact," he went on to write, "I have received an anonymous letter, which may be but a scheme to extort money, and *may* have some meaning in it. The writer—vulgar wretch as he evidently is—has obtained some knowledge of my family affairs; and though I was at first inclined to burn the vile epistle, I have subsequently thought it better to advise with you.

"Come down immediately. I shall look for you to-morrow night. You will find a bed at the Hall.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM FOLEY.

"Edward Ferret, Esq.,

"Furnival's Inn, London."

The missive which had caused Squire Foley so much annoyance ran as follows—the writer having generally dispensed with points and capitals:—

"Falmouth Cornwall

[no date.]

"HONNERED SIR,—i have in a way wich i don't need to explane got a paper wich I have kep carful a good wile thinkin it were of no use till on consultin' a frend who knows the lor he say it is of grate importance to Squire Foley and none others, but one as mite bring you to rune by takin the estates of Brier Hall to them as is the true hares—honnered sir to pruve my words I say that the tru hare which has a family his name is Morton by rites, and he is living as was thort to be drownd forty years ago my Frende say without the paper the tru hare is nothing, wich seeing the estates is yourn so many years will be only rite and fair to you honnerd sir.

"I am only a pore man or I would give the paper for nowt, but what is nowt to you honnerd sir is to me a fortun so please sir *rite immedyet* else I shall think you don't care for the paper wich I shall send to the tru hare wich will be *thankful* and *grateful* for sich luck, and no doubt willin to *pay handsome*.

"Dreck to A.B. post-office Falmouth, Cornwall—lef till called for—statin what you are willin to pay et setterer.

"Don't try to seke out the riter wich will lead to me sendin' the paper dreck to the lost hare wich is livin. So no more at present from your honnerd sir to command—A.B."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—IN WHICH SQUIRE FOLEY CONSULTS WITH HIS LAWYER.

ON the third morning after the receipt of the ill-spelt scrawl which had caused him so much inquietude, Mr. Foley was seated in his study in earnest conversation with his lawyer, Mr. Ferret, a small keen-visaged, though mild-spoken gentleman-like man, exceedingly neat and

prim in his attire, whose professional avocations were largely directed to the investigation of disputed claims to title-deeds and other property.

Though a sharp practitioner, and a man who considered it to be his duty to devote his subtle intellect and restless energy to the interests of those who engaged his services, Mr. Ferret was an honourable man in his way, and one who would not willingly assist to further any dishonourable or dishonest transactions. He was a very different man from the lawyer who had been one of the joint guardians of Mary Morton, and who had aided to deprive his ward of the small fortune which she ought to have received on the day when she attained her legal majority. That individual had been many years dead, and Mr. Ferret had succeeded him in the management of Mr. Foley's affairs. He, however, was ignorant of the family history of the Mortons, and of the manner in which the present proprietor of the Morton Hall estates had inherited the property.

"What was the age of this Henry Morton at the date of his disappearance and supposed death?" he inquired, after he had read the letter, and Mr. Foley had acquainted him with certain facts, of which he had had hitherto but a partial knowledge.

"About fourteen years, I should say."

"And you are sure that no authentic report of his death was ever received by his friends?"

"His death was taken for granted after the lapse of several years, during which nothing was ever heard of or from him."

"He was, you say, a midshipman in the navy?"

"A midshipman on board the Lurcher sloop of war, some forty years ago. The vessel was attacked and sunk in the British Channel, only two days after she sailed from Portsmouth, by a French frigate. All the officers and crew were killed or drowned, except two or three seamen, who were rescued by the Frenchmen's boats, and confined as prisoners of war at Montauban. These seamen managed to escape in course of time, but nothing more was heard of them. It was said that there was a boy among them, but he was believed to have been one of the ordinary ship-boys. Every possible inquiry and search was made after young Morton, by his father and elder brothers, in vain; and when, a few years later, there was a short term of peace, and the youth neither returned home nor wrote to his friends, they, of course, gave him up as dead."

"Still, my dear sir, there appears to have been no proof of the boy's death; and in my experience I have known quite as strange instances of return after long absence."

"Have any of the people of the village or neighbourhood got any relatives or friends at sea?" inquired the lawyer, after a brief pause.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mr. Foley.

"I ask," continued the lawyer, "because it has struck me as being possible that this letter comes from some sailor who has acquired some knowledge of your family affairs, and hopes to profit by means of that knowledge. Such a man might have been one of the crew of the sloop of war who were picked up by the Frenchmen. He might, by some means, have become possessed of some letters or documents which belonged to young Morton, and which he might have retained until now, and until—as the letter seems to infer—some wily associate has put him up to this scheme to extort money."

"Then you do not really believe that Henry Morton is still living?" said Mr. Foley, his face brightening at the idea.

"I neither credit nor discredit it. It is very possible—still, it is not probable. Had the boy been of humble parentage it would appear more probable; but a youth in Henry Morton's position would, one would imagine, have returned to his friends at his earliest opportunity, particularly if he heard—as one would suppose he must have heard—of the death of his elder brothers, and his own consequent heritage to the estates. Still, as I have said, it is possible that he is living. There is no accounting for men's vagaries."

"And if he should be living?"

"In that case, my dear sir, if he can prove his identity, as I should think he could easily do, he is, by your own showing, the present proprietor of the Morton Hall property; and, what is more, he could claim the back rents for a term of years, which, allowing the annual rental to be ten thousand pounds, would amount to the large sum of sixty thousand pounds!"

"It is shameful!" exclaimed Mr. Foley. "There ought to be a statute of limitation."

"There is, my dear sir. Six years, I believe——"

"I mean, sir," interrupted Mr. Foley, "a statute of limitation disallowing even any claim to possession after the lapse of a reasonable number of years. As to the claim to back rents, it might as well be made for sixty as for six years, so far as my ability to meet either demand is concerned. 'Is it just that I and my family may be deprived of property which has been for thirty years in our own undisputed possession?'"

"If you, my dear sir, were the claimant in such a case," replied the lawyer, with a quiet smile, "I suspect that you would think it very hard, and very unjust, if, because through error or mischance of any kind, some other person had become possessed of property that was rightfully yours, and had held that property for a term of years, the law of the land forbade you to claim your rights? I think, however, that you are disquieting yourself without adequate cause. I believe the letter to be merely the clumsy expedient of some, evidently ignorant, uneducated individual, who has some knowledge of your family history, to extort money from you. There is no proof that Henry Morton is still living. The letter does not purport to come from himself. Nay, more, the writer infers that though the rightful heir is living, he has no knowledge that he is the real owner of the Morton Hall estates. Not a very likely thing, I should imagine, under any circumstances in which Henry Morton—if he be still living—may be placed."

"You would advise me, then, to take no notice of this anonymous epistle?" said Mr. Foley.

"Nay, I do not say that," returned the lawyer. "I should advise that you answer the letter, if only that you may discover the writer, and learn if there be really any truth in his statements. Of course send no money—make no bargain. I'll tell you what I think the best plan. I will, if you think proper, go myself immediately to Falmouth. Meanwhile write to this A. B. at the post-office, to the effect that you care very little about the matter of which he has written, though, as he appears to be actuated by good feeling towards yourself, you are willing to grant him a personal interview—of course promising the utmost secrecy. I will watch the post-office narrowly, and find out who calls for the letter. Whoever it may be, I will track him to his home, without making myself known to him. If he consent to a personal interview, I will, in your name, or on your behalf, await his appearance at whatever place we may decide upon. If he do not call—which I think most probable—I shall know where to lay hands upon him,

and I warrant you that I frighten him into giving me all the information he *may* possibly be possessed of, or into a confession that he is an impostor. I shall be guided by circumstances how to act, and I think you are satisfied that your interests will not suffer in my hands."

To this arrangement Mr. Foley gave his ready consent. He wrote, from the lawyer's dictation, to his anonymous correspondent, requesting A. B. to call at a certain hotel (designated) whereat he would meet a confidential friend of his (Mr. Foley's), to whom he might safely communicate whatsoever he had to disclose, and who would then judge of the value of the information he received.

This letter Mr. Ferret posted himself, and that evening quitted Morton Hall for London, and immediately upon his arrival at the metropolis set out for Falmouth.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MR. FERRET MAKES SOME STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

A FEW days later Mr. Foley received a letter from Mr. Ferret, written in friendly more than professional strain:—

"Golden Lion Hotel,

"Falmouth, Cornwall,

"Friday, Aug. 10th, 18—.

"My dear Sir,—I arrived at Falmouth on Tuesday, noon, and immediately engaged a room at the hotel above mentioned, from the window of which I can obtain a view of all that passes in the vicinity of the post-office, nearly opposite; and after I had secured the room, I stepped over to the office and inquired of the postmaster whether he had received a letter directed to 'A. B. till called for?'"

"Such a letter," he replied, had that moment arrived—as I expected to hear, since I travelled myself by the mail-coach. He was about to hand me the letter, thinking that I was the person to whom it was addressed; but I, of course, undeceived him. I, however, informed him that, for certain reasons, I wished to see the person who would call for it, and begged him to take particular notice of the said individual, in order that he might, should A. B. prove to be, as I suspected, a native or resident of Falmouth, perhaps be able to acquaint me with his true name and occupation.

"To this the postmaster agreed—taking me, I suspect, to be a detective officer. Scarcely, however, had we made this arrangement ere the individual in question entered the office, and, as I fancied, somewhat to the astonishment of the postmaster, he proved to be a respectable looking man, dressed in the garb of a gentleman's groom.

"What, Thomas!" cried the postmaster, who was evidently acquainted with the man, at the same time casting a side glance at me, 'how comes it that you have your letters directed to "A. B.?" Are you ashamed of your own name?'"

"No, Mr. Jarvis," replied the fellow. 'I h'a'nt no call to be ashamed o' my name; but this here be a little matter o' bis'niss as I wants to keep secret awhile;' and with this he put the letter in his pocket and walked away.

"You know that man?" said I to the postmaster.

"I know him well, sir," was the reply. 'I should hardly think he'd be up to do anything off the square, though there's no saying. If he have been, however, you can find him at any time; for he lives as servant with a gentleman at St. David, a few miles distant.'

"What is his name besides Thomas?" I asked.

"Thomas Dickson, sir," replied the postmaster. 'He used to live in the town, as his father and grand-

father did before him, until he went to live servant to the gentleman I spoke of.'

"I then told the postmaster that he was mistaken in imagining that I suspected the man of wrong-doing, and that I merely wanted to discover who he was, in consequence of his having written an anonymous letter to a friend of mine.

"I learnt furthermore from the postmaster that this man, whose father was a mechanic employed in the dockyard, had been for several months in the service of a gentleman of fortune whom he (the postmaster) believed to be an American, or at least to have lived a great many years in America, and who had settled at the village of St. David, some twelve or fourteen miles distant.

"When I inquired the name of this gentleman, however, the postmaster hesitated in, I thought, a singular manner, and then replied that the gentleman's name was Aston. He furthermore stated that the servant, Thomas Dickson, was, he had understood, thinking of quitting service, and taking the lease and goodwill of a public-house situated near the quay, and much frequented by sailors. He added that the present landlord of the public-house, or 'public,' as they say here, was growing old, and was about to retire with a comfortable independence; and when I hinted that Thomas Dickson had been fortunate in saving sufficient money in service to purchase the lease of such a house, he replied that he and many others wondered how that was. Some thought his master had promised to set him up in business; others, that he had come into a legacy; but, be that how it might, he had offered to pay down two hundred pounds cash for the lease and goodwill of the house.

"There was something in this information, coupled with Mr. Dickson's letter to you, and the fact that he was living as groom with a gentleman who had been many years living in America (for I did not believe in his being an American by *birth*, who had left his own country to reside in England), that struck me as singular, and I resolved to take a trip to St. David, and, if possible, learn something further respecting Mr. Dickson and his master. So I set out for the village the next morning early—strangely enough, Thomas Dickson, who had remained in Falmouth all night, returning to his home in the same conveyance with me, though, as I was inside the coach, and he outside, we had no communication with each other; nor do I think he had any notion that the stranger he had met at the post-office at Falmouth was his fellow-traveller.

"I must now prepare you for unpleasant intelligence.

"On my arrival at the village, I put up at the only house of entertainment in the place—a small but very comfortable little tavern, called the Fisherman's Arms, and kept by the widow Bolitho, a chatty, pleasant-looking and pleasant-spoken little woman, who only wanted priming to let out everything she knew about her neighbours of every degree.

"From her I learnt that this Mr. Aston is an English gentleman, who has been abroad since his boyhood—a period of forty years; that he was shipwrecked off the coast, on his passage from America, somewhat more than a year since; that, after his shipwreck, he was for some months the guest of the rector of the parish; then he went away, and returned in the course of a few months, and took up his residence in a villa called Cliff Cottage.

"This was not all the information I obtained from the gossiping little widow. I learnt that Mr. Aston had come to England to seek out some of the relatives he

had neither seen nor heard of since his boyhood, and that he had failed in his endeavour, when he returned, in a state of ill-health, to the village. After his return, however, he, strangely enough, discovered in the young woman who occupies the position of governess over the village schools the daughter of the sister whom he had sought in vain; and, though he kept his discovery a secret for some time, he lately acknowledged himself to be her uncle.

"The name of this young lady (who, by the way, had a brother who is supposed to have been lost at sea) is Mary Talbot, and there exists not the slightest doubt in my mind that she is the daughter of the young lady—once your ward—who, as you informed me the other day, married one Lieutenant Talbot, of the Royal Navy.

"The inference to be drawn from this is plain enough, though you will say, 'How can it be that her long-lost uncle's name is Aston?'

"I reply that Aston is an assumed name, adopted, I have no doubt, for purposes of secrecy, when he first returned to England. It is now pretty generally known in the village that his real name is Morton—*Henry Morton*—though he is still spoken of as Mr. Aston by the people who first knew him by that name, and I suspect he still wishes his real name to be kept secret, for reasons of his own, which you, as well as I, will readily divine.

"Why he has not heretofore made known his return to you, I cannot say, though I have no doubt that he was the stranger whom you spoke of as having visited Fordham, and made so many strange inquiries during your absence in London.

"Now comes the question. Was he the writer of the anonymous letter taken by his servant from the post-office?

"I reply, most certainly not. I believe the servant himself to be the writer; and here hangs a mystery, which, though I cannot yet fathom it, I can partially see into.

"Some months ago, I learn, Mr. Aston, or Morton, was robbed of a pocket-book, which contained a large sum of money and certain important papers. Some of the fishermen of the village were suspected of the theft; subsequently, suspicion was removed from them, and it was even hinted that the young man who is supposed to have perished at sea was concerned in the matter; and, though this again was denied, the thief has never yet been discovered. I, however, have my suspicions that Mr. Thomas Dickson was the thief, and that he, foolish fellow, will, through his greed to obtain more money for the papers of which he writes, bring the crime home to himself.

"While I was chatting with the widow Bolitho, an old wooden-legged sailor, named Jemmy Tapley, dropped in, and took part in the conversation. A shrewd old fellow he appears to be; and when I—inadvertently, I own—mentioned that I had heard from the postmaster at Falmouth that Thomas Dickson was negotiating for the purchase of the lease of a public-house in that town, I saw by the look of the old man, that he had no very good opinion of Master Dickson.

"You will perhaps ask how I, under the circumstances, would advise you to act. I cannot yet advise one way or another. I must see you again, and we must talk the matter over more fully.

"I cannot understand why this *soi-disant* Mr. Aston, if he be the veritable Henry Morton—as I have little doubt that he is—has not yet seen fit to put forward his claims to his father's estates. He is a rich man, and may not care to disturb your possession; but that is very

improbable. I should rather suspect that he is biding his time for some purpose of his own.

"He *may* not be, after all, the Henry Morton whose return you have so much reason to dread; but I fear that you must not build your hopes upon that.

"Of this you may be assured, that if he really be the youngest son of the late Edward Morton, he will be able, beyond a doubt, to establish his identity whensoever he thinks proper to do so. Possession is a great advantage, and if a generation or two had elapsed since the disappearance of the direct heir; if some descendant of the direct heir were to advance his claims, there *might* be some chance of your successfully contesting them. Against Henry Morton himself, success would be out of the question. He is not yet an old man, and there must be many persons living who are able to identify him.

"However, I will say nothing more at present. As I have said, we must talk the matter over—though I may say, that if, after further inquiry, we feel perfectly satisfied that he is the real Simon Pure, it would be, in my opinion, most advisable for you not to await the putting forward of his claims, but immediately, and—as it will then appear—generously, to come forward yourself, and inform him that you have heard of the return of the direct heir to the Morton Hall estates, whom you have supposed to be many years dead; that you acknowledge his claim, and are ready to resign the property into his hands. Thus you will disarm him of any wish to act revengefully, which a legal contest on your part might incline him to do, and—especially as he is a very wealthy man—the matter may be arranged on terms advantageous to yourself.

"Believe me, my dear sir, I would not even *hint* at such a course, if I saw the slightest prospect of a successful issue to a legal contest on your part.

"There is not the *shadow* of a chance.

"Of course, if *you* decide to oppose, I will use every exertion to gain your cause; but the result would, I fear, be absolute ruin to yourself. However, I repeat, we must talk the matter over seriously together.

"I expect to reach the Hall by Wednesday night.

"Until then, believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your faithful obedient servant,

"EDWARD FERRET.

"William Foley, Esq., Morton Hall, B—shire."

MUDDLERS.

THE verb to muddle has a twofold signification—meaning, in the first place, to render foul or dirty, as when a pool of water is muddled by being stirred to the bottom; and, in the second place, to throw into confusion and disorder, as when a man's ideas are said to be muddled by drink, or his affairs are muddled for want of management and arrangement. To muddle is, moreover, sometimes used in the sense of to waste, as when money spent without return is said to be muddled away. With the first, or primary signification of the word, we shall not now concern ourselves, but will say a few words on the subject of muddling as a human characteristic, in the hope of saying something that shall be of use.

Muddling in business—that is to say, in matters of trade, commerce, and speculation—is the first thing that demands attention, seeing that it is a thing that every man suffers from more or less. This it is which is the fruitful source of half the bankruptcies and private compoundings, which, while they disgrace our commercial character, inflict endless loss on the community. Were there no muddlers, there would not be half the difficulty

in carrying on business that there is, and the black column of the Gazette would not exhibit half that frightful list which is now the daily bugbear of capitalists and creditors. The muddler in business is a man generally eager to do great things, without having any definite ideas to work out, and who, therefore, cannot exactly make up his mind, or keep it made up, on any one thing for long together. He is apt to begin one thing and then another, and then a third, and, by complicating all three, thus muddles away his time and, it may be, his capital too. He is the last man among your acquaintance upon whom you can rely to keep an appointment punctually. When he makes it, he intends to keep it; but his memory, like other things belonging to him, is apt to get into a muddle, so that he will make one engagement on the back of another, and, by rendering himself due in some half-dozen places at once, will put it out of his power to present himself at any at the proper time; and if he does arrive at all, he is sure to arrive just too late, when the business, whatever it may chance to be, has been transacted without his participation. Some men, who know what punctuality involves, pride themselves on the exactitude with which they keep appointments; and there are men in London who can say with truth, after having carried on their business for twenty, thirty, forty years, that they never broke an appointment in their lives. The muddler has no conscious pride of that sort. He thinks half an hour is of no consequence, and that one time will do just as well as another; and so it will—for muddling, but not for business.

If you look into the muddler's private affairs—and unfortunately they have to be looked into pretty frequently—you will be sure to make the discovery that his accounts are in a muddle; and, if you want to get them into an intelligible shape, it is not to him that you must look for assistance, but to the experienced professional accountant who, versed from his youth up in all the acts and complexities of blundering, can alone unravel the tangled threads, and spread out the naked facts on the balance-sheet. Then it will most probably come to light that the muddler has been for a long time past losing capital, when he thought he was making a profit; and, while neglecting sources of gain which should have been patent to him, has been pushing his trade in a direction where nothing but loss could be reasonably looked for. One of the most edifying sights in the world to a business man, especially if he be a young man, is the interior of the working establishment of a genuine muddler. If it is an industrial workshop it bears the aspect of chaos. All is litter, rubbish, and confusion. Valuable material is mingled with waste and refuse, and new material has continually to be bought, because the old, from want of order and arrangement, cannot be got at, and is therefore virtually lost. If it is a warehouse it is not much better. There is no system in the arrangement of stock. New consignments get stowed away out of sight, where they are forgotten, it may be, for months, to be unearthed after they have deteriorated and lost half their value through neglect. Goods are sent out without being duly entered and debited to buyers, and so are never paid for; and goods received get thrust aside in corners, instead of being forwarded to their destination. If it is a shop, the same characteristics prevail—confusion everywhere, waste everywhere, and repeated loss of custom, because the things which customers want are not to be come at at the very time they are wanted. When the muddler takes to trade speculations, it is seldom that he fixes on one thing alone, and sticks to that; he is more likely to

begin a thing and forget it when it is half done, in his eagerness to set about another thing which fascinates him. A curious instance of this kind of muddling recurs to our memory. Some few years ago a bustling young publisher, ever in a flurry, conceived the idea of a new almanack, on a plan not hitherto tried. We may call it the P. Q. Almanack. Full of his scheme, he rushed to the study of a literary friend, and, imparting his plan, commissioned him to set about it, putting him at the same time in communication with his printer, and urging both to get on with the work, as the season was getting late. The work went on rapidly, and the whole was completed in good time. A large impression was struck off, and the huge bales of printed paper—no other orders having been given—were delivered at the publisher's, where they were sent down the lift into the underground store. But the enthusiastic publisher had forgotten all about his wonderful P. Q. Almanack, and there the whole impression remained until the end of January in the new year; and, in all probability, they would not have been thought of then but for the untimely presentation of the printer's bill. It was too late to publish now: any man would be laughed at who should bring out an Almanack in February, and no other resource remained than to pay the litterateur, the paper-maker, and the printer—and to sell their joint production to the mill-owner for waste. That this enterprising trader should fail for an enormous sum after a few years' experience, and not pay even a microscopic dividend, is perhaps not to be wondered at.

When the professional man or the student is a muddler he has to pay the penalty in his own person; the business man may and does, by his muddling, annoy and injure those who do business with him; but the studious man can damage only himself. Books and papers have an extraordinary knack of getting muddled before one is aware, and if they are not watched with a wary eye they will get into a chaotic condition almost of themselves. The appearance of litter and confusion, however, is not always a proof of muddle—what looks all disorder to the casual visitor may be the perfection of arrangement as regards the work going on—and no man is to be stigmatised as a muddler because you find him up to the chin in loose sheets, unfolded letters and documents, and books lying open one upon another. The real muddler of the study is he who does not know where to look for his materials when he wants them; who has more trouble to find his books of reference than his references are worth; whose notes have gone fluttering into the waste-basket, or have got twisted up into pipelights—in short, he is the man who has no instincts of order, with whom nothing belonging to him will arrange itself. How such students manage to keep their ideas and intellectual faculties clear of the general muddle in which they live and move is a mystery.

The domestic muddle, after all, is perhaps "the greatest plague in life." A house and home that is thoroughly muddled—that is, not under the influential control of some presiding spirit of purity and order—is no house at all, in the sense of home. Order, which "is heaven's first law," is home's first law also, and one might as well expect to feel at home in Billingsgate Market as in a dwelling whence order is banished. Where the mistress of a household is a muddler, woe to that household. There, you may be sure, the golden maxim "A place for everything and everything in its place" is altogether ignored. Instead of that, there is no place for anything, and whatsoever thing happens to be wanted at any time will have to be looked for in the last place where it was used, if anybody can remember

where that was. The result is not only loss of time but loss of temper, loss of comfort, loss of rest and ease, and loss of money too; and, worse than all, is the moral deterioration of the atmosphere, and the setting up of a chronic condition of irritation and annoyance in place of the genial kindness, forbearance and mutual self-abnegation which, wherever they prevail, make a man's home a blessing prized far above all that lies beyond it. It is to be feared that the simplicity of our homes has suffered not a little of late years from the march of a rather doubtful civilisation and quasi-refinement which have made prodigious changes within the four walls of our dwellings. Muddle of a certain kind is much more common within doors than it used to be in days gone by. The fashion which drapes our limbs according to its own unreasoning and despotic will has for years past been busy in draping our apartments and furniture. Time was when chairs and sofas were for sitting and reclining on, and tables and sideboards stood ready for the reception of anything you wanted to place on them; now we have changed all that. Our seats, in the present day, are not so much for sitting on as they are to look at—they are swaddled in masterpieces of Berlin wool-work, of crocheting, of tatting, of netting, or of some other needlework or knitting mystery; but they are not allowed to be comfortable quarters for the weary body. If you sit down in an easy chair you are clutched in the poll by the fibrous fangs of an anti-maccassar; you can't get on to the sofa without disturbing some of the embroidered pillows that cover it from end to end. If you drop on to an ottoman you run the risk of damaging Miss Clementina's last grand *chef-d'œuvre*. Then, as for using a table in any practical way—say for folding a newspaper damp from the press, or for spreading out a map you wish to consult—you might almost as well think of swallowing it; for the tables are all covered with what the French call *pieces de luxe*, that is, with a crowd of knick-knacks under glass shades, wax-flowers, statuettes, small sham bronzes, illustrated books in gaudy covers, and without end as to variety; ink-stands with no ink in them, and tiny vases each with its little flower, artificial, or half faded. There is no household polishing of furniture now-a-days; but, French polished once for all, it has to be loaded with treasures of a doubtful kind, or it has to be draped in crochet-work, or netting, or some new-fangled industry or other, the only use of which is to prevent as far as possible one's costliest articles of furniture from being of any practical use at all. The height of fashion as to drawing-rooms and boudoirs would seem just now to consist in rendering them as much like the shops of the dealers in *bric-a-brac* and all kinds of fancy goods as may be. The thing is considered done to perfection—as we have seen it done again and again—when a large, richly-carpeted room is so crammed with elegant furniture that it is impossible to move about in it, and every piece of furniture is so loaded with brilliant-looking objects of one kind and another, that it could not be used even were there space to use it. Strangers and visitors are expected to admire these elaborate displays, and to ignore the fact, of which all are secretly aware, that this heterogeneous mass of valuables is but a congregation of dust-traps, necessitating a grand and frightful muddle when dusting-day comes round. We shall spare the reader the pulverous details of the dusting process; and we shall spare him also a descent into the regions below, where a sight of the muddler's kitchen is enough at average times to banish one's appetite for an indefinite period.

Some people who are orderly enough in their homes

are invariably thrown into a muddle on undertaking a journey. They can never make up their minds what they will take with them, and what they will leave behind, or whether, indeed, they will leave anything behind. The worst subjects of this class are the elderly dames who have lived much alone; one sometimes sees them in their nervous distrust travelling about with all their worldly possessions—say fourteen or fifteen small packages and bags, together with a huge barge of a port-manteau, a poodle-dog which is too fat to walk, and has to be carried like an infant, and a squalling green parrot in a cage. When such a forlorn traveller has to change trains at the Mugby Junction, and is left late at night high and dry amidst her surroundings on the dreary platform, then it is that the travelling muddle is at its climax. It is edifying to compare such a picture with Sir Charles Napier setting off for India to belabour the Sikhs, and carrying an outfit of half-a-dozen shirts, socks ditto, a pocket boot-jack, and a set of shaving tackle.

Such are some of the every-day phases of muddling which we are sure to meet with now and then in our experience of life. Looking to the stream of hindrances that muddlers throw in their own way, and the confusion in which they live and move, it is really wonderful what an amount of business some of them will manage to get through. The reason must be, that, though deficient in order and system, they have other qualities, which, in the long-run, compensate the want of order and system, and enable them to triumph in spite of such want. They can never be so efficient as the men to whom order and system have become a kind of instinct, in consequence of their having trained and disciplined their minds in subjection to the great first law. The connection between clear thinking and orderly action is too obvious to need pointing out. Muddle is the outcome of the want of mental discipline. If you note the unlogical sequence of ideas among the unlettered lower classes when you attempt to reason with them, you will see that whatever their habits and routine of life, their minds are for the most part muddled. It may be that they do not get into muddles in the ordinary conduct of their affairs, because these require no great sagacity, and habit has rendered them matters of rote rather than of thought; but give such people anything to do that demands a preconceived plan, and they get muddled directly. The most fatal results of muddling take place when they who should control and administer, become themselves bewildered and confused. The administrative faculty cannot coexist with a habit of muddling and mixing things together. A clever administration does not aim at doing what Julius Cæsar is said to have done, that is, to employ himself in four different ways at once; he finds that it answers better to do one thing at a time; and, best of all, to do the right thing at the right time.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

II.—MADRID.

THE journey from Paris to Madrid, by mail train, takes thirty-six hours. If you register your luggage, and take a bottle of Bordeaux wine and a cold fowl in your bag, you may eat and sleep all the way to Madrid, without breaking the journey. I stopped at four or five places, but that was a matter of taste. I had no night travelling, and consequently saw the country to the best, or rather to the worst advantage; for, in regard to scenery, I was greatly disappointed. The line of rail through the Pyrenees, by the pass of Bidassoa, involves

no great work of engineering compared to that from Vienna to Trieste, or that still more wonderful and interesting journey through the Apennines, from Bologna to Florence. Perhaps in early autumn, through some of the central passes of the great range, there may be picturesque beauty and grandeur, but on these western spurs from Irun to Ernani and San Sebastian, it is a rugged, barren, dreary prospect; no green bush or tree to relieve the eye or break the monotony, but as we burrow from ridge to ridge, it is the same collection of ugly boulders and serrated peaks, as if the ashes of a primeval world had been heaped into mountains, and the storms of time had washed them into sandy ruts and jagged angles. After you have left the great range behind, the barren undulations continue till you approach the hills round Madrid, when they become more rugged and fantastic.

But to return to the Escorial. After a short night's rest, I got up at 7 A.M. I had engaged a man for that hour to take my luggage down to the station, but found there was no one stirring, and no appearance of the porter. The train left at 8 A.M., and we had three-quarters of a mile to go, and I began to get a little anxious. At length the door was opened, and I believe I might have gone away without paying my bill; and it was not till the man had shouldered my portmanteau that I said that I wished "pagar mia cuenta." You see it is not so difficult after all to make a foreigner understand when money is in question. The landlord appeared; there was no occasion for an account; the amount was only 36 reals; I gave him a 10-franc piece, and we parted very good friends.*

I arrived in Madrid the day on which Marshal O'Donnell was interred with great military pomp. The evening on which I watched the setting sun over the Bay of Biscay, that general was closing his troubled career on the next floor to me. He was only fifty-eight, and forty years of this time must have been spent in constant excitement and never-ceasing intrigue and ambition—sometimes going with the party of progress, and again becoming sycophant of the court, but withal, perhaps, about the best man among them; for "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike." *Demortuis nil nisi bonum* seems the maxim just now, and all parties joined in doing honour to his remains. It was a grand military display—the Duke of Wellington's funeral on a small scale. The same evening there was

a bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros; but more of this hereafter.

There are boarding-houses in Madrid, where one may procure board and attendance for 30 reals; and if one had a knowledge of the language, this arrangement might give him a chance of becoming better acquainted with the place and people than at a hotel among English and Americans; but on a rapid journey, the mere stranger has no alternative but to go to a first-class hotel. I may mention here that the Spanish *maitre d'hôtel* still retains his reputation for exaction where he can, and I found, when rather late, the absolute necessity of making arrangements and terms before entering my apartments. It is not usual, nor very pleasant, for an English gentleman to stand with his carpet-bag in hand, and drive a bargain with the landlord. At the Hôtel de Paris I was shown into a room on the third floor, and when I got my account, after eight days, I found they had charged me 60 reals a day. I thought this a mistake, and remonstrated, but was assured it was the regular charge. I made the acquaintance of a Spaniard who occupied the next room to me, and on comparing notes afterwards, on a railway journey, I found he was charged 40 reals for the same room that I had paid 60 for. I confess this was rather humiliating to an old traveller; but I found it was a common practice to take it for granted that an Englishman should pay double the amount of a Spaniard. There are three or four large hotels in and near the Puerto del Sol, which claim to be on the English and French principle, and certainly they are a great improvement on the old Spanish *fondas*, as I came to know afterwards. At the same time, there are second-class hotels in this neighbourhood, such as the Hôtel de France, of almost equal comfort, and quite equal cuisine, at 30 to 35 reals, or about 7s. 6d. a day, including all charges. The great complaint, however, about them all is the indifference with which they treat their customers when they have secured them. I had few wants, and was out all day, so that I had not much to complain of, but the English and American families complained most grievously of the absence of all ordinary attention.

For a city of less than 300,000 inhabitants it is marvellous the number of people you see idling about the streets of Madrid. I happened to have my room on the third floor of the Hôtel de Paris, overlooking the Puerto del Sol—the centre of the city, and great rendezvous of all the idle *quidnuncs*, "waiting to see what may turn up." Friday was the fiesta of St. Eugénie, whoever she may have been. The shops were all shut. We went with orders to see the Queen's stables and the Armeria (the Royal Armoury); they could not be opened, it was a fiesta. It was the same everywhere. All Madrid seemed turned out in the street. There were neither religious exercises nor profane amusements going on. It was simply a day to idle about the streets, to talk, smoke the paper cigarettes, and drink sugar and water. I learned that they had nearly a hundred of these fiestas, or saints' days. Once, in a fit of reform, the Government petitioned the Pope to make some reduction, and his Holiness' compromised the matter by reducing them to forty or fifty, on condition that they would shut their shops on Sunday, and thereby "assume a virtue, if they had it not"—an engagement which they seem to have kept.

There is very little difference now in any of the capitals of Europe with regard to dress. The old Spaniard has still the mantle thrown over his shoulder; but tweed great-coats and comforters are more common. The ladies are dressed in the last Parisian style, except that

* I may state here that the Spanish coins are very easily understood. The copper coins in use are the quartos.

1 quartos=about $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
8 $\frac{1}{2}$ quartos=1 real=2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

SILVER COINS.

8 $\frac{1}{2}$ quartos=1 real.
4 reals=1 peseta, or franc.
8 reals=2 peseta, or 1s. 8d.
10 reals=half duro, or 2s. 1d.
20 reals=1 duro or dollar, or 4s. 2d.
A five-franc piece goes for 19 reals.

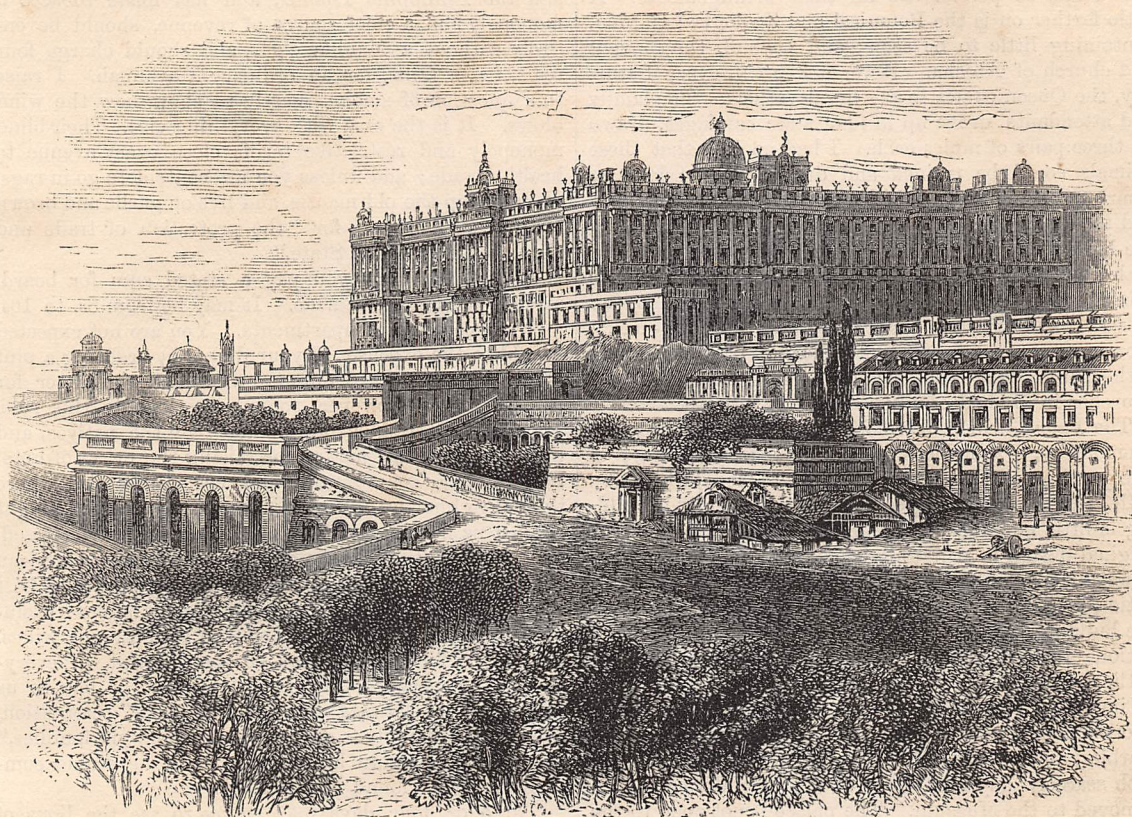
GOLD COINS.

1 duro=20 reals, or 4s. 2d.
2 duros=40 reals, or 8s. 4d.
1 doublon=80 reals, or 16s. 8d.
5 duros=100 reals, or 1 Isabelino.

The intrinsic value of the Isabelino is not a sixpence beyond our sovereign; but the exchange being now against England, instead of getting 98 reals for a pound, we only get 96; so that if 96 reals=£1, 1 real will be exactly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Bank-notes are a legal tender, but gold is preferred, and should be taken in exchange for circular notes. To make the matter quite clear, if you wish to cash a £10 circular note at Madrid, and the exchange is nearly par, or say 98 reals, you get 980 reals for your note, say in 40, 80, and 100 reals of gold, or of silver 4, 8, 10, and 20 real pieces. And let me caution the traveller not to take in his small transactions an 8 real, or 2 peseta piece, for a half-duro or 10 reals; the latter are known by having the "two pillars" on them.

many of them, instead of bonnets, have a black veil thrown gracefully over the head. With the appearance of Madrid I was agreeably surprised. It is a small Paris, with a dash of the Oriental; the green jilmills, moved up and down with a connecting bar, the small balcony before

near to the Escorial, and the upper part of brick, stuccoed. The streets are broad and clean, and not badly paved. The Puerto del Sol, the centre of the city, is about the size of Trafalgar Square, in London, and from it radiate nine streets. The town stands on a plateau



ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

each window, and the matted floors, reminded me a little of old times in India.

There is little interest attached to Madrid, simply because it is a modern city, partaking more of French than Spanish character. It was raised by Philip II from a small town of 10,000 inhabitants to the dignity of the capital of Spain, under whose auspices it rose to nearly 200,000 inhabitants. The site was chosen as being near the centre of Spain; but experience has shown that he could not have chosen a worse situation as regards climate, production, and trade. The River Manzanares for many months of the year is almost a dry bed; the Guadarama, a snow range of mountains a short distance to the N.W., send their chilling, killing breezes over the plateau on which the city stands. It is, therefore, exposed to great heat and cold, or, according to the Spanish adage, "three months of winter, and nine months *del inferno*." Strangers are cautioned "to be careful against night air and sudden changes from sun to shade;" and, perhaps, "prevention is better than cure," though some of the natives seem to carry their caution to a preposterous extent, muffling themselves up to the nose in their spacious Roman togas, and just leaving room for the cigarette.

The city, as I have said, being of comparatively recent date, possesses no remains of either Roman or Moorish architecture. The houses are mostly of five to six storeys; the lower storey of the fine light granite got

of eight miles circumference, about 200 feet above the plain, and 2,600 feet above the sea. The Royal Palace stands on the western face, and the Retiro, or public gardens, to the east, and between these the *Callé de Mayor* and *Callé de Alcalá* form the connecting link—the latter, leading into the Prado, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It expands, as it goes eastward, into a broad boulevard, with double rows of lime and acacia trees. The Prado is the Rotten Row of Madrid, a mile and a half long, with four broad avenues, skirted with rows of rather stunted trees. Near the Prado are situated some of the most interesting objects to be visited.

First in interest and importance is the Museo, or gallery of paintings. This is the only place that is thrown open to the stranger daily, and it is a never-failing source of interest and information, and in many respects is second to no gallery in Europe. To give you an idea of its value and importance, I may mention that there are 2,000 pictures, of which seventy are by Velasquez, fifty by Murillo, fifty-four by Ribera, a painter not so well known to us, and the remainder by some twenty other national artists of note. They have also many fine works of Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Guido, P. Veronese, Rubens, Vandyke, etc. But if you wish to become acquainted with Spanish art, I would recommend you to read "The Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, now Sir W. Stirling Maxwell.

On the same side is the Artillery Museum, for which I got a private order. It is admirably arranged, and contains many specimens of arms, from the earliest to the present day; a great variety of models of cities and fortifications, and of every kind of military equipage. One would fancy they were the most military nation in the world, so perfect are all their arrangements. A little farther on is the Botanical and Zoological Garden, containing little to be seen; and beyond, the convent and church of Atocha. Here, at five p.m. every Saturday, the Queen comes to pay her devotions. The family and attendants drove up in four state carriages, drawn by three pairs of mules each. I had no idea that these animals could be trained and dressed up to look so smart and sprightly. I had a good view of her Majesty and the family, who were in a side gallery overlooking the high altar. She is very stout, and rather plain, but with a pleasant face. Queen Isabel was on her way to this chapel when she was attacked and stabbed by an assassin; and the dress and jewels which she wore on that occasion were presented to the Virgin of this church, with many other valuable offerings. There are no churches in Madrid of much beauty or interest.

The Palace, which overlooks the river on the western promontory, is a noble building, the basement story of fine granite, and the upper part of white stone, which at a little distance has the appearance of marble. This building is little more than a hundred years old; part of the original design is still unfinished, and, like everything Spanish, it looks best at a distance. The courtyards, or patios, within the quadrangles, and the passages round the building, are in a state of great neglect and dilapidation; but, viewed at a little distance, the fine classic outline, lighted up in the rays of a bright sun, has an imposing appearance. I am told that the interior is ornamented with a profusion of white and coloured marbles, and no end of gilt capitals and cornices, but with scarcely any real works of art, as these have been removed to the Museum. The palace is not open to the public. Beyond the palace, and over the bed of the Manzanares, is a scene of barren desolation, and it is a relief when the eye is brought up with the snowy peaks of the Guadarama.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated while we were in Madrid, and we had an opportunity of seeing all the public officers and grandees arrayed in their court dresses, fine equipages, and no end of tinsel and show. There seemed as much gold lace about their uniforms as would have paid the interest of their national debt.

The system of lotteries is carried on here as extensively as at Rome. It is known to the reader that the profits of the Government lottery is one of the sources of the Pope's revenue, and perhaps it may be from this holy sanction that the institution has taken such a strong hold on all intensely Roman Catholic countries, such as old Naples, during the Bourbons, the cities of the Church States, and in Spain. There are numerous places open for the sale of tickets in every street, and they are thrust in your face at every corner; and this corrupting and demoralising system of gambling becomes a passion in every Spaniard, from the beggar to the prince.

There are at each of the principal hotels a number of ciceroni, ready to attend the stranger over the city at a charge of 5s. to 6s. a day; but these men seem to have little influence in gaining admission to public places, and I found I got on much better without them. Nothing will rouse the Spanish official out of his *laissez aller* and perfect indifference to the curiosity of the stranger, where he has nothing to gain by the effort.

The shops in the main street of Madrid are filled with goods from north of the Pyrenees, and at prices 20 per cent. above London and Paris. Even the cigar boxes are marked "Londres, two reals." We expected something better for 5d. than a London cigar. It is a strange inconsistency that a country which still possesses Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and has made tobacco a monopoly and a chief source of revenue, should be entirely without a Manilla cigar, and should charge four reals, i.e., a franc, for an ordinary Havannah. I raise this question of smoke, merely to show how the wind blows. It is the case with everything else. Their blind monopoly and restrictive tariffs close every avenue to healthy trade; and unless you are content to go in rags, or brush up the old mantle, and live on garlic and brown bread, you must pay for "the protection of trade and the necessities of the State."

I have said that you pay a stated sum for board, attendance, and table wine. It may be from 8s. to 16s. a-day, according to apartments. You are not expected to add to the expenses of your dinner by ordering a pint of sherry at 4s., and I am sure we are all the better for it. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule. Formerly the English were blamed by the natives, and perhaps with some justice, for raising the prices of hotel bills, labour, conveyances, and everything else where they were known to travel. That charge can be brought against us no longer. We have been entirely eclipsed, and almost left out in the cold, by our wealthy American cousins. They travel with their couriers, get the best rooms, and without any exception are the almost exclusive patrons of champagne and the best French wines. They go in for the best, and to see the best, of everything, and perhaps they are right; but it has to us Britishers sometimes the appearance of ostentation. This does not apply to many of the "good old families," than whom no more kind, genial, and agreeable companions can be found in the world.

Three or four days may suffice to see the lions of Madrid. The chief are the Royal Museum and the Artillery Museum. The Armoury they profess to open to strangers one day in the week; but if the day be wet or damp, or a fiesta, there is no admission. After some little trouble we got an order, and were admitted; and it is certainly worth some little delay and trouble. The arms and armour, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Mediæval, are all of historical interest. Ranged along the wall are equestrian figures of knights in rich German and Italian armour, and suspended over their heads are the flags taken in battle during their long wars—in fact, forming a history of the chivalry of Spain, such as it has been, and which will not bear much reflection. Passing from this, we visited the royal stables and coach-houses, with which we were somewhat disappointed. The best horses are those imported from England and France. The Queen's mules are the finest in Spain, and will do double the labour of horses.

In coming up from the palace to the great square Palaza Mayor, I noticed houses completely riddled with large and small shot, and many of the windows still broken and the glass shattered, from the attacks of the insurgents in June, 1866. Nothing could be more disgraceful to a nation than the heartless sacrifice of human life on that occasion. It was no question of national liberty, but simply who should be at the head of the army; and after all danger and disturbance were over—after a mock trial—some fifty or sixty deluded beings were shot in cold blood. But what were sixty lives to the intrigues and ambition of the Narvaezes, Prims, and O'Donnells?

The soldiers of the line make a poor appearance: they range from five feet four inches to five feet six inches. They are pressed into the service by a forced conscription, and are consequently the poorest specimens of Spanish humanity—very inferior even to our militia during the Crimean war, who seemed to be the rakings of our prisons and workhouses. It is not on these, however, that the Government depend: they have in the army a sort of *imperium in imperio*, a corps of horse and foot of 20,000 picked men from the most intelligent, safe, and most unscrupulous soldiers, that may be depended on, and take their orders from the men of power—whoever they be—and ask no questions. They are hated by the people, and this feeling is reciprocated, for the “guard civic” hold the *posse comitatus* in utter contempt. We were treated every morning with a military parade of a regiment of foot with their band of forty men, a squadron of lancers or guards, and a brigade of four guns, marching through the Puerto del Sol to relieve the guard at the Royal Palace. I remarked to a Spaniard that many of the boy officers, with peg-top trousers and waists like wasps, had two or three medals—where or how could they have gained them so early? His reply was that these were gained for passing examinations, or in civil broils that no gentleman would feel honoured by. These were his words, and we will pass them for what they are worth; it is sufficient to mention the fact as stated to me.

In the Calle Alcalá there is a Royal Academy called San Fernando. There are about 300 pictures here, but only three or four of any note, by Murillo—that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary curing the sore heads of the pauper children, called El Tinoso, or The Scabby; two of “The Roman Senator and his Wife,” etc. On the upper floor is a small cabinet of natural history, with the skeleton of a megatherium, found in Buenos Ayres. I do not know if Mr. Owen or Mr. Hawkins had this specimen before them when they modelled those in the garden of the Sydenham Palace, but this is the most perfect fossil of that pre-Adamite animal that has ever been found. The body is fifteen feet, and the tail, with all the joints complete, is about eight feet long.

I had hoped to witness the proceedings of the Parliament, as the Senado and Congress should have been opened in November, but when I made inquiry, I was told that no one knew when they might open, and few cared, as they were by no means “popular assemblies.”

I soon got tired of visiting these places; there is such a constant desire here to get out in the open air to enjoy a delightful lounge in the gardens of the Retiro, a stroll in the afternoon along the Prado.

JUAN DE VALDES.

JUAN DE VALDES* was a Spanish nobleman who, with his twin brother Alphonso, formed part of the court of Charles v. They resembled each other so wonderfully in appearance and character that Erasmus, writing to the one, says the other must as a matter of course be included in his epistle. They were devoted to study and literature; and early in life appear to have embraced Protestant doctrines, for which Juan was in great danger of being imprisoned by the Inquisition. His brother seems to have thrown over him a pro-

tecting arm, which he was able to do from the high position he occupied at court. Juan afterwards retired to Naples, where he exercised a deep and lasting influence on the characters of many, some of whom were, like himself, of high and noble birth. They became inquirers after truth, and he was their spiritual father. Among many remarkable for their Christian character were Peter Martyr, Giulia Gonzaga, Bernardino Ochino di Sienna, Pietro Carneseccchi, secretary of Clement vii., who was afterwards burnt to death; and Jacopo Bonfadio, who followed Valdès with poetical enthusiasm, and said of him after death—“Where shall we go, now Señor Valdès is dead? This has truly been a great loss for us and the world; for he was one of the rare men of Europe, and those writings he has left most amply show it. He was, without doubt, in his actions, his speech, and in all his conduct, a perfect man. With a particle of his soul he governed his frail and spare body; with the larger part and with his pure understanding, as though almost out of the body, he was always raised in the contemplation of truth and divine things.” The remainder is very lively and descriptive.

J. de Valdès’ “Hundred and Ten Considerations” (styled “Divine” by some) were written in connection with the conversations he had with those friends, and so highly were they then esteemed that they were translated into Italian, Dutch, German, French, and English—the latter under the sanction of George Herbert, who says of them—“There are three eminent things observable therein. *First*, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the gospel in the acceptance of Christ’s righteousness (as he sheweth through all his Considerations), a thing greatly buried and darkened by the adversaries and their great stumbling-block. *Secondly*, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears to our dear Lord and Master; concluding every Consideration with his holy name, and setting his merit forth so piously, for which I do so love him that, were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. *Thirdly*, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification and observation of God’s kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publishing thereof.”—George Herbert, Bemerton, Sept. 27 (1637).

These “Considerations” were treasured up and read along with their Bibles by the Christian martyrs of Spain, in secret places, until the Inquisition rooted out all “heresies” by its prisons and the stake. We give two specimens of the work.

The twentieth Consideration is thus headed:—“That men should regulate the mind, when disordered, convalescent, and in health, as they are wont to treat the body under similar circumstances.”

I conceive that they who belong to the Kingdom of God should regulate the mind, when disordered, convalescent, and in health, as discreet men regulate the body, when disordered, convalescent, and in health. I mean to say that, as the discreet man, in bodily sickness, seeks out wise and experienced physicians, who, by prescribing suitable medicines for him, and by subjecting him to a proper regimen, cure him; so he who finds himself mentally sick ought to seek out an experienced spiritual physician, or, indeed, several such, who may put him in the way of knowing Christ, in order that, being made a member of Christ, he may be cured of his mental ailment; of which, I take it, all those are cured who, being called of God, believe in Christ, while all others remain diseased.

Again, I mean to say that, as the discreet man, when convalescent from bodily ailment, always lives most attentive and

* “The Life and Writings of Juan de Valdès, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century, by Benjamin Wiffen; with a Translation from the Italian of his Hundred and Ten Considerations.” By John T. Betts, London: Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly.

observant of himself in all things, careful lest he should eat anything that might cause him to relapse, as also careful not to commit any other excess that might cause him to fall into the same disorder; so he who is endowed with a tolerably sound mind will have, while only convalescent, to live very careful of himself in all things, and very self-observant, seeing well to it that every obstacle be removed out of his way, and not engaging in anything that might cause him to relapse, or to lose aught of the health that he has acquired, being equally attentive and vigilant, when in conversation and other worldly matters, not to take any part in them that may do him harm—just like a convalescent at a banquet or elsewhere, who fears lest he should err in anything whereby he may possibly injure his bodily health; feigning to eat, but not eating, and so conducting himself that he neither damages his own health, nor offends those persons who have their eyes upon him.

Moreover, I mean to say that, as he who, having been sick, and having been convalescent, although he may find himself in health, if he be discreet, does not permit himself to indulge in eating things prejudicial to the body, nor to injure himself by excessive exertion, although he may not live with that attention, nor with so great care as he did when convalescent, fearing lest he should again be overtaken by that sickness of which he was cured; so, likewise, he who finds himself cured from some mental infirmity, feeling himself much mortified and much quickened, ought not to live negligently, nor to deviate into practices and conversations relating to things of the external world, fearing lest through mental depravity he should return again into the past disorder, considering that relapses in diseases of the mind are worse than relapses in diseases of the body. Though from this relapse God himself ever preserves those who have gained health by regeneration and renovation, wrought by the Holy Spirit in them who are incorporated in Jesus Christ our Lord.

The seventieth Consideration is "Of the Nature of those three Gifts of God, Faith, Hope, and Charity; and wherein their eminence amongst other gifts consists; also the pre-eminence of Charity."

Considering that the apostle places Faith, Hope, and Charity amongst the highest and most excellent of God's gifts, I have frequently occupied myself in examining in what this eminence consists, and not having been able rightly to understand of what they consist, it appears to me that I have not been able to understand wherein consists their eminence over the rest.

But beginning now, as it appears to me, to understand of what they consist, I begin likewise to perceive wherein their pre-eminence consists.

I understand that Faith consists in this: that a man believes and holds for certain all that is contained in Holy Scripture, placing his trust in the Divine promises contained in them, as if they had been peculiarly and principally made to himself. As to those two parts of faith, Belief and Confidence, I understand that the human mind is in some measure capable of the one; I mean to say, that man is self-sufficient to bring himself to believe, or to persuade himself that he believes; but I understand him to be incapable of the other. I mean to say, that he is not self-sufficient to bring himself to confide, nor to persuade himself that he does confide. So that he who believes and does not confide, shows that his belief is due to mental industry and human ability, and not to Divine inspiration; and he that in believing confides, shows that his belief is due to inspiration and revelation. Whence I understand that confidence is a good sign in a man whereby to get assured that his belief is due to inspiration and revelation.

I understand that Hope consists in the patience and endurance with which the man that believes and confides awaits the fulfilment of God's promises, without impiously engaging himself in the service of Satan, or vainly in that of the world, or viciously in that of his own fleshly lusts. Like an officer who, having been promised by the emperor that on his arrival in Italy he would give him a commission, although the emperor delays, and he is solicited by many princes, who would avail themselves of his services, he declines to accept any terms, awaiting the emperor's arrival, fearing lest, if he should come and find him in the service of another, he would be unwilling to employ him. This hope presupposes faith. I mean to say, that to wait involves necessarily faith upon the part of him who hopes, by which he credits what has been said to him, and places trust in what has been promised him, for otherwise he could not keep up his expectation. And that hope properly consists in this, I understand from some passages which we

read in the Gospel, like that of the ten virgins who wait for the bridegroom, and that of the servants who await their Lord's return (Matt. xxv).

I understand that Charity consists in love and affection, which the man who believes, confides, and hopes bears to God and Christ, and similarly to the things of God and Christ, being peculiarly attracted and enamoured by faith, confidence, and hope; so that, because the man who has these three gifts of God is united to God in believing, hoping, and loving, it is with great reason that these three gifts rank above all others as the highest and most excellent.

Having understood in what these three gifts of God consist, and what constitutes their pre-eminence, and desiring to understand for what cause the same apostle places Charity above Faith and Hope as being most eminent (1 Cor. xiii.), I think and hold it for certain that the pre-eminence consists in this: that he who believes and confides will never be firm in faith, unless he find pleasure and relish in believing and confiding; nor will he who hopes be firm in hope, unless he find pleasure and relish in hoping.

Charity, then, being that which gives the taste and relish with which Faith and Hope are sustained, it plainly follows that Charity is more eminent than Faith and Hope, forasmuch as it maintains and sustains the others, whilst unaided it maintains and supports itself; and, inasmuch as Faith will fail when there will be nothing to believe nor to confide in, and Hope will fail when, Christ having come again and the resurrection of the just having been accomplished, there will remain nothing more to hope; but Charity will never fail, because it will always have objects to love, and will always have what it can enjoy; for in the life eternal we shall love God and Christ, and we shall find pleasure and relish in the contemplation of God and Christ; we who in this life have lived in Faith, Hope, and Charity, incorporated in Jesus Christ our Lord.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

IV.

GRAVEYARDS.

REVERENCE for the departed is a striking feature in the Japanese character. The most lovely spots are selected as burial-places, generally on hill-sides, and commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country. Only small plots of ground here and there can be made available for the purposes of interment; and each plot is carefully terraced and levelled, and set apart for the graves of a single family, reminding us of the chapels and vaults in our own country churches, reserved as the last resting-places for the owners of one name.

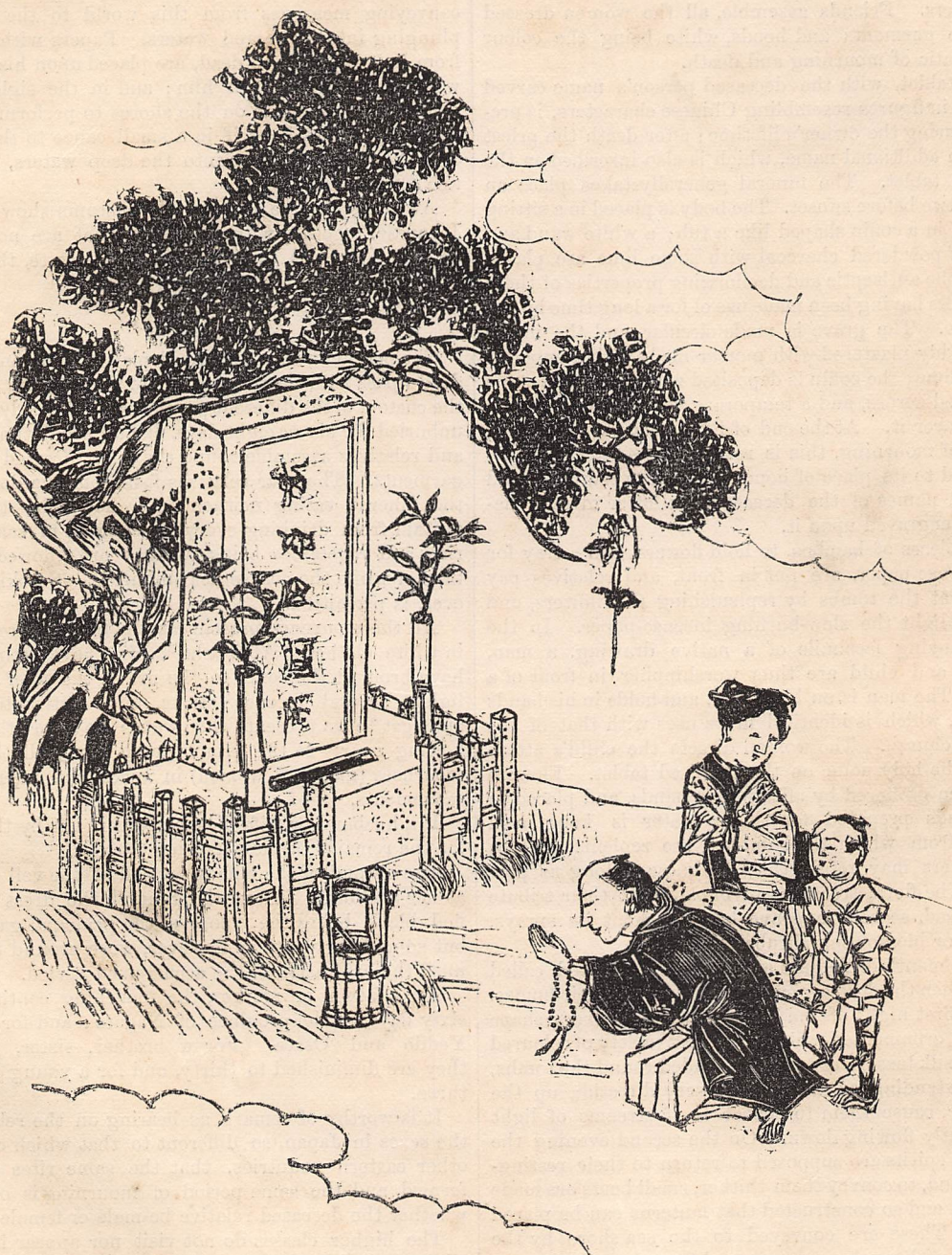
The graves occupy but little ground, being circular, and not more than about two feet in diameter. Above each the ancestral tablet is raised, and small figures are also frequently placed upon them. Terrace above terrace, far up the hill-sides, rise these little open-air chapels, connected one with the other by a few steps, each with its row of solemn grey granite figures and tablets.

Every one is carefully tended; the bamboos hold fresh flowers, gathered sometimes from the hill-sides, sometimes brought from home gardens. Day by day the relatives sweep and garnish these last resting-places of their beloved ones, burning the votive incense-paper, the sweet perfume from which hangs about these favoured spots, and is borne on the breeze. Rising ground is almost always selected for these beautiful cemeteries, and the mountains surrounding a large town are covered with these mementoes of the dead. A temple is generally attached to each.

Wandering at sunset amongst these tombs, one sees so much evidence of repose, and tender, thoughtful care, that the mind becomes insensibly soothed and filled with a sentiment of tender regret for those who lie around. From beneath rises the distant hum of a busy town, situated on the shores of a land-locked bay. On all sides lofty hills raise their rounded or pointed

summits, testifying to the internal igneous agencies, which are still so actively at work in producing geological changes in these beautiful regions. Below, one sees the carved and fantastic roof of the temple, whose priests are guardians of the tombs; and the frequent sound of

ripple, and the tracks of the fishing and pleasure-boats that glide quietly over its surface. The delicious perfume of orange and citron blossoms, mingled with the scent of the Rivei-wha, is wafted on the air, and to some extent compensates for the absence of the rich concert



REVERENCE AT THE TOMBS. (Facsimile of a Japanese drawing.)

silver-toned bells, and the chanting of monotonous prayers, which ascend from the building, indicate their presence, and the observance of the prescribed services. The tall pines and graceful bamboos wave overhead in the gentle evening breezes, which breathe softly over the surface of the bay, where are mirrored the gorgeous crimson hues of the sunset sky and the outlines of the opposite hills, behind which the sun sinks slowly down. The smooth water is broken only by a gentle

of song with which the birds in our own country usher in the evening. One would have thought that amongst these quiet groves, hallowed to the dead, birds of all kinds would have abounded, choosing these spots as a special and safe retreat. There is, however, a singular absence of winged life in Japan, particularly of the finch tribe, that contributes so many sweet songsters to our English woods.

The ideas of the Japanese as to the immortality of the

soul are vague, though the solicitude bestowed on the body's resting-place can only be given under the impression that their loved ones are conscious of their care.

HOMAGE AT THE TOMBS.

When a death takes place a priest is sent for, who offers up prayers. Friends assemble, all the women dressed in white garments and hoods, white being the colour emblematic of mourning and death.

The tablet, with the deceased person's name carved upon it, in figures resembling Chinese characters, is prepared during the owner's lifetime; after death the priest gives an additional name, which is also inscribed on the *sisak* or tablet. The funeral generally takes place an hour or two before sunset. The body is placed in a sitting posture, in a coffin shaped like a tub; a white wand and a pot of powdered charcoal with some lime are placed within, the antiseptic and deodorising properties of these substances having been made use of for a long time by the Japanese. The grave is made circular, and the inside is smoothly plastered with mortar made with a superior kind of lime; the coffin is deposited within, slabs of stone are placed across, and a temporary wooden structure is erected over it. At the end of fifty days, the prescribed season of mourning, this is removed, the ancestral tablet raised to its place of honour, with the temporal and spiritual names of the deceased, the latter in gilt characters, engraved upon it.

Two pieces of bamboo, to hold flowers, and a tray for the incense-paper, are put in front, and relatives pay homage at the tombs by replenishing the flowers, and setting alight the slow-burning incense-paper. In the accompanying facsimile of a native drawing, a man, woman, and child are thus worshipping in front of a tablet. The man is on his knees, and holds in his hands a rosary, which is identical in its uses with that of the Romish church. The woman directs the child's attention to the holy name on the upraised tablet. Flowers have been gathered by affectionate hands, and placed in the stands prepared for them; water is kept in a bucket, from which the bamboos are replenished, that the flowers may retain their freshness as long as possible. The floral treasures of Japan yield their tribute to the dead, scarcely a grave being without its sprays, flowers, or blossoming shrubs.

In the month of August a festival is celebrated, called *Bong*, when the dead are supposed to revisit their homes. On the first night of the feast lanterns of every shape and kind, ornamented with the greatest variety of coloured devices, silk tassels, etc., are suspended round the tombs, which, extending as they do in every direction up the hill sides, cause them to appear as if streams of light were gently flowing down. On the second evening the departed spirits are supposed to return to their resting-places; and, to convey them thither, small boats are made of straw, and so constructed that lanterns can be placed within. These are conveyed to the sea shore by the relatives, with much ceremony, and floated on the waters, which carry them whither they will, unless the frail bark chances, as is frequently the case, to be consumed by the light from the candle within—the consummation most wished for.

Amongst the *Sin-toos*, the most widely spread of the Japanese creeds, the idea is prevalent that on the death of the body the spirit passes at once to a place of happiness or misery, according to the way in which the life has been spent—their standard of virtue being very similar to our own, but unhappily it is just as seldom attained.

There is a curious custom which assists the bonzes in

extracting money from the pockets of the believers; namely, that of obtaining loans, for which they return bills of exchange payable in another world; and these bills are buried with the lender. Again, near one of the inland monasteries there is a lake, and a devotee will sometimes present himself to the priests, desirous of conveying messages from this world to the next, by plunging into its sacred waters. Papers with writing, from living friends to dead, are placed upon his person; weights are attached to him; and in the sight of the monks, who assemble on the shores to perform various rites, he paddles himself in a small canoe to the centre of the lake, and plunges into the deep waters, never to rise again.

All these strange and terrible customs show that the Japanese, together with all nations that are not utterly degraded, possess the idea of a future state, though in a most imperfect and uncertain form.

MOURNING.

The period for the outward display of mourning for the dead varies with the relationship to the deceased, and with the custom of the different provinces. The body remains unburied for six or eight days, during which time friends and relatives assemble round the coffin, dressed in white garments. The near relatives fast from the death until the funeral, eating neither flesh nor fish; they also abstain from drinking every description of sakee; tea, rice, and vegetables being all they are allowed to partake of while the corpse lies unburied. Smoking, however, is permitted.

All the mourners present at the funeral are dressed in white clothes. After the coolies have retired, who have brought the coffin to the grave, the chief mourner lights several incense-sticks, and distributes them amongst those present; then waves his before the tablet, bowing nearly to the ground each time; all the other mourners (men and women) in succession repeat these movements.

If a husband or wife dies, a space is left by the grave for the remains of the surviving partner.

The shroud of the wife is formed of the veil she wore at her wedding. After the funeral, the dress is modified, black being the colour of the principal garments; but something white is, however, worn around the neck until the expiration of the accustomed period.

For a father or mother, the mourning continues for sixty days, in the province of Nagato; and for fifty at Yeddo and Osaka. For a brother, sister, or wife, they are diminished to thirty, and for a young child to three.

It is worthy of remark, as bearing on the relation of the sexes in Japan, so different to that which exists in other eastern countries, that the same rites are performed, and the same period of mourning is observed, whether the deceased relative be male or female.

The higher classes do not visit nor appear in public while mourning for their relatives, but every day go to the grave and pay the accustomed honours to the dead. The necessary occupations of the lower or working classes prevent them maintaining the strict seclusion which etiquette demands from the members of the upper ranks of society.

NAMING.

When an infant, either male or female, is about a month old, all its near relatives assemble to take it to the temple to be named.

It is not considered a feast time, although sakee and sweetmeats are handed round. The child is borne in its mother's arms, while she is conveyed in a *norimon*,

escorted by her friends. On arriving at the temple, they stand before the family shrine, and the priest places his hand over the child's head, and calls it by the name which is to individualise it, and which corresponds with our Christian name.

The names of brothers and sisters bear a certain relation to each other, being distinguished by an affix; for instance, if the name of a brother be *Yos-yero*, the sister's name will be *O-yosi*, making use of the two first syllables, with the prefix *O* to distinguish the sex.

The priests sometimes choose these names, because they are supposed to be learned in the knowledge of lucky and unlucky designations; at other times the name is selected by the parents. When a female child has been thus named, she is taken to her nearest kinsman, who gives her a shell filled with paint.

There is no religious sentiment connected with this ceremony of naming, which yet, in its outward form, bears a curious resemblance to our christening service. The family name is added to the one conferred at the temple, exactly as amongst ourselves.

WORLDLY WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

READY MONEY.—In buying goods it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit reckons to lose five per cent. by bad debts; therefore he charges on all he sells upon credit an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

KEEPING ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES.—If you take pains to write down particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been saved, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

HEAVY TAXES.—The taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us.

THE WAY TO BE RICH.—The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *Industry* and *Frugality*; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, necessary expenses excepted, will certainly become rich—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not in his wise Providence otherwise determine.

CHEAP BARGAINS.—You call them "goods," but if you do not take care they will prove "evils" to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

DOING GOOD.—"When I was a boy," wrote Dr. Franklin to Dr. Cotton Mather, of Boston, "I met with a book entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out, but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

TIME IS MONEY.—He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of the day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Honest John is the first that I know of who has mixed narrative and dialogue together, a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted as it were into the company and present at the conversation. De Foe has imitated it with success in his "Robinson Crusoe," and other works, as also Richardson in his "Pamela."

WATER OR BEER?—I drank nothing but water. The other workmen (at Watts's printing-house, near Lincoln's Inn Fields), to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large forme of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the American Aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer boy had sufficient employment during the whole day, in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer in order to acquire strength to work. Every Saturday night he had to pay a score of five or six shillings for this cursed beverage, an expense from which I was wholly exempt.

HOW TO BORROW £100.—For £6 a year you may have the use of £100, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty. He that spends a groat a day idly spends idly above £6 a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds. He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes each day the privilege of using one hundred pounds.

EARLY RISING.—How much more time than necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave." Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him, as we read in poor Richard, who adds, "Drive thy business, and let it not drive thee; and early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

WASTING TIME.—Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality. Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose.

PRIVATEERING.—The United States of America, though better situated than any European nation to make profit by privateering (most of the trade of Europe, with the West Indies, passing before their doors) are, as far as in them lies, endeavouring to abolish the practice, by offering, in all their treaties with other powers, an article, engaging solemnly, that, in case of future war, no privateer shall be commissioned on either side; and that unarmed merchantmen on both sides shall pursue their voyage unmolested. This will be a happy improvement of the law of nations.

DEISM.—I soon became a perfect deist. My arguments perverted some other young persons, particularly Collins and Ralph. But in the sequel, when I recollected that they had both used me extremely ill, without the smallest remorse; when I consider the behaviour of Keith, another free-thinker, and my own conduct, which at times gave me great uneasiness, I was led to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—Let me with all humility acknowledge that to Divine Providence I am indebted for the felicity I have hitherto enjoyed. It is that Power alone which has furnished me with the means I have employed, and that has crowned them with success. My faith in this respect leads me to hope, though I cannot count upon it, that the Divine Goodness will still be exercised towards me, either by prolonging the duration of my happiness to the close of life, or by giving me fortitude to support any melancholy reverse which may happen to me, as to many others. My future fortune is unknown but to Him in whose hand is our destiny, and who can make our very afflictions subservient to our benefit.

Varieties.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—At an anniversary banquet given by Mr. Cyrus Field at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, London, the western telegraph lines were brought into the room and messages interchanged with America; these messages were delivered at their respective addresses, and the replies to them were received back in the room in the following periods:—From the President at Washington, two hours 10 minutes; from Mr. Seward at Washington, two hours 25 minutes; from several persons in and near New York, average one hour 45 minutes; from the Governor of Cuba, who apologised for the delay caused by his residing at a distance from Havannah, two hours 24 minutes; from the Governor of Newfoundland at St. John's, 38 minutes; and from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, 6 minutes. But even these performances are thrown into the shade by an ordinary message sent from London to San Francisco on the 1st of February. The wires in America were joined up for experiment from Heart's Content to California, and the message was sent from Valentia at 21 minutes past 7 in the morning; the acknowledgment of its receipt was received back in Valentia at 23 minutes past 7, the whole operation having only occupied 2 minutes; the distance travelled was about 14,000 miles, and the message arrived, according to San Francisco time, at 20 minutes past 11 on the evening of January 31, or the day preceding that on which it left England.

ABD-EL-KADER.—The most recent intelligence about the great Emir occurs in a letter from Eli Jones, an itinerant Friend:—"The day previous to our leaving Damascus it seemed right to seek an interview with this noble exile, and from a full heart, in my own name and in behalf of my country and fellow-professors, thank him for his kind and humane interposition, by which, under Providence, so many fellow-beings were rescued from an untimely and cruel death during the massacres in 1860. Passing up the street upon which the house of the great chief stands, and having Abou Ibrahim, a Jew, for guide (who, by the way, claimed descent from Aaron), we observed Abd-el-Kader enter the gateway just before we reached it, where he was standing when we arrived. Our guide having addressed him, he kindly noticed A. L. Fox and self, and, beckoning us to follow him, led us into a simple reception-room, where, being seated, we had the opportunity of saying what lay nearest our hearts, and enjoyed the pleasure of feeling that it was kindly taken. Before leaving, coffee was brought—the universal token in the East of hospitality and friendship—and as we drank and spoke kind words each to the other through the medium of the Arabic, German, and English (having to use all three languages), the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Christian felt that there is deep down in human hearts a sympathetic cord that binds man to man, and that, whatever may be our nationality or creed, we belong to a great brotherhood which embraces all, peoples, and whose God is the Lord."—*The Friend*.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—At the last annual meeting, Earl Stanhope presiding, it was stated that the sum of £784 had been produced during the year in dividends from the permanent fund. The permanent fund now amounted to £26,300, producing an annual dividend of £789. The stock of the Newton property consisted of £8,167 in Three per Cents. Reduced, producing an annual dividend of £245. The sum received in rents during the past year, including a quarter's rent under the new lease of the Newton estate, amounted to £274 5s. The grants awarded in 1867 numbered 43, and amounted to £1,270. The grants were classified as follows:—History and Biography, 6; Biblical Literature, 1; Science and Art, 6; Periodical Literature, 2; Topography and Travels, 5; Classical Literature and Education, 4; Poetry, 6; Essays and Tales, 7; Drama, 2; Medicine, 1; Law, 1; and Miscellaneous, 2. Nineteen authors had been relieved for the first time, six for the second, two for the third, eight for the fourth, three for the fifth, one for the seventh, one for the ninth, and three for the tenth time. Of these 27 were males and 16 females. Of the latter six were actresses, six widows, and four orphans. There had been awarded four grants of £10 each, three of £15 each, six of £20 each, six of £25 each, two of £30 each, eight of £40 each, seven of £50 each, one of £75, and five of £100 each.

TRADE WITH JAPAN.—On New Year's Day, 1868, the ports of Hiogo and Osaka were formally opened to European traffic.

Osaka, one of the five imperial cities, is situated in Nippon, on the banks of the river Jodogawa, at the north-eastern extremity of the inland sea. No vessels larger than barges can approach within two miles of it. It is intersected by canals cut from the river, deep enough to be navigable by small boats, which bring the goods to the merchants' doors. Upwards of a hundred wooden bridges, many extraordinarily beautiful, span these channels. The town is certainly the most important commercial *entrepôt* in the empire. It abounds in manufactures of every kind, and is also the resort of rich people from all parts of the country, who are attracted by the numberless theatres and other diversions which have made some writers call Osaka the Paris of Japan. It is also celebrated as being the place where the best *saki* is brewed. This, the only intoxicating liquor made in Japan, is sent to all parts of the empire, much as Burton ale is with us. It is very superior to the *samsu* of the Chinese, but latterly many of the princes have taken to bitter beer and champagne. Hiogo, also a large and important city on the sea-coast, about eighteen miles from Osaka, possesses the inestimable advantage of good and secure anchorage for ships of any size and in any numbers, at a short distance from the shore. It is built on a plain between the sea and the mountains. A London or Liverpool merchant, hearing of the opening up of a new country, is apt at once to suppose that he will find for his goods a new market there. But really it is difficult for any one who knows the Japanese to believe that any trading of much consequence will be carried on with them, at any rate for a long time to come. A few articles of *luxe* for the very upper classes, with which, by the way, the markets out here have been literally deluged lately, are all we can expect to sell them. All the things of every-day use and consumption they make cheaper and very often better than we do. No doubt some day, when the enormous mineral wealth of the country is developed by the employment of European skill and capital, Japan may become of the very last importance to us. But that will hardly be in this generation. At present a few bales of silk, a few loads of timber, and certain bronze and china curiosities are about all she is likely to give us.

FIDDLE AND HARP STRINGS.—The manufacture of strings for musical instruments has been carried on from time immemorial in some of the small villages in the Abruzzi, and at the present time the Neapolitan provinces maintain their superiority in the production of this article. They require the greatest care and dexterity on the part of the workman. The treble strings are particularly difficult to make, and are made at Naples, probably because the Neapolitan sheep, from their small size and leanness, afford the best raw material. They are made from the small intestines, which must be very carefully scraped; the intestines are then steeped in alkaline leys, clarified with a little alum, for four or five days, until the guts are well bleached and swollen. They are next drawn through an open brass thimble, and pressed against it with the nail, in order to smooth and equal their surface; after which they are washed, spun or twisted, and sulphured during two hours. They are finally polished by friction and dried. Sometimes they are sulphured twice or thrice before being dried, and are polished between horse-hair cords. The strings manufactured in Italy are noted for their strength, transparency, brilliancy, and clearness of tone. The manufacture was introduced into France by a Neapolitan nobleman, in 1766, who established a manufactory at Lyons. This industry is carried on in various other towns in Italy, namely, Gobbio, Foligno, Bologna, Venice, Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and Bassano.

LIFE INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.—A recent compilation of insurance statistics gives the following interesting facts:—On the 1st of January last, there were in existence in the United States, 55 life insurance companies, and 5 branch offices of foreign companies. The number of policies in force at the beginning of the year was 352,131, and the total amount insured was 976,431,560 dols. 11 cents. The total assets were 112,211,771 dols. 37 cents. Twenty-four of these companies are located in New York, 17 in the New England States, 5 in Pennsylvania, and the remainder scattered throughout the Western States. Of accident and casualty companies there are 10. The number of policies in force, 433,775; the amount insured, 1,195,583,205 dols. 11 cents; and the assets, 114,763,233 dols. 82 cents.

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A TALK WITH THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—IN WHICH MARY TALBOT DISCOVERS HER BROTHER'S OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

MR. SHARPE returned to his lodgings after his interview with Mary Talbot in the lane, in no very happy frame of mind. He felt that he had acted ungenerously towards her. He had almost urged her to confide to him the cause of the apparent change in her manner towards himself, and after he had declared the impossibility of any alteration taking place in the feelings with which he regarded her, he had shrunk from her, as it were,

as soon as the first breath of calumny approached her. He was angry with himself, angry with the idle gossips of the village, vexed with his mother for having listened to the tales of her servant-maid, and vexed with Mary, he could hardly say why, unless it were because she had confessed to the truth. He felt that she was right when she intimated that she knew *him* better, in one respect at least, than he knew himself, and that, however confident he might be in his own strength of purpose, he would be unable to breast the tide of calumny or suspicion, if it assailed him through the woman whom he had made his wife.

"It would be a terrible thing," he thought to himself, "to be the husband of one against whom, however innocent she might be, the finger of doubt, suspicion, or scorn were pointed. It would be ruinous to all my hopes of advancement. I might as well retire at once, and hide myself from the world." And then, when he had reflected upon all the evils that such an union would bring upon him, a change came over him, and he fancied that he could willingly dare all these evils—that he could bear up against them and outlive them—anything rather than separate himself for ever from the object of his affections, and from one who was, so far as she herself was concerned, worthy, as he believed, to be the chosen helpmate of the best man living.

They were both young—himself and Mary; the world was all before them. Why need they remain in England? They might emigrate to the colonies, where there was a wide field of usefulness open to them, and where neither the breath of suspicion nor calumny could reach either of them.

He had been restlessly pacing to and fro in his room. He now sat down and wrote a note to Mary, assuring her that the confidence she had reposed in him, the candid acknowledgment she had made, and, more than all, the opinions she had expressed, had but increased the affection and respect with which he regarded her, and begged her to rescind her resolution, and let matters be between them as they formerly had been. He wasted many sheets of note-paper before he was able to frame a letter to his mind. Even at last he was dissatisfied with what he had written; but he felt that he was utterly unable to express himself as he wished. He sent the letter off by a messenger that night, and then thought how he should write to his mother, and explain all that had passed between himself and Miss Talbot, and acquaint her with the determination at which he had arrived. This he felt would be as difficult a task as that which he had so feebly accomplished, but it was one that could be postponed, at least, until after he had received Mary's reply; and, glad at the respite he had given himself, he retired to rest.

He received a reply to his note before he was up in the morning.

Mary wrote that she had received his note, and had been surprised, as well as pained and pleased, with its contents. She expressed her gratitude for the estimation in which he held her, but added that it were better for the happiness of both, that matters should remain as they were between them. She intimated that the determination at which she had arrived had not affected her feelings towards him, and that it was not impossible that circumstances might arise which would induce her to rescind her resolution; but the time when those circumstances would occur might be far distant—perhaps it might never come—and meanwhile she felt that it were better that he should hold himself free to act as he thought fit, without regard to her; and she ended by saying that, whatsoever the future might have in store for either him or her, for weal or woe, she would ever pray for his welfare and happiness, and, so long as she lived, would look upon him as a valued and respected friend.

Cold and distant as Mary's letter appeared to him who received it, it had caused her much pain and many tears to write. It had seemed to her as though she were wilfully casting from her her only hope of earthly happiness, and yet she felt that was but doing her duty to herself, as well as to him whom, for a brief period, she had regarded in the light of her future husband.

None save Mr. Sharpe and herself knew what had passed between them. None others knew the pain which each felt whensoever they met, as they were compelled to meet, almost every day, and sometimes several times in a day.

Time wore on: and, though the looked-for American packet arrived and brought no reply to Mr. Aston's letters asking for correct information respecting the rumoured arrival at New Orleans of the pinnacle of the lost ship Amazon, with several of the crew and passengers who were believed to have perished, Mary still continued to be supported by the secret hope she so strangely cherished.

If less cheerful than she had formerly been, she appeared to her friends to submit herself with calm resignation to the irremediable loss she had sustained; and no one even suspected that another secret sorrow was rankling at her heart, though, at this period, she and the curate were—as in after days they frequently acknowledged to each other—probably the most unhappy youthful pair in the village or parish of St. David.

Another month passed away, and towards its close old Mrs. Margaret came from Hammersmith to pay a long-promised visit to Mary Talbot. The old *ci-devant* housekeeper had heard from Mary all that she knew respecting the loss of the Amazon, and it was the old lady's earnest yearning to comfort her former mistress's child in her affliction which had induced her, at her advanced age, to undertake the long journey from London to Cornwall, at a period when travelling was much more tedious and wearisome than it is in these later days.

The day before Mrs. Margaret's arrival, however, the American mail-packet again came into Falmouth, and on this occasion it brought letters to Mr. Aston from his friends at New Orleans and St. Louis, as well as from his son and daughter at Watertown.

There was no longer any doubt about Henry Talbot's escape from the perils of the deep. The New Orleans merchant, who had been absent from that city when the miserable remnant of the pinnacle's crew arrived, knew nothing more than he had learnt from the British consul at that port; but the merchant at St. Louis spoke of Henry's arrival and temporary sojourn in that city, and subsequent departure for Watertown. He alluded also to the apparent mystification in the mind of the young Englishman, who spoke of Mr. Morton as Mr. Aston.

"I did not deceive him," the merchant went on to say, "as I supposed that you had some motive in assuming in England the name of your deceased father-in-law. He must, however, have found out his mistake on his arrival at Watertown, whither he went to visit your son and daughter."

A perusal of the letters from Henry and Mary Morton proved to their father, however, that though Henry must have discovered that he (Mr. Aston) had assumed another name in England, he had kept this knowledge to himself; though Mr. Aston (as I must still style Mr. Henry Morton) was unable to discover, from anything in his children's letters, whether Henry Talbot had any notion of his relationship to his cousins.

This, however, was now a matter of little consequence. He was rejoiced to learn that his nephew still lived, and his first thought was how—upon his return from Falmouth, whither he had gone, as usual, to receive his letters from the postmaster—he should break the happy intelligence to his niece.

There was no cause for anxiety on this score, however. The same mail brought Mary a letter from her brother

—the letter with which the reader is acquainted, and which was written after Henry had obtained employment as purser on board the Franklin.

It is needless, as it would be vain, to attempt to describe the mingled emotions of joy and thankfulness which filled the soul of the young lady on the receipt of this letter. The strange hope, almost amounting to a belief, that her brother had escaped the perils of the sea, if it had not its origin in her knowledge that her uncle had, more than once or twice, escaped from similar dangers, and had at length returned to England in safety after many years of wandering, had been greatly strengthened by this remembrance. Still it had at all times been mingled with doubt; and sometimes—when she was alone in her room at night, and the wind howled and the rain fell around the farmhouse, and the mournful murmur of the storm-lashed sea sounded in her ears—had been almost overshadowed by despair. But now she was assured of her brother's safety, and in her heartfelt gratitude to the gracious Providence that had protected him amid all her hopes and fears, she forgot for the time being all that was unsatisfactory in the letter, she forgave Henry for his cruel silence maintained for so many months, and rejoiced in the one great fact that he was still living, and now prospering.

It was not until she had read the letter three or four times over that she felt her gladness clouded by doubts and anxieties. She had often thought that if her hopes of her brother's escape were ever to be realised, and she were to receive a letter from him, how proudly she would show that letter to her uncle, as a vindication, in itself, of Henry's innocence. She had fancied herself saying—"Read what my brother—your nephew—has written, and then say whether any one with the dark shadow of guilt upon his soul could write in such a strain!" Then, too, she would also say to *him* who, in spite of her resolve to think of him only as a friend, still constantly occupied her thoughts, and whose every word and look was stored in her memory—

"Alfred, the dark shadow that came between us and shrouded our future hopes in gloom is removed, and we may be again to each other as we have been."

Could she do this now? No. Her brightest hope had in one sense been realised; but the letter that she had sometimes feared that it were madness to hope for, had not brought the assurance she had anticipated. On the contrary, it almost dealt a fatal blow to her own secret assurance of her brother's inability to commit the grievous sin of which she knew him to be suspected by the two persons who were nearest and dearest to her.

When, after her first overpowering emotions of joy and gratitude, she was able calmly and understandingly to read what her brother had written, she blamed the spirit of pride which, under the flimsy excuse to his conscience that he was saving her from a renewal of her grief, had led him to conceal from a loving sister his providential escape from death, rather than acknowledge to her the wreck of the sanguine hopes with which he had left her; but still felt that he wrote with the guileless frankness of one whose conscience was not burdened with the consciousness of guilt, until she came to the passage in which he spoke of the hardship and misery he had suffered, as being a judgment upon him for his wrong-doing; of his present inability to make restitution to him from whom he had obtained the money he had lost, and his satisfaction in the confidence he felt that he would not be put to any trouble through what he had done, until the time came when he might be in a position to restore the two hundred pounds.

So Mary understood her brother's words, and though she could not yet make up her mind to believe him guilty, though she yet forced herself to believe that there was some mystification in the matter which she could not comprehend, she was shocked by the equivocal manner in which—if his words had the meaning in which she felt they would be read by all but herself—he spoke of a base and terrible misdeed.

She hardly understood the remainder of the long letter, although she read it to the end. If she had been asked what her brother had said about the son and daughter of Mr. Aston, she would have been unable to explain. She did not even remark that, though Henry must have been aware that Aston was an assumed name, he had studiously avoided any allusion to the fact; all her thoughts, all her faculties, were concentrated upon the passage in the letter in which Henry spoke regretfully, and yet with a strange apathy, of some wrong-doing for which he had to make restitution; and in the first bitterness of her heart she felt that she would much more gladly have received confirmation of her brother's death, if at the same time she had obtained evidence of his innocence of crime.

Then she blamed herself for her readiness to place the worst construction upon her brother's words, and tried to believe that he alluded only to his inability to repay the money he had borrowed.

"Perhaps," she thought, "in his sanguine expectation of immediate success, he spoke of soon being in a position to repay the loan, and now regrets that he raised those expectations of speedy repayment in the mind of the lender? It must be so. Surely he would never have written thus—to *me*, had he any other meaning."

She took up the letter to read it again, at the moment when Mr. Aston (as I must still style him) called at the farmhouse to break to her the news he had received of his nephew's escape from the perils of the sea, and of his visit to his unknown cousins at Watertown.

Mr. Aston had dreaded the excitement that his news would occasion; but a few words of explanation gave him to understand that Mary herself had received a letter from her brother, and that she was already aware of all he had to acquaint her with.

After he had expressed his congratulations, therefore, he spoke at once of Henry's visit to his cousins.

"It is very strange," he said; "but neither my son nor my daughter appear to entertain any notion that Henry is their cousin; and yet they must have spoken of me to your brother by my proper name. *They* had no idea that I had assumed the name of Aston on my arrival in England; nor do they appear to have learnt from Henry that such is the case. Henry himself must, from what they have told him, have surmised that I am his lost uncle Henry. Yet he has concealed his knowledge from them. Perhaps he has explained his reasons for this reticence to you?"

Thus questioned, Mary was under the necessity of reading more attentively the latter portion of her brother's letter. Gladly would she have handed the letter to her uncle to read, but for the mysterious passage which she was resolved no eyes should see but her own. However, she read aloud her brother's account of his visit to Watertown, greatly to Mr. Aston's delight, and not a little to her own satisfaction, inasmuch as it now appeared evident to her that, had Henry been guilty of such base conduct towards his uncle, as his words would, she feared, imply to the minds of others than herself, he could not have written of his visit to Watertown as he had done. He would, in fact, have avoided the place altogether. His letter, however, gave no inti-

mation of his knowledge of the fact—which he must have been aware of—that his friend, Mr. Aston, of St. David, was really Mr. Henry Morton, or that he had any idea of the relationship that existed between himself and Henry and Mary Morton.

Mary and her uncle both wondered at this.

"The boy *must* have some suspicion of the fact that I am his long-lost uncle. He could not have lived for a week with his cousins without hearing enough—if he have any knowledge whatever of his mother's family—to satisfy him that such must be the case. Had I not believed him dead, I should ere now have written to my children to explain the facts to them. I intended to do so when Henry left England, in order that they might have been prepared to receive him as their cousin. I thought it needless, afterwards, to explain to them the reason why I had adopted their mother's maiden name. Perhaps, however, it is as well that Henry has kept his suspicions to himself. It shows good sense in the boy. He naturally supposed that I had some good reason for acting as I have done, and he has done well in leaving the explanation to me.

"However, my dear Mary, whatever suspicions may have clung to me, in spite of my efforts to banish them, I feel satisfied now, from the manner in which Henry writes, that he is entirely innocent of crime. There is some strange mystery connected with the loss of my pocket-book, and your brother's possession of the locket; but I entirely acquit *him* of all knowledge of the matter. So set *your* mind at ease on that point. Let nothing damp the joy you feel at the happy escape of your brother from the perils of the deep."

Mary's eyes filled with happy tears as she took the hand her uncle held out to her as he rose to return to Cliff Cottage. She was unable to reply save by an eloquent look, which spoke more than words; but she felt as if a great burden of shame and sorrow were lifted from her mind. Her uncle believed, as she did, that her brother could not have visited Watertown, and could not have acted or written as he had, if he had felt the burden of a guilty conscience. Still she would have been glad if the mysterious words towards the end of the letter had been left unwritten.

Mr. Aston did not remain long. On such a happy occasion he judged that his niece would rather be left alone to her own thoughts; and, with a gentle pressure of the hand he had all along held in his own, he bade her good-bye, and returned home.

Early the next morning Mrs. Margaret arrived at St. David, and was joyously welcomed by Mary.

The good old lady, who had come expressly to condole with the daughter of her beloved mistress of former days, was equally rejoiced and surprised to hear the happy news that Mary had to tell.

"You must write down, my dear, where Master Henry be livin' in 'Meriky, so's I may give directions to the young gentleman when next he comes to my place to ask after your brother," she said, when she and Mary had talked for some time over Henry's past mishaps and present prospects.

"A young gentleman has called at your cottage to inquire after Henry, she exclaimed. "Who is he? What is his name?"

"Well now, my dear," returned the old lady, "I disremember just now. I 'ave sich a bad memory. But he 'ave called twice, and the last time he asked me where Henry's sister lived, that he might write to her, and ask her about her brother. In course I wouldn't tell him that till I got leave from you, though he be quite a gentleman, for sure; and 'an'some and well-spoken as

any young man I ever see. Howsomever, I 'ave his card in my box."

"When did he call to make these inquiries?"

"On'y o' late, my dear. He said how he'd a been travellin' abroad, and on'y heard when he came home of the loss of the Amazon. He be gone away ag'in for a short time; but he said as he should call as soon as he came back, to ask if I'd a' got leave for him to write to *you*."

"But what can he want to know that I can tell him?"

"I can't say, my dear; on'y he 'peared to be much cut up about poor Master Henry's misfortun's. He said as he'd been a favourite schoolfellow of Henry's at Eton, and I mind, when Master Henry called to see me at Hammersmith afore he went back to St. David, this same young gentleman, whom he'd been visiting, came with him to the garden gate, where he bid him good-bye, and a pleasant v'yage—poor fellow!"

A sudden light broke upon Mary. She felt her heart leap in her bosom. This stranger was the mysterious schoolfellow at Eton, whom her brother had come across in London. It was he who had invited Henry to visit him, and it was he who had lent Henry the money which had been productive of so much misery to herself.

"Go on. Tell me all about him, my dear Mrs. Margaret," she cried impulsively. "Tell me all he said about my brother."

"He said nought but good, my dear," replied the old lady, mistaking Mary's excited manner for alarm. "I never see a nicer young gentleman, on'y a year or so older than Master Henry hisself. Though, in course, as I 'ave said, I wouldn't tell him where *you* lived till I had your leave."

"I wish you *had* told him. I must write to him immediately. You say you have his card in your box? You must let me see it. Oh, how I wish I had known of this before!"

"Twon't be no use writin' immediate, my dear," replied Mrs. Margaret, much amazed at the young lady's impetuosity. "He 'ave gone away abroad ag'n, I don't know where. Howsomever, I'll get the card, and if you write I'll give him the letter when he comes ag'in, arter I go 'ome. He said he'd be sure to call."

"When? How long will he be away?" inquired Mary.

"About two months, he *said*, my dear."

"The better plan will be for me to write to the address on his card; the letter will then, in all probability, be forwarded to him, wherever he may be."

Mary put numerous other questions, to which, however, Mrs. Margaret was unable satisfactorily to reply. The old lady had simply replied as best she could to the questions the young gentleman had put her, and had asked none herself; but she manifested so much surprise at the young lady's anxiety, that Mary, who did not care to conceal anything from her, related to her the story of the theft of the pocket-book, of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and spoke of the misery and anxiety she herself had suffered in consequence of the suspicions which had lighted upon her brother.

In Mrs. Margaret, Mary found a warm supporter of her brother's innocence. The old lady declared that it was impossible that Henry could be capable of such wickedness, and agreed with the young lady that it was advisable to write to the young gentleman immediately. She commenced at once to uncord her box that she might find the card which bore the gentleman's name and address, and while she was thus employed launched forth upon another topic of conversation.

"My dear," she went on; "if I didn't know as 'twere impossible for sperrits to return to this earth in their nat'ral form, and if 'twere n't sinful to believe in sich things, I'd have sworn as I seen Squire Morton, your grandpa, who died afore you were born, this very mornin', as I were gittin' down from the kerrage as brought me from Falmouth. 'Twere the very spit on him, as he were, as I recollect him, though as I came closer to him, I see as he were some years younger than the squire was when he died. But he were standin' with his hands in his pockets looking out of the garden gate, just as the old squire used to stand. Never, in all my life, did I see such a likeness. He had your grandpa's walk and look and everything."

Mary knew at once to whom her visitor alluded. Without replying, she went to her desk, drew forth the locket her brother had given her, and placed it, open, in the old lady's hand.

"Do you know whose likeness that is?" she asked.

The old lady carefully adjusted her spectacles; but no sooner did her glance rest upon the miniature than she exclaimed—

"It is your own dear ma' when she was a child!" Again she gazed at the portrait, and then, with a bewildered look, as if she thought it was not real, or that she herself was dreaming, she examined the case.

"This locket, sure as I live, belonged to your mamma," she went on. "How did you come by it, my dear? It were given by your mamma, when she were a little girl, to her brother Henry—your poor uncle who was lost at sea. Many's and many's a time have I hung this round your poor mamma's neck! Sure I am not dreaming?"

"No, dear Mrs. Margaret," replied Mary, "you are not dreaming. It was not indeed my grandfather Morton whom you saw," she went on with a smile, "but my uncle Henry, who, as you know, was supposed to have perished at sea when a boy. He was saved by the French sailors, and put in prison, and has lived many years abroad. At length, about ten months since, he returned home to England. You shall hear all about his return by and by. The locket I have shown you has been the cause of all my pain and misery. My uncle treasured it carefully for mamma's sake, and brought it home to England with him. It was lost with his pocket-book, and subsequently purchased and given to me by my brother. Where Henry purchased it has yet to be explained, and I am sure will be explained satisfactorily. My uncle saw it in my possession, and was naturally surprised and grieved; but he has now given it to me, and I hope that all will soon be made clear, for dear Henry's sake. Now, dear Mrs. Margaret, you know almost as much as I do myself—though I was not aware that my uncle was so like grandpapa."

It is impossible to describe the surprise and amazement of the old lady when she heard this explanation. She was so much overcome with joy that the tears coursed freely down her still unwrinkled cheeks. Mary furthermore explained to her why her uncle had assumed the name of Aston.

"He wished to keep his return secret from Mr. Foley," she said. "He may have taken secret measures to prove his identity to others, before he sees Mr. Foley. I cannot say. My uncle is very peculiar in some of his ways."

"What need of any measures being took?" said the old lady. "He 'ave but to show himself for everybody to see as he is a Morton. Didn't I reckonise him as soon as I see him?"

"Perhaps mere personal identification would be in-

sufficient in the eye of the law," returned Mary. "However, my uncle knows best his own views."

"You must let him know as I am here," said Mrs. Margaret, "I'm sure he'll come to see me directly. I wonder indeed as he didn't reckonise me, though, for sure, I be much changed."

"He was but a boy when he saw you last," replied Mary. "But, dear Mrs. Margaret, all this time we are forgetting the card!"

Thus reminded, the old lady opened her box and produced a card bearing the following inscription in old English characters:—

"SIR ARTHUR LOCKYER, BART., WINSTONE PARK, KENT."

"A baronet! So I remember Henry said," exclaimed Mary, as she eagerly seized the card. "Well, be he whom he may, I will write immediately to his address, and beg him to explain all that passed between himself and my brother."

This task, however, she found to be a more arduous one than she had anticipated. It was a difficult matter for a sister to write to a stranger and explain the suspicions which had been directed against her brother. More than once her heart failed her; but her eagerness to establish her brother's innocence beyond doubt or cavil, moved her to complete the task, and at length the letter was written and despatched to Winstone Park.

It was not until the letter had been sent away that the thought occurred to Mary's mind—

"What if Sir Arthur should reply that he never lent Henry any money?"

TRADE TRAMPS.

By trade tramps the reader will understand those travelling artisans and craftsmen who perambulate the country ostensibly in search of employment. They are an entirely distinct class from the tramps who have no trade, from whom they for the most part keep aloof, with a feeling, it may be, that too close a contact with them would lower their respectability. The tramping artisan deems the tramp who is no artisan a vagabond, and resents the notion of being mixed up in the same category with him. He will tell you sometimes that, if he takes to a wandering life, it is not because he is driven out of society, as the vagabond is, but because he elects to travel and see the world and the ways of life before he settles down to his share of its responsibilities. It is probable that he really does intend to settle down some day or other, or at least that such was his intention when he began his travels; but that idea grows less vivid, and has fewer charms for him the longer he continues on the move, and after a course of years vanishes away altogether. Meanwhile he has abundance of precedents for the life he leads—precedents older almost than any of the habits, customs, or bye-laws of the settled craftsman. Who were the Freemasons who built the cathedrals and most ancient of the churches that stud the land? What were they but tramps, who went about from place to place doing honest and skilful work where it was to be done? What was the condition of industrial artisans in the feudal and ante-feudal times? Is it not the universal custom on the Continent for apprentices to travel from country to country at work before settling in their business? Did not all trades tramp, for the double purpose of procuring work and escaping bondage, until such time as they were able to associate in guilds for their mutual protection? Answer him these questions.

The march of modern improvement has been the greatest enemy the trade tramp has had to encounter. The railway, the penny post, the electric telegraph, the introduction of gas—all these have told against him, inasmuch as they have tended to set aside and annihilate the old-fashioned deliberate methods of doing business, which assured him employment wherever he chose to accept it. Little more than a generation back, the tramping artisan and craftsman was as much an institution as the pedler was, and more so than the pedler is now. As you rolled over the hard road on top of the four-in-hand stage, you passed him, as he trudged along under his oil-skin knapsack, half a dozen times in a morning. You found him on the sunny bench in front of the wayside inn as the coach drew up to the tune of the guard's bugle-horn, while fresh horses were put to. There sat the tramp, with the identical brown jug before him which was once Toby Philpot, from which he far too often took a sip, as he stitched away at the landlord's harness or saddle-girths, or purified his creamy boot-tops, or mended the landlady's pattens, or soldered a hole in cook's stew-pan, or performed any other small but necessary function which came within the limits of his capacity, and had been set aside and waiting for him until he should make his appearance.

Then he was looked for as regularly in the small provincial market-towns as the season for his advent came round. Repairs of very various kinds had to wait his arrival before they could be done. It was the tramp who mended the umbrellas that broke down or got turned inside-out in a high wind. It was the tramp who set all the locks to rights when they had got hampered. It was he who repaired the sportsman's guns, and plugged them with new touch-holes, ere percussion caps were as much as thought of. It was he who mended the broken glass in the house-windows, where the township was too small to maintain a glazier. It was the tramp who did all the bookbinding for the country stationer, who had to wait for his coming before he could put a single volume "in hand," and who sometimes waited six months for him. It was the tramp who renewed the edge of all the town cutlery once a year; and it was he who, when the horse fair came round, made his appearance at the stithy of the village blacksmith, and supplemented the labours of that worthy at his roaring forge and sounding anvil. In a word, the artisan tramp was the supernumerary on the great theatre of labour all over the country, and had his recognised standing as such, receiving due welcome and encouragement wherever he happened to be wanted, and seldom departing without some small guerdon, even when his services were not required.

The above description is hardly applicable to the tramp of the present day. The wayside inns have been driven off the land by the railways, or they have been transformed into farmhouses. The small country towns have grown larger, and their population has doubled itself, and improved itself into a condition of self-help, which leaves fewer chances for the wandering workman. Cheap newspapers, cheap travelling, cheap postage, and cheap carriage of goods, have in a great measure made city, town, and village all one for industrial purposes, and have put a final period to the old-fashioned patience and long-suffering which enabled people to wait for month after month for the execution of their orders to tradesmen. Yet, still the tramp perambulates the country on his annual rounds. There is a charm in the nomadic life he leads, which endears it to him in spite of its contingent hardships and privations; and though he

is sometimes induced, under pressure, to give it up for a season, it is only for a season that he does so; sooner or later, the old fascinations of the sunshine, the fields, the lanes, the highroads, the bye-paths and hedgerows come back with irresistible force, and he is off again on his travels. So enduring is this propensity, that men who have tramped the country for years in their youth are known, after settling in cities and rearing families, to return to the road again in their old age with renewed eagerness and enjoyment. The most unlovely aspect of the lot these travellers endure is seen in the case of the married tramp, whom one sometimes meets footing it through dust or mud, in company with his luckless partner—she carrying the family wardrobe and household properties in a huge bag on her back, while a wretched child drags at her skirt—he leading the way, with his packet of tools strapped to his shoulder. These dreary spectacles, which are all too common, are not, we may be pretty sure, the result of choice, but are rather the outcome of misfortune or misconduct, or both.

We think it would be found, if investigation could be made into the subject, that in point of education and intelligence the average tramp is entitled to rank considerably above rather than below the average settled workman. Such, at any rate, is the teaching of our own experience in connection with them. We once met with one who had written in large letters the words "*Pauper et Pedester*" on a strip of paper round his wreck of a hat, thus challenging, as it were, a conference in the Latin tongue; and we had reason to know that the challenge was not altogether a vain boast, seeing that he could hold a conversation in a species of monkish Latin, and was only too voluble in displaying his learning. On general subjects, moreover, the tramp is usually well informed, and is a much better authority on all social matters affecting his class than the stay-at-home workman. This, of course, is due to his wandering life, and the exercise of observation, a faculty which he has in some degree of perfection, and does not suffer to lie idle. Although with him work is never an instinct or a passion, as it is with the thorough workman, he yet really values his working power as an available resource when needs must; and he is pretty sure to make himself master of all the new contrivances and appliances for facilitating his peculiar industry and the saving of unnecessary labour. It is, indeed, more to the agency of the tramp than to any other, that numberless novel contrivances and petty inventions become so speedily diffused among the parties who profit by them.

But if the predicaments and liabilities of the tramp sharpen his wits and develop his intellect, it is to be feared they are not so favourable to the growth of his moral character. To say the truth—and we say it very unwillingly—the tramping workman is to be by no means generally relied on, whatever his promises and protestations. Very often it happens that when, with a dolorous voice and still more dolorous face, he makes application for work, there is nothing farther from his intention than performing the work you offer him. It is usually about sundown that he applies to you for employment, when he has just come off the road from a long day's march. You see that he is coated with dust or mud up to the knees, and his weatherworn face is grimed and moist with perspiration: he pleads his weariness, his hunger, and his empty pockets, and begs for the advance of a few shillings to provide him a supper and a bed, that he may rest and recruit himself and come fresh to his labour on the morrow. If you are young in the ways of the world you accede to his re-

quest, handing him over the sum he asks for, and he bids you good-night with the warmest expressions of gratitude. But that is the last you see of him. Long before you are down in the morning he is off again on his travels, and, by the time you are looking for his appearance in your workshop, is probably breakfasting heartily in your county, some ten or a dozen miles off. This is bad, but, in the case of many of this class, it is far from being the worst that might happen. There is always a risk in introducing a tramp into your workshop, especially among young apprentice lads, whom he may chance to infect with low drinking habits, to say nothing of worse vices peculiar to large towns and cities. Not unfrequently, too, it will come to pass that a tramp will undertake work which he is quite incompetent to complete in a workmanlike manner; his deficient ability may not be discovered for weeks, and in some trades for months, and when it becomes too glaring to be any longer concealed, the defaulter takes himself off on pay-night, to be heard of no more. In such a case the employer has to send for a skilled workman and pay him a high wage for repairing the mischief or completing the unfinished work of the "scamp."

Writers on industry and industrial subjects have regarded it as an anomaly that the tramp, whatever his trade, should be recognised, and to a definite extent encouraged by the regular settled workmen, and they sometimes call upon the latter to cast him off and disown him altogether. But there are two sides to this question. Under trade regulations, not of a written and documentary, but merely of a traditional kind, but which have yet been in force time out of mind, the tramp has privileges which he can claim, and does claim, it is to be feared, much oftener than he should by prescriptive right. Thus, in any town which lies in his route, if, on applying for work at all the workshops where his craft is exercised, he cannot obtain any, he can, if he chooses, send in a petition for assistance at any establishment where journeymen are employed, who, by the regulations of the trade, are bound to contribute something towards his necessities. In small country towns the tramp very rarely has recourse to this method, for two reasons: in the first place, he would gain little or nothing by it, for the contributions might not be enough, or more than enough, to pay his expenses while waiting for their collection; and in the second place, his petition would have a damaging effect in case he should return to the town at any future time. In large cities the case is different; so that a tramp who is indisposed to travel may subsist for a considerable time upon contributions which custom allows him to lay upon the journeyman in regular employment. He runs the risk, however—though, to be sure, the risk is small—of being offered work when he only wants alms, and when this occurs he has no other alternative than to work for his living or to bid a hasty and long farewell to the place. We have known him in such a dilemma to accept the employment offered, and to find himself afterwards quite incapable of working at the trade to which he had served his apprenticeship, owing to long disuse and forgetfulness of the very first principles of his craft. This inaptitude rarely brings him reproach beyond what may be couched in a sly joke or phrases of affected commendation; and the regular hands, for the most part, allow him to work on, and to recover his skill if he can, and to profit by such small gains as he can make shift to earn. The cause of the general tolerance of the tramp among workmen may be safely referred to a certain sympathy they entertain for him. Most working men have a secret longing for a

change of scene, and would themselves like well enough to go forth on the tramp, were it not for domestic reasons, and for the privation and loss of social position which such a life entails. Furthermore, every man who lives by his labour feels that it is at least within the limits of possibility that he may some day or other be forced to "tramp it," whether he choose or not; and lastly, all workmen know that if there were no tramps there would be far more competition for regular employment, and that, therefore, these wandering hands do indirectly tend by their wanderings to increase the money value of the services of the settled workers.

Winter is the worst season for the tramp. At the fall of the year he is generally not merely willing but anxious to accept any country engagement which will enable him to tide over the dreary months of frost and snow; but, failing that—and for the most part he does fail—he is driven into cities for the miserable shelter and very ambiguous prospects they offer him. Thousands of this class of men turn their faces towards London about the beginning of November, and they take up their abodes in the low and wretched "Travellers'" lodgings that crowd the back streets and filthy slums, where, at the cost of a few nightly pence, paid always in advance, they are housed from the streets, and keep one another warm by their animal heat. The want and privation that some of them undergo when old age has overtaken them, and they have exhausted the unwilling charity doled out to them by the "trade," are beyond the power of language to describe. They will wrestle with nakedness and famine, and too often with the pangs of incurable disease as well, as long as a remnant of anything like life or strength is left in them, in the desperate struggle to escape from the workhouse infirmary. But it is in vain; thither they tend, through the irresistible gravitation of poverty: into that antechamber of death, leaving all hope behind, they are at length unceremoniously thrust, there to languish under the accumulating miseries of ill-usage and neglect, to be borne thence in a few days or weeks, as it may happen, to a pauper's grave.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

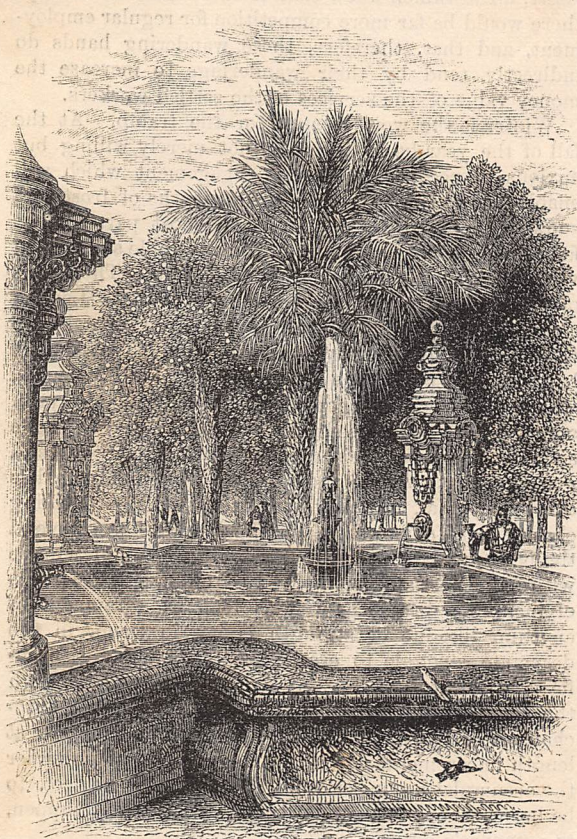
BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

III.

TOLEDO, CORDOVA.

WHEN we were about to leave Madrid, it became a question whether we should take Toledo *en route*. Some of my friends, who had ladies with them, objected to this arrangement on account of the miserable accommodation in that old Spanish city. I remember the "Dugald Creature's" advice—"If shentlemans want guid roads they should stop on the plainstanes o' Glasgow," or St. James's, if you like; but as I went to see Spain and Spaniards in every phase of life, whatever trifling difficulties or privations might be in the way, I very reluctantly broke from my party, and took my ticket for Toledo, which is reached by a branch off the main line direct to Seville and Cadiz. Certainly I should have lost many of the old and new characteristics of Spain if I had passed that city. I have observed that they don't hurry things in Spain: the distance is 41 miles, which occupied three hours—from 7 to 10 p.m. I found the "best hotel" a *facsimile* of that at the Escorial, and I almost lost heart before I got into bed. The night was bitterly cold, and there were only a rug and thin blanket on the bed, and, but for my good old Scottish plaid, I should have been almost frozen to death.

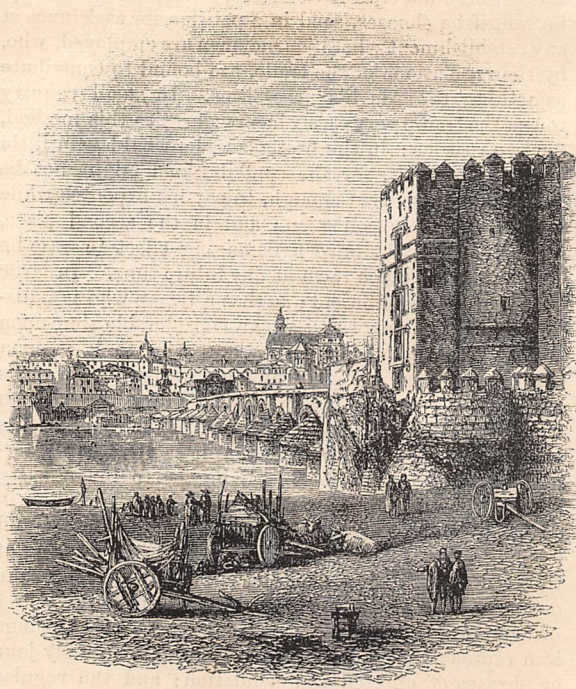
It is the peculiarity of this high-lying country, that the nights are extremely cold and the mid-day sun almost tropical. Next morning, by seven o'clock, the bright warm sun was shining through my little cell, and inviting me to come forth and enjoy his brightness and beauty. After trying a cup of chocolate—which seemed a mess of sugar and flour, as thick as molasses, which was too



FOUNTAIN AND ORANGE TREES, CORDOVA.

much for me—I sent for and engaged Ferman, a well-known guide, for the day, and set forth on my rambles. I should premise that this city has been the capital of four nations, and dates, I don't know how long B.C. First the Romans, followed by the Goths, the Moors, and the Spaniards. It was a favourite city with the Moors, and had then upwards of 200,000 inhabitants: it has now dwindled down to 12,000, and is almost dead and buried in its own ashes—a mere skeleton, without life or animation. I could scarcely have believed in such a picture if I had not seen it with my own eyes. The situation of the city is very picturesque. It lies in a bite of the river Tagus, three-parts surrounded with water, and on the land side is flanked by an old Moorish wall and towers. The town rises nearly 300 feet above the river, and 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, and is consequently exposed to great heat in summer and cold in winter. The river makes its way through broken cliffs of granite of the most rugged and fantastic shape, "in Nature's wildest garb arrayed." The streets are completely Oriental, and just allow room for the mule and bag of charcoal to pass through: there is room for no other kind of conveyance, and no other seems to be wanted. There are more of the old Moorish houses still standing in this city, I believe, than in any other in Spain; and you might think at times that you were walking in the streets of Cairo. Notwithstanding

its decay, there are still some noble specimens of architecture in this city. The Cathedral is the perfection of Gothic art, and in its exterior nearly equals that of Burgos. It is poorly situated and surrounded, and at first sight is somewhat disappointing; but a closer inspection of its details—its lofty and magnificent gates, ornamented with carvings and statuary—the centre tower, of 340 feet, with its light and elegant turrets, niches, and trellis-work—realises all the beauty and perfection of the best period of Gothic architecture. The interior is somewhat gaudy and over-done, but to the admirers of sacerdotal gilding and ornament there is no want of attractions. Two Jewish synagogues, of a mixed Arabic and Hebrew character, have been appropriated to Christian worship (?), and several mosques have been adapted to the same purpose. Ferman, my guide, was a violent Liberal, outside the churches, but inside he neglected no prescribed forms or genuflections, and dwelt a little longer than was agreeable on his description of the tinsel and tawdry ornaments of the altar. He seemed to have no love for the present dynasty, and spoke of "Nuestra Senora" with more disrespect than I would like to mention. It is strange that, from the simple guide to the most educated Spanish gentleman I have met, the same dislike exists to the head of the Government. The French have here, as everywhere in Spain, left traces of their vandalism and wanton destruction. One of the greatest ornaments of the city, and unique in its style and beauty, was the convent of St. John, called San Juan de los Reyes, and built by Ferdinand and Isabella. This beautiful building was blown up by the invaders, on quitting Toledo, and the débris of broken columns, statuary, and Gothic ornaments which are now lying about, would form a large and interesting museum; but

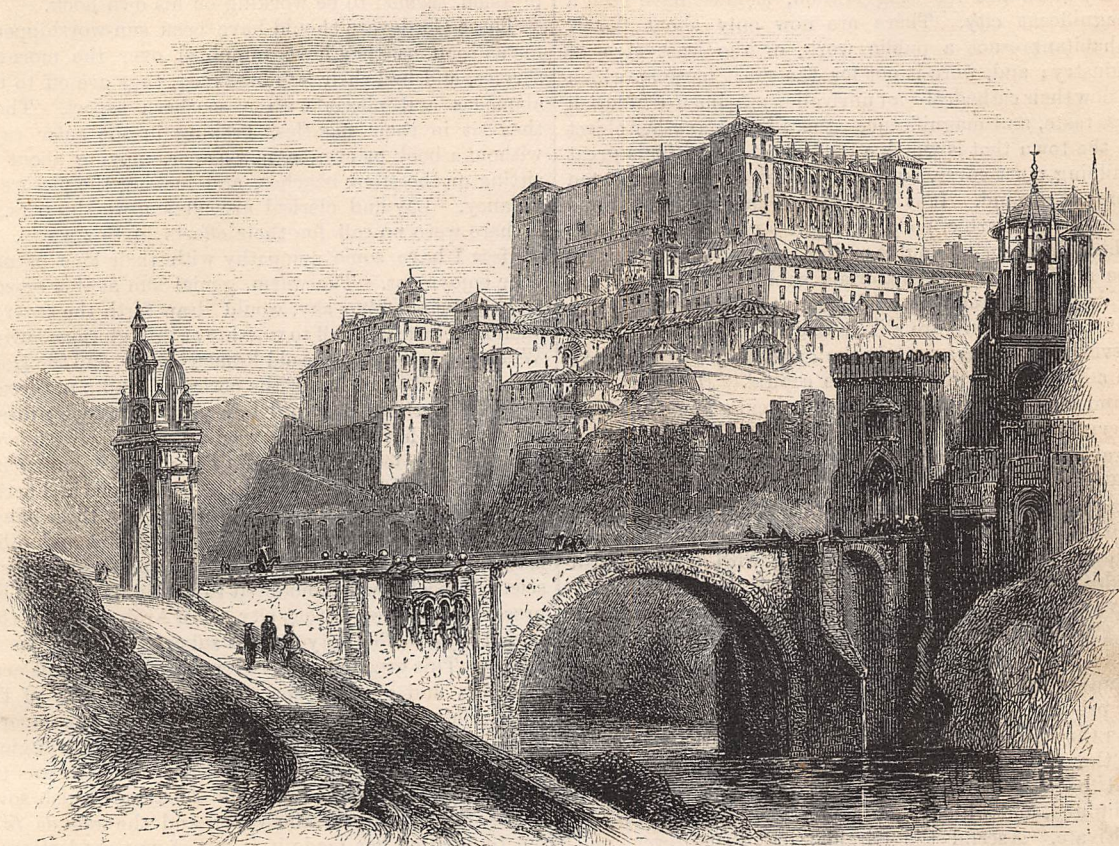


MOORISH BRIDGE AND GATE, CORDOVA.

there and elsewhere the wreck of the city lies as it was left sixty years ago. The chapel is still preserved, and is a fine specimen of the florid Gothic. A portion of the cloisters is represented in this month's frontispiece.

In the centre and highest point of the city towers the once beautiful Alcazar, the Arab term for palace or castle. The greater part of the interior of this fine building has been destroyed by fire. The Patio, with its rows of fine granite columns, and portions of the gallery, supported

wisdom of honest Sancho Panza, and thought I might discover, tending her cows, a representative of his Dulcinea del Tobosa. But a bitter cold night and a long journey before me dispelled all my dreams, and the knight and the squire and the beauty were all forgotten.



TOLEDO.

on beautiful arches, are still standing, conveying some idea of what it must have been in its massive form and pristine beauty. It is now almost a wreck, and is undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, which may completely change the character of the building. I only refer to it here to draw attention to the magnificent view that is obtained from this point of the city, the Alameda, the old gates and bridges, the granite rocks, and rugged chasms through which the foaming Tagus cuts its way.

Every one has heard of the "Toledo Blades." This great manufactory has dwindled down to a few small workshops. I visited one of these, and was weak enough to invest three dollars in an ornamental stiletto. The man laid a copper coin on a block of wood, and at one blow drove the stiletto through the metal, without doing the point the slightest injury, so finely are they tempered. I put this away at the bottom of my portmanteau, with my revolver, hoping I might never have occasion to use either of them in the way of defence.

Proceeding from Toledo to Cordova, I had to return to the junction at Castillejo, and there wait for one-and-a-half hour—from 9 to 10.30 p.m.—in a cold shade, till the next train from Madrid came up. I passed, much to my annoyance and disappointment, the classic land of Cervantes, La Mancha. I had conjured up all my early recollections of the crackbrained knight, the wit and

The morning broke with its usual splendour; the scene still looked dry and barren, save the olive trees that lined the face of the neighbouring hills. About twenty-five miles from Cordova we passed the old Roman bridge and battle-field of Bailen. I think Napier mentions this battle in 1808. It was the first and only victory the Spaniards gained over the French, and this victory was perhaps worse in its effects than a defeat. The Spaniards were so puffed up with their unexpected success, that, instead of following it up and checking the advances of the French, their general retired to Seville to chant a *Te Deum*, and "to offer thanks to the Virgin for the victory." This small success roused England to fresh exertions, and led her to pour her blood and treasure, for five long years, over the Peninsula, when her own children were starving for bread. I have nothing to say against the good and patriotic men who ruled over our destinies in those days—they acted with the light that was given them; but, *cui bono*? where now are the works of the Holy Alliance, that cost so much blood and treasure? We have a Napoleon on the throne of France, dictating to Europe; a Hapsburgh, a Pope, and "the last of the Bourbons" shaking on their thrones; and England, with a millstone of debt about her neck, from which, for nearly sixty years, we have been unable to attempt any appreciable relief.

We reached Cordova at noon, and after a late break-

fast I hired a guide and went out to explore the city. I found the same dead and decaying look, the same stagnation, as at Toledo. It is scarcely possible to believe that this was the large and beautiful city of the Moors, with nearly a million inhabitants, 600 great mosques, 4000 minarets, and 900 public baths. Making every allowance for exaggeration, it must have been a magnificent city. There are now only about 35,000 inhabitants—not a public work, or the least sign of industry; and, were it not for the great mosque, which is now their cathedral—an unrivalled specimen of Moorish art, taste, and magnificence—there is not another object in the town that is worth a day's detention. This great building must cover, with the garden or court-yard, ten acres of ground. It is divided into long and transverse aisles, with marble, porphyry, and jasper columns, from which there spring double arches. These columns attest the antiquity of the materials at least, for many are evidently the remains of Roman temples of an early date: scarcely two are alike; and, to make them fit the elevation, some are sunk in the ground, and others have an additional block to raise the capital. Here you may wander all day in the cool shade, seeing new objects at every turn, and reading, mentally, the history of this strange city for more than two thousand years, with the material evidences before you. Round the four side aisles are about forty altars, with some good pictures and a great many daubs, and any amount of bronze and gilding, which is not in keeping with the Moorish architecture around. In the centre of the building they have raised a chapel and choir in the extravagant style of Charles V., or a sort of renaissance run mad, with gilding and ornament. In one of the side altars the beautiful arabesque of the Moors is still retained in all its pristine simplicity and richly blended colours. This was the Mihrab, or recess in which the Koran was kept. In the outer court is still the beautiful garden of orange and palm trees and fountains, in which the Moors delighted, and which they understood so well how to cultivate. Ascend the Giralda, or great tower, and take a view of the country round.

I have referred to the palace, church, and prison of the Inquisition at Valladolid. Cordova had also its feast of human sufferings, "to make a Roman holiday." The Alcazar, once the magnificent palace of the Moorish kings, became the residence and prison of the Inquisition. This building lies outside the town, and, but for the associations connected with its history, we might pass it without notice; but it is one of the land-marks that indicate the ruin and downfall of Spain. I think it was Philip II., in the midst of his cruel persecution, that exclaimed, "Better have no subjects than rule over heretics." One is inclined to reverse this maxim, and say, "Better have no subjects than the poor, indolent, bigoted, and slavish remnant, a pitiful wreck of mind and matter, which he and his immediate successors have left behind them. Round the building are suspended in festoons the chains of the captives delivered from the 'Infidel Moors.' The cloisters of the convent, which are still in good preservation, are magnificent specimens of the elaborate Gothic of the fifteenth century, with their high pointed arches, rich carvings, figures, and niche-work. The garden of the old convent is now overrun with weeds, and the surrounding scene is one of decay and desolation.

Making the circuit of the city, I found, as in Toledo, a number of the old Moorish quadrangular houses, the garden of fruit trees, and fountain in the centre, in the true Oriental style. There is still a portion of the old Moorish wall standing, and a few of the mosques are turned into Christian places of worship. But here the

Mosque Cathedral forms the great object of attraction. There must have been upwards of twenty priests officiating at the altars the second morning I visited the place. They had no congregation, with the exception of a few old women, and they did not seem to pay them any attention. Each one, if I may use a profane expression, seemed to be working on his own hook.

These Cordoveses should have been sun-worshippers; for as soon as they have mumbled over the morning service, and had their late breakfast, they are off to the alamedas and plazas with a southern aspect. There they sit in their mantles, basking in the solar rays, without a book or even a newspaper, moving about or sitting on the stone benches, and looking the picture of vacancy. Lay and clerical are all sun-worshippers, as if there were no call for their efforts in this world. I confess I have some sympathy with their love of outdoor enjoyment. The warm, genial sun at this season, and the bright blue sky, would draw forth the severest anchorite from his cell to worship at this glorious shrine. When you have seen the old Roman bridge, and the Doric gate, called Roman, but of the period of Philip II., there is scarcely anything else to detain you. It is very disappointing to have all your reading and early romance dispelled in a few hours, and to see before you such a picture of desolation. During the prosperous and active period of the Moors, there were in Cordova three handicrafts alone—viz., dressers of Morocco skins and other leathers; workers in silver and filigree, and transcribers of scientific books, who amounted to nearly as many as the present population of that city. An Arab writer of that period says, "This city and its suburbs is six miles by twenty. This great space is covered with houses, palaces, mosques, and gardens spread along the banks of the Guadalquivir. In all the west there is no city compared to it, either for population, extent, markets, religious edifices, or number of baths and inns." This was the Cordova of the Moors; what the Austro-Spanish sovereigns, the chivalry of the court, and the *auto de fé* of the Inquisition has made it, is one of the saddest chapters in Spanish history.

THE MINT.

In a recent number (p. 193, No. 848), we gave the coinage of the Mint for the year 1866, in gold, silver, and copper.* During the year 1867 no gold coin was issued, a fact unprecedented in the history of the Mint. It was thought, after the panic of 1866, that more money would be required, but so far from this being the case, not only was there no call for gold, but the demand for silver coins was remarkably diminished, as if the Mint shared in the general dulness and depression of all trade and manufacture. An article in the "Times," referring to this, contained some curious statements,† which we extract for the amusement of our readers:

There is a popular notion that any one taking gold,

* Gold, £5,076,676; Silver, £493,416; Copper, £50,624.

† The "Times" article describes the concentration of the various mints—London, Chester, Winchester, York—in one office in the Tower, where the works were carried on till the erection of the present building in 1806. It is then stated that: "Since 1806, the New Mint has been the sole coining centre for the British empire, where not only all the coins, from farthings to pounds, are struck, but where all commemorative medals and decorations awarded by the Government are made." By "the British Empire" is here meant the British Islands only; for Imperial mints exist in the colonies, and in all three Indian presidencies. The Calcutta people are rather proud of telling that their Mint Master, Colonel Forbes, of the Bengal Engineers, was deputed, about twenty years ago, by permission of the Court of Directors, to come to England to organise the new machinery then introduced at the London Mint.

silver, or copper to the Mint can have it at once made into an equal weight of pounds, shillings, or pence, and this at one time was the fact. But it is not so now, except with respect to gold. Time was when silver plate and bars of copper, gold ornaments, and gold trinkets used to be left for coinage. Now, however, the practice has sunk into desuetude, for the Mint is not bound to return coin for bullion in less than twenty days, and not now bound to take private consignments of silver or copper at all. People find it much more advantageous to dispose of their metals through the ordinary metal and bullion agents, who pay on the spot, and from these again the bullion agents of the Mint buy, according as silver or copper is needed. The Act of the Mint still binds them to take gold from any who bring it to them in coin, though, as a rule, these transactions are done through the Bank of England, which, of course, has to buy gold in ingots, dust, bars, or foreign coin, and which either sends it to the Mint for its own purposes, or sells it to the Mint as it may be wanted. As a fact, however, any one taking gold to the Mint can have it made into sovereigns, and the country bears the whole expense of the coinage. The very last private application which was made to the Mint came from Mr. Peabody, who sent about £10,000 of old gold of all kinds to be made into sovereigns. This was the only application of the kind that has been made for years past. It is a singular fact that, for the first time in the history of the Mint, not a single sovereign was struck there during the whole of last year, nor has one yet been struck there during this. During nearly fifteen months, in fact, not a pound sterling in gold has been added to the currency of the kingdom. It was thought after the panic of 1866, that the Mint would have to coin more money; but the very reverse has been the case. The Mint itself is suffering from the depression which has for a time overtaken all trades and occupations. The demand there now is not for pounds, but for shillings and sixpences, and even at the manufacture of these the men are only working half-time, and at little more than half wages.

Before proceeding to describe how the money itself is manufactured, it may not be out of place to say a few words as to how currencies die out, and how certain coins are popular or unpopular for years. The guinea and the half-crown were always popular; the five-shilling piece, the florin, and the fourpenny piece were always unpopular. The guinea was first coined in Charles II's reign, and derived its name from the Guinea Company, which used sometimes to stamp on it the elephant, as symbolical of its African origin. The guinea was so popular that its successor, the sovereign, was for a long time looked on with dislike. It may surprise the reader to hear that any coins of the realm were ever looked on with disfavour, but the records of the Mint show that the public are as fastidious in their coins as in their food; and there are some which are regarded with such dislike that the public will not take them till they see they can get no others. In this way the coinage of guineas was stopped, and the sovereign forced upon the public, who have now taken to it very kindly indeed. But this has not been the case with either the five-shilling or fourpenny pieces. The former were old institutions of long standing unpopularity. Many, even in the simplest retail transactions, refused to receive them. But they were driven out of circulation by the bankers, who sent to the Mint for silver, and the employers, who sent to their banks for silver, both of whom so constantly stipulated against taking five-shilling pieces that they remained on the hands of the Mint. Yet about £2,000 worth of these coins are made every

year to go to the Falkland Islands. There the whalers, English, Germans, Swedes, and Americans, assemble to pass the winter in harbour, and among them the only accepted currency is the English five-shilling piece; for them, therefore, it is manufactured, and to the Falkland Islands it is sent. This noble coin, therefore—by far the handsomest in our currency—is now no longer issued in this country, and will soon become as much a thing of the past as guineas. The fourpenny piece, which was introduced for the first time in 1836, has always been so unpopular that its coinage has been discontinued, and for the last twelve years not one has been struck. The favourite half-crown, too, has gone the same way, though not without a struggle for its retention on the part of bankers and employers, who took a great aversion to the florin. But it was useless coining two-shilling pieces and two-and-sixpenny pieces at the same time, so the latter have been discontinued, and now only florins, shillings, sixpences, and threepenny-pieces are struck. What are called the garter sovereigns, the lion shillings, the rose, thistle, and sham-rock shillings have all nearly disappeared from circulation, not only because they come into the Mint and are remelted and reissued in a more modern guise, but because from their scarcity there is a belief or kind of general notion that a sort of "luck" attaches to them; so they are kept to an extent that has made good impressions very scarce indeed, and when they do appear the cleanliness and sharpness of their outline show at once how little they have been in circulation. A curious illustration of this may be found even so recently as in the history of florins. The first issue of these were small in size, and the usual letters F. D. had to be omitted from their circumference. A sort of protest was raised against this coinage, which at once received the name of the "graceless florin." Public attention was thus directed to them; they were kept as specimens, and though 750,000 were issued, hardly any are in circulation, and none are returned to the Mint.

The amount of damage sustained by spurious coinage is very small. There are only a very few coiners or "smashers" in London, and as they have to manufacture by hand—that is to say, to cast each piece separately in plaster moulds, and afterwards electrotype it—the process is very slow, and is entirely limited to the silver coinage, and more especially the florin and the shilling. Coiners never make money to pass themselves. They make it and sell it in dozens to those willing to undertake the risk of palming it off on the unwary; and the price of these counterfeits is in exact proportion to the risk incurred in passing them. Thus, counterfeit florins of the best class cost as much as 12s. a dozen, and the best class of shillings 6s. a dozen; and these coins, unless minutely examined, would be taken off-hand by any one. On the other hand, shillings can be got as low as 2s. a dozen, and common florins for 3s. a dozen. The "smashers" are a peculiar set of rogues, the number of whom has not much increased or diminished for the last fifty years. There is a kind of "cutler's law" among them, never to tell from whom they buy the coin, though the Mint police would rather catch one maker of counterfeit coin than twenty utterers. Only one formidable attempt against the gold coin was ever made, and this was some three or four years ago. A party of Germans established themselves secretly at Hamburg, and entered into a well considered and deliberate plan for making English sovereigns. These conspirators did not fall into the vulgar error of our native "smashers" in making actually bad sovereigns. They simply put so much additional alloy into the pure

gold as to make its value 17s. instead of 20s. These adventurers made proper steel dies, erected presses, and had all the appurtenances for the processes which are gone through in the English Mint—in fact, they established a private mint at Hamburg. Many thousands of their sovereigns got into circulation on the continent; for, in fact, none but the Mint authorities could detect them except by weight. By this test, however, they were at last discovered, the coiners traced, and their place of business seized. The chief conspirators escaped, but all their dies, machines, and a very considerable sum in pure and adulterated gold fell into the hands of the Hamburg authorities, so that the speculation, though boldly conceived and skilfully carried out, was a ruinous one after all. Not half as many sovereigns were put into circulation as would pay the first cost of the plant employed in their manufacture. Yet within the last few days one of these sovereigns was sent back to the Mint from Devonshire, simply on account of its extraordinary lightness, without apparent wear, and the tests showing it to be to all appearance standard gold. Of course, at Tower-hill it was at once recognised and destroyed.

Those who have now and then to pay in sovereigns at the Bank of England know how often one or two or more light sovereigns are rejected—that is to say, not returned, but cut into two or three pieces, 4d., 6d., or 8d., according to the deficiency of the piece, being charged for the unpleasant process. The popular impression is that these cut sovereigns go back to the Mint to be remelted and recoined. But there are a vast number of trades in England which require standard gold for all sorts of purposes, and these regularly go to the Bank to buy these cut sovereigns. The reason is obvious; few trades use so much gold at once as to require an ingot, which weighs from 250 to 300 ounces, and if they did they have seldom the means necessary to melt it. But they can buy the cut sovereigns by the ounce or the pound, and though as *coins* they may have been light, yet as *metal* they are known to be pure. In this manner, between the gilding and porcelain trades, an immense amount of gold is annually absorbed. The porcelain trade alone takes nearly £50,000 worth of gold a year, and between gilding and porcelain the annual consumption of England and France is estimated at not less than 40,000 ounces, which is lost to currency for ever.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

OF the impulsive in the poetical temperament I have said something in the introduction to the Ettrick Shepherd, and, what was characteristic of the Scottish minstrel, was true of the Irish bard Knowles who had a dash of the impetuosity native to his country. In earlier times, when ill-received by a Bath audience in the performance of the Hunchback in his own play, he next morning called on his friend Abbott, to shake, as he said, the dust off his feet against the City of the Sun, and bid him farewell. He was resolved that "no Bath idiots should have another opportunity to affront him." Abbott in vain endeavoured to persuade him to stop. "No, my dear fellow; nothing on earth could induce me. No, no. I'm off by the first coach. Can I take any letters for you?" "Where are you going?" innocently asked the good-humoured Abbott. "I don't know yet," was the reply.

But how the scene was changed, as years stole over the head of the gifted dramatist. The fervour of his mind developed in a new direction; and, as is well known

from his publications, he became devoutly religious. I venture upon no comment, but offer the following letter in his later period, before his final exit from the stage of life, as one of the most striking and characteristic that ever could be written.

Port Bannatyne, Bute,
30 July, 1849.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I am indebted, and deeply, to the delay that has enriched me with so kind a letter. Did not I know that you loved old Knowles?

Indeed, dear friend, it was of the cause that I thought more than of myself. I thank God I think less about myself every day.

I am just concluding a reply to Dr. Wiseman's first lecture on the dogma of transubstantiation, a tissue of sophistry and execrable logic. But the poor man cannot help it; he is under the influence of that strong delusion with which God tells us that he visits those who do not receive the love of the truth—his holy word!

Farewell!—a thousand thanks. You know not how happy you have made your sincere and much-indebted friend,

James Sheridan Knowles

I trust to nothing in the controversy into which I am entering but the Word of God. I read no human work upon the subject, except such as I meet with in the mart of Antichrist.

Ah, Jerdan, I never was so happy as I am now, and yet I am writing in a fit of the gout. Depend upon it, my friend of many a year, my kind and ever steadfast friend—depend upon it that a man never begins to live indeed till he lives to die.

Have you lately seen old Forster? Jack, I mean.* I love old Jack, though we hardly ever meet but he snubs me; yet he can work for me like a Trojan when I require it. None like him, and no mistake.

In a huge hurry, expecting our morning post the very next moment.

Good bye!

BARBARA HOFLAND.

OF this popular novelist, poetess, and otherwise considerable writer, the biographies speak laudably, as the author of "Emily (4 vols.) and Beatrice," and the "Unloved One," and "The Son of Genius," and "Tales of the Priory," and "Self-denial," and "The Merchant's Widow," and "Decision," etc., etc., and which productions, as genuine pictures of life, ably constructed, and of excellent moral and social tendency, well merited the public approbation bestowed upon them. To be sure, this success was achieved before the *furor* of the sensation novel was sought and attained. Her poor invention (though she also published a volume of poems) did not reach to the creation and building-up of Frankensteins for her heroes, nor to the conception of heroines endowed as the Witch of Endor, and ten times more wicked. Her characters were only human beings, and engaged in human actions, and she was herself a kindly, good-natured woman, who thought no evil, and delighted in doing good. She was the wife of Hofland, one of the sweetest of our landscape painters; and both were amiable as their occupations.

The following letter was addressed to a literary lady, and only communicated to me with the view to enlist my services in the cause, in which, if I remember rightly, nothing was effected. Thelvall, it may be recollected, was one of the first and foremost of democratic reformers,

* "Jack," so called with his familiars, but not the less a heartfelt and a just compliment paid by the writer to his constant friend, John Forster, the author of so many admired historical and biographical works. That I somewhat deserved the similar sentiment expressed to myself, I am gratified to preserve the memory by stating that, on the death of my gifted friend I took the liberty of addressing a letter to Mr. William Cowper, with whom I had the honour of a slight previous acquaintance, the result of which was (as he kindly replied to my letter) that he recommended the case to Lord Palmerston, and the widow received the grant of a pension.

and a very popular lecturer for the dissemination of their opinions, specified in the "Anti-Jacobin" as—

"Thelwall and ye that lecture as ye go."

Sir James Macintosh's famous "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" only followed suit; but the letter has so little to do with these matters, that I merely mention them for the sake of explanation.

The letter itself I give as an example of the conspicuous superiority of the female over the male sex in this species of composition. As I read it, I would say that no man could have written it, though ever so able and skilful in composition—it is woman, and woman all over:—

Though you are, I well know, very busy, yet I cannot forbear calling your attention to the situation of poor Mrs. Thelwall, who, as the widow of a man who for half a century was the unflinching advocate of those political principles which at length obtained ascendancy, appears to be unaccountably neglected.

It is well known to many high in power that the widow and an infant of two years old are left destitute, yet not a single sovereign has been offered to enable her to lay a plain stone upon his grave, nor has one newspaper pleaded her cause with one party, or commented upon her situation to the other. This is the more strange, because, though Mr. Thelwall had outlived his early friends, he was, as a lecturer, making others up to the day of his death, and he was allowed to be truly a patriot and an *honest man* by all parties, as well as a man of considerable attainments.

It is true Lord Brougham gave his son a living, with the understanding (I believe) that it should be an asylum for the old age of his father; but the Chancellor could not be aware, I think, that, at the best, this living only produced £200 per annum, and it appears that, from tithe disputes and such things, it now produces comparatively nothing, and young Thelwall was really better off as a curate. Unhappily Mr. Thelwall advanced his son upwards of £200 (his savings for the last few years) in order to render the vicarage habitable, in consequence of which his widow is without money entirely, as, under his present circumstances, it is impossible for her son-in-law to repay it; and, as his eldest sister is entirely dependent upon him, even if his living comes round what can he do for Mrs. Thelwall and her child?

If by the aid of a little money she were put in a way to help herself, there can be no doubt of a woman of her decided abilities doing well. She can teach both the harp and piano, she is perfectly mistress of French, and, I think, Italian, and she understands thoroughly the mode of curing impediments of speech practised so successfully by her husband. She has long feared that she should be left in poverty, and is not only willing but desirous of exerting herself to the utmost, and is of such an upright and independent mind that she refuses to burthen a widowed mother with herself and child, though a home with Mrs. Boyle has been warmly pressed upon her.

And surely it is no small praise to say of a young and handsome woman, full of various attractions, placed continually before the public as the wife of a man thirty-five years older than herself, that the breath of slander never has passed over her, that even the malignity created by political feeling never aimed an arrow at the husband through the medium of his pretty wife, a circumstance which argues not only the strict propriety of her manners but the high-minded purity of her principles, especially as she had not the ties of a mother to aid those of a wife till within the last two years.

Pray do think about her and assist her if you can. The press can do anything. Her own party ought to be roused in her behalf, or exposed for their deficiency, and I really think the others might take up her cause from magnanimity or pity. She is a Catholic, not a bigoted or ignorant one, but a steady Christian, who even the husband she revered could never turn aside from that which she held to be the true faith. Surely those of her own church ought to hold her in especial estimation.

But I ought not to press upon your time. I know enough of the kindness of your heart to feel sure you will do your best for one whose case claims compassion from *all*, and positive aid from those who know that, for half a century, her husband consistently advocated a cause he held to be sacred, and to which they have *professed* attachment. Cold and weak must it have been if their orator and champion, a man of consistent conduct and unblemished name, may thus drop into oblivion, and leave in vain those dear ties to their care who ought to be cherished as the valued legacies of one who bequeathed them to his country.

Once more forgive me, and believe me with sincere respect

Your faithful servant,
B. HOFLAND.

Kensington, 15 July.

Hofland died about twenty-five years ago, and his widow survived him hardly twelve months.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Cork has been called the Athens of Ireland, and if we glance at the prolific number of distinguished artists and authors it has given to the world, though it cannot boast of the two great minstrels, Moore and Lover, I think the justice of the compliment may be frankly conceded. Among its worthies, who come within the scope of my design, the writer of the annexed letters takes a prominent place. His various illustrations of his native country in many of its aspects, historical, legendary, antiquarian, scenic, and jocular, demonstrate his patriotic attachment to it, and procured for him its grateful recognition. He was taken from us before Ireland had fallen upon the evil days of which we hear so much. He was naturally a humourist. How would the change have affected him? Well might he have asked Where are the national characteristics now? What has become of the fun and frolic almost universal and always so entertaining? Where are the Irish characteristics—the good humour, the sportiveness, the nonchalance, the open-heartedness, and the brave endurance of hardship or misfortune? Where be their jibes and their jests? Can all that was attractive and estimable have sunk into dark conspiracy, and been swallowed up in fiendish schemes of rapine and murder? Surely this cannot be all true; sad it is to think how much of it is. Let us hope that Ireland and Irishmen will speedily resume their genuine condition, and be again what Crofton Croker (being one of themselves) so pleasantly painted them. Och! for the darlint Paddy, even with his coat buttoned behind; the mischief-loving, bull-making, ready-witted, self-satisfied, naturally dexterous and ever merry Pat, to give us a laugh at all his eccentricities, and a pity for his aberrations. Och, that we could enjoy him again in all his national characteristics, using the present joyously for what it was worth, not brooding on the future for the miseries it might inflict. Let us hope that the auspicious visit of the Prince and the Princess of Wales may be the dawn of cheerier and more loyal days.

It is not easy to illustrate Croker's participation in the humours of his country, as he often in his letters engrafted the pencil on the pen; but they may serve to show the interest he felt in the proceedings and improvements of the passing time.

52, Charlotte Street, Portland Place,
7th January, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you I have done little but grumble at the gout, which lingers about me sadly. I still carry my left arm in a sling, and can only hobble across my room on crutches. I hope to get out soon, but I really know not when.



You have had *all* the services I could perform, viz., enclosed review, or rather notice (which I assure you is perfectly impartial) of some new songs.

To-morrow I expect from old Landseer an account of two very curious autograph letters of Adam Smith, which, with rather a curious one of Smeaton's and some others, he has recently (as I think I mentioned to you) tumbled up among Dr. Roebeck's papers. Out of his account I hope to make a good "variety paragraph."

I also expect notices of the most recent Danish and Swedish

literary proceedings, and which I hope I have made arrangements shall be continued to the "L. G." from time to time, through the Swedish Embassy here. The Swedes, I have been astonished and pleased to find, are extremely literary. Every one who pretends to the character of gentleman writes English, and every officer of their navy must undergo a severe examination in French, German, and English before he is considered as qualified to serve. Northern antiquities and mythology, to which their attention has been called by the writings of Sir Walter Scott, are at present the favourite subjects in Sweden; and really if I could recollect half the delightful anecdotes which my friend told me on these subjects I could make a wonderful "Gazette" for you. However, he has promised to put them down for me, and you shall have them, as well as his further communications.

Not a word yet from that lazy dog Wyon [the admirable designer of our mintage]. He shall have another twopenny.

I expect a collection of North Pole plants, and anecdotes concerning them, in a few days, which shall be of course at your service.

I have just got your note. I really sympathize hand and foot with our poor poetess. The possibility of one who possesses so much innate fire as L. E. L. catching cold, never entered my head.

Our cloaks? I will write to the demure Deborah by to-morrow's post, and you shall be acquainted with the result.

Ever truly yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Buckingham's paper—*sad* stuff, heavy as unleavened bread. It cannot rise!*

The "Literary Journal" (from "the editor" of which I have had rather a cool letter)—a mere childish affair evidently without the slightest pretension to connection.

The next is full of literary chit-chat.

Admiralty,

30th July, 1828.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—In the first place I was delighted at seeing even your handwriting once more this morning; but more on that subject hereafter. In the next place I want you to put Mr. Dagley's christian name and address on the enclosed note, and shall further "be obligated to your honour" by forwarding it to him. It contains the proof of Miss Dagley's really very pretty story, and I am of course anxious to get it back that it may be printed off.

Now for myself. I have been full of business, morning, noon, and night, with the "Christmas Box," which I have at last got into good train, and hope all will now go smoothly with me.

I have written for Allan Cunningham's book a little Irish tale, in return for some verses which he sent me for mine. I was obliged to decline Southey's ballad which he wrote for the "Christmas Box," about a cock and a hen, on account of the price—£50!!!

I have sent Miss Edgeworth, according to your advice, £30 for her article. I have got pretty contributions from Miss Mitford, Henry Ellis, Major Beamish, Mrs. James Douglas, Mrs. Holland, Madame de Labourg, etc.

I have nearly completed a jewel of a book for you, of which you shall have an early copy—"Legends of the Lakes; or, Traditionary Guide to Killarney." I am quite pleased with it myself, and I think it must be exceedingly popular. But not a word more until you see the volume, which is printing off as fast as Whittingham can work it. It is a musical, poetical, political, legendary, topographical, and pictorial work.

I will scribble something about the books which you sent me this morning, early next week. I must also send you (which I shall without delay) the sketch of society at Hastings, long promised, and live in hopes of seeing you when all this bustle is over.

Most faithfully yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

I add a third, simply as quoting some acute remarks on biography by the other Mr. Croker (J. Wilson); it refers to a memoir for Fisher's National Gallery.

Admiralty,

20th December, 1832.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have just received a letter from Mr. Croker, from which I copy the portion wherein you are concerned. It is dated yesterday.

* It got into more clever hands, however, and did rise to extensive circulation.

"I will, at my first moment of leisure, send you a sketch of Lord Hertford's life; but nothing is so hard as to write the life of one still living (unless he happens to be at your elbow), as it is very difficult to get at dates and facts with which the Peerages supply one in the case of the dead. In two or three days I shall hope to be able to send you a short memoir, which your friend may use as it stands, or may add to, alter, or improve upon as he may think proper.

"I shall also, if it would be agreeable, send you a little notice of a story book which a *young and fair friend of yours** has written, and which is about to be published by Mr. Murray. 'Tis a trifle, but to me it seems clever in its way."

I have written to Mr. Croker begging him to send the memoir without loss of time, as the month is so far advanced, and I therefore reckon on it by Saturday. I hope this will answer your purpose; and as I am going into the city this afternoon, if I can, I will call at Fisher's, and give them your reason for the delay, should the Marquis of H.'s portrait be for this month.

Ever yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

I shall only add that Croker delighted in practical jokes of the most amusing kind. He was for many years President of the Noviomagians, a playful offshoot from the Royal Society of Antiquaries; and I once, in conjunction with his wife, took him in female attire to be hired by friends who wanted a servant. They happened to be out walking; and, waiting their return, the applicant maid was taken into the kitchen by the cook. The confidential revelations of that functionary of all her master's and mistress's faults, and the disagreeables altogether, were so formidable that our Sally begged leave to decline! It was a very droll adventure.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

V.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE Japanese women have more attention paid to their education than is usually bestowed upon the instruction of the female sex in other Eastern countries. For the lower classes of society there exist what may be termed primary schools, where both boys and girls are taught together. At a proper age the boys are drafted off to separate schools to pass through a definite course of study, and the girls are instructed in domestic matters. The accomplishments of painting and music and poetry are taught to women of the higher classes, as well as to those whose only object is to attract attention. There are dramatic, historical, and poetic works written by women, which command as much attention as those produced by men. This, of course, evidences an amount of mental culture in Japanese women, nearly if not quite equal to that of the other sex. The possession of the power of literary composition amongst Japanese women is of very ancient date; for we find poems written by them amongst popular collections which go back to very ancient times. For instance, Jito wrote the second Ode in a number gathered together by Teika, who died A.D. 1241. Her mother was the daughter of a nobleman. Jito married the Emperor Ten Mu, and after his death assumed the government in the year A.D. 702.

Another lady, with the difficult name of Murasaki-Shikibu, wrote fifty-four very celebrated histories, to each of which she prefixed a figure composed of five upright strokes, connected by horizontal ones, and a name was given to these strokes which served to designate

* Mrs. George Barrow.

the stories they headed. The whole collection was termed "Gen-ji-mo-no-ga-ta-ri." This means, when translated, "The History of Affairs of the Original Families." It probably was a work similar in character to Burke's "Anecdotes of the Peerage;" that is, a narrative of events which occurred in the oldest and noblest families of the land; and these have been handed down to the present day, one of them being embalmed in the collection before referred to.

So, again, we hear of a mother and daughter, high in rank, who both possessed so much poetic talent that, on some verses composed by the daughter being read at court, the audience refused to believe they were not the mother's production, until she disavowed having in any way assisted her daughter in writing them.

These facts, which can be relied on as authentic, show the great age of these Eastern civilisations compared with our own; for at a time when England was divided into numerous small districts, and its inhabitants engaged in constant petty warfare, when letters were preserved only in the monasteries, and the chieftains knew no arts but those of the sword, Japanese princesses were composing poems which, repeated from mouth to mouth, and multiplied by the process of printing, have been handed down to the present day.

Painting is another art in which Japanese women excel. It is particularly in depicting animals, birds, and flowers that their talents are displayed. In harmony of colour they are not surpassed by any other artists, and their delineation of birds in every variety of attitude, either during flight or on the ground, is most true to nature. Sometimes it is the wild goose, just rising from a cover of reeds, or the stork preparing to rest on the ground, or with outstretched neck taking its distant flight, that is drawn with a fidelity and life-like truthfulness that seems the effect of genius, and not of mere imitation. The stork, which endears itself to the inhabitants of every country it visits, is a very favourite subject for the decoration of boxes and cabinets, and is drawn as frequently as the domestic fowl and the pretty little sparrows.

Books, fans, boxes, and screens serve as vehicles for the display of this talent; the perspective is somewhat out of rule, though much superior to that of Chinese pictures, and the colouring is so harmonised and tempered that the eye at once recognises its beauty. Water-colour painting is the only branch of the art known in Japan; and so much freedom has been attained in the use of the brush, that with a few touches of broken tints, defined, perhaps, with Indian ink, the design stands clearly on paper. The art of printing in colours has been practised for centuries in the Land of the Rising Sun, whilst with us it is still quite a recent discovery.

Designs are also furnished for embroidery, which are beautifully executed on satin, the drawing being copied in coloured silks and gold thread. The absence of substantial walls to their apartments may perhaps account for pictures, simply as pictures, not being seen in their houses; but a substitute is provided in the shape of paintings on scrolls, which must be unrolled to be displayed. These often represent mountain passes or views of the Bay of Yeddo, with the far-famed Fusi-yama in the distance. Its graceful cone, and the reverence which is felt for it by the Japanese, has probably educated their taste in the appreciation of beautiful form. In alluding to it we may as well diverge from our immediate topic to speak of this, the "Matchless Mountain," and the influence it has had upon Japanese

art. Its elevation is far greater than that of any mountain in its neighbourhood, being a few feet higher than Mont Blanc, or about 14,150 feet.

Rearing its graceful snowy summit far above the surrounding hills, it can be seen from great distances, and, though situated sixty miles inland, it serves as a landmark to the navigator when steering through these dangerous seas. Every atmospheric influence lends it a fresh charm. When the morning sun strikes upon it and gilds its silvery cone, or when the sun, sinking behind it, makes the sky glow with crimson, and throws into full relief its lovely yet gigantic proportions, Fusi-yama is seen in all its magnificent beauty. Then, if mist dull the view, its summit, raised far above earth-born clouds, is sometimes seen emerging from them; but from its height it is difficult to distinguish between mountain-land and cloud-land. Sometimes the jealous mists roll suddenly away, and reveal it in all its grandeur. Occasionally, in the fierce heat of summer weather, the melted snow may be seen trickling down its steep sides in glistening streams.

Fusi-yama is regarded as the type of beauty, purity, and strength, and certainly combines, in a way that no other form does, the ideas of vastness and loveliness, ideas which are not usually excited by the same object.

Sin-foo, the warrior priest, and founder of the purest sect of Japanese religions, was buried on that mountain 300 years B.C., and his tomb has ever since been looked upon with awe and reverence, and a pilgrimage to it is considered as one of the most sacred duties.

The ascent of this extinct volcano is, as may be anticipated, very steep and rugged, and many of the pilgrims have lost their lives in endeavouring to attain its holy heights, for fierce storms sweep down its rocky sides, and overwhelm the tired traveller exposed to their strong blasts. The difficulty of the undertaking, of course, increases its merit, and invests the pilgrim with a holy character, when successful; and thus the most deeply-rooted principles of human nature, as well as the strong love of natural beauty implanted in them, make the Japanese regard this mountain with love and awe.*

Though Fusi-yama is no longer in active eruption, yet the whole district betrays its volcanic origin, and constant earthquakes shake the solid earth, and show what powerful perturbing influences are still in operation beneath. Like other volcanic soils, the ground in the neighbourhood is favourable to the growth of the vine, and delicious grapes are produced, which, as has been mentioned before, our sisters in Japan pack carefully in arrowroot for transmission to distant parts.

Subjects for decorative purposes are chosen from other sources besides the winged tribe and landscape scenery. The floral kingdom, also, contributes many beautiful objects for designs. The iris, or blue flag; the mowtan, a flower similar to our peony; the peach and plum blossoms, the pomegranate and lilies, are often represented, each kind generally forming a separate study. The feathering and graceful bamboo is used with great effect in every variety of decoration, whether it be for the embroidery of a little boy's robe, the decoration of a cabinet, or the foreground of a landscape.

* This monarch of mountains exerts an almost equal fascination over foreigners residing at Yokohama and Kanagawa, who soon come to look upon it with pleasure and affection, and it is a constant object of attraction in their daily walks and rides. An English lady has recently ascended to the top of Fusi-yama, Lady Parkes having accompanied Sir Harry S. Parkes, our Minister Plenipotentiary, in his expedition to its summit. Some British merchants were with this privileged party.

Varieties.

CHAMBERS OF AGRICULTURE.—As a class, agriculturists have been the last to combine for purposes of defence and mutual assistance, although they form the largest body of men in the kingdom who are engaged in one special employment, and employ more capital and more labour than any other class. It has been reserved, however, for the second half of the nineteenth century to see the agriculturists fully awake to a sense of their best interests; and, perceiving what combination has done for the interests of other classes, they have copied the example set them by Chambers of Commerce, and in various parts of the country have founded Chambers of Agriculture, the members of which meet from time to time and discuss such matters as most intimately affect them—such as turnpike trusts and highway acts, cattle disease and importations of foreign cattle, farm wages and labourers' cottages, compulsory education and the half-time system, etc., to which, in eastern England, has been added the subject of the present state of the gang question, with the restriction of the children's labour, the abolition of the mixed gangs, the licensing of gang-masters, and the probable regulation of the "private" gangs, into which the legislature is now making inquiry. At the present time there are about forty of these Provincial Chambers throughout England, numbering about 12,000 landlords, tenants, clergy, and others; and these Provincial Chambers are in connection with a Central Chamber of Agriculture in London, the business of whose council is conducted by the Central Council of twenty-six members, with nearly 100 representatives from Provincial Chambers. The Central Council publishes its own reports, and has it in contemplation to publish a monthly digest of the reports of the meetings of the Provincial Chambers. At the annual dinner of the Northampton Chamber of Agriculture, Lord Lyveden reminded the 340 guests that the Chambers of Commerce not only looked after their members' business at home, but, by telegraph and agents, looked after it all over Europe, and that Chambers of Agriculture should be equally active in looking after their interests. And these interests are shared in by all classes; for, as Mr. Wells said at the Inaugural Dinner of the Peterborough Chamber of Agriculture, "they advocate this movement, not to benefit themselves alone, but the country at large."

WRECKS ON THE EAST COAST.—Of the fearful loss of life on our coasts, the public reports and the shipwreck-charts published annually by the Life-boat Association, give us too plain an account; but we can hardly gain from them any idea of the miserable rotten vessels, through which the loss so often occurs, or of the still more miserable economy of selfish, unprincipled, grasping owners, in sending them to sea with too few hands to manage them. It is not too much to say that by the storm-signal system of the late Admiral Fitzroy hundreds of vessels escaped wreck, and thousands of our fishermen were saved. If the honourable gentlemen of the Board of Trade could have seen how strong a faith the sailors on our east coast had in the storm-signals they would have felt convinced that their efficacy was the cause of that faith; for we all know how slow seafaring men are, as a class, to believe in anything new, and especially if relating to their profession. A recent article in a quarterly publication called "The Shipwrecked Mariner," shows that a large proportion of the wrecks each year are referred to defects and unseaworthiness in the ships, and that in the last ten years nearly 1,000 vessels have been wholly or partially wrecked through that cause." It goes on to state that, "in the last seven years, accidents befel 230 ships between 50 and 60 years old, 102 from 60 to 70, 48 from 70 to 80, 14 from 80 to 90, 6 from 90 to 100, and 4 from 101 years and upwards." Thus we find that 535 laden colliers, and about 400 colliers in ballast, or nearly 1,000 of the total were wrecked in 1865, and 868 of the disasters took place on the east coast.—*B., Aldborough, Suffolk.*

A MALAYAN POET.—Amid all the wonderful varieties of mankind, effected by climate, forms of Government, traditional customs and manners, and stages of intelligence (cited as evidence of progress and civilisation), there is nothing more true than that human nature is the same. The following was not written in England in 1868, but in the Polynesian Archipelago, by a Malayan poet, hundreds of years ago (vide Marsden); and yet it might be attributed to our poet Laureate of yesterday. When England, like Sumatra, has become a "nice little island," without adjacent territories and colonisation, the les-

son, which is here translated from the Malayan, may be re-translated for some other powerful people:—

"It is time that those of the present race were wise;
They have much science, but plain good sense is wanting.
They are able to count the stars in the sky,
But cannot tell when their own faces are smutted."

So much for the astronomers, including the astrologers of these elder times. With regard to the general literati, the writer adds—

"Their employment is mutual obloquy, and recrimination,
And every place is filled with inquisitive tattlers."

But the Malayan poet goes into another mood; and it is in this we feel as if he had come home upon Belgravia and us in the guise of a "Saturday reviler."

"In these days the behaviour of young women is immodest,
Flirting, and toying with the young men.
It was not the case with maidens of former times,
Who possessed much delicacy and sense of shame.
Circumstances are now very different,
And all sort of conversation is familiar to them,
Where there are a number of youthful gallants,
There you will find the women assembled,
Whose manners assume a variety of hues."

Such is the Malayan moralist's description of the "girls of the period." The consequence of all this is too obvious.

"Even the children, now o' days, imitate their elders,
And both boys and girls are equally forward;
They play about promiscuously together,
With all the familiarity of man and wife.
Are not such things evident signs
That the end of the world is drawing near?"

W. J.

PRAYER.—Time spent on our knees is not time lost, if after one hour of meditation about God we are given even one moment of the gracious sense of his presence. Of this the natural man knows nothing, he does not even desire it. He says his prayers as a kind of blind duty. He believes that it will in some way do him good, that God will directly give him the thing that he prays for, or give him a more submissive mind to make God's will his own. These are the two theories of prayer when looked at in the light of the intellect. They are true as far as they go, only they do not go deep enough to the root of the matter. There are three kinds of prayer corresponding to the three parts of our nature. There is lip prayer, notional prayer, and the prayer of devotion, properly so called, when the spirit rises into communion with the Father of spirits, when we do not merely desire good things from him but that he would reveal himself to us.—*The Tripartite Nature of Man; Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. (Clark.)*

BUTTER TRADE.—The consumption of Irish butter in London is not 20 per cent. of what it was formerly. The quality of Irish butter has improved, but fresh competitors have entered the field, and in the north, where Ireland has hitherto held possession, French butters are gaining ground. Thus the countries from which the chief supplies were received in each of the years 1863, 1864, and 1865 were as follows:—Holland, 295,418, 336,224, and 345,026 cwt.; France, 135,098, 163,020, and 353,115 cwt.; Hamburg, 138,089, 128,305, and 120,162 cwt.; United States, 173,351, 142,672, and 83,216 cwt.; Belgium, 75,277, 81,575, and 70,619 cwt.; Denmark, 42,994, 62,329, and 65,555 cwt. The great increase from France is strikingly apparent. The greater proportion is made in Normandy and Brittany. The finest quality is sent to Paris; the other qualities, however, are noted for cleanliness, uniformity of colour, and equality of weight in each package. The Dutch housewives are celebrated for their cleanliness; every utensil employed in the dairy is bright, the floors are kept with rigid neatness, and the churns and pails are constantly cleansed. According to the Dutch Government, the quantities exported were 11,609,614 gallons in 1863, 13,351,897 in 1864, and 14,203,236 in 1865. The Dutch have always had the greater share of the London market, but within a few years a trade has sprung up with France, which surpasses that of all other countries. It appears, however, that the Irish producers have taken the field in good earnest; and it is to be hoped that their article, which is intrinsically good—better even than that of any other country—will not be displaced for the want of attention to matters of detail, the first and foremost of which is the all-important matter of cleanliness.

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THOMAS DICKSON GIVES HIS MASTER WARNING.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XL.—THE SECRET OF RELATIONSHIP IS DISCOVERED
BY HENRY AND MARY MORTON.

As soon as Mr. Aston was informed by his niece that old Mrs. Margaret—of whom he retained a perfect and kindly recollection—was on a visit to St. David, he requested Mary to bring the old lady to Cliff Cottage.

Mrs. Margaret, who, to use her own words, declared that she would "ave know'd him to be a Morton if she had met him at the furdest end of the world," was somewhat disappointed because he confessed that at first sight he could hardly recollect her features. A brief conversa-

tion with him, however, satisfied her that if he had forgotten her features, he had not forgotten the many acts of kindness he had received at her hands when he was a child. He readily recalled to mind various little incidents connected with himself and his sister, which, though trivial in themselves, the old lady fondly cherished in her memory, and delighted her by the eagerness with which he listened to the history of various matters that had occurred after he had left home and was supposed to have perished at sea. The old lady declared that to see him and talk with him made her feel quite like a young woman again.

"Ah, Master Henry"—she persisted in calling him Master Henry, to the great amusement of Mary—"Ah, Master Henry," she said, "if you'd 'ave come back long years ago, things would 'ave been very different at the Hall, and at Fordham. My young mistress, your sister, poor dear, would 'ave been spared much misery, and would never 'ave been wronged so shameful as she were. Mr. Foley would never 'ave come in to the estates; and, lawks a me! I might 'ave been livin' housekeeper at the Hall to this day. I never thought, when I were a young woman, to see any one but a Morton master at the old place. And surely, Master Henry, now as you 'ave come back—better late than never, as the sayin' is—you won't let them Foleys, as treated poor Miss Mary, your sister, so shameful, remain where they be?"

"We shall see in time, Mrs. Margaret," replied Mr. Aston. "I daresay it will not be long before you see a Morton in possession of the Hall once more." "And, Master Henry," continued the old lady, "Miss Mary do tell me as you 'ave grown-up children in 'Meriky. Deary me; only to think! It don't seem so long since you was but a little boy."

"I have a daughter as old as my niece, and a son a year or two older," replied Mr. Aston. "Perhaps you may see them in England ere long."

The old lady continued to ply her questions until Mr. Aston at length rose to retire to his study.

"You must come and see me again, Mrs. Margaret," he said, as he shook hands with his visitor. "Come to-morrow evening to tea, you and Mary, and we'll have a long and cosy chat together about old times;" and so saying he left the room.

Scarcely, however, had he seated himself at his writing-desk in the study, ere there came a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Aston; and Thomas Dickson entered the room.

"What is it, Thomas?" inquired his master; "Nelson (the only horse Mr. Aston kept, which had been ailing) Nelson is no worse, I hope?"

"No, sir; Nelson be doing pretty well. He'll be all right agin in a day or two; but if you please, sir, I have come to say as I think o' leavin' sarvice at the end of the quarter, and I thought 'twere but right as I should give you fair warning."

Now, although Mr. Aston had roamed over the greater portion of the earth, and had lived for many years in the western wilds of America, where constant change is the order of the day, he had preserved amid all his wanderings the Englishman's love of old places and old faces. He had been a wanderer by force of circumstances rather than by inclination, and had never felt anything like content until he had married and settled down in America. Even then, as has been seen, as soon as he had lost his wife he felt an irrepressible yearning to return to his native land. It was therefore with a feeling of vexation and annoyance that he learnt, when Thomas presented himself in the study, that the man's object in seeking an interview was to give him warning, and request him to look out for a new servant. True, he had never really liked Thomas Dickson. He had thought him too fawning and submissive with his superiors, and too fond of playing the petty tyrant over his fellow servants. Mr. Aston insisted upon prompt obedience from his servants; but his long residence in the Far West of America had taught him to detest servility. Nevertheless, Thomas was a tolerably good servant, and a careful driver, and it might not, he thought, be easy to find another to fill his place.

"Why do you wish to leave me, my good fellow?" he

therefore inquired. "Have you heard of a better place?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Thomas, with an obsequious bow. "I couldn't wish for a better situation, nor a better master."

"What is it, then? Are your wages insufficient?"

"Dear me, no, sir; the wages is all I could expect."

"Why do you wish to leave, then? You have some reason, I suppose? Out with it, man, and don't stand simpering there like an idiot."

"Please, sir," said Thomas, looking down upon the carpet, and twirling his cape with his fingers, "there's an old saying, as sarvice is no inheritance, and I'm thinking of quitting sarvice for good, and settin' up in bis'ness."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Aston, "you are at liberty to please yourself, of course. I only hope, my man, that you won't find, as I suspect many who have been fond of spouting that foolish old adage have found, that the service you disdain is better than the business you wish to engage in. What business is it, pray? A man needs some capital in order to commence business with any prospect of success."

"Please, sir," replied Thomas, "I've had a bit of a legacy left me, and I be thinking of going into the public line at Falmouth, sir."

"Of keeping a public house, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, sir; if you have no objection."

"What objection can I have to your acting as you think proper? Though, if you'd take my advice, you'd lay by your money, and keep out of the public line, as you call it. I'm afraid, Thomas, that you're too fond of drink to safely expose yourself to temptation. It is the only serious fault I have to find with you."

"Dear me, no, sir, indeed," replied Thomas. "And I'm in no hurry, sir, for two months, or three, for that matter."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Aston, "you can do as you please. You may go at the end of the month, if you think fit. Meanwhile, I must look out for some one to fill your place."

"I shall not be sorry to get quit of the fellow after all," thought Mr. Aston, as Thomas, smirking and bowing, backed out of the study. "I wonder whether Mr. Sinclair or Doctor Pendriggen know of any suitable person. I must inquire next time I see them." And thus thinking, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Mr. Aston had sat down to write to his son and daughter, in response to the letters received from them by the last American mail. It had become necessary for him to inform them that Henry Talbot was their cousin, and to explain to them the reason wherefore he, himself, had assumed their mother's maiden name on his arrival in England.

"Henry Talbot must have been aware," he wrote, after he had explained the relationship, "that you were his cousins, from the first moment of his arrival at Watertown, and also that there was some mystery pending over me, though it appears from your letters that while you spoke of me by my true name, he has never told you that he only knew me as Mr. Aston. As he could not be sure of my motive in assuming your mother's name, I think he has acted discreetly, and with great circumspection. If he be with you when you receive this letter, or if not, the next time he visits Watertown, it will be for you to turn the tables, and let him know that you have discovered his secret."

There was, however, other matter in the letter, which—although both Henry and Mary Morton had some idea that their father wished to end his days in his

native land—somewhat surprised and startled his children. He wrote that he had made up his mind to remain in England, and that he wished them to come to him as soon as possible.

"I shall not dispose of my American property," he said, "and there is no necessity that I should return to America. You, my son, can do all that is necessary for the present, which is to place some competent person in charge of the property during your absence—say for a twelvemonth; and then, if you choose, after you have seen England, you can return and resume possession. If you decide to remain in England, we must then make arrangements for the sale of the land and houses, and the shipping on the lake. Mary I should wish to remain with me; and, as the season will soon be growing late, I wish you to arrange matters, and embark for England as soon as possible. For aught I see to prevent you, you may be with me in two months from the date on which you receive this letter. I have been so long absent from you that I am naturally anxious to see you back again, and to introduce you to your cousin Mary, whom I am sure you will like. I shall be glad, and so, I am sure, will Mary Talbot, if you can persuade your cousin Henry to return to England with you. I think if you unite your persuasions you may induce him to take passage on board the same ship with you." The letter was filled up with advice relative to the arrangement of affairs during their absence from Watertown, which it is unnecessary to repeat.

When this letter reached its destination, it occasioned some thought. Mr. Morton's wishes, however, exactly coincided with those of his children; and, finally, Henry Morton wrote by the return mail that he and his sister would be able to make all needful preparations and arrangements within a month, and embark for England at the end of that period, and that they hoped to arrive at St. David, bringing Henry Talbot with them, within a few weeks from the date on which their father would receive their present letters.

Henry Talbot was absent on the lake, on board the Franklin, when Mr. Aston's letter, announcing his relationship to the family, arrived at Watertown. When, however, about a week later, he again visited the "Place," he was met, as he entered the grounds, by Mary Morton.

The brother and sister had previously arranged between themselves how they would greet him on the occasion of his next visit, and how they would make known to him that they had discovered the secret which they had no doubt he had kept to himself ever since he had known them.

"Ah, cousin Henry," said the young lady, emphasising the word cousin, "we have been anxiously looking for you for some days past. Your friend, Mr. Aston, has written to us respecting you, and we also have received a letter from our cousin, Mary Talbot. Seriously speaking, sir, what have you to say in extenuation of the shameful duplicity of your behaviour towards my brother and myself?"

The young lady tried to look serious, but she was unequal to the task. Henry Talbot comprehended at once how matters stood, and stammered forth in reply—"It is true, Miss Morton, that I knew—that is, I suspected—I mean to say, I thought from the first, but could not be sure; and I had no right——."

The young man was so confused that he was unable to explain what he wished to say, and Miss Morton, unable longer to keep her countenance, broke into a merry laugh.

The effect was contagious. Henry, who had been doubtful at first whether Miss Morton were not really angry to learn that she and her brother had been in a certain sense his dupes, laughed himself, and neither were able to speak another word until they were joined by Henry Morton.

"You seem to be making merry over the discovery of your cousinship," said the young backwoodsman, smiling himself in sympathy. "However, I am glad to see you, and to welcome you as my cousin, Mr. Talbot," he went on, holding out his hand to his newly discovered relation. "You must have discovered our relationship to you from the first moment you met us," he added. "Why in the name of wonder did you play us such a trick? Why did not you explain to us before this, that you were our cousin?"

"I was about to explain the reason to Miss Mary," replied Henry, "when she interrupted me by laughing at my confusion. I confess that I have suspected, from the first moment I met with you and your sister, that you were the son and daughter of my long lost uncle Henry. Nay, more, my suspicions were awakened before I left St. Louis. I thought, from some words the merchant in whose counting house I served let fall, that my friend Mr. Aston was really Mr. Morton; and as Morton was my mother's maiden name, and as Mr. Aston had taken such strange interest in myself and my sister, I thought it just possible, even then, that he might prove to be my mother's long lost brother. That supposition, in fact, explained several remarks he had made to me at different times, which were inexplicable to me at the moment.

"When I arrived at Watertown, these suspicions became almost certainty, especially when you related to me the history of the travel-stained pocket Bible, and I saw the names in the title page. Still, withal, I could not be positively certain; and if I had been—knowing as I did that your father had thought proper, evidently unknown to yourselves, and for reasons still unknown to me, to assume the name of Aston—I should not have thought myself justified in betraying his incognito to his son and daughter; and unless I had done so, I could scarcely have explained my own suspicions.

"He, I now perceive, has acquainted you with the facts, and I can only say further, that I am happy to claim you for my cousins, and glad that there is no longer necessity for any more mystification between us."

"Nay, the mystification has been all on your side, cousin," said Mary Morton. "I don't know, I'm sure, whether we really ought to overlook such conduct. What do you say, brother Henry? Do you think our cousin's plea justifiable? Do you think that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, we may accord him our forgiveness with a due regard to our own dignity?"

"I think we may, Mary," replied Henry Morton, smiling at his sister; "taking it into consideration that he is a foreigner, unaccustomed to the straightforwardness of our Western habits and manners, especially as we ourselves have to ask a favour from him."

"You mean, Henry, that we are commissioned to beg him to go to England with us?" replied Miss Morton. "Perhaps that may require no great sacrifice on his part. However, I am inclined to be merciful, so I will consent to overlook his past duplicity. What say you, brother?"

Further explanations were then entered into. Henry Talbot read his sister's letter to his cousins, as well as that to himself; and though he, of his own accord, now

that he had obtained employment which suited him, would gladly have remained longer in America, he offered no obstinate objections to his cousins' request, that he would be ready to embark with them for England at the end of another month; supported as their request was by his sister, who, although she made no mention of the distress she had suffered during his absence, expressed herself as especially anxious that he would return home.

He therefore wrote in reply to his sister, that she might expect him to arrive, with his cousins, in about two months from the date of his letter.

Henry Morton arranged with his father's overseer to manage the property during his own and his sister's absence, and Mary set to work at once to make preparations for her long ardently wished-for visit to England.

The mail-packet that sailed from New York, exactly one month from that date, bore on her passenger-list the names of Mr. Henry and Miss Morton, of Watertown, Michigan, and Mr. Henry Talbot, of England.

CHAPTER XL.—JEMMY TAPLEY HAS HIS SUSPICIONS AWAKENED BY A CONVERSATION WITH DAME BOLITHO IN THE FISHERMAN'S ARMS.

It is no easy matter, if it be ever so desirable, to keep any movement a secret in a small country village such as St. David. The news that Thomas Dickson was about to leave Mr. Aston's service, and take to keeping a "public" in Falmouth, soon spread through the village, and most people thought Thomas was a very foolish fellow to think of quitting a good and easy service, under a single gentleman, to encounter all the risks of business. The great wonder, however, was where Thomas Dickson had obtained the capital that would be required to purchase the lease and goodwill of the premises he spoke of occupying; and there were not a few who thought, with Mr. Aston, that Mr. Dickson would be a large and unprofitable consumer of his own liquors.

Nearly two months, however, had passed away since Thomas had given warning to his master that he intended to quit his service, and he still remained, though he intended to leave in the course of another month, by which time the public-house would be handed over to his keeping by its present proprietor. Mr. Aston had not yet engaged a new servant. The fact was, he was indolent in such matters, and, so long as Thomas remained with him, he hardly gave a thought to his leaving him.

The letters from America had been received, and Mr. Morton and Mary Talbot were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next mail packet, which they expected would bring, as passengers, the son and daughter of the former, and the brother of the latter.

Mary, however, had not received any reply to the letter she had written to Sir Arthur Lockyer; and though she had learnt from Mrs. Margaret, who had returned to Hammersmith, that Sir Arthur was still abroad, she was naturally becoming very uneasy. She thought the young baronet's letters would certainly be forwarded to him, wheresoever he might be, and his continued silence created a doubt in her mind, in spite of her confidence in her brother's innocence, as to whether the baronet had really lent Henry the money he had shewn to her.

About this time Jemmy Tapley called in one day at the Fisherman's Arms, as he was in the habit of doing, to indulge in a chat with the widow Bolitho, over a mug of ale and a pipe.

It has been mentioned, in a previous chapter of this history, that Jemmy Tapley was present on the occasion

when Mr. Ferret was talking over the affairs of the village with the buxom and chatty widow; and since that time the old sailor had been turning over in his mind certain expressions he had heard from the lawyer, and wondering what could have brought him—for no apparent purpose—to the village.

That Thomas Dickson was in some way or other connected with the lawyer's visit, the old man felt pretty certain; yet he found himself utterly unable to conceive how two such distinct personages *could* be in any way connected with each other, or could have any business in common.

Jemmy Tapley had never looked with a favourable eye upon Dickson, since the latter had entered Mr. Aston's service; and yet, if he had been asked to give a reason for his dislike to the servant-man, he would have been unable to answer.

In fact, he had no reason for his antipathy, unless it were the innate aversion which a thoroughly honest man sometimes conceives to one whom he suspects to be a knave or a hypocrite; and this species of antipathy or aversion exists more frequently amongst the lowly and uneducated than amongst persons in a superior condition of life, for the simple reason that in the higher classes of society men are better able to conceal their real characters and feelings from each other, under the outward gloss of cultivation and refinement.

"Tummas Dickson still hangs on at Muster Aston's place," observed Jemmy Tapley to Dame Bolitho, on the visit to which I have alluded.

"Ay, Jemmy," replied the widow; "but aw've heard as un be goin' to leave at t'end o' th' month. The more fule he."

"He'll be wantin' a woife to mind the 'public' wi' un," continued the old sailor. It'll be four year sin' Sally Baker, his first woife, died. He weer livin' i' sarvice i' Falmouth then."

"Who'd be *his* second woife?" answered Dame Bolitho, with a scornful toss of her head.

"Aw *have* heard, widdy," the old sailor went on, with a sly glance at the active, bustling dame behind the counter, "ur un, ha' arxed you to go wi' un, and be missus o' the public at Falmouth."

"*Me!*" exclaimed the widow, her face flushing as she spoke. "Aw wudna ha' un, Jemmy, if un weer worth his weight i' goold. Aw woulna' ha' sich as he a'ter Cap'n Bolitho, if theer weer na another man i' the 'varsal world."

"But tha' canna say as un didna arx 'ee, widdy?" persisted the old sailor, enjoying the widow's vexation. "Aw ha' heerd from them as knows as he arxed 'ee so of'en that tha bade un ne'er to show his face i' thy public agin?"

"Ay," replied the widow, with a smile. "Aw'se warrant Jemmy as un'll not arx me agin. Aw sent un off wi' a flea in his ear, aw trow. He offered me—aw don't mind tellin' thee, Jemmy—he offered me a' the money aw wanted, and he bought a gay, gold bracelet from Falmouth, and said he'd put it on my arm if aw'd say aw'd be his wife. 'Na! not if tha' wert gowd thusen, and aw could melt 'ee down into gowd guineas,' aw told un, and he went off dumbfounded, and aw ha' na been plagued wi' un sin'."

"Where did he find money to take the public, and to buy gowd bracelets wi'?" said Tapley. "That's what aw canna understand, widdy."

"He says as he had a legacy left un," returned the widow. "But he didna give money for th' bracelet. When aw told un he weer too extravagant to go into bis'ness if he spent his money in buying jew'ry, he said

as he hadna bout it, but had changed some owd fashioned jew'ry as had belonged to his wife for th' bracelet, and some money into t' bargain, wi' Caleb Jakes the pawnbroker at Falmouth. Aw should like to know where his wife—poor soul—got hold o' the jew'ry he changed, for her folk as well as his'n weer as poor as church mice."

"What sort o' jimcracks weer they as un changed for t' bracelet?" asked the old sailor.

"Did un tell 'ee, dame?"

"Ay. 'Tweer a locket, he said; but he bid me say nought about it to nobody. But aw don't know why aw should howd *my* tongue to please *him*. He may keep t' owd bracelet till he can find a wife to wear it, for me."

Jemmy Tapley had by this time drunk his beer and finished his pipe. The entrance of fresh customers put an end to the conversation, and with a "good e'en" to the widow, and a nod to the fishermen, the old sailor quitted the public, and returned to his own humble cottage, muttering to himself, as he stumped along on his wooden leg, and, to all appearance, sunk in deep cogitation over what he had heard from Dame Bolitho.

THE QUEEN BEE.

THE queen bee, as is known to most, is larger, longer, and tapers more than the working bee. The wings are proportionately shorter, and on the under part of the body she is of a yellowish-brown colour. Like the worker she is armed with a sting. You never see the queen roaming about in search of flowers. Neither the queen nor the drone ever does this. Occasionally, however, the "royal mistress of the hive" flies abroad for an airing, or it may be, according to Huber, for some other equally important purpose.

The prosperity of the hive greatly depends upon the life and health of the queen. There are some circumstances under which even "the busy bee" will not work. Flowers may be scattered thickly over every meadow; trees and bushes may be literally dripping with honey; the bee may have a clean, healthy home, with the wax already made; and yet the bee will not work. How is this? The bees have health, strength, wealth—everything that is needed for bee-life—but the queen is wanting, and they are out of heart. They have no brood-cells to watch, no 'royal mother to defend, and they completely break down under their discouragements.

Who has not seen a royal cell, the "queen's palace" of the hive? This is not her majesty's residence, but her birth-place. It is unlike the other cells, and hangs down from the edge of some piece of comb. The workers and drones are hatched in cells lying in a horizontal position, but the queen is hatched with her head downwards.

Bee-writers tell us that all the eggs laid in the early part of the season are of the working sort; that the eggs for producing drones or males are laid about two months later; and those for the females immediately afterwards. In the first International Exhibition was exhibited a queen said to have been produced from a larva of the working sort; and the production of a queen in this manner has been pronounced "the most remarkable fact ever brought to light in natural history." My opinion is, that *there never was a queen produced in any other way*, and that all eggs produced by the queen are either male or female. Are not the working bees undeveloped females? Naturalists tell us that they are.

And will not the larva of the working bee produce a queen at any part of the season, if treated with the attention and respect due to royalty? I have had abundant proof that such is the fact. Why suppose anything so unnatural as that a queen bee should lay eggs male and female, and *something else*, this something else being the greater part of the eggs produced during the season? Or why suppose anything so unnecessary, when it is known that the eggs of the working bee sort will bring queens whenever a queen is wanted?

In the middle of March, 1856, the queen of a very prosperous hive, of good weight, died. I found her outside the hive, in a very weak state, and placed her within the doorway of the hive; but she died before the following morning. The busy tenants of the bereft home pursued their avocations as if nothing had happened, which convinced me that the deceased mother had been fruitful up to the time of her death. If so, according to my theory the bees could in due time raise another queen, but one that would necessarily be barren, as no drones were in the hive or in the garden. I watched this case with considerable interest, as it might confirm my views, or, on the other hand, set all my calculations at naught. For several weeks the bees worked well, and carried home a good deal of bee-bread—a sure sign that they had found nothing amiss. Now, however, the time had come "to pass the rubicon." The eggs of the late queen had all been used up, and, if no more could be hatched, the bees would become spiritless and sad. I felt persuaded that a queen had been secured, or the bees would not have worked so long. On the 16th of April there were evident signs of mischief. The hitherto industrious creatures ceased to carry in bee-bread. I wanted no further proof that the queen's eggs were not hatching, the cause of which was sufficiently clear. One of my hives having produced drones rather early, I had the opportunity of supplying my failing stock with their one *desideratum*. Therefore, on the 23rd of April I placed in the hive six drones, and prevented their exit by closing the doorway for a short time. If I had put these strangers into a hive where they were not wanted, they would have been expelled or killed without ceremony. Not so here. By the 10th of May a marked improvement had taken place. From this time the tide of prosperity flowed; and I find the following memorandum on June 17th:—"Drones still keep possession, and the population increases very fast." On the 4th of August I took a bell-glass of honey from this hive.

I once heard a lecturer (Dr. Carpenter) say that when a queen became old and barren, the bees destroy her, and raise up a young one in her room. If Dr. C. had gathered his knowledge from observation, instead of "from books, he would probably have arrived at a different conclusion. The faithful subjects abide by their royal mother to the last; and should her death be of a lingering kind, so that she can lay no eggs for a few weeks, the inevitable ruin of the community follows. I must add, however, that from unhealthy and incompetent queens we get many of our weak stocks, and all our "desertions."

The old queen leaves the hive with the first swarm. When the young queens are hatched, it often happens that another swarm comes off, accompanied by more queens than one; of these, one appears the favourite. Her majesty does not "lead off" her subjects when they colonise, but, dutiful subjects as they are, some of the commonalty precede, and commence clustering on some bush, or other convenient place, the queen following. It sometimes happens that the whole of a swarm will

alight without the queen, in which case they soon return to their old quarters. Take the following in proof. A swarm of mine came off, and "pitched" in their usual orderly manner. Before I had time to secure them they began their homeward flight. As I was watching their movements, I found the queen-mother on the ground, unable to fly; but she appeared to be otherwise in good health. I secured her, and allowed her to enter the hive she had just left. Thinking that the bees might on the following day repeat their attempt to colonise, and with the same result, I resolved to put the queen, with the swarm, into another hive. As I anticipated, the swarm again left the hive and clustered as before. Again I caught the queen, and, having hastily removed the old stock out of the way, put an empty hive in its place, and gave her majesty undisputed possession. Before she had time to complain, "This does not suit my dignity," the swarm, discovering the absence of the queen, again returned to what they expected to be their old home, but chanced to be another, and one not so well provided with conveniences and comforts. As soon as possible I carried away the swarm and replaced the parent stock. Afterwards all things went on smoothly and well.

Upon a similar occasion I found the queen, and thought it best to destroy her. The bees returned as usual, and awaited the advent of a more youthful empress. On the 9th day the hostile trumpet announced the birth of rival queens: one or two of these left with the swarm on the following day.

I once hived a fine swarm, and soon the bees, instead of going off to work, began making a sound which, to the apiarian's practised ear, means "We don't like our new lodgings, master." I went to the parent stock to watch them crowd home. On the doorway-platform of an adjoining hive there was a singular little bunch or coil of bees that attracted my attention. Suspecting that the lost queen might be in the middle, I hastily removed the whole to the hive which the swarm was deserting, put them on the ground, separated the bees, and, seeing the queen amongst them, guided her to the hive. The bees instantly changed their tone, and no more of them left the hive.

J. B.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

JUNE.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

MIDNIGHT at midsummer, in the latitude of London, is so influenced by twilight, that many of the small stars, visible to the unassisted eye in the dark nights of winter, can only then be seen with telescopic aid, especially those north of the zenith. The sky near the north horizon is now more or less illuminated, while the general aspect of the heavens bears witness that there is no real night, but that there is constant day or twilight throughout the twenty-four hours. To those of our readers who are resident in the north of England, or in Scotland, the absence of complete darkness at midnight will be still more evident; but if we proceed to higher latitudes, or within the Arctic circle, we shall find that there will be no darkness at all, and that the phenomenon of the midnight sun will at that hour be daily observed skirting the northern horizon. In London, however, there is always sufficient darkness on a midsummer midnight to observe stars down to the fifth magnitude with the naked eye, and consequently all contained in our diagrams.

Referring first to the lower map, or to the southern half of the sky, it will be perceived that, although there

is a general absence of very conspicuous constellations, yet several well-known stars are to be seen in different directions. Let us confine our attention at present to the sky east of the meridian, starting, as usual, from the zenith. The first star which naturally attracts our notice is Vega, about ten degrees south-east of that point. Very near Vega, in the same direction, are Beta and Gamma Lyrae, two stars of the third magnitude. Directly below these, and between Lyra and Aquila, are the small constellations, Vulpecula, the Fox, and Sagitta, the Arrow. Aquila can be distinguished midway between the zenith and the horizon, by its group of three stars in the neck of the Eagle, the central and the largest being Alpha Aquilæ, or Altair. Between Aquila and the horizon, Capricornus is situated. The position of this sign of the zodiac is not, however, well marked, owing to the paucity of large stars in that neighbourhood. North-east of Vega several bright stars in Cygnus are clearly visible, four of them being of the third magnitude. These are all generally known by a Greek letter, the star nearest to the zenith being Delta, the next Gamma, then Epsilon, and the last Zeta Cygni. To the north of Gamma, Alpha Cygni, or Deneb, shines as a star of the first magnitude; but this object is included in the northern half of the sky, and consequently will be found in the upper map. Between Cygnus and the eastern horizon the space is occupied by the constellation Pegasus, one half of which at midnight is south, and the other half north of the imaginary line separating the two halves of the sky. Several bright stars in Pegasus can be seen near the horizon in the east. Three of these, together with the principal star in Andromeda, will form conspicuous objects in future diagrams, the combination being popularly known as the square of Pegasus. Between Aquila and Pegasus two small constellations, Equuleus and Delphinus, may be noticed, the latter more especially by a group of fourth and fifth magnitude stars. The horizon from due east to due west is occupied by several of the signs of the zodiac, the constellations, commencing from the east, being Aquarius, Capricornus, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Libra, and Virgo, the last-mentioned extending to a little north of west.

The principal stars on the meridian at this time are those in Ophiuchus, the chief object in which is Ras Alague, or Alpha Ophiuchi, about forty degrees from the zenith. Between Ophiuchus and the zenith the space is occupied solely by the constellation Hercules, which extends to a point very near the two bright stars in the zenith, Beta and Gamma in Draco. Ophiuchus spreads over a large portion of the sky on each side of the meridian, and reaches nearly to the south horizon. Excepting two or three stars near Ras Alague of the third magnitude, there is very little to attract the attention of observers in this constellation. West of the meridian, several well-known objects, the positions of which we have pointed out in the descriptions of the diagrams of preceding months, are still very conspicuous. First, near the horizon in the W.S.W., but out of the limits of our diagram, Spica, and other bright stars in Virgo, are on the point of setting. Arcturus, and a few other tolerably large objects in Boötes, are now a little south of west, about forty degrees from the horizon. They can be readily found by the ruddy appearance of Arcturus. Between Arcturus and the meridian, Alphecca and its companions, forming the Northern Crown, can be easily observed by the regularity and compactness of form of that small constellation. Directly south of Corona Borealis, and exactly midway between the zenith and horizon, Serpens, with a group of several bright objects, can be seen, the principal star being between the second

and third magnitudes. This portion of the heavens, including Hercules, Serpens, and part of Ophiuchus, is peculiarly rich in stars of the second class. Near the S.S.W. horizon, the constellation Scorpio, with its bright star Antares, a few of the second and third magnitudes, and more than usual of the fourth and fifth, can now be easily recognised. In June, 1868, the planet Saturn will still be found among the stars in Scorpio. Alpha and Beta Libræ are also visible, but they are within a short time of setting. Libra occupies the greater part of the south-western horizon.

The principal constellations in the south half of the midnight sky of London, in the middle of the month of June, may be briefly enumerated as follows:—Hercules, Lyra, Corona Borealis, Vulpecula, Sagitta, Delphinus, Equuleus, Aquila, Ophiuchus, Serpens, and Libra; and parts of Boötes, Cygnus, Pegasus, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, and Aquarius.

Serpens is one of the forty-eight ancient constellated groups, and extends over a considerable portion of the sky; the head, which is under Corona Borealis, is well marked by several stars of the third magnitude; the body winds through Ophiuchus, and the tail reaches the Milky Way near Aquila. Its principal star, Alpha Serpentis, of the second and a half magnitude, was known to the ancients by the name of Unukalkay, and by the astrologers of the middle ages as Cor Serpentis, or the heart of the serpent. This star is of a pale yellow colour, and is closely followed by a very small telescopic object, first noticed by Sir William Herschel, with his twenty-foot reflector. In the catalogues of Ptolemy and Copernicus this constellation is made to consist of eighteen stars, all of which were clearly visible to the naked eye; Flamsteed increased this number to sixty-four, while the atlas of Bode contains 187. Most of the principal stars in Serpens are situated in or near the head; Alpha is, however, in the fore-part of the body, a short distance below the head. The reader can easily identify the last-mentioned star in the diagrams of the south sky, by drawing a straight line from Alpha Aquilæ, or Altair, east of the meridian, through Alpha Ophiuchi, or Ras Alague, on the meridian, to a corresponding distance west of the meridian, when it will pass through, or very near, Alpha Serpentis. Or, if we have recourse, as on other occasions, to the rhymester, the upper part of the body of the serpent may be clearly pointed out by reference to the same stars:—

“To strike th’ insidious Serpent’s heart,
A line from Altair wield,
From thence below Ras Alague,
Across th’ Arabian Field;
And when as far again you’ve reached,
As those two stars may be,
The middle one of three fair gems,
Serpentis Cor you’ll see.”

Libra, the Balance, is the first autumnal sign, and the seventh in order of the twelve signs of the zodiac. This constellation is bounded on the east by Scorpio, on the south by Centaurus and Lupus, on the west by Virgo, and on the north principally by Serpens. According to Ptolemy, it contained only seventeen stars visible to the naked eye; but in the atlas of Bode, 180 are inserted. The position of the two scales is pointed out by the two principal stars, Alpha and Beta, the former being exactly midway between Spica and Antares. Alpha Libræ is of the third magnitude, and of a pale yellow colour, preceded by a star of the sixth magnitude. Beta Libræ, a pale emerald-coloured star, is of the second magnitude, situated a short distance to the north-east of Alpha. The Balance was considered of old to typify the equality of the autumnal days and nights, as well as

the general uniformity of temperature at that season of the year. The sign of Libra has been the subject of a difference of opinion among astrologers, some of whom have placed it among their lucky signs, while others have classed it, owing to its proximity to Scorpio, among those least beneficial to human interests. An illustration of the latter has been gathered from an old illuminated almanack bearing the date of 1386, in which it is calmly stated that “whoso es born in yat syne sal be an ille doar and a traytor.” Libra contains several interesting double and triple stars, and two clusters. One of the clusters, No. 5, Messier Libræ, is a beautiful object over the beam of the Balance. Through telescopes fitted with a low magnifying power, this superb cluster has the appearance of a round nebula. When Messier observed it first in 1764, he described it as such, adding the remark, “I am certain that it contains no star.” But when Sir William Herschel, in May, 1791, directed his great forty-foot reflecting telescope to it, he found it resolved into separate stars, of which he counted no fewer than 200. At the same time, the central mass was so compressed, that he was not able to resolve that part of the cluster, so as to distinguish the different components.

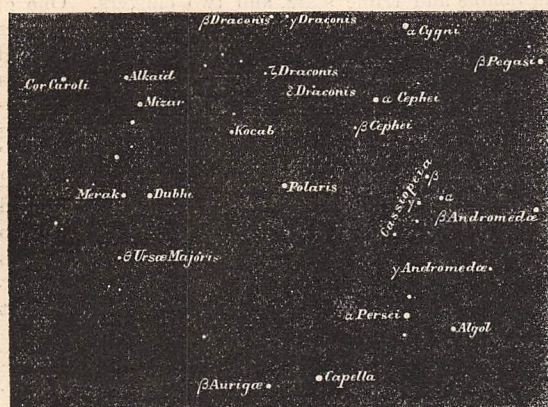
Scorpio, the Scorpion, is the eighth sign in order of the zodiac, and one of the forty-eight old constellations. Of its origin we have been informed by the ancient poets of Greece, that the Scorpion was sent by Diana to destroy Orion for interfering with the duties of her office. Ovid, however, tells us “that this Scorpion was produced by the earth to punish Orion’s vanity for having boasted that there was not on the terraqueous globe any animal which he could not conquer.” The autumnal season of the year has also been fitly represented by the Scorpion, for whereas the former produces in abundance all kinds of fruits which are frequently the parents of many diseases, so the latter, as he recedes on his path, is supposed to inflict all manner of wounds with his tail. Scorpio is bounded on the east by Sagittarius, on the south by Lupus, Norma, and Ara, on the west by Libra, and on the north by Ophiuchus and Serpens. Antares, called also Cor Scorpæ (the heart of the scorpion), is the chief star in this constellation, and is a small first-magnitude star, preceded by a very close companion of a bluish colour. Antares shines with a deep red light, and may be found readily by drawing a line from Vega, through Ras Alague.

“Through Ras Alague, Vega’s beams direct th’ inquiring eye,
Where Scorpio’s heart, Antares, decks the southern summer sky.”

Antares, with Aldebaran in Taurus, Regulus in Leo, and Fomalhaut in Piscis Australis, were looked upon by the ancient Persians as the guardian stars of the heavens, dividing the celestial sphere into four equal parts. When Aldebaran was in the vernal equinox, and the guardian of the eastern sky, Antares was in the autumnal equinox, with a like charge of the western sky. Regulus being near the summer, and Fomalhaut the winter solstice, these two stars overlooked the northern and southern portions of the heavens respectively. At the present date, these four stars no longer hold these prominent offices, as the equinoxes and solstices are now in very different parts of the heavens, on account of their retrogression, produced by what is technically called “the precession of the equinoxes.” In like manner, we can imagine how much the position of the first point of Aries, or the vernal equinox, will be changed in future ages with respect to the stars. Even at the present time, this point is no longer in Aries, but has penetrated some distance into Pisces.

Scorpio is not a large, but it is a very brilliant con-

stellation. Besides Antares, it contains Beta Scorpii, or Iklil, a star of the second magnitude, with an interesting close companion of the sixth magnitude. Scorpio also includes a great number of stars from the third to the fifth magnitudes. This general brilliancy was certain to attract the attention of the astrologers and soothsayers of the early and middle ages. On this subject, the late admiral Smyth remarks, in his "Celestial Cycle," that Scorpio was always looked at as a group



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, JUNE 15.

of stars portending universal evil. He says "Scorpio attracted much notice from the corps of astrologers, with whom it was the 'accursed constellation,' and the baleful source of war and discord; for, besides its being accompanied by tempests when setting, it was of the watery triplicity, and the stinging symbol of autumnal diseases, as it winds along with its receding tail. But though stigmatised as 'the false sign' by seers of every degree, the redoubtable Gadbury, at whose birth it ascended, broke many a lance in its defence, and stoutly contended for its beneficial influences; and the alchemists were well assured that the transmutation of iron into gold could only be performed when the sun was in that sign."

Corona Borealis, or the Northern Crown, is a small



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, JUNE 15.

constellation between Boötes and Hercules. It consists principally of the group of well-known stars in the form of a crescent, the position of which, and the means of finding it, we have already described. Its principal star, Alphecca, or Gemma, is of the second magnitude,

and is situated in the centre of the front of the crown, as the most precious stone in the diadem. Four stars are of the fourth magnitude. This constellation, confined as it is within a very limited space, contains, nevertheless, some interesting objects, including three binary, in addition to other double stars, and also a triple and a quadruple star. Corona Borealis is one of the ancient asterisms, and is supposed to have derived its name as far back as the date of the origin of the zodiacal signs. It was also considered to be the crown of the virgin, from its rising immediately after Virgo. According, however, to the mythology of the Greeks, the origin of the name arose from the circumstance of a beautiful crown having been presented by Bacchus to Ariadne, daughter of Minos, King of Crete. On the death of Ariadne, who had become the wife of Bacchus, and as a memorial to her honour, this crown was placed among the stars, forming the constellation Corona Borealis. By reference to other stars, there are various ways by which this group can be pointed out. One of them is by passing a line from the last two stars in the tail of the Great Bear, through the northern part of Boötes, when it will pass a short distance south of the group. In the spring months, the following alignment in rhyme will also serve this purpose, Epsilon Virginis, referred to in the first line, being the most northerly conspicuous star in Virgo above Spica:—

"From epsilon in Virgo's side Arcturus seek, and stem,
And just as far again you'll spy Corona's beauteous gem:
There no mistake can well befall e'en him who little knows,
For bright and circular the Crown conspicuously glows."

It was near Epsilon Coronæ Borealis, the most easterly star of the principal group, that a most extraordinary temporary star suddenly appeared on May 12th, 1866, shining equal to one of the second magnitude. The first trustworthy observation was made at Tuam, Ireland, but it was on the same and subsequent days discovered independently in various parts of Europe, North America, and India. When first noticed, its lustre equalled Alphecca, but the daily diminution of brightness from the day of discovery was very rapid, amounting for some time to an average rate of half a magnitude each day. Within a month it decreased to the ninth magnitude, to a mere point even when viewed through our principal telescopes. This wonderful object is all the more curious from the circumstance that it is a catalogued star observed by M. Argelander, of Bonn, in the years 1855 and 1856, and noted by him as of the ninth and a half magnitude. From the sudden outburst of this star, which was not previously suspected of variability, astronomers have been led to consider that it most probably had been subject to some catastrophe, the effects of which first became apparent to us in May, 1866. If the outburst consisted of inflammable gas, the star would naturally return to its normal size as soon as the gas was completely consumed. From the second week in June till the middle of August, the star continued of the ninth magnitude; but in the autumn of 1866, the light of the star again increased for a few weeks, and then resumed its ordinary appearance, as first observed in 1855 by M. Argelander. It has been frequently examined since, but no appreciable change has been noticed. As a proof that something peculiar has been going on in this hitherto comparatively insignificant object, it may be stated that the analysis of its light, as viewed through a spectroscope, has not only exhibited the dark lines of the spectrum similarly to those in the spectra of other stars; but in addition, a series of bright lines has been observed, indicating that the light by

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, JUNE 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, JUNE 15.

which the secondary spectrum was formed, was emitted by matter in a state of luminous gas. The position of one of the bright lines was coincident with that found from the analysis of the light produced from the combustion of hydrogen gas. Many explanations, or rather speculations, have been given concerning the origin of this remarkable outburst, but nothing of a decided nature has been published. It may possibly be a variable star analogous to those which are known to have their regular periods of increase and diminution of lustre; but still its peculiar double spectrum must naturally lead us to infer that the surface, or more probably the atmosphere, of this distant globe, has been subjected to a conflagration of some kind, or, as it has been aptly termed by the Rev. C. Pritchard, the late president of the Royal Astronomical Society, "the atmosphere of a world on fire." The position in the heavens of this curious object, as well as its relative size with respect to the stars in Corona Borealis, can be readily seen by reference to the accompanying small diagram, in which the new star is inserted at its maximum magnitude, as observed on the night of its discovery.

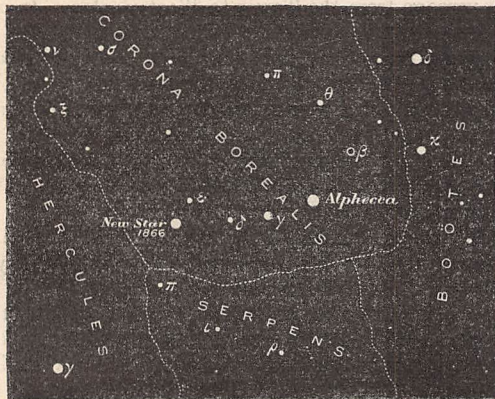


CHART SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEW STAR IN CORONA BOREALIS.

A few stars have lately been examined, whose spectra show bright lines very similar in their nature to those of this temporary star in Corona Borealis, and consequently differing considerably from the general stellar spectrum in which black absorption lines only are visible. M. Secchi first pointed out Gamma Cassiopeiæ as one of these abnormal stars, and MM. Wolf and Rayet have since added three others of small magnitude, very near each other in Cygnus, to the list.

We will now transfer our attention briefly to the upper map, which is illustrative of the midsummer midnight sky of London north of the zenith. First, let us look directly overhead, where the two stars Beta and Gamma Draconis will be noticed as the brightest objects in the immediate neighbourhood, the more westerly star being Beta. Draco at this time occupies nearly the whole of the sky near the meridian between the zenith and Polaris, and all the stars as far as the Lesser Bear belong to that constellation. Commencing at Polaris, the form of Ursa Minor can be traced to the two bright stars, Kocab and Gamma Ursæ Minoris, which are a short distance west of the meridian in the direction of the zenith. The space between these stars and Charles's Wain, in Ursa Major, is also occupied by a part of Draco, which winds its way almost to the north side of Polaris. Confining our remarks at present to the stars west of the meridian, the principal constellations which fall under our view are, in addition to

Draco and Ursa Minor, the whole of Ursa Major, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, Leo Minor, and Lynx, with portions of Boötes, Leo, and Auriga. The seven principal stars of Ursa Major now occupy the north-west sky, the pointers Dubhe and Merak being about midway between the zenith and horizon. Below Ursa Major, and near the horizon in the north-west, but out of the range of the diagram, portions of Leo and Leo Minor may be seen with some of the bright stars of Leo near the horizon. Looking due west from the two stars in Draco in the zenith, and passing down to the horizon, we traverse more or less through Hercules, Boötes, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, and Virgo, the last-mentioned being in the horizon. Below Ursa Major in the N.N.W., Lynx is situated, while in the north horizon the meridian divides the constellation Auriga, and its two bright stars, Capella and Beta Aurigæ, the former being slightly east, and the latter slightly west of due north.

The sky east of the meridian includes the whole of Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, and Lacerta, and considerable portions of Perseus, Cygnus, Draco, Pegasus, Pisces, and Camelopardus. Let us now look due east from the two zenithal Draconian stars. At about one-third of the distance to the horizon, the eye will fall on Alpha Cygni, or Deneb, and near the horizon, on the bright stars of Pegasus. The stars of the latter constellation are now outside of the limit of this month's diagram, but they will in future appear in the views of the south sky. The most attractive constellation in the north-east is Cassiopeia, which is about midway between the horizon and zenith, having Cepheus above, and Perseus and Andromeda below. The principal stars in Perseus, including Alpha Persei, and Algol, are visible near the N.N.E. horizon, east of the conspicuous stars Capella and Beta Aurigæ.

The relative positions of the constellations which we have been describing, will be precisely the same with respect to the meridian and horizon, at other hours than midnight, in preceding and succeeding months of the year. Consequently our diagrams for June are also available for comparison with the heavens at 10 P.M. on July 15th, at 8 P.M. on August 15th, at 6 P.M. on September 15th, at 6 A.M. on March 15th, at 4 A.M. on April 15th, and at 2 A.M. on May 15th.

The short nights of summer are not generally favourable for the observation of the planets, but on June 9th, 1868, Venus is at her greatest brilliancy, and is therefore the most magnificent of all the stars soon after sunset during the month. She is in the constellation Cancer in the north-western sky, and can be recognised long before any other star becomes visible. Venus sets below the horizon about twenty minutes before midnight on the 1st, at 10.38 P.M. on the 15th, and at 9.20 P.M. on the 30th.—Mercury is also an evening star, and in a very clear sky may be seen after sunset near the north-west horizon. In the beginning of the month he sets about two hours after the sun, and at the end one hour. The only favourable time for observing Mercury with the naked eye is, therefore, on evenings before the 20th of the month.—Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2.32 A.M., on the 15th at 1.56 A.M., and on the 30th at 1.23 A.M.; he will consequently be visible in the north-east sky among the stars in Aries, shortly before sunrise.—Jupiter is a conspicuous morning star in the constellation Pisces, and rises on the 1st at 1.42 A.M., on the 15th at 0.45 A.M., and on the 30th at a quarter of an hour before midnight.—Saturn continues in Scorpio, and is visible to the naked eye very nearly

throughout the night hours. He is on the meridian before midnight, and sets on the 1st at 3.50 A.M., on the 15th at 2.48 A.M., and on the 30th at 1.47 A.M.—Uranus is above the horizon during the day-time, and is therefore unfavourably situated even for telescopic observation.

At the beginning of June the moon will be in Virgo; on the 2nd she enters Libra, on the 3rd Scorpio, on the 5th Sagittarius, in which sign she remains till the 7th; on the 8th and 9th she is in Capricornus; from the 10th to 12th in Aquarius; and on the 12th she enters Pisces. From this day she rises after midnight, and during the remainder of the lunation she is visible for a few days only before sunrise. Full moon takes place on the 5th, at 6.55 A.M.; last quarter on the 13th, at 10.14 A.M.; new moon on the 20th, at 2.45 P.M.; and first quarter on the 27th, at 5.51 A.M. Two days after new moon she may be seen as a very fine crescent in the north-west in Cancer, near the planet Venus. On the 23rd she enters Leo; from the 25th to 28th she is in Virgo, and in Libra at the end of the month. On the morning of the 10th she is in apogee, or at her greatest distance from the earth, and on the 22nd she is in perigee, or at her least distance from us.

TEMPLE BAR.

THE history of the Bar, or rather Bars (for there were more than one, which, receiving their name from the adjacent Temple, separated the freedom of the City of London from the liberty of the city of Westminster), is very obscure. Anciently this separation was made by posts, rails, and a chain similar to those which formerly were placed at Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel. It is, however, at this distance of time, impossible to ascertain, with any certainty, when they were removed, and a house of timber, extending across the street, erected. This timber house had a narrow gateway, and one passage only through the south side of it for foot-passengers.

In the royal progress of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn to Westminster from the Tower of London*, on Saturday, May 31st, 1533, preparatory to her coronation on the Whit Sunday following, we find the first mention of a Bar, or house of timber, in Fleet Street.

After describing various scenes in the Triumph, at notable points of the route, the old chronicler, Edward Hall, tells us that "Temple Bar was newly painted and repaired; and there also stood divers men and children, and so the company rode to Westminster Hall."

Anne Boleyn was the last of Henry VIII's crowned queens. No further mention of the Bar is made in this reign, and we have to follow the son of Queen Jane Seymour, the youthful Edward VI, to his coronation, to find the next notice of this City entrance. On February 19th, 1547, the Gate, we are informed, made a gay and handsome appearance, "being painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standard of flags; there were also eight French trumpeters, blowing their trumpets, after the fashion of their country, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same." Edward, however, was not long to wear the crown; of a feeble constitution, he died of consumption at Greenwich, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign. Mary Tudor, his half-sister, succeeded him; and, in accordance with

ancient custom, on September 27th, 1553, being the day prior to her coronation, she rode through the City, *not* as her predecessors had done, on *horseback*, but in a chariot of cloth of tissue, drawn by six horses, trapped with the same; and we find that Temple Bar was then "newly painted and hanged."

It is in this reign, also, that we have discovered in the City Records the first entry of any matter connected with the Bar; it is as follows:—

"Oct. 23, 1554. I. and II. Philip and Mary.

"Mr. Chamberlain shall commit the custody of the new Gates at Temple Bar to the Cittie's tenants dwelling nigh unto the said gates, taking nevertheless especial order with them, for the shutting and opening the same gates at convenient hours."

Wyatt and his followers had, probably a few months previously, in his ill-contrived rebellion, destroyed, or so damaged the old Gates in forcing his way into the City, that the civic authorities were compelled to erect new ones, the care of which, by the above resolution, devolved on those of the City's tenants who were living adjacent to them.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Temple Bar again bore its share in the pageantry set up to celebrate the royal passage from the Tower to Westminster. It was honoured, on this occasion, with the presence of the two giants from Guildhall, Gotmagot the Albion and Corinaus the Briton, who held between them a poetical recapitulation of the pageantries, both in Latin and English. The Bar put on its gayest attire; "on the south side was a noise of singing children, one of whom, richly attired as a poet, gave the Queen farewell in the name of the whole City."

Time passed on, and with it the Augustan age of pageantry; and for the next hundred years no entry is found in the civic records relating to Temple Bar.

Triumphal arches were raised to welcome James I to the capital of his newly-acquired kingdom, as well as on the return of his grandson, Charles II, after his banishment from it. Little mention, however, is made of the Timber House which stood across the street; and three scourges had visited the nation, civil war, pestilence, and fire, before we again meet in the City Records with any mention of it; and now it is not for its safe keeping, but for its destruction, that the Court of Aldermen and Common Council ordered:—

"1669. 21 Car. II. July 29th.

"The Commissioners of Streets and Sewers, sitting at Scotland Yard, have several times proposed the opening and taking down of Temple Barr, for enlarging the streets there, and to pay the sum of £1005 out of the revenue arising by Hackney Coaches, to satisfy the City, and such as claim under them for their respective estates in the houses, and rebuilding over and adjoining to the said building, and towards the charge of taking down and rebuilding the same; to which this Court hath hitherto declined to agree to, in regard, it appears, upon a due estimate and computation, that the charge of that work will far surmount the said sum. Now this day the Lord Mayor made relation unto the Court that his Lordship was sent for to appear before his Majesty in Council on Friday last, upon his Majesty's demand did offer his charge before mentioned as the reason why the said Temple Barr was not taken down withal, respecting the great sum of money the City had expended towards the rebuilding their public works consumed in the great dismal fire, amounting already to about £80,000, for all which they are thereby clearly indebted, and how great a sum is yet further necessary to the works remaining, with other instances of this City's present weak estate and inability. But that His Majesty did nevertheless insist upon taking down of the said Barr and Buildings, and signifying his pleasure several times to that purpose, and that towards the said charge the City should accept the said £1005, but was pleased afterwards to declare that when that sum was expended he would take care they should be further supplied, either out of the said revenue by Hackney Coaches or otherwise, for reviving or finishing that work.

It was ordered—"That Mr. Chamberlain should receive the sum of £1005 towards the rebuilding of the said Barr."

In pursuance of this resolution the work of destruction shortly commenced, and the old timber house was speedily demolished, and the stone gateway (completed

* From a very early period of our history, it had been the custom of our kings and their consorts to sleep in the Tower the night prior to their coronation.

in 1672, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren) occupied its place.

The old house, as we have seen, had ever been associated with scenes of joy and festivity, whilst the one now erected by royal command was to be noted for exhibitions of a sadder sort.

occupant, let us describe the structure. "The gate," says Stow, in his Survey, 1720, "is built of Portland stone, of rustique work below, and of the Corinthian order. Over the gateway on the east side, fronting the City of London, in two niches are the effigies in stone of Queen Elizabeth [an error for Queen Anne of Denmark,



FLEET STREET AND TEMPLE BAR IN 1867.

In the early days of English history, the north, and subsequently the south tower on London Bridge, from their public position, had been considered favourably adapted for striking terror into the hearts of the rebelliously inclined, by the display of the lifeless heads of those who had fallen under the severity of the laws of high treason. The heads of Sir William Wallace, More, and Fisher had been thus affixed on the northern tower, whilst the heads of the regicides and the fifth-monarchy men were the last that frowned from the southern or Southwark tower.

In the fire of London, in 1666, much of the unhappy old bridge was destroyed. No more heads were ever again exhibited on London Bridge. Temple Bar, on its erection, was chosen by the Crown to convey the moral lesson to the public, and for nearly a century it was seldom, perhaps never, free from these black and decaying fractions of humanity.

Previous to our introducing to its summit its first

wife of James I] and King James I, very curiously carved, and the King's arms over the key-stone of the gate; the supporters being at a distance over the rustique work. And on the west side, fronting the City of Westminster, in two niches, are the like figures of King Charles I and King Charles II in Roman habits. Through this gate are two passages for foot-passengers: one on the south, over which is engraven, 'Erected, Sir Samuel Starling being Maior;' and another on the north, over which is engraven, 'Continued, Sir Richard Ford, Maior. Finished, Sir George Waterman, Maior.'

It was completed, as we have already stated, in the year 1672, and had attained the immature age of eleven years, when in the mayoralty of Sir William Pritchard, 1683, it was destined to impart its first moral lesson. In the summer of that year, one of the quarters of Sir Thomas Armstrong, executed for connection with the Monmouth rebellion, was displayed on a spike on its summit. His head being set up upon Westminster Hall, between

those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, one of the quarters upon *Temple Bar*, two others on Aldersgate and Aldgate, the fourth was sent down to Stafford, which borough he had represented in Parliament.

Twelve years elapsed before the Bar received another ghastly contribution. The House of Stuart had then ceased to reign; William III sat alone on the throne. The death of Mary had revived the hopes of the Jacobite party, and towards the close of the year 1695 a scheme for assassinating the King, and an invasion from France, was concocted by a few of the most daring adherents of James. The plot, however, was discovered when on the eve of execution. The chief parties engaged in this transaction in England were Sir George Barclay, a native of Scotland; Sir John Friend, a brewer in the Minorities; and Sir William Parkyns, a clerk in Chancery. Sir George Barclay escaped, and was never taken; Sir John Friend and Sir W. Parkyns were speedily apprehended, tried, and found guilty of high treason, and executed at Tyburn on the 3rd of April, 1696. The quarters of Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Friend, together with the head of the former, were placed on *Temple Bar*.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," referring to this melancholy scene, remarks—"A dismal sight, which many pitied. I think there never was such a *Temple Bar* till now, except once in the time of King Charles II, viz. Sir Thomas Armstrong."

Anne, the last of the Stuart Queens, grand-daughter of the great Lord Chancellor Hyde, died childless in 1714; and George I, a Prince of the House of Hanover, peacefully ascended the throne. Little probability, however, existed of his being permitted to retain quietly that crown which by virtue of the Act of Settlement he had acquired. Civil war was decided upon, and the "Rising" of 1715 took place. The Bar—the stone book of the social history of England during this century—quickly recorded their "Rising" by displaying to the crowds who passed to and from the City the head of another of King James's friends, Joseph Sullivan, who had been tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn for enlisting persons in the service of the Pretender, as James III was then called. The defeat at Preston provided a second head for the Bar—Colonel Henry Oxburg, executed at Tyburn on the 14th day of May 1716, and whose head gazed on the crowd from the top of the Bar on the 16th of the same month, "which is a circumstance," remarks a writer of that day, "which we choose to mention, that the rebels may place it among their other saint days."

Christopher Layer or Counsellor Layer, as he was familiarly named, is the next name associated with *Temple Bar*. On the 17th May 1723, he was executed at Tyburn for conspiring in behalf of the Pretender. The day subsequent to his execution, his head was placed on *Temple Bar*; there it remained, blackened and weather-beaten with the storms of many successive years, until it became its oldest occupant. A generation passed, and infancy had advanced into mature manhood, yet, despite the lapse of time, still that head repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch. For upwards of thirty years it remained, till the elements accomplished what the improving taste of the public had in vain demanded. On one stormy night a summary ejection was served, and the head of Layer left its long resting-place, and descended from the arch into the Strand. We extract from Mr. Nicholls' "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," the sequel of this curious history. "When the head of Layer was blown from *Temple Bar*, it was picked up by a gentle-

man in the neighbourhood (Mr. John Pierce, an attorney), who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which, I have been assured, it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, meanwhile, having made inquiries after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a valuable relique, and directed it to be buried in his right hand, which request was complied with." This Dr. Rawlinson, we may observe, who was so greatly attached to the House of Stuart, was one of the first promoters of the Antiquarian Society; he was the third son of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, Lord Mayor of London, 1706. Dr. Rawlinson died April 5th, 1755, and by his will ordered his body to be buried in a vault in St. Giles's Churchyard, Oxford, and his heart in St. John's College, as a mark of his affection.

Years pass on without our being able to meet with any joyous reminiscences of the Bar. Its records only tell of mourning and sorrow. The "Rising of '45" had taken place—the battle of Culloden had been fought. In the number of prisoners taken and brought up to London for trial, were two whose heads were to be the last set up on the gate. The public mind was becoming impressed with the idea that no great moral improvement had hitherto been effected by habituating the public to these horrid, ghastly spectacles. It was destined, however, to another trial, and Francis Towneley, a younger son of the old, honourable, and still flourishing Lancashire family of Towneley of Towneley, whose grandfather had fought and died for King Charles at the fatal battle of Marston Moor, and George Fletcher, of a good family at Salford, near Manchester, who had purchased a captain's commission in the Pretender's army, were tried, with several others, and found guilty of high treason. On the 30th day of July, 1746, they were executed at Kennington Common, and their heads removed to *Temple Bar*.

For several weeks, curiosity induced numbers to gather about the arch, to gaze on those livid features which life and health had so recently animated. Glasses were let on hire, that the morbid feelings of the masses might be indulged by a closer examination.

Of a character far more refined and intellectual is the following anecdote, related by Dr. Johnson, in reference to this subject. "I remember," said the great lexicographer, "being, on one occasion, with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, from Ovid—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to *Temple Bar*, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and silyly whispered to me—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

These were the last fractions of humanity that *Temple Bar* was destined to receive. Before other treasonable attempts had subjected their promoters to well-merited punishment, society had undergone a great change. The idea had acquired the force of conviction that these unhappy spectacles, instead of elevating, degraded the moral condition of the people. Again, a few years, and the gibbets on our commons, and the dry bones suspended from them, were for ever removed from the public gaze.

We have little more to say of the ghastly occupants of the Bar. We find, however, the following curious statement in the "Annual Register" for January, 1766:—

"This morning (Jan. 20th), between two and three o'clock, a person was observed to watch his opportunity of discharging musket-balls, from a steel cross-bow at the two remaining heads upon *Temple Bar*.

On his examination he affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for his so doing was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it was not sufficient that a traitor should only suffer death, and that this provoked his indignation; and that it had been his constant practice, for three nights past, to amuse himself in the same manner. But it is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." The account given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" further states, "Upon searching him, about fifty musket-balls were found wrapped in a paper, with this motto, *Eripuit ille vitam*."

No further efforts appear to have been made, either by the friends or enemies of the reigning family, either by the sane or the insane, to dislodge these grim tenants of the Bar. There they remained until the 31st of March, 1772, when one of them fell down, and, we believe, very shortly afterwards, during a high wind, the remaining head was swept from its lofty position, and Temple Bar remained untenanted.

Mr. John Taylor, however, remarks, in the "Records of my Life:"—"It was not to the wind alone that the removal of this head is to be attributed. Mr. Charles Towneley, a gentleman long distinguished for his love of the fine arts, and to whom the nation is indebted for the noble collection of marbles known as the Towneley Marbles, was the nephew of the unfortunate gentleman who was beheaded for high treason, and whose head I remember to have seen placed upon a pole on the top of Temple Bar. As this exhibition was painful in no slight degree to Mr. Towneley, some of his friends, among whom was the Rev. John Penneck of the British Museum, formed a plan for removing it; and one night, which happened to be a very windy one, they effected their purpose without interruption. No inquiry was made, as it was inferred that the head had been blown off by the storm. Mr. Towneley had therefore the melancholy pleasure of having deposited the head in the tomb of his ancestors." Mr. John Taylor died in May, 1832, at the age of seventy-six.

From this time it is pleasing to record that the Bar is no longer associated with the criminal history of the country. True, its days of sorrow are not over, but when it again mourned, it was with a whole nation. On the 9th January, 1806, when the body of the illustrious Nelson was borne to St. Paul's Cathedral on an open funeral car, Temple Bar was surrounded by a weeping multitude. The old stone gateway, however, looked on, cold and apathetic; for on this occasion no sombre drapery concealed its time-beaten form—no flambeaux blazed from its summit.

In order solely that some civic formalities might be observed requiring the closing of the doors, it became necessary to affix new ones. The old pair had not been shut for a long series of years, and were in a complete state of decay, literally rotting from the hinges. Here the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other City authorities, with royal ceremony, received the procession, and accompanied it to St. Paul's Cathedral, where, amidst one universal heartfelt sense of grief, the body of Nelson was deposited in a vault under the spacious dome.

In order that grief may not intrude on our few days of joy and festivity, we shall deviate from that chronological order which we have hitherto observed, and pass at once from the obsequies of England's greatest naval hero, to the death of her most illustrious warrior, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Temple Bar, arrayed in the sable trappings of woe on that cold raw morning of the 18th November, 1852, presented the appearance of a Roman decorated arch.

Full descriptions appear in contemporary publications of the aspect of the old gate on this grand and solemn occasion:—

"The deep black of the large central curtains was relieved by several monograms of the Duke, the letter W being enclosed in an oval of laurel. Above and suspended from the laurel wreaths were the Duke's Orders of the Garter, the Bath, and the Golden Fleece, etc. The whole of the ornaments and decorations were composed of papier mâché, gilt in silver.

"Temple Bar then appeared as a funeral arch; but all the decorations were emblematical of triumph, as well as of mourning, and indicated not only the warrior but the victor. The black cloth and velvet, richly relieved by the silver cornices, irons, flambeaux and trophies, produced an effect of rich but chaste solemnity, admirably adapted to give impressiveness to the entry of the magnificent funeral procession into the City of London.

"The plumes and ornaments of the funeral car rose so far above the coffin, that a mechanical contrivance was necessary to lower them, in order to admit of its passing through the gateway." This being cleverly effected, the pageant moved on to St. Paul's, in outward form magnificent. On its arrival there, the coffin of the illustrious Duke was deposited under the noble dome of the cathedral, in the crypt where repose the remains of the immortal Nelson. The Tower guns fired, and the ceremony ended.

"Who so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die,"

We now bid farewell to death and state funerals, to sorrow and grief, as connected with the Bar; the memorials we shall have to record in our few remaining notes breathe solely of joy and gladness; they are only, we regret, so few in number. We have first the loyal reception given by the City to the best of queens, our own Queen Victoria, when, in accordance with ancient custom, she honoured with her presence the banquet given by the Lord Mayor, on the first ninth of November after her accession to the throne. A maiden on that ninth of November, 1837, sorrow had not touched her young heart, no fatal abiding remembrance had then thrown its bleak shade o'er her life. On she came in beauty and happiness, surrounded by all the pageantry of state, hundreds of banners waved from the houses, thousands of voices bade her welcome.

On the arrival of Her Majesty at Temple Bar being announced, shortly before three o'clock, the Lord Mayor, in accordance with the ceremonial observed on the occasion of royal visits to the City, dismounted from his charger, and, taking the City sword in his hand, stood on the east side of the gate; as soon as the Queen's carriage arrived within the gateway, it stopped, and the Lord Mayor delivered the keys of the City to the Queen, which Her Majesty restored in the most gracious manner. The Lord Mayor then remounted, and, holding the City sword aloft, took his place immediately before the royal carriage, after which the Aldermen, Members of the Common Council, and civic authorities formed in procession. The banquet took place at the Guildhall, at five o'clock, and at half-past eight Her Majesty left, but not in the state observed in the morning.

Whilst the feast was being held, and mirth and festivity filled the Hall, the good citizens of London, anxious to display their loyalty and affection to the Crown, had illuminated their houses on the line of procession, and the old Bar, for the first time in its history, was made to participate in the universal joy. How cheerful it looked on that night! On the east was an

imperial crown, bearing the inscription, "Welcome, Royal Guest," in green and yellow lamps, surrounded by lamps arranged in festoons, branches, and pillars, with the royal arms above all. On the other side were the initials V.R., of a gigantic size, flanked by stars and the arms of the City of London in the corners.

Slowly the royal carriage passed under the old arch, followed by the loyal acclamations of her people, who loved her then, and to whose early affection for their Queen revolving years, and respectful sympathy in her sorrows, have only given additional strength.

Again we have to pass over several years before we meet with any historical event of a joyous character with which the Bar is associated—the reception given by the nation on the 7th of March, 1863, to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on her arrival in London to become the bride of the heir to the throne of England. And right royal was this reception, the greatest outward demonstration of loyalty that has occurred in our days, or, as we are inclined to think, in those olden times, when the pageantry of royal progresses was more attended to, and therefore, we may presume, better understood than at present. The Bar was draped in crimson velvet and cloth of gold, so that not an inch of the masonry was visible. On the summit of the pediment, with its head towering far above the roofs of the houses on either side, stood a white statue of Hymen, who, armed with his torch, seemed eager to celebrate the nuptial rite. At each angle of the building was a tripod containing incense, while over the posterns were white altars beautifully sculptured, and angels holding bunches of orange-blossoms." So attractive was the Bar on this occasion, that we are told that nobody could go anywhere without first paying a visit to it.

On the Monday following, being the day on which the royal marriage was celebrated, it again made a splendid appearance, being illuminated in a marked and beautiful manner. On the pediments and cornices there were no less than 220 burners of large size, which were supplied with gas. All the statues held gas-lights, and the torches of the figures of Hymen were in a blaze. The Arch on this occasion looked splendid, and formed one of the chief attractions of the night. The brilliancy of the Arch was emblematic of the light of love, and hope, and joy, that had illumined the faces and cheered the hearts of a whole nation.*

* We are indebted for the foregoing notes to James Holbert Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, author of "Temple Bar: a Narrative of the Historical Occurrences of a Criminal Character associated with the Present Bar." (D. Bogue.) On the subject of the removal of the Bar Mr. Wilson thus writes:—"We admit that many of the historical reminiscences of the Bar are painful, but this surely is no good reason why the Bar itself should be destroyed. Would you advocate the destruction of the Tower,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

because the heads of traitors have been placed on its turrets? Would you pull down Westminster Hall because the mouldering skulls of Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, and others, were fixed upon it; the head of Cromwell for upwards of thirty years? Most assuredly not. Preserve, therefore, we say, the old Bar, the only survivor of the City gates. Touch not with a rude hand a single stone. What we require is, its immediate reparation; with our Prince of Wales married to a daughter of Denmark, it would be graceful in the civic authorities to repair the broken, time-worn statue of her ancestor, Queen Anne of Denmark, the only one that exists in the metropolis, and which, in its present sadly dilapidated state, reproachfully regards them from the south-eastern niche of the Arch. The Royal arms and the arms of the City, which formerly were placed over the key-stone on the east and west sides of the gateway, have entirely disappeared; bit by bit they have decayed away, not a vestige remains; these should be replaced, and other restorations rendered necessary by long neglect, and the hand of time, at once commenced. When these are completed, the Bar in its restored condition, like as it came from the hands of Sir Christopher Wren, will again be an ornament to London, regarded with pleasure by those who love to think over the days of many generations, as well as by those who can read 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Varieties.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,324 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England: London, 253; Provinces, 751—1,004. Wales, 49. Scotland, 132. Ireland, 124. British Isles, 15. Of these there are 58 daily papers in England, 1 do. in Wales, 12 do. in Scotland, 13 do. in Ireland, 1 do. in the British Isles. On reference to the edition of this useful Directory for 1858, we find the following interesting facts, viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 866 journals. Of these 41 papers were issued daily, viz., 29 in England, 5 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland; but in 1868 there are now established and circulated 1,324 papers, of which no less than 85 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has very greatly extended during the last ten years, and more especially so in daily papers: the daily issues standing 85 against 41 in 1858. The magazines now in course of publication, including the Quarterly Reviews, number 621, of which 219 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.—*Newspaper Press Directory.*

TRUE WISDOM AND HAPPINESS.—He is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. His mind is in peace and tranquillity. He walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right. He is secure, God is his friend, that Infinite Being; and He has said, "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy." But guilt is, certainly, a heavy load; it sinks and damps the spirits. "A wounded spirit who can bear!" And the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart. Let not past errors discourage: who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner, but is full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they cease from doing evil and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavour with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for. Remember that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue: and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit.—*Letter of Rachael Lady Russell, to her son the Duke of Bedford, 1706.*

WAY-GOOSE.—The derivation of the term "Way-goose" is from the old English word *wayz*, stubble. Bailey informs us that *wayz*-goose, or stubble-goose, is an entertainment given to journeymen at the beginning of winter. Hence a *wayz*-goose was the head dish at the annual feast of the printers, and is not altogether unknown as a dainty dish in these days. Moxon, in his "Mechanick Exercise" (1683), tells us that "it is customary for the journeymen to make every year new paper windows, whether the old ones will serve again or no; because that day they make them, the master printer gives them a *way-goose*." . . . These *way*-gooses are always kept about Bartholomew-tide; and till the master printer has given their *way-goose*, the journeymen do not use to work by candle-light. The same custom was formerly common at Coventry, where it was usual in the large manufactories of ribbons and watches, as well as among the silk-dyers, when they commenced the use of candles, to have their annual *way-goose*. "Goose-day" is now, in nearly all the London houses, held in May or June instead of at Michaelmas, and is quite unconnected with the lighting-up.—*John Timbs. See "Notes and Queries," 2nd S., No. 83, p. 91, and No. 88, p. 193.*

SAD STATE OF ENGLAND!—For we are a people drowned in hypocrisy, saturated with it to the bone. Alas! it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still; and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblest process—process of "lying to steep in the Devil's pickle;" for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate return of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

BRAIN FUNCTIONS.—In those of the articulated animals that are associated in families, such as the bee and ant, we observe indications of mental acts, perhaps more closely resembling those of man than those observed in any of the higher parts of the scale, but unconnected with any organ resembling a brain.—*Alison's Outlines of Human Physiology, 3rd Ed., p. 351.*

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



IN THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP AT FALMOUTH.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XLII.—CALEB JAKES.

"CALEB JAKES, PAWNBROKER AND DEALER IN CURIOSITIES."

At the date of which I write, these words might have been seen, rudely painted on a rough board, over a shop in one of the poorest streets of Falmouth, which town, like all seaports, contains many miserable streets; while in smaller letters was added, "Seamen's Advance Notes Cashed."

Caleb Jakes was a thorough-bred cockney, who had

set up in business at Falmouth during the great war, in the above-mentioned lines, and in the course of a few years had accumulated sufficient wealth to enable him to open a jeweller's shop in the High Street, not many yards distant from the coach office.

In his primitive place of business, Caleb Jakes bought and sold anything and everything by which he could "turn a penny," as he phrased it, to his own advantage, and this, it was generally believed, without asking any impertinent questions of the vendors. His most profitable dealings, however, were with sailors, of whom he purchased, usually for a mere trifle, any curiosities they

had brought from foreign lands, or any description of smuggled goods which they could contrive to bring on shore without awakening the suspicions of the Custom House officers; and of whom he also purchased prize money, at an unconscionable discount. He likewise fitted them out for sea, and cashed their advance notes at an enormous profit, and otherwise plundered them, as his successors, the land sharks, to be found in every seaport, do to the present day.

The day after Jemmy Tapley's conversation with the Widow Bolitho, at the Fisherman's Arms, the old seaman set out for Falmouth.

It was no uncommon thing on the part of the old man to wander away from the village of St. David and be absent for days and weeks, during which he was visiting his old shipmates in Falmouth and other smaller seaports in the vicinity, being always sure of a hearty welcome wherever he chose to put up—many people, in fact, eagerly proffering their hospitality in exchange for his "sea yarns," of which he possessed an abundant store, and in the relation of which he was apt to stretch the long bow to its utmost tension.

Usually on these occasions—since Mary Talbot had been residing at St. David—the old man had made it a practice to call at the young lady's lodgings and inquire whether she had any commands for Falmouth. He called on the present occasion; but instead of merely putting his usual question, he requested an interview with Miss Talbot. Mary was attached to the old man, and the interview was readily granted. When, however, he entered the parlour, he seemed somewhat at a loss to explain his object in calling; and it was not until he had blundered considerably that Mary was able to understand that he wished her to entrust him with the keepsake which had been given to her by her brother.

Through the story set afloat by Dame Hoolit, it had become generally suspected throughout the village that Mary Talbot had in her possession the locket lost by Mr. Aston, and many and various were the surmises as to the manner in which she became possessed of it. The general suspicion now pointed to Henry Talbot, and it was supposed that the reason Mr. Aston was so silent on the subject, was because Henry—still believed to have been lost at sea—was his nephew. It was a sore thought with Mary, who could not but be aware that these suspicions were abroad, and who longed for the day when, as she still believed, her brother's innocence would be made manifest.

The young lady was both surprised and abashed at the old seaman's strange request. She hesitated for some moments to comply with it, and it was not until Tapley had explained his reasons for the request he made, and assured her that he had cause to believe that, if she would entrust him with the locket, he could not only prove her brother's innocence beyond a doubt, but also would be able to show who was the actual thief, that she produced it from her writing-desk and handed it to the old man, with strict injunctions that he should take care of it, and not let it pass out of his possession, and should faithfully restore it to her on his return.

She was anxious to know more; but the old seaman was guarded in his speech. He hoped and believed that he had found a clue to the thief. This much he assured her; but he added—

"Aw may be mistaken, Miss, and aw wudna like to say a' aw think till aw'm right sure. Any way, aw'll bring tha' back t' jimerack to-morrow e'en."

So, with the locket in his possession, and a stout cudgel in his hand, Jemmy Tapley set forth on his journey.

It is very probable that the old man had had frequent dealings with Mr. Jakes in former days. At all events he knew the dealer well, and was well known to him, as indeed he was to almost everybody in Falmouth, or in any of the towns and villages within a radius of twenty miles around St. David.

On his arrival at Falmouth, instead of going, as usual, to the quay to see his numerous seafaring friends, he "bore up" for Caleb Jakes's shop—not the newly established jeweller's shop, but the old pawnbroker's and general curiosity shop, in the by-street above alluded to, and after having exchanged greetings with the proprietor, he carelessly inquired what news was stirring in the town.

"Well. Nothing to speak of, Jemmy," replied Caleb.

"Anything new at St. David?"

"Nought to speak on nuther, Muster Jakes," returned the old sailor. "In coorse," he went on, "thu's heerd as Tummas Dickson be a goin' to sot up i' th' public line, here at Falmouth?"

"Ay, Dickson told me as much himself, months ago. He did say that he was going to marry the widow Bolitho. Is that so, Jemmy?"

"Her wouldn't ha' un," replied the old seaman. "T' widdy's nean sich a fule. What for did un tell'ee he weer goin' to marry she, Muster Jakes?"

"Oh, merely in course o' conversation, Jemmy. He called to select some jewellery, and happened to say that he'd need a wife if he went into business, and then he spoke of the widow Bolitho."

"Her wouldn't ha' un if he weer made o' goold, aw tell'ee," repeated the old seaman. "Times be changed, aw reckon, when sich as Tummas Dickson have money to spend i' sich-like jimeracks."

"He has had a legacy left him, I've heard. But however, he didn't pay money for the jewellery he purchased. He exchanged an old-fashioned locket for the things he picked out, and I gave him a pound into the bargain. The locket, he said, had belonged to his wife—Sally Baker as was."

"Wheer did Sally Baker get howd o' a goold locket?" inquired the old sailor. "Her weer poor enow when her marri'd him, and so weer a' her folks."

"'Twas given her by a lady she lived with before she married—so Dickson said."

"When did Tummas tell'ee that?" inquired the old seaman, whose countenance might have betrayed the deep interest with which he listened to Caleb, although he strove to speak in an unconcerned manner.

"Full six months ago—perhaps more. About the time when I first heard speak of the legacy. I think he then spoke of it himself for the first time."

"Has tha got th' locket i' the shop now?"

"No. It was sold by mistake. Dickson naterally didn't want it to be known as he'd sold it, it having been given to his wife as a sort of keepsake, and being an article as 'ud easily be reckernised. So I promised as I'd melt it up for old gold, and it was very good and heavy, though a queer, old-fashioned thing. But the next day I picked out some goods I had bought, and had had in pawn, to be sent up to my new shop in the High Street, and the boy took the locket along with the other goods, and, unbeknown to me, hung it in the window. In the afternoon a young gent, who'd just got down from the stage, at the coach office just above, saw the portrait in the locket, and took a fancy to it. He came in, and on examining it closely said he believed the locket had once belonged to his grandmother, and offered me at once all that I asked for it, and bought a gold chain besides. I couldn't well refuse such a chance,

so I sold the locket; but Dickson believes to this day that it was thrown into the melting-pot."

While Caleb was speaking, Jemmy Tapley had taken from his pocket a small parcel folded in tissue-paper.

"What! Have *you* something to sell, Jemmy?" inquired the jeweller with some surprise.

The old sailor made no immediate reply. He unfolded the parcel, and to Caleb's utter amazement drew forth a locket and chain, saying, as he held the former up to view—

"Be this th' locket, Muster Jakes, as Tummas Dickson guv'ee for t' jimcracks?"

Caleb Jakes had more than once been in trouble in consequence of stolen goods having been found in his possession, and he knew that Tapley was aware that such had been the case. He had, however, purchased the locket in good faith, fully believing Thomas Dickson's story. After a few moments' hesitation, therefore, though he appeared blank with astonishment, he acknowledged that the trinket in the old seaman's possession was the veritable article which he had obtained from Dickson.

A brief earnest conversation ensued between the jeweller and the old man, the latter having retreated with Caleb to the dark recesses in the rear of the shop.

At its close the jeweller faithfully promised to keep silent respecting what had passed between himself and the old seaman, until the latter should call upon him to disclose the secret; and Jemmy Tapley having succeeded in his object to his perfect satisfaction, and in fact beyond his hopes and expectations, bade Mr. Jakes good bye, and went off to visit some of his old shipmates who resided in the town.

The next day he returned to St. David, and called at Miss Talbot's lodgings immediately after his arrival. To Mary he related the conversation which had taken place between himself and Caleb Jakes; but it was not without great difficulty that he prevailed upon the young lady to keep the matter secret for the present.

It was, however, Jemmy Tapley's wish that the secret should not be disclosed until he had woven the toils still more closely around the villain who had brought suspicion upon so many innocent persons, and caused so much pain and misery. The old man suspected Dickson to be guilty of other and equally atrocious misdeeds, which he wished to prove against him; and Mary, though she was eager for the moment when the mystery which had so long surrounded the robbery should be completely unveiled, and her brother's innocence perfectly proved, was too grateful to the old sailor for the interest he had manifested, and the pains he had taken in her and her brother's behalf, to interfere with his plans.

For some time past Miss Talbot had been very uneasy, in consequence of the strange silence of Sir Arthur Lockyer. Painful doubts had arisen in her mind, which she was unable to drive away, notwithstanding her innate consciousness of her brother's integrity; for she felt confident that wheresoever the young baronet might be, he must long ere now have received her letter.

The details she now learnt from Jemmy Tapley reassured her; but the time was drawing near when Henry and his cousins might be expected to arrive in England, and she was exceedingly anxious that the mystery of the robbery should be cleared up previous to her brother's arrival.

It was, however, necessary for her, yet awhile longer to exercise the virtues of patience and self-denial.

CHAPTER XLIII.—MESSRS. FOLEY AND FERRET IN THE STUDY AT MORTON HALL.

It will be recollected that some chapters back Mr. Foley was left in no enviable frame of mind, after he had perused the letter written by Mr. Ferret from the hotel in Falmouth.

The squire fretted and fumed and stormed, and at first professed to disbelieve all that the lawyer had written. He bewailed the death of his former solicitor, who, he averred, would have stood by him staunchly, instead of taking part, as he accused Mr. Ferret of doing, with those who had arranged a conspiracy to defraud him of his property.

Even when Mr. Ferret returned to the Hall, the squire charged him with complicity with his enemies, and heaped a torrent of abuse upon him, to which the lawyer listened in silence and patience.

At length Mr. Foley's mood changed. He began to bemoan his misfortunes; to speak of the ruin that was impending over himself and his family, and to complain that as soon as adversity threatened him, he found himself deserted by those whom he had believed to be his best friends.

Then Mr. Ferret spoke—

"My dear sir," he said, "if I could see any reasonable hope that you could successfully contest the claims of Mr. Henry—of this gentleman, I should say—who professes to be, and who, in my opinion is, beyond doubt, the youngest son of the late Edward Morton, senior, and consequently the legitimate heir to his father's estates, I should advise you to contest to the utmost the claim which I feel assured will, sooner or later, and, I have reason to believe very soon, be brought forward, and would myself use every exertion in your behalf.

"I, however, perceive no such hope, and therefore I should advise you as a friend, to adopt the plan I suggested in my letter; a plan which I have no doubt will redound to your advantage.

"Permit me to repeat certain of the facts mentioned in my letter, that you may understand them more clearly.

"I have ascertained that the mysterious stranger who some months since visited Fordham under the assumed name of Aston, and who is now residing at St. David, is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the son of the late Edward Morton, supposed to have been lost at sea forty years ago.

"It is now known in the village of St. David that his true name is Morton. He has made himself known to Miss Talbot, the daughter of his deceased sister, who is also a resident in the village; and his banker in London, the postmaster at Falmouth, and other persons can prove his identity. Moreover, I have discovered, since my return to Fordham, that he was recognised, on the occasion of his visit, by old Matthew Budge, the sexton. The old man was cunning enough to conceal this fact from you; but, from something which the landlord of the Wheatsheaf let drop, I was induced to visit the old sexton, who could not evade my cross-questioning. I wormed the secret out of him in spite of himself. There is no doubt whatever, if the matter be brought to the issue of a trial, that scores of witnesses could be found to prove this gentleman's identity—persons who knew him in his boyhood. It would not be left to old Matthew alone. It is not as if a generation or more had passed away, and a son or grandson of the supposed lost Henry Morton were to appear and prefer his claim to the estates, in which case he would have to prove his descent by lawful wedlock, and there would be other chances in your favour.

"In the present instance the direct heir, a man of wealth, possessing the means to prosecute his claims, will appear *in propria persona*, still far from being an old man—in fact, by many years a younger man than you—able to give the history of his career from the moment he left England until his return. The testimony in his favour would be perfectly overwhelming.

"Why he has held himself aloof so long I cannot say; but to me the very fact seems indicative of some settled purpose; especially when I couple it with his secret visit to Fordham, so soon after his arrival.

"Now, by pursuing the course I advise, you would not only compel Mr. Henry Morton, whatever may be his feelings towards you, to deal generously with you, but you would also enlist the sympathies of the public in your favour——"

Here Mr. Foley interrupted the lawyer by speaking of the anonymous letter he had received, and expressing his opinion that the writer might be in possession of documents which might overthrow the claims of Mr. Aston, or the *soi-disant* Henry Morton.

Mr. Ferret, however, ridiculed this idea.

"I have," he said, "as I wrote you by letter, discovered who this fellow is. He is a mere mean scoundrel, who has robbed and would betray his master. He may possess some document which he, in his ignorance, believes to be of value, but which, be it what it may, can be of no avail against the claim of Henry Morton, openly and boldly set forth.

"I purpose, in fact, to serve you through this man's villainy. It will be necessary for you to show by what means you have become aware of the existence and the return to England of the direct heir to the property you have for so many years honestly believed to be your own. I suggest, therefore, that I return to Cornwall and seek an interview with Mr. Morton, when I will explain that, through the receipt of an anonymous letter—which I will, if you please, place in his hands—you came to the knowledge of his existence and his arrival in England, and that, assured of the justice of his claims, you have lost no time, since the receipt of the letter, in communicating with him through me."

The conversation was long continued. Mr. Ferret used every argument he could think of to induce the squire to listen to reason; and finally, though sorely against his will, Mr. Foley acceded to the lawyer's suggestions, and Mr. Ferret was left to act in the matter as he thought most advisable.

SOME HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

UNDER the above quaint title a book was published last year, and I have it now before me. The question having frequently been debated whether the actual writer was what he professed himself to be, a working man or not, it may be worth while to state that quite recently I had the pleasure of an introduction to the author, who is a real *bonâ fide* working man, in the ordinary acceptation of the words.

Much talk there is about all being working men in our times, some by hand, and others by head. Thus Lord Brougham, in a famous address to working men, claimed to be as hard a worker as any of them; but in the plain use of the term, the working man is, he who, following some handicraft, wins his bread by the labour of his hands.

Even yet a limitation has to be imposed if we would understand by the working man, and in the aggregate

"the working classes," exactly what a journeyman engineer understands, and vividly represents in the interesting book now before me. He means a man who has learned some handicraft by apprenticeship, not a mere hod-man or carrier, or other unskilled labourer. This sort of working man has an importance in every industrial community, evident to all who reflect on the position in which he stands to the industrial arts. Money, mere capital, would make sorry ducks and drakes with the operation of any industrial art, but for the skilled workmen who operate. The working man, in this limited sense, is a very important individual; and being so, let us proceed to see what sort of a picture of him is drawn by the journeyman engineer.

"The typical working man," he writes, "has been done times innumerable by more or less eminent hands, and from very various points of view. Many of these word pictures of the working man, are, as word pictures, masterpieces, and are, considering that they are written by men outside of the classes of which they treat, surprisingly accurate; but still, to a working man, even the best of them plainly shows a want of that knowledge of the minutæ of the inner life of the working classes, which can only be thoroughly known to members of those classes. While some of the pictures of the working man that have been given to the world have been as impartial and accurate as it was possible for them to be made from an outside point of view, others have, as was naturally to be expected, gone to either extreme. The working man of actual life," the journeyman engineer goes on to say, "is like most other human beings, a compound of good and evil; he has virtues, but he also has his faults and weaknesses. He will maintain a battle for what he conceives to be his rights, and never count the cost. He will stand by his friend in cloud as well as sunshine, and he will often endure the woes of want, and the still more terrible grief of seeing his wife and children suffering those woes, while he is powerless to relieve them, with a degree of fortitude which, were it displayed on a more public stage, would be deemed heroic. Take him for all in all," writes my authority, "the working man is not a bad fellow;" yet (and now you will see, my friend, that the journeyman engineer is no thick-and-thin eulogist), what follows next proves the typical working man to have much that is improvable. "In him," says my authority, "human nature has not attained the maximum of perfectibility just yet. His character has its seamy as well as bright side. He is often drunken, and not always ashamed thereof; and sometimes his love of drink leads to his being guilty of conduct which, to put it mildly, is not all that may become a man. Moreover, he frequently, in a too literal sense, takes no heed for the morrow. Though endowed with a considerable amount of natural shrewdness, he is constantly allowing himself to be cajoled out of money, and used as a tool by gangs of idle, ignorant harpies. He is not, generally speaking, so well educated and well informed as he might be. His language is scarcely pure English undefiled, and is too habitually full of strange oaths. His ideas upon history, political economy, and the constitution of society are noticeable rather for their confusion, and their exceedingly pronounced tone, than for their extent or accuracy." Well, this at least is not flattery, and it comes from "one of themselves."

Are the working classes as well educated as they might be? asks my authority, and presently answers, they are not. True, a large proportion can now read and write—and, thanks to cheap educational literature, there are not a few men among them who are, even in a scholarly sense, well educated; but the ignorance, the

want of anything like real or beneficial education that still prevails among them as a class, and which is seen most remarkably in those who have received all the benefits of the educational machinery at present applied to their benefit, is unpleasantly astonishing. Farther on, our author explains what, according to his view, is the cause of the working artisan's defective education. How comes it, he inquires, that, educational and general literature being so cheap and abundant, educational facilities so wide-spread and easy of access, and artisans endowed with a considerable share of natural intelligence, they should, as a class, be ignorant and ill-informed? The answer is, that the system of education applied to the working classes is a thoroughly unsound one. It attempts too much—attempts to make scholars of children, instead of merely trying to pave the way to their becoming intelligent men. It is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and master-of-none system, touching in a dry and elementary manner upon a great many branches of education, without going far enough into any one of them to make it sufficiently interesting to the pupils that they should pursue it for the sake of the pleasure it gives after they have left school. In his further remarks on the education of the working classes, our author lays great stress on what, since his book was written, has grown into one of the leading questions of the day, viz., technical instruction. That he is not unmindful of the spiritual interests of his dawning pupil mind, will be gathered from the following. "I leave it to be taken for granted," states he, "that a knowledge of the Scriptures would form part of this, or any other system of English education; but a much higher knowledge of them would be conveyed to the pupil if, instead of setting him to learn chapters of the Bible by way of punishment, or cramming him with genealogies of the Patriarchs and Apostles, just previous to examinations, he was shown the geographical positions of the various countries mentioned in Holy Writ, and told the changes they have undergone, and their present social position among the nations of the earth, and had pointed out to him the glorious poetry and wisdom of such parts as the Psalms, the Proverbs, and Christ's parables and sermon on the mount, and the applicability of many of the lessons contained in them to the affairs of everyday life at the present time."

I pass over the several chapters "On Working Men's Friends"; "A prosperous Trade Union"; "Trades' Societies and Strikes," etc., to arrive at "The Inner Life of Workshops." In all phases of life our author fancies, and he is right, there is a sort of inner life—a life behind the scenes—and only known to the initiated. The working man, who should enter a workshop with no other end than work in view, would, according to our journeyman engineer, soon find the workshop too hot for him—so hot that, as a rule, he would have to leave it, and might thank his planets if he was fortunate enough to escape personal violence. When an apprentice enters a shop, his first education is learning how to "keep nix." What keeping nix means we shall learn presently. "Keeping nix" is really an important job. If the apprentice do it well he is raised in the estimation of those who are to bring him up in the way he should go. It consists in watching for the approach of managers or foremen, so that prompt and timely notice may be given to skulkers, to reading or smoking individuals—to men engaged in "corporation work," to wit, work of their own done in time paid for by the master. The boy who can "keep nix" well—who can detect the approach of those in authority while they are yet afar off, and give warning to those over whose safety he has been watching, without

betraying any agitation, or making any movement that might excite the suspicion of the enemy, will win the respect of all his mates—will be regarded by them as a treasure—a youth of promise. But should he be so slow or so unfortunate as to allow his mates to be "dropped on" while he is upon guard, then woe to him. Curses loud and deep will be heaped upon his thick head; a stout stick and his back will probably be made acquainted; and from that time forth, until he has redeemed his tarnished reputation by doing something specially meritorious in the nix-keeping way, he will be regarded as one concerning whose capacity to learn his trade there are grave doubts.

Another accomplishment which the apprentice is expected to learn, is that of smuggling drink into the shop in a bold and scientific manner. Drunkenness, however, the journeyman engineer testifies, has been giving way to moderation in workshops for many years past; hence the apprentice smuggler's art is less esteemed than formerly. There are now many working-men, writes my authority, who are not only guiltless of drunkenness and liquor smuggling, but so totally opposed to their being practised by others, that they would if they could save the apprentices from their demoralisation. Very demoralising it is, for not only does a boy run the risk of being disgraced and punished if he is detected in bringing in the drink, but the "sups" with which he is rewarded on these occasions often lay the foundation of drunken habits. Nominally a boy might refuse to be a surreptitious liquor carrier, but virtually compulsion is laid upon him. He cannot afford to deny a favour to a man upon whose good will depends the question whether he be a good or a bad workman. Nominally it is to the master that a boy is bound, yet it is on the goodwill of the skilled workman of the establishment that he really has to depend for initiation into those little "wrinkles" and specialities, the knowledge of which makes the difference between the bad or only ordinary workman.

Nor must the apprentice, however desirous of mastering the technicalities of his calling, dream of quietly devoting himself to the pursuit of that kind of knowledge until he has undergone a further initiation into the nature of workshop life by having a number of stock tricks played off upon him by the older apprentices. These tricks vary, as described by my authority; they comprehend a mixture of rough practical jokes, with some little fine metal of wit and refinement. The new apprentice will be, perhaps, sent to the most ill-tempered man in the shop for the loan of a round square, or to address him by some offensive nick-name. His reception by the ill-tempered man will be both astonishing and disagreeable. The older apprentices will express contrition, and as a makepeace will volunteer to instruct the tyro in the use of his tools. When they have got him fairly to work they will jerk the elbow of his hammer arm, thus causing him to hit his chisel hand. He probably knocks a piece of skin off, when, making a wry face and wringing his hands, he is informed that the hammer could not have hurt him much, *because* it was not upon his hand a minute. At length, the gauntlet having been run, the young apprentice will settle down unmolested to learn the use of the simpler tools. The next two or three years go on more smoothly. The apprentice grows into the workman, and, as a rule, getting disenchanted as he becomes familiar with the intricacies of the trade. The persecution exercised by some workmen over apprentices is, according to the journeyman engineer, so exacerbating, that many boys of spirit vow to have revenge so soon as their indentures are out. These vows are rarely fulfilled; but my autho-

rity knew one occasion when a threat of this sort was carried out. "I once," he writes, "did see a young man fulfil a vow of this kind. As soon as the clock struck twelve on the day on which his indentures expired, he threw down his tools and immediately pitched into a workman who had habitually ill-used him during the first three years of apprenticeship. Having given the man a sound thrashing, he deigned to explain his reasons for so doing thus:—'I always told you, when you used to knock me about when I first came to the trade, that I would pay you off for it when out of my time, and now, if I send any one to you for my character you can say that I kept my word.'"

With this outline of apprentice life in an engineer's workshop I shall conclude the sketch of a very interesting book, which up to a certain point we have thus analysed. The chapters on Saint Monday, Teetotalism, Penny Readings, Working Men's Saturdays and Sundays, touch upon matters of great interest indeed, but open to more discussion, and which have been more fully talked and written about than the matters which constitute the first half of the journeyman engineer's very thoughtful and well executed and every way interesting volume.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

IV.—SEVILLE.

THE distance from Cordova to Seville by rail is about seventy miles, through the valley of the Guadalquivir; and here we first began to see the semi-tropical character of the country, with increased vegetation. Extensive fields of olives stretch up the face of the low range of hills on each side of the valley, with gardens and orchards of orange and lemon trees, bordered with the cactus and aloe. The weather still continued delightful, and the air clear and buoyant, and just sufficiently cool to be agreeable. This was one of the most pleasurable of the many pleasant days I spent in Spain. My only companion in the carriage was a Spanish gentleman of an old Seville family of some note, who was himself born in one of the Spanish South American colonies. It is not always easy to get information in Spain. The consuls and attachés are proverbially close, and the Anglo-Spanish merchants are afraid to commit themselves by too free an expression of opinions. I had on several occasions the advantage of meeting with well-educated and travelled Spaniards, whose opinions I considered of more value than those of foreigners, who are liable to see things through the prejudices of their own country. My companion was one of the best type of the Spanish gentleman, with all the *suaviter in modo* of the old Don, and the frank intelligence of the English and American gentleman. He brought some pomegranates and melons into the carriage with him; and as no Spaniard partakes of anything without asking his neighbours to share with him, this brought about an introduction; and when he heard that I was familiar with these fruits, and had seen something of the world, he was at once frank, friendly, and communicative. I learned that he had travelled as a student of botany and natural history, and was an author, as I afterwards heard, of no mean repute. He told me of his travels in India, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, and spoke with true-hearted affection and gratitude of the kindness and friendship he had received from Lord Auckland and the Honourable Misses Eden, and the disinterested hospitality of the officials and "merchant princes of India." He was a great enemy to slavery in every form; and this led to some reference

to the career of the late Marshal O'Donnell in Cuba. "The general," he said, "was not a friend to England, or any of its plans, and retained much of the old Milesian hatred of the Saxon race. Nor for that matter was he any great friend to Spain. It was reported that he brought more money home from Cuba than the whole of his salary and allowance would have amounted to while there, and left a large and questionable fortune, in which Spain has no interest. I grieve very much," said my companion, "that this country, which I claim by blood and religion, should be governed by men of this class, and for their interest; but no others have a chance under our present system. The great body of the people have been so cowed and kept down by the combined efforts of Church and State, that no sentiment of true liberty is allowed to approach them. I often tell my countrymen who have never been out of Spain, that they make a great mistake in fancying that they can keep either the religion or the morals of the nation more pure by excluding all light from without, and locking up their religion, as it were, in a dark chamber. My own opinion of Catholicism is, that the more it comes in contact with light, and rubs shoulders with the intelligent labours and opinions of other bodies of Christians, the more bright and beautiful will it appear; and if this doctrine had been earlier understood by the Church, there would have been no need of an exaggerated reformation." This is a view of the case on which we might have differed, but we had no time to discuss the question further. My new friend's kindness followed me to my hotel. He gave me an introduction to the landlord of the Fonda de Europa, where I got the best room in the hotel, with board and attendance for thirty-five reals a day, and had more comfort and attention than some of my travelling acquaintances had for double this sum at the more fashionable Fonda de Madrid, Hôtel de Paris, and Hôtel de Londres. But to return to our journey.

The fine land between these two cities seems poorly cultivated, and at long intervals you see a half savage shepherd tending a flock of rough-looking sheep, reminding one somewhat of the Campagna at Rome, where there seems scarcely a blade of grass for the cattle to feed upon. There is neither labour nor manure bestowed on the land; and the small wooden plough, drawn by four oxen, is as primitive as that of Egypt or Hindustan. As you approach Seville the scene begins to improve, and the large orange and lemon gardens, laden at this season with their golden fruits, give a novelty and charm to the landscape. On arriving at the station, outside the town, one would think he had come on a colony of Irish. A crowd of half beggars and half idlers thronged around, with the same distinct characteristics: not a coat or covering alike, felt hats in every stage of decay, and ragged coats of many colours; the same wide mouth, thin lips, deep careworn lines on the face, low forehead and sharp eyes, half mendicant and half defiant. Here I found the same mendicant system prevailing as in Bohemia, South Italy, and in the South of Ireland. Is this the result of races, or may it be the peculiar training of their "friends, philosophers, and guides?" But this I must leave for moralists and physiologists to decide—it is altogether beyond my comprehension.

An English poet speaks of Seville as

"A city famous for oranges and women;
He who has not seen it will be much to pity;
So says the proverb," etc.

If he meant the beauty of the women, I think he took a poetical licence, or borrowed from some of their own poets. I did not see anything approaching to our idea

of handsome features. The young women of the higher class are mostly round-faced and plump, with a profusion of dark hair, and large black eyes, which they use under their fans with wonderful effect; but their features are very common-place, and have not a single classical line of beauty about them. The men of the same class have fine heads, and carry themselves with great dignity.

With regard to the "oranges," there is no mistake whatever. The whole city is a garden. My window overlooked a patio or courtyard, with orange, citron, and banana trees in full fruit, and in the centre a marble fountain, the music of its limpid jets giving life to the quiet beauties of nature; and it was hard to sit within doors with such a scene before one.

There is no place in Europe—I had almost said in the world—in which a British traveller finds himself so far from home as in Spain. If you go to the cities and prairies of America, or to the Delta, or the source of the Ganges, you know pretty well what you have to expect, and are less surprised; but here, a few days' journey from London and Paris, you feel that you are thousands of miles from home, and everything around you a mystery and a paradox. The old Moorish houses, with their courtyards and gardens, seem to throw you back in contemplation a thousand years. Many of the residences of the gentry and grandees are in narrow streets, little better than footpaths, but with all the appearance of oriental luxury and splendour. The patio is paved with slabs of white and black marble, divided from the outer to the inner court by light and elegant iron gates, gilt and ornamented, and round the centre is a profusion of fruit trees and flowers of every hue. I will not say much of their internal comforts; they may be adapted to semi-oriental people, but are perfectly unsuited to our ideas of comfort. As I have said before, the people live much out of doors, and their alamedas, or public walks, with avenues of orange, lemon, and acacia trees, with seats

"For aged sires and whispering lovers made,"

under their green and golden canopy, are to travellers a never-ending source of pleasure and surprise.

The "lions" of Seville occupy but a few days; and perhaps this was the best season of the year to see them with comfort; the air was so light, clear, and bracing that one never tired of walking about. The Cathedral is the first object of interest and attraction. It is built on the site of the great Mosque, and all that remains now of the Moorish architecture is a part of the walls, the great entrance gate, the fountain and court of orange trees, and the celebrated Giralda, so well-known to all artists, and acknowledged to be the finest specimen of the Moslem towers now existing in Spain. There are some curious legends about this tower, and of two mysterious ladies who by some supernatural power supported it in a storm or earthquake, and these sisters still hold a prominent place in the arts and ceremonies of this city; but these legends are so absurd and childish, that it seems almost contemptible to refer to them. This beautiful tower requires no such puerile support: it is still "a thing of beauty," and forms the finest and most prominent object in the general view of Seville. That part which belongs to the original Moslem tower, of 250 feet, only reached to the present belfry. The upper portion is of Christian construction, and is not in keeping with the chaste, massive architecture of the Moors. Surmounting the whole, at a height of 350 feet, is the figure of Faith, performing the part of a vane or weathercock, the origin of many jokes and sarcasms on the movings and twistings of the Church.

One of the curiosities shown here by the guides is the

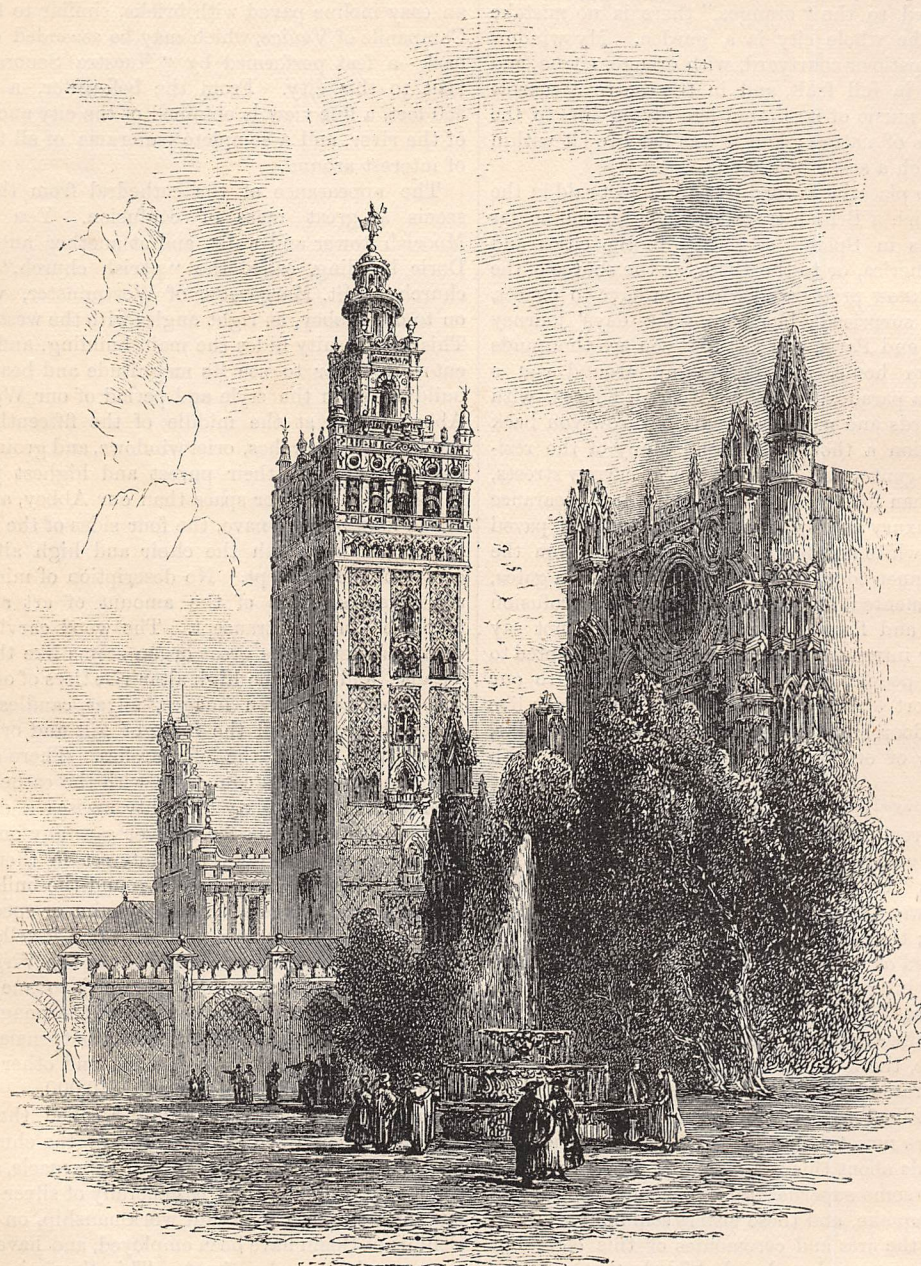
clock, the work of a monk, and the first put up in Seville; but that is all that can be said for it, as it presents no dial to public view. In fact, strange to say, you may walk for a whole day through Seville and not see a clock. The sun is their timepiece, and their matins, mid-day siesta, and evening meal, mark all the time they care about. The ascent of the tower is by an easy incline paved with bricks, similar to that of the Campanile of Venice, which may be ascended on horseback—a feat performed by "Nuestra Senora" on her visit to this city. From the bell-tower, a height of 350 feet, a fine view is obtained of the city and windings of the river, and a complete panorama of all the objects of interest around.

The appearance of the cathedral from the outside seems a great mass of confusion. You have the Moorish tower and walls, and at another angle a plain Doric building, called the "parish church," as if the church of St. Margaret's, of Westminster, was stuck on to our Abbey, at right angles with the western porch. This incongruity hides the main building, and we must enter in order to see its magnitude and beauty. The building is in the style and period of our Westminster Abbey, when, at the middle of the fifteenth century, the lofty spear arches, oriel windows, and groined arched roof, had attained their purest and highest perfection. It stands on a larger space than our Abbey, and instead of the long aisle or nave, the four sides of the cross form nearly a square, with the choir and high altar in the centre of the transept. No description of mine can give any adequate idea of the amount of art and labour displayed in this transept. The wood carving in the choir and round the great organ seems like the work of Titans; and over the high altar rise tiers of ornamented gilt columns, graven images, silver candlesticks, and jewelled virgins, till the maze of gilt and ornament is almost lost amidst the lofty arches. There are nearly one hundred priests connected with the cathedral alone, who perform from sixty to eighty masses a day—whatever this may mean—for I never saw any one but the officiating priests take any interest in them. There are some forty or fifty chapels round the building, each under the patronage of some holy saint or special virgin, and all contain elaborate ornament and jewelled images. As I stood opposite a wooden image of the Virgin, at one of these altars, the guide explained to me that the diamond necklace round the neck of the image was presented by the Infanta, Duchess of Montpensier, and was worth £20,000; that the bracelets and other jewels on the image were altogether worth £60,000.

In that portion of the building called the Sacristia Mayor, are contained the treasures of the church. The term Custodio is synonymous with Tabernacle, containing the "holy of holies," and is generally of silver and silver gilt, of the most beautiful workmanship, on which the Cellinis of Spain have been employed, and have produced most exquisite works of art. This Sacristia is said to contain the value of half a million sterling. My guide, notwithstanding his liberal opinions, was proud of the wealth of the cathedral—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—and would insist on my going in to see this treasure of the Custodio; and I indulged him with a franc to open the door. This is the great show-shop of the cathedral, and "worth half a million sterling," more or less—perhaps less; but there is a large quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls set in crowns and ornaments, and embroidered on sacerdotal robes, with cups and candlesticks, etc., in massive silver. It is curious and inconsistent that a church which holds the Jews in such contempt, and has banished them from this very

Catholic country, and appropriated their synagogues for Roman worship, should have grafted so much Judaism on the simple and sublime doctrines of the New Testament. There are some fine Murillos and other paintings in the cathedral, but they are entirely lost in bad lights.

old Moorish palace. Perhaps I should have seen the Alhambra before visiting this, as there is a difference of opinion which of the two is the most interesting. This palace has been carefully restored, and is in excellent order, and was the residence of the Duke de Montpensier



THE GIRALDA.

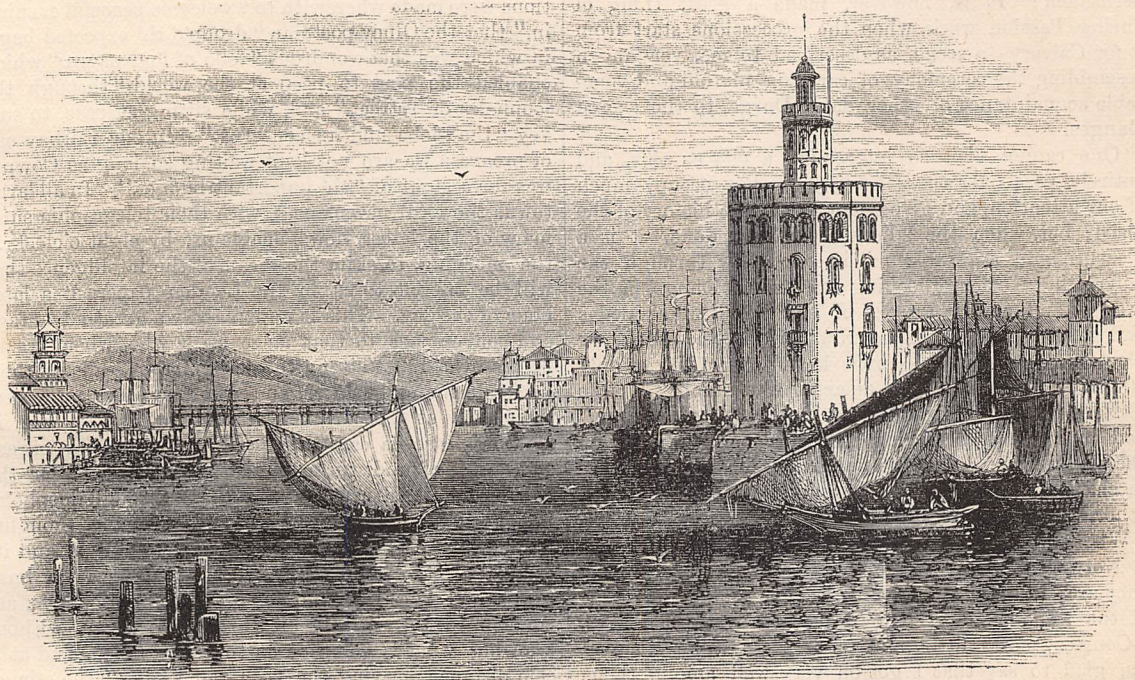
"These were painted for the church, and not for the public," as a priest told me. There are some forty or fifty other churches, but they have much the appearance of those half-finished churches we see in Italy; as if the funds had not kept pace with their religious fervour. I visited a number of these churches, to see some celebrated pictures of Murillo and other Spanish masters, but I found them, as in the cathedral, completely lost in the dark recesses of the altars.

The next object in the list of visits is the Alcazar—the

and the Infanta Maria Louisa, after the "unfortunate Spanish marriages," which brought so much shame on the Orleans family. Their first daughter, lately married to her cousin, the Count de Paris, was born in this palace in 1848. The charm of this, and all these Moorish buildings is, that you are looking on objects little changed for a thousand years, the works of an ingenious and poetical people, in which you can read the history of a nation that has disappeared from this busy western world. Perhaps the garden is the great attraction here. It

contains all the beauty of the Moorish with the Espano-Flemish gardening of the seventeenth century. Here for the first time I saw the orange trees trimmed into walls and hedges of twenty feet high, with the golden fruit just peeping out through the green foliage; and here, growing side by side, are borders of box and myrtle, the palmetto and apple, the pomegranate and the plum—the beautiful ponsetia, or red-leaved plant, and the rich

Downie, a child of the Scottish parochial system, who from a young clerk in the commissariat, rose to be the honoured friend of the Duke, and the Alcaide or governor of the Alcazar. In the Armoury at Madrid we were shown the sword of Pizarro, which had been presented by the Spanish Government to Sir John Downie, for valour in the field. With some English soldiers, after his Estramadura legions had deserted him, he charged



GOLDEN TOWER, SEVILLE.

flowering geranium—in short, the Tropics and temperate zones vying with each other which should yield to man the greatest amount of beauty to the eye and joy to the senses, with Moorish kiosks and summer-house to rest in and view the charming scene. There are many of the gardens of the nobility that are worth visiting, but they are all of the same character. The palace belonging to and occupied by the Duke de Montpensier is not open to the public, but I had a look into his garden, which covers, I should think, fifteen acres, and I was told that the Duke got £1,000 last year for his oranges. Near to these gardens is the great tobacco manufactory, which has all the appearance of a strongly-fortified castle, with strong wall and deep ditch. The building within forms a quadrangle, each side about 600 feet. There are upwards of 4,000 women employed here in the manufacturing of the commonest cigars. This does not seem to be an unhealthy occupation, for many of the women are the healthiest and best-looking in Seville.

Crossing by a line of planks the Guadalquivir, which is here about the breadth of the Thames between Kew and Putney, but after heavy rains rises to a dangerous extent, doing great damage to property on its banks, we paid a visit to the pottery and porcelain works of the kind and hospitable Mr. Pickman. These are inferior to many of our Staffordshire works, and would have no chance in competition with them but for the almost prohibitory duty on foreign imports. I was reminded, when crossing this temporary bridge, of the daring and bravery of my countryman Sir John

across the bridge to capture some guns that the French had planted on the opposite side. He had got half way across when a portion of the bridge was blown up. He leaped his horse over the gap and charged alone, his men being stopped by the explosion. At the same moment a grape-shot struck him and carried away a part of his cheek, and a second shot hit him in the left arm. Finding himself severely wounded, he wheeled his horse round and made for the gap, and hurled the sword of Pizarro back into the ranks of his own men, and was then taken a prisoner. I transcribe this episode of the Peninsular war from a letter now in my possession from a near relative of the late Sir John Downie.

The right bank of the river is connected with the city on the left, by a fine suspension bridge, which was constructed some years ago by an English contractor. From this bridge a fine broad Prado and avenues of trees skirt the banks of the river. Not far off is the celebrated Golden Tower. It is an octagon building of four storeys, partly of Roman and Arabic construction, in fair preservation. It is said to have taken its present name from the first gold brought from the New World being deposited there; but this tradition is very doubtful. The Sevillians have lately raised a statue to their great townsman Murillo, and called the plaza after him. And here is their museo or picture gallery—a very small affair indeed—which, but for the few great pictures of Murillo, and wonderful life-like statuary in wood by the monk artist and man-of-letters Cano, would scarcely claim a visit.

Among the curiosities of Seville is a Moorish building called Casa de Pilatos, or house of Pilate. The guides have a number of absurd stories about this house; but the simple fact is that it is not an ancient Moorish building appropriated by the Christians, but was built by a Spanish nobleman in 1500, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. All the beauty and ornament of the Moorish architecture are well and closely imitated, but it is about as like the house of Pontius Pilate as it may be to that of the Temple of Jerusalem! It is, however, made a great thing of during Passion week, when the processions start from it for Calvary—a scene, as described to me, very much resembling the ceremony of carrying my old and venerable acquaintance of other days, Durga, to the sacred Ganges.

One cannot visit so interesting a city as this, and entirely pass over these details, as they occupy much of our attention, and give one a key to the history of the place; but, when the "lions have been done," it is a pleasure and agreeable pastime to walk through the labyrinth of oriental-looking streets, or lounge in the orange and acacia groves of the beautiful alamedas and gardens, and watch the crowd of jolly priests in their black mantles and coal-scuttle hats. For a city of only 100,000 inhabitants, it is amazing the number of idle citizens that are abroad "worshipping the rising sun," and hoping that something will turn up to-morrow to their advantage. You see no anxious faces "running to catch the first train;" no bustling and hustling each other, trying who shall be first at the office or the mart. "Why hurry? there is plenty of time to-morrow."

Notwithstanding, I like the Spaniards very much; they are kind and obliging people, and look for a return of the same feeling. They have a proverb that says, "Courtesy costs little, and is of great value;" and I am glad to say that I got on very well among them. No doubt one unacquainted with their language will be subject here, as in other countries, to some annoyance and imposition; and, if you will excuse a little egotism, I will let you into the secret of my success among them. Age and some experience have taught me that it is better to make trifling sacrifices than to disturb one's equanimity. I have seen a club-swell in London haggling with a cabman about a sixpenny fare, and probably going in for an eightpenny Havannah and a bottle of champagne to dinner. This is all a matter of opinion or taste. I adopt a different principle—keep down my hotel bill, and submit to trifling extortions, or at least always give Cabby and other hardworking men the benefit of a doubt as to the exact charge. The disbursement of a few francs spent in this way rids one of many trifling annoyances, eases the mind, and makes things go pleasantly.

One little difficulty there is in Spain in the way of the stranger. When you think you have mastered a small vocabulary of useful words, the Andalusian ear is so finely tuned to sound, that unless you breathe the language in the softest accents they will not understand you. I was making some inquiry about "Jerez"—i.e., the Xerez of our Gazetteer. The "J" is sounded like "H," and I tried "Heres" in all its softest modifications, but I might as well have asked for "Timbuctoo." This reminds me of the sailor that said, "Them stupid foreigners calls everything by a wrong name. They calls a horse a shovel, and a house a mason, because they don't know any better." But let me now bid adieu to Seville, as I have an invitation to taste some fine old sherries at Jerez, which, I have no doubt, I shall find much easier to mouth than the Spanish consonants.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDZ.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

VI.—NEWSPAPER READINGS.

It was not until the light of the short winter's day was passing into the deepening gloom, and all snug preparations were made wherewith to "welcome peaceful evening in," that the Olney postman "dropp'd th' expected bag," in which was that wondrous "folio of four pages" which enabled the poet to peep at the world "through the loopholes of retreat," and, while sitting at ease, to survey "the globe and its concerns." In our railway age of progress we are not kept waiting so long as Cowper was for a sight of "th' important budget." In all large towns the local newspapers, with their telegraphic summary of the latest news, enable us, by eight o'clock in the morning, to skim the cream of the intelligence that will be offered to us in the London papers at a later hour of the day. This is undoubtedly a great advantage and convenience to that large class who, when breakfast is over, must attend to the numerous calls of their professions and business, and who may have no leisure to glance at the London papers until they are in Cowper's case—a case expressed by the familiar phrase suggestive of undisturbed retirement, "shut in for the evening." It is then that the peeps through loopholes may be taken with more ease and gain, the thoughts and attention not being "dispersed by daylight and its cares." Yet, not all of us, even when far from busy towns and ruralising in some sequestered village, are condemned to vegetate all through the day, without knowing what is going on in the outer world, and at a safe distance hearing the roar and seeing "the stir of the great Babel."

That great leveller, the railway, places county-town and country-hamlet on an equality, when dealing out its gifts and distributing its conveniences. "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," as my hamlet of Minima-Parva may appear to be, topographically and socially, yet it lies not far from the track of a railroad; and by "the nine-twenty" train, as we call it, from London, on each week-day morning, there is dropped a parcel at the small station, four miles from Minima-Parva, and some seventy miles from the great Babel, and from this parcel is conveyed to me, by messenger, a damp copy of that morning's "Times." Another copy is taken, in a similar way, to the Squire of Minima-Parva, who not unfrequently is put in possession of his morning's newspaper at an earlier hour at his country-house than he can obtain it when at his town-house. This is partly explained by the fact that all the earliest copies of the "Times," the publication of which begins at five in the morning, are despatched to the railway stations, to go off into the country by "the 6.30" and first trains. Thus, through the clever combinations of Printing House Square, the news agents, and the railway, we sequestered rustics of Minima-Parva are enabled, soon after ten o'clock each morning, to read all the news of the world, as it was known in London up to two or three o'clock that same morning—a common every-day event, but none the less a marvel.

At what point will the marvel stop? and at what dimensions? Some witty people, a few years ago, published an imaginary copy of the "Times" of the next century. It contained accounts of the voyages of aerial ships, the journeys by balloon-railways, the steam foot-

men who wanted places, the debates in the Ladies' Parliament, and all those other innovating improvements to which we are presumed to be hastening; and these prophetic witticisms were printed on a sheet nearly as large again as that to which the "Thunderer" has now developed. As though to make the contrast all the greater, there was issued at the same time a very careful reprint of the "Times" for October 3rd, 1798, of which reprint a description is given in the "Leisure Hour" for August 8th, 1863; and, in its dimensions, with reference to the modern broadsheet, it was as a baby is to a man. It was, indeed, almost a baby image; for the first "Times" was published on New Year's Day, 1788, since which date it has never failed in a single issue, although it has so increased in dimensions that we have even seen its double supplement itself supplemented by an extra supplement. But when it was first issued it was but a tiny sheet of curtly-conveyed items of news; a modest "folio of four pages." Not that those words of Cowper's referred to it; for they were published three years before the "Times" existed; like Mr. Puff's Spanish fleet, it was "not yet in sight." And now that it is in sight, it is a sight indeed. The paper alone on which it is printed is worth all the money charged for the news; and if you doubt its quality, ask any housemaid who has vainly endeavoured to light her fires with the "penny papers" instead of with the "Times." Its size may be judged from the fact, that one copy of the paper, with its full supplement, contains about 20,000 lines or 200,000 words, is equal to an octavo volume of 500 pages, as commonly printed, and could not be written out by the most rapid writing lawyer's clerk in a fortnight, at the rate of ten hours a day. And, with all this, it is printed with such marvellous accuracy, that misprints are as few and far between as plums in a workhouse pudding.

It is worthy of remark that the first copy of the "Times" was printed by a new system, thus expressed in the original title of the paper:—"The Times, or Daily Universal Register, printed logographically;" and the imprint ran thus:—"Printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic Press, Printing House Square," etc. When the second title of the paper was soon afterwards dropped, it was stated that "the 'Universal Register' has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son." This clever invention of logography was due to Mr. Walter. Whole words were cast in type, and the speed with which a paragraph was set up in print was thereby greatly quickened. The invention, however, did not succeed, and had to be abandoned. The compositors complained that the logographic words could not always be made to fit in to the length of the lines; and, as they could not be divided, time was as often lost as gained. But the idea of the logographic printing is a good one, and, with certain modifications, ought to be made practically available for the printer's purposes. Mr. Greene, M.P. (for Kilkenny), endeavoured, in 1855, to reduce the system to practice; and Major Beniowski—favourably known for his mnemonic system—also applied himself to carry out the idea. It has been recently further developed under the direction of Mr. George Clark—known to the public in connection with the granulated wood gunpowder, and many other inventions in explosives and gunnery—and will, probably, be shortly introduced to the public under the title of the "Word Type," a far more manageable name than logography. Syllables are cast, and a word is thus easily put together, and as readily divided. The plan has already been so far advanced, that, in the last week of March, 1868, a printer set up in type in twenty-

three minutes, by means of the word type, an article that another printer was fifty minutes in setting up by the letter system. After an interval, therefore, of eighty years, it is possible that the "Times" may be printed by an improvement of that system, invented for its first publication in 1788 by its founder, Mr. J. Walter.

As with other things, so with the press, the supply has been created by the demand. Lamentably deficient as we still are, as a nation, in respect of education, yet the increase of knowledge, and, with it, the thirst for more knowledge, has been quickened during the present century to an extent that is really marvellous when compared with its slower growth in previous centuries. Unhappily, there are still millions of working-men who cannot read a line of print; yet, even among them, the newspaper is doing its civilising work, whether its penny sheet is spelled out to them by a better instructed neighbour or child in a remote English village or wild Highland glen. In these cases, indeed, the penny weekly local paper is the only one that is read; and I have known instances where its perusal has literally been spread over the six days of the week, the advertisements coming in for their due share of attention. If Hodge, the ploughman, is "no scholar," yet he is charmed to hear "a bit o' the noos-paper;" and although Donald, the West Highland shepherd, usually discourses in Gaelic, and makes a pretence that he "has got no English," yet even he is bound to be enthralled by the elegant extracts from the English press. More than one country clergyman, during the feverish and agonising excitement of the Crimean war, was wont to assemble his rustic population on two or three evenings a week in the village schoolroom, and there read to them the Times' report of the campaign, and of the doings and sufferings of our brave soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol. And, whatever honour may have justly accrued to Dr. Russell, "the Pen of the War," for those Crimean letters (that may be said to have created a new feature in journalism), yet, among the millions of readers who hung upon his words and followed him through every sentence with throbbing heart and quickened pulse, I feel sure that there were none who felt a deeper interest in what he wrote than those unlettered agricultural labourers, who, night after night, forgot their daily toil and cares in listening, breathlessly, to the reading of his letters, and being borne by them, in imagination, to that scene of strife where "glory" and sorrow went hand in hand. And though Miss Nightingale can never know one thousandth part of the widespread good her humanising example has diffused, not through Britain only, but in every part of the world where the true force of a woman's gentleness is felt, yet even she might well have been proud of those "tributary tears" that trickled down the rustic cheeks when the story was read how "Santa Philomena," "the lady with the lamp," went her nightly rounds among those "miles of beds" on which lay the wounded and the dying. These were good examples of the success attendant upon "Newspaper Readings."

The popularity of "Penny Readings" appears to be on the increase, especially where Hamlet's soliloquy is followed by a lay of the negro minstrels, or a comic recitation. Too often these programmes display pitiful taste. At such entertainments our English classics are not unfrequently compelled to appear "cheek by jowl" with very incongruous companions; and if only a decent "interval of ten minutes" be allowed between the parts, the sacred can be forgotten in the secular, and the audience that yawned over Handel's gems in Part I., can be roused to an enthusiastic *encore* of a low music-hall song in Part II.

And, with regard to the great composer just mentioned, might not Cowper have written the following lines with the prescience of a "great Handel Festival?"

"Ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For, was it less? What heathen would have dared
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? who that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and, while we praise
A talent so divine, remember, too,
That His most holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never used before,
To buckram out the memory of a man."

The performance of Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah" is to occupy the first day of the third great triennial Handel Festival, to be held at the Crystal Palace on Monday, June 15th, with a monster orchestra of four thousand performers. The manager of the Crystal Palace makes this preliminary remark on the contemplated performance of this Oratorio:—

"A grand performance of the 'Messiah,' by thousands of thoughtful and intelligent auditors, is looked upon as a lofty religious exercise of the mind, to be often indulged in, and to be treasured in recollection at all times and seasons." Whether this "religious exercise" can be best obtained in a building so replete with secular associations and amusements, is a question that might readily be answered; but, without replying to it in this place, let us quit the monster festival for the humbler penny readings of which we were speaking.

Granting their popularity, and also their usefulness when properly and judiciously conducted—(ay! there's the rub!)—why should not "newspaper readings" be occasionally attempted, in such places and in such cases as those to which I have referred? "To be or not to be" would only suggest somnolence to Miss Ann Taylor's "Contented Hodge, the Hedger and Ditcher;" and Burke's most famous oration would shoot over the heads of ploughman, shepherd, and drainer. But read to them such a newspaper article as the record of the Fenian murders at Manchester and Clerkenwell, and at once, *erectis auribus*, they are on the alert, and their faculties of listening and attention are willingly strained to the uttermost. No need of romantic fiction when bare facts can be found so enthralling. No sensational novel could be half so sensational or new as that dastardly destruction in the narrow street by the Clerkenwell prison; and events that thus come home to the hearts and feelings of "the rude, unlettered sons of toil" are, in their narration, listened to with the most unfeigned and all-absorbing interest.

It may be urged that the need for such "newspaper readings" is happily becoming rare, and would be restricted generally to rural villages, or perhaps to certain classes in such pit and mining districts as "the Black Country." In some degree this point might be conceded. Where people can not only read, but can also understand and digest what they read, then, each for himself and by himself, may be a private hearer of the preacher from the pulpit of the press.

In most towns, to say nothing of the expensive clubs and of those news-rooms the subscription to which is rarely less than a guinea a year, the humbler classes of the community are usually able to see the leading news-

papers of the day at their mechanics' institutes, penny news-rooms, working men's clubs, and, better still, at the reading and refreshment-rooms, based on a similar plan to those first started in Edinburgh in 1852, which are now becoming general throughout the country, and which, without professing to look to their supporters solely from the body of total abstainers, are yet to be regarded as antagonistic to all public-house evils. A few villages can already boast of such excellent institutions, which are established at a small cost, and pay their own way; and the spread of them, both in town and country, is a thing to be desired. Until this is done, and until education shall have sufficiently advanced to enable every man to be a reader, the public newspaper readings to which I have referred might probably be adopted with advantage, in certain places and on special occasions. These readings, so far from being any novelty, would take us back to the very origin of the printed news-sheets in England, which were suggested by the Venetian Gazzettas. These were the communications on home and military affairs, which the Government of Venice, during the Turkish war of 1563, thought fit to communicate to the people, and which were read to any one who paid a gazetta, or farthing, for the privilege. Thence, both the name and thing passed through France to England, whose first gazette, or public newspaper, was the "Weekly Newes," started by Nathaniel Butler, May 23rd, 1622. The occasional sheets of news that had appeared prior to that date are to be regarded rather as pamphlets; and it was to them that Burton referred, when he complained (in 1614): "If any read now-a-days, it is a play-book or a pamphlet of news." The play-books were indeed read; and, although Ben Jonson could write a piece called "The Staple of News," in which he describes the "Mercurius Rusticus," with the publisher's office and staff, and his method of collecting news, yet this was in 1625, three years after the establishment of Butler's paper. Now, as Shakespeare died in 1616, we necessarily lose the description that he would otherwise have given us of the English newspaper. This fact gives the greater point to an amusing mistake recently made by the two reverend doctors who have published the work called "The Life and Labours of John Campbell, D.D.," in which, in writing of Dr. Campbell's editorial labours in the "Christian Witness" and "British Banner," they say: "Speaking of newspapers, Shakespeare says 'They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the day, to show Virtue her own features, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.'"

A far more serious mistake, however, and one which was allowed to pass current for many years, was made by Mr. George Chalmers, who, having to write on newspapers, made industrious research on the subject. In the course of these researches he discovered, in the British Museum, what purported to be copies of the "English Mercurie" newspaper, issued in 1588, while the Spanish Armada fleet was in the Channel; and, said Chalmers, "it may gratify our national pride to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper." This statement was accepted by the writers of the day, including the elder Disraeli; and it also passed current on the Continent, and obtained a place in every foreign cyclopædia. It was not till some two or three-and-twenty years ago that the Chalmers bubble was exploded by Mr. Thomas Watt, of the British Museum, who, in investigating another subject, accidentally discovered and placed upon proof that these so-called newspapers were impudent forgeries, coarsely and clumsily executed on

paper that bore the watermark of one of the Georges. To the second Lord Hardwicke was attributed the forgery; and his sudden death probably prevented his explaining what was doubtless done as a private joke, but was destined to make the tour of the civilised globe as a veritable piece of history.

The arrival of Cowper's postman has its parallel passage in Crabbe's poem of "The Newspaper," wherein is depicted the anxiety with which those who are "far from town wait till the postman brings his packet down once in the week." This was almost as bad as in the earlier days of Ben Jonson, who represents a countrywoman coming to the newspaper office and saying, "I would have, sir, a groat's worth of any news, I care not what, to carry down this Saturday to our vicar." In the "Spectator," No. 452, is an admirably witty paper on the "general thirst after news," and the various ways in which that news was served up to the public so as to please its palate. Crabbe depicted the desire in such lines as these:—

"Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their News;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes and one amusement seek;
This, like the public inn, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all."

Yet, at that period, the passion for reading newspapers was but scantily gratified; the "Times" had not yet made its appearance, and, throughout the whole kingdom, there were barely eighty public journals. Two years after Crabbe and Cowper had published their thoughts and views on newspapers, Bishop Horne (in 1787,) wrote these words:—"Curiosity is the appetite of the mind; it must be satisfied or we perish. Amongst the improvements, therefore, of modern times, there is none on which I find more reason to congratulate my countrymen than the increase of knowledge by the multiplication of newspapers. With what a mixture of horror and commiseration do we now look back to that period of our history when a written letter came down once a week to the coffee-house, where a proper person, with a clear and strong voice, was pitched upon to read it aloud to the company assembled upon the occasion! How earnestly did they listen! how greedily did they suck down every drop of intelligence that fell within their reach!" That is a vivid description of newspaper reading; and although the Bishop pities the condition of the people who were compelled to study their public journals vicariously, yet we may extend the "commiseration" to many thousands at the present day, who, being unable to read for themselves, are almost as badly off for news as were the throngs of people when—as we see in Macaulay's History—they hastened to Whitehall, during that period of the Restoration when the newspapers were suppressed—clamouring to pick up the merest fragment of intelligence. How popular would have then been the man who could have given newspaper readings!

THE GHOST OF JOHN KOOMPANEE.

WALKING along Moorgate Street one day, from the Railway Station to the Bank, my eye fell on the words EAST INDIA COMPANY. They were painted on the side of a doorway, amongst the names of sundry occupants of premises having a common entrance. The great house in Leadenhall Street, I knew, had for years been removed, and India is now ruled from an Imperial Palace in Whitehall. Could this be the East India Company?

or had I misread the words, and seen the name merely of some Indian trading house or firm?

Turning back, I read indeed the words—East India Company. Curious to see the local habitation of a company with a name once so great, I ascended the stairs, prepared with some question to justify the visit of a stranger. On opening the door not marked "private," a clerk emerged from an inner apartment, by whom, after some conversation, I was courteously shown the room where the Court of Proprietors hold their meetings. It is a large apartment, with little furniture besides table and chairs. A Mercator's map of the world, an oil painting representing Commodore Dance beating off the French fleet, and a framed print of the India House in Leadenhall Street, are the sole decorations of the walls. On the table lay some blue-books and ledger-like folios. A strange stillness pervaded the place, though in the very heart of the busy city. A General Court had been held a few days before, the chief business at which had been the re-election of two directors, who had retired by rotation, and the re-installation of Colonel Sykes, M.P., as Chairman.

Mentioning my little adventure a few days after to a friend in the India Office at Westminster, he gave me the following curious statistics. The East India Company now consists, besides the proprietors of stock, of a Chairman, five Directors, a Secretary, and a Clerk. For the offices in Moorgate Street they pay a rent of £250 per annum. Of all the vast territories and establishments once in their possession they now hold nothing, all having been transferred to the Imperial Government. Even the far-famed Oriental Library and Museum have passed from their hands. The Court of Directors now simply hold in trust the Capital Stock, and also the Security or Cumulative Fund, to wit, £2,000,000 invested in 1834 in the Funds for the redemption of the Company's Stock; which sum, by re-investment of the proceeds, now amounts to nearly 6½ millions. The dividends guaranteed by the British Government are paid at the Bank of England, and may be redeemed by Parliament in the year 1874. The Capital may then be purchased at £200 for £100 Stock. If the purchase should be found inconvenient, the existence of the Company may be prolonged, no doubt to the satisfaction of the proprietors of stock, who are now guaranteed 10½ per cent. dividend. The Company receive a grant of £800 per annum from the Secretary of State for India, for defraying salaries and incidental expenses. A Court of Directors is held once a month, and a General Court of Proprietors twice a year.

Of all the strange "revolutions of empire" which this world has seen, none have been stranger than the rise and fall of the East India Company. It is little more than a century since the grant of the Dewanee territory laid the foundation of the British empire in the East. For a century and a half before 1765, there had been a succession of chartered Companies of "merchants trading to the East Indies." Footing had been obtained in various places, by favour or by purchase, where factories were established, and forts erected, gradually raised to the name and rank of Presidencies. Within the narrow limits of these possessions, clerks and supercargoes plied their trade, by permission of the native rulers.

When Clive drew the sword in the service of the English merchants, the age of conquest began. What names crowd the annals of the Company's Raj in half a century! Hastings, Coote, Cornwallis, Lake, Wellesley! John Company became Koompanee Bahadoor, lord of an empire with more than a hundred millions of subjects, and an army of nearly half a million of men. The

Rajahs of the East had almost all become tributaries and servants of the Company, and if any retained a nominal independence, an English Resident was the real lord of the land. Still conquest or annexation went on, till in the days of Napier and Dalhousie the Company ruled from the sea to the Himalayas. Not without checks and reverses was this progress, such as the Affghan War, the Sikh invasion, and, most perilous of all, the Sepoy revolt. But the shadow of native empire passed away when the last of the Moguls died a prisoner in Burmah. The descendants of the proudest princes of the East are now pensioners of the British Parliament, and the ambition of native kings is to be decorated by the English Viceroy with the order of the Star of India.

In London the visible sign of the passing away of the Company's Raj was the sale of the East India House and its contents in Leadenhall Street. Huge bills on the walls and pillars had announced the event.

"A poster on the pillars set for show.
What is't? Some bulletin of Indian battles?
A kingdom taken in? why, surely, no!
A sale by auction of the goods and chattels!"

One week in May 1862, a crowd assembled in the building, a crowd very different from that which used to fill the Court Room in former times. An auctioneer took the place of the Chairman of Directors. "Going, going, gone!" resounded, with the accompanying emphatic rap of the hammer, till nothing remained to tell of the long connection of the pile with "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

"Going!—what's going? Gone!—ah, gone indeed!
Generals and Governors who graced this board;
The grave Durbar that bade the soldier speed,
The feast that welcomed home his conquering sword.

"Gone;—Clive, the country boy, of Plassy dreaming;
Hastings, arraigned by Justice than earth's;
Cornwallis, Elphinstone, and Wellesley, seeming
Noble by more nobility than birth's;

"Heber's pale lips, in pious hymnals moving
For all those millions of his Eastern sheep;
Napier, his good sword drawn, rough, just, and loving;—
Theirs, and a thousand memories these walls keep.

"Gone now! A crowd of Hebrews—broker, touter—
Stands in the place of those majestic men.
Oh! mighty moralist, of self-praise scouter,
Point here a moral—sharpen hence a pen."

Well, the fashion of this world passeth away. It does so not only as an inevitable law, but oftentimes as a beneficent arrangement; and it cannot be doubted that the affairs of India will be better administered by the direct authority of the Crown, influenced by the whole-some power of public opinion.

That the change from the Company's rule to that of the British Crown was a change for the better, is doubted by none but a few who have grown grey in the old service. The Sepoy Mutiny hastened a crisis which had long been impending. The genius and virtue of many of the Company's servants had veiled the evils of the Company's rule. So long ago as 1784, the year when "the Board of Control" was established by Parliament, Cowper the poet thus wrote:—"The Charter constitutes them a trading Company, and gives them an exclusive right to traffic in the East Indies; but it does no more. It invests them with no sovereignty; it does not convey to them the Royal prerogative of making war and peace, which the King cannot alienate if he would. But this prerogative they have exercised, and, forgetting the terms of their institution, have possessed themselves of an immense territory, which they have ruled with a rod of iron, to which it is impossible they should even have a right, unless such a one as it is a disgrace to plead—

the right of conquest. The potentates of this country they dash in pieces, like a potter's vessel, as often as they please; making the happiness of thirty millions of mankind a consideration subservient to that of their own emolument; oppressing them as often as it may seem a lucrative purpose; and in no instance that I have ever heard, consulting their interest or advantage. That Government, therefore, is bound to interfere, and to unking these tyrants, is to me self-evident." In verse as well as prose Cowper denounced the "corporate misrule" of the Company, while admitting the personal virtues of many of the rulers and of their servants:—

"Men, immaculate perhaps,
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated seem at once to lose
Their nature, and disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial justice red."

Grievous wrongs were certainly perpetrated, and glorious opportunities neglected, under the old régime. May the lessons and warnings not be lost under the Imperial rule of our Eastern possession!

But descending from these high themes, let us muse on the strange contrast between the existing condition of the East India Company and its former state when enthroned in Leadenhall Street.* A few quiet gentlemen meet in a hired room and transact some routine business. What a change from the scenes in the General Court Room in the olden time! The Chairman then sat with as much dignity and authority as the Speaker of the House of Commons. The business before the Court was often as momentous as that which occupied the Imperial Parliament. There were set speeches and smart debates, motions and counter-motions, amendments and adjournments, stormy and even riotous meetings. Hear Lord Macaulay's account of the Courts: "All the turbulence of a Westminster election, all the trickery and corruption of a Grampound election, disgraced the proceedings of this assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a gigantic scale."† At a later period the discussions about the permission of missionaries to carry the gospel to the East were marked by turbulent scenes. All honour is due to the noble-hearted men in the direction who persevered in their efforts in the cause of Christianity. Their labours, we doubt not, averted many a judgment, and prolonged the time of the Company's probation.

The General Court Room, until the abolition of the trade of the Company, was the old Sale Room. Four times

* According to tradition, the first members of the company met for business in a room of the Nag's Head Inn, opposite Bishopsgate Church, where there is now a Friends' Meeting House. The next generation provided themselves with a building for their own exclusive use. This was in Leadenhall Street, on a part of the present site. There is a view of it among the prints in the British Museum, quite unique, which originally figured on the shop bill of William Overley a joiner in the locality. It was an edifice of timber and plaster, adorned with quaint carving and lattice work, corresponding to the style of the Elizabethan age, as appears from that cut. Above the windows was a painting which represented a fleet of merchantmen tossing on the waves. At the top, in the centre, a huge square-built wooden mariner looked down upon the passengers in the street, with the figure of a dolphin at each corner. The new East India House was erected in 1726, except the portico, which was added in 1797. Views of the old and new India House were given in the "Leisure Hour" for 1861.

† In 1763, Clive laid out £100,000 in the purchase of stock for nominal proprietors, whom he brought down to the debates.

a year, in March, June, September, and December, the Tea Sales were here held, amidst tumult and uproar, as great as marked any of the political debates. Above a million pounds of tea were sometimes sold in a day. There were about thirty firms of tea brokers, whose representatives were attended by a dense body of tea dealers. The sales were effected amidst shouting and howling far out-sounding the tumult of the Bourse at Paris, and the noise used to startle even the butchers in Leadenhall Market. But all through the year the great house in Leadenhall Street was a scene of busy life. How could it be otherwise, with its multitude of officials and departments? There was the military department, the shipping department, the Examiner's office, the Accountant's office, the Transfer, the Treasury, and we know not how many other branches of business and administration. In 1833 the Act was passed by which the monopoly of trade was doomed, and it was then that the name of "the East India Company" was authorized. In 1838 a Parliamentary return gave the number of persons on the Home Establishment at 494, with salaries amounting to £134,454. This number included porters, watchmen, messengers, and other attendants. Before the closing of the trade there were above 400 clerks in the Home Establishment. Twenty years ago there were still 150. Now there is one solitary clerk in the employment of the East India Company!

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

IV.

In tracing the origin of various insignia that are emblazoned in the arms of many families, historical incidents are brought to light that would otherwise be buried in oblivion. And to this circumstance may be attributed much of the interest that is centred in heraldry by those who have studied more than its rudiments. Though the records existing concerning the grants of arms are comparatively few, yet are they too numerous for all to be chronicled in our columns. The anecdotes previously related have, many of them, been replete with interest, and the following traditions and narratives (at random strung) respecting the armorial bearings of some of our titled notables are not less entertaining.

In the arms of the Duke of Norfolk are two separate charges, each of which possesses historic interest. In the first quarter, on a bend argent, is an escutcheon or, with a demi-lion pierced through the mouth with an arrow. This alludes to the circumstance of the body of King James IV of Scotland being found pierced with an arrow after the battle of Flodden Field, September 9th, 1513, when the Earl of Surrey gained a great and decisive victory over the Scots. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," states that so fiercely was this battle fought that the Scots lost upwards of 10,000 men, and that "there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there." On the Earl of Surrey's return to England, he was created Duke of Norfolk by King Henry VIII, who also augmented his paternal coat of arms with the before-mentioned charge. The third quarter, which is chequy or and azure, bears

the insignia of the Warrens, Earls of Surrey, who, having in bygone times the grant of licensing public-houses, ordered that every licensed innkeeper should display the Warren arms upon the exterior of his house, a circumstance that gave rise to the frequent and familiar sign of The Chequers.

The singular crest borne by Lord Exmouth, of the wreck of the Dutton, East Indiaman, upon waves of the sea on a rocky shore off Plymouth garrison, with the motto "Deo adjuvante" (God being my helper), had



its origin in a valorous deed performed by the first baron, when Sir Edward Pellew. The gallant knight was refitting his frigate, the *Indefatigable*, at Plymouth, in January, 1796, when a violent storm arose, which drove ashore, as a perfect wreck, the Dutton transport, which was conveying the Queen's Own Regiment of Foot to the West Indies. Sir Edward and his lady had engaged to dine on the same day with a friend, who, on their arrival at his door, communicated to them the distressing intelligence. Immediately on hearing it, Sir Edward opened the opposite door of his carriage, and disappeared with marvellous rapidity, followed by his friend. On the latter's arrival at the Hoe, he found the knight struggling through the breakers, and in the act of mounting the ship's deck by means of the mainmast, which had fallen ashore. Arrived on board, he immediately assumed authority, and exerted himself with so much calmness, intrepidity, and skill, that, with the exception of a few drunken sailors, all on board, including many women and children, were got safely on shore, while he was among the last who left the ship. His Majesty King George III, hearing of the circumstance, created Sir Edward a baronet, and awarded the crest before indicated.

The Marquis of Lansdowne bears in the first and fourth quarterings of his arms a magnetic needle pointing to the polar star, a charge that refers to the arctic discoveries made by his ancestor, Sir William Petty, a successful and celebrated navigator. The first crest, of a bee-hive, alludes to the industry of the knight; and the second crest, of a sagittarius, an astronomical emblem, to his fame as an astronomer.

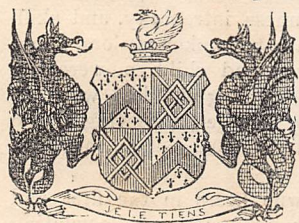


The present Viscount Downe is lineally descended from Sir William D'Aunay, who held, *temp.* Richard I, a high command in the army of English Crusaders, when serving before Acon. In memory of a daring deed of valour performed by his ancestor, the noble lord bears as his crest a demi-Saracen in armour, couped at the thighs, and wreathed about the temples proper, holding in the dexter hand a ring, or, stoned azure, and in the sinister a lion's gamb erased or, armed gules. During the Holy Wars, it was customary for the infidel champions to challenge the Christian warriors to single combat whenever opportunities presented themselves. Upon one occasion, when Sir William was riding at some distance from the



English camp, he espied a Saracen emir, richly armed and well mounted, approaching him, at the head of a body of men about equal in number to his own attendants. Halting their troops at a little distance from each other, the Moslem challenged the knight to single combat, an offer that was promptly accepted. The contest was soon decided, the infidel being slain by the Champion of the Cross. Sir William, however, had no sooner proved himself to be victorious than he was subjected to a terrible and unanticipated danger. The slain emir, according to a custom then prevalent among the natives of the East, was in the habit of carrying in his train a lion. This animal, which had been taken as a cub among the ruins of Babylon, had grown to a remarkable size, and was peculiarly fierce, except to his master and immediate attendants, of whom he was very fond. At the time of his master's fall he was present, being held in leash by some of the emir's followers, who, seeing their lord fall, and with a view to avenge him, slipped the noose from the lion's neck and let him loose upon Sir William. The valiant knight, however, in nowise dismayed at this second foe, forbade his archers to shoot the animal, and, rushing upon his antagonist, lance in rest, pinned it to the earth. Cœur de Lion, who from a distance had beheld the combat, was delighted at the double victory, and gave the knight a ring from his own finger, with permission to bear the crest previously described. The annulets, or rings, in the arms also allude to the king's gift.

The frette in the arms of Baron Audley (see illustration, second and third quarterings), and in those of the families of Dutton, Delves, Foulhurst, and Hawkestone, are said to have been thus gained:—Prior to the battle of Poitiers, Lord James Audley vowed that, if possible, he would be foremost in the fight; and, supported by his four brave



squires, Dutton (now represented by Baron Sherborne), Delves, Foulhurst, and Hawkestone, he kept his knightly word, and was ever in the thickest of the *mêlée*. Though his squires warded off many blows that were aimed at him, he was nevertheless severely wounded; and, when the English were found to be victorious, he was carried back to the camp bleeding, and almost insensible. Being borne into the presence of the Black Prince, Edward took him by the hand, courteously greeted him, and bade him be of good cheer, as he had nobly redeemed his pledge by being foremost in the enemy's ranks. The prince also gave him lands in England, the income of which was worth five hundred marks a year. This gift Audley divided equally among his squires; and when the prince inquired whether he despised the gift, or thought it insufficient, he answered, he was deeply sensible of his lord's kindness, but his own possessions were sufficient for his wants, while his squires needed money. The prince, not to be outdone in generosity, presented him with another five hundred marks; and Audley, in order that the merit and valour of his squires might be held in perpetual memory, enjoined them to bear in some part of their coats-of-arms his own proper achievement, and the motto "*Servabo fidem*" (I will keep faith). The title and estates subsequently, however, devolving upon the Touchet family, the arms of that house are borne by the present baron in the first and fourth quarters, and also the motto "*Je le tiens*" (I hold it).

The first and fourth, and the second and third quarterings in the arms of the Earl of Kintore, are both stated to have originated in historical incidents. During the reign of Kenneth II the Danes, in one of the many descents they made upon Scotland, were defeated by Kenneth in a battle fought near Dundee, and their general, Lamis, was slain. In this action an ancestor of the present earl showed such proofs of extraordinary valour that Kenneth, in token of his admiration, dipped his finger in the blood of Lamis, and drew three stripes across the warrior's shield; a circumstance that is indicated in the emblazon of the second and third quarters, which are argent, a chief paly of six, or and gules. The other quarterings are of a much more recent date; they are gules, a sceptre and sword in saltire, with an imperial crown in chief, within an orle of eight thistles or, the motto being "*Vive ut vivas*" (Live so that you may live). These were granted by Charles II to Sir John Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, for having saved the Scottish Regalia from being seized by Oliver Cromwell after the great battle of Dunbar, by burying them in Kinneff Church. Sir John escaped to France, and it was not until the Restoration that he disclosed the hiding-place, a service which the king rewarded by bestowing upon him a peerage.

Baron Gifford bears two crests, viz.: a panther's head couped, affronté, spotted, incensed proper; and a demi-archer, bearded and couped at the knees, in armour proper; from his middle a short coat, paly argent and gules; at his middle a quiver of arrows or, and in his hands a bow and arrow drawn to the head; the motto being "*Prenez haleine, tirez fort*" (Take breath, pull strong). The origin of these insignia is due to the following circumstance:—In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII a panther, which had been presented to Sir John Gifford, of Chillington, escaped from its cage, and was pursued by the knight and his son, with bows in hand. At about a mile from the house they overtook the beast, just as it was about to spring upon a woman and her infant. Sir John, who was almost breathless, while preparing to shoot the animal was addressed by his son in the words of the motto, and, in pursuance of the advice, paused to take breath, drew his bow strongly, took steady aim, and killed the panther.

The arms of the Earl of Kimberley are sable, chevron or, guttée de sang, between three cinquefoils ermine; the drops of blood on the chevron having been added as a reward for the valour of his ancestor at the battle of Agincourt, where he attended Henry V as one of his esquires.

The Rev. William Chichester O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, County Antrim, who has recently been created a peer under the style of Baron O'Neill, traces his descent in a direct line from the Milesian kings, and bears as his arms a sinister hand couped and erect gules, with a salmon in base swimming in water. The origin of the hand is thus stated. When the ancestor of the family was preparing, in company with several adventurers, to make a descent upon the coast of Ulster, it was unanimously decided that whoever touched the land first should be esteemed chief of the territory. O'Neill, finding that instead of succeeding in heading his competitors in the race for dignity, he was losing ground, drew his sword, lopped off his left hand and threw it on shore as far as he was able. In this way he touched the earth first and acquired sovereign power. The water with the salmon therein naant, alludes to the famous fisheries of Lough Neagh and the river Blackwater.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



THE MYSTERY CLEARING UP.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE MOHAWK PACKET SHIP.

MARY TALBOT found the secrecy which had been temporarily imposed upon her by Jemmy Tapley almost insupportable.

Thomas Dickson still remained at Cliff Cottage. He had taken advantage of his master's indolence and carelessness to extend the term of his warning to its utmost limit, and consequently to receive his wages as a servant up to the moment when he expected to enter into business on his own account. The three months had, however, nearly expired, and his arrange-

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ments for taking possession of the "public" at Falmouth were almost completed.

So long as he continued at Cliff Cottage, and was under Jemmy Tapley's eye, the old sailor was in no hurry to hasten matters while any portion of the guilt of which he was suspected remained unproven. Jemmy had again seen Mr. Ferret at St. David, and had discovered that the lawyer held more than one secret interview with Thomas Dickson; and though he was still at a loss to conceive what secret business two persons so dissimilar could have in common with each other, he was resolved to find out its nature, if possible.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Probably, had he been aware that after Dickson's last interview with Mr. Ferret a sum of money had passed from the lawyer's into the servant's pocket, in exchange for a certain document which the latter had held in possession, the old man might have felt himself bound to communicate his suspicions to Mr. Aston; and probably, had Dickson been aware that he was so closely watched, he would have attempted to make his escape from the village, even if he were compelled to let the long-coveted "public" slip through his hands.

Thus matters rested at St. David when the Mohawk packet-ship was signalled off the Land's End, and it was expected that she would arrive at Falmouth on the following day.

Rejoiced as Mary was at the prospect of again seeing the brother whom she had mourned as one that was dead, her joy was somewhat dashed by the feelings of anxiety and uneasiness which still occupied her mind; and when her uncle invited her to accompany him to Falmouth to meet her brother and her (as yet) unknown cousins, on their landing from the ship, she excused herself on the plea that she feared the excitement would be too much for her.

The truth was, however, that she required time and solitude to collect and arrange her thoughts. She was doubtful whether or not she ought to acquaint her brother, before he came to St. David, with all that had occurred since his departure. She believed it would be better to remain silent for the present; because she feared if she spoke of her troubles in any way, she would be unable to conceal from Henry the facts she had heard from Jemmy Tapley, and had promised to keep secret. If she were to acquaint her brother with these facts, he, in his indignation and his desire to exculpate himself from guilt, would be sure to disclose the facts to his uncle, and thus, perhaps, the old sailor's plans would be foiled. The more she thought the matter over, the more she doubted which was the wiser course to pursue; until at length, despairing of any satisfactory conclusion, she resolved to be guided by circumstances after she had seen Henry, and, for the present, to strive to dismiss the subject from her mind.

It was late at night when the Mohawk arrived in Falmouth harbour; consequently the passengers did not leave the ship until the next morning. At day-break, however, the boats were seen leaving the side of the packet, and a crowd of people of all ranks and conditions were assembled on the quay, some having come to welcome the return of friends or relatives; others to look after their own business, and make what profit they could out of the new arrivals; and yet others, from sheer curiosity to witness the debarkation.

Among the first-named stood Mr. Aston, who recognised his son and daughter and nephew in the first boat which approached the landing-place. The boat reached the steps; the passengers stepped on shore; and the next moment Henry and Mary Morton were clasped in their father's embrace.

"Welcome to old England, my dear children!" exclaimed Mr. Aston, as soon as the first transports of parental and filial affection had partially subsided. "I hope," he added, "that before long you will learn to like both the country and the people."

"We crossed the Atlantic with that intention, dear papa," replied Mary. "But where," she added, "is the new cousin whom we expected to greet us on our arrival?"

"Your cousin Mary, my love," replied Mr. Aston, "feared the excitement of meeting her brother in the presence of strangers. She thought it better to remain

at home to welcome you to St. David. But your question reminds me that in my delight at seeing you and your brother again, I have been remiss. I have not yet welcomed home my nephew Henry. Where has he gone?"

Henry Talbot, though disappointed at not meeting his sister, had found an unexpected friend awaiting his arrival, who had greeted him joyously as soon as he had set foot on shore. He was in close and earnest conversation with his friend, when his uncle approached towards him, and greeted him almost as affectionately as he had previously greeted his son and daughter.

While Mr. Aston was conversing with his nephew, the stranger who had met him when he came on shore—a young man a year or two older than himself—stood by, looking on at the party.

"Uncle," at length said Henry, "let me introduce to you and my cousins, Sir Arthur Lockyer, my old schoolfellow at Eton."

The young man thus presented to the party was tall, and somewhat stoutly built for his years. His features were good, and his general appearance prepossessing. He bowed to Miss Morton, and shook hands with her father and brother, and the party proceeded to the hotel at which Mr. Aston usually put up, all walking together. As they neared the hotel, however, Henry Talbot kept somewhat in the rear of the rest, with the young baronet.

"Now, Arthur," said he, when his uncle and cousins were out of hearing, "explain how you came to meet me immediately upon my return to England. I had no idea that you knew that I was about to return."

"Why, my dear fellow," replied Sir Arthur, assuming a tone of great gravity, "I thought you would find it very unpleasant if you were to be arrested and thrown into prison as soon as you set foot in England. So I hurried to Falmouth, having heard that you were a passenger on board the Mohawk, that I might be at hand to bail you, if bail would be accepted."

"Arrest—prison!" exclaimed Henry, deceived by his friend's look and voice. "I know of nothing for which I could be arrested, unless you yourself were to cause me to be arrested for the debt due to you, which I confess I am at present unable to repay. I don't owe a farthing in the world besides."

"My dear Henry," returned the young baronet, "I thought it was solemnly agreed upon between us that you were never to allude to the trifling loan you received from me; which, by the way, I cannot claim if I would, since I hold no bond against you. Nevertheless, I find that you have acquainted your sister with the circumstances—"

"I!" exclaimed Henry, interrupting Sir Arthur. "I have never spoken a word upon the subject to any one, except that I told my sister, on my return to St. David from London, that a generous friend had lent me the money."

"If you had heard me out, Harry," continued the young baronet, "I should have told you that it was through a letter respecting the loan, received from your sister, that I learnt that she had been in sad trouble respecting a *souvenir* you purchased for her, which proves to have been a portion of a robbery committed in the village of St. David. I was joking when I spoke of arrest. But your sister has learnt by some means, that I lent you some money, and she wrote me requesting to state that such was the fact, in order that your innocence might be made apparent. I received the letter, on my return to Paris from Germany, some weeks after it had been written; and as, to tell you the truth, I could not

well understand what your sister wanted me to do, and moreover, scarcely knew how to write to a lady on the subject, I thought my better plan was to come over and see you—I having also learnt from her letter that you were shortly to return to England. I accordingly set out from Paris, and arrived at Falmouth yesterday, when I was told that the Mohawk was expected, and that you were a passenger on board. Now you know all that I know about this mysterious matter.”

Sir Arthur's explanation only served to bewilder his friend.

“There is some strange mystery afloat, Arthur,” he replied. “I cannot comprehend why my sister should write to *you*, nor why she has not come to meet *me*. You must go with me to St. David, at all events, in order that the matter may be cleared up. I——”

“Hillo! What amphibious animal is this?” suddenly exclaimed Sir Arthur, interrupting his friend.

This exclamation was caused by the approach of an old wooden-legged sailor, who came stumping along in great haste, as if to intercept the young men before they should enter the hotel, into which Mr. Aston and his son and daughter had already passed.

“It's old Jemmy Tapley—a friend and acquaintance of mine at St. David, and a great favourite of my uncle's and sister's,” said Henry.

“Ah,” replied Sir Arthur, jestingly, “depend upon it he also has come to warn you, to judge from his serious look.”

“Ay, Master Henry; aw'm main glad to see 'ee back safe,” exclaimed Tapley, who now came up and seized the young man's hand. Then, glancing aslant at the young baronet, he went on almost in a whisper—

“Aw coom'd to see 'ee afore tha goes to th' village. Aw ha' summud special to tell 'ee.”

Sir Arthur, however, had caught the words, and, bursting into a laugh, he said—

“I thought as much. Your amphibious friend has come on the same errand as myself.”

“All this may be very amusing,” replied Henry, his face flushing; “but I insist upon knowing immediately what is the meaning of it.”

“Hush, hush, my dear fellow,” said the baronet, placing his hand on his friend's arm. “Don't you see, the people are wondering what is the matter with you. Can't you take a joke?—which is not, however, altogether a joke, since it has brought me from Paris in such haste. Let's go into the hotel. Bring your sailor friend in with you, and perhaps we shall soon come to a mutual understanding.”

They entered the hotel, Jemmy Tapley following at Henry's request, and went to a private room before they joined Mr. Aston and his children. Here the old seaman explained, as well as he was able, all that he knew relative to the theft of Mr. Aston's pocket-book; and though he did not speak of the suspicion which had been attached to Henry and his sister by the village folk, he said enough to make the young man understand that such a suspicion had caused his sister much grief and anxiety; but that the actual thief had been discovered, and the mystery would soon be cleared up.

Henry's anger and indignation were so great, that it was only with much difficulty he was prevailed upon, through the joint persuasions of his former school-fellow and the old sailor, to restrain himself until he reached St. David and saw his sister. However, he at length consented to be guided by Jemmy Tapley, and he and his friend rejoined the others of the party. An hour later they took their seats in the carriage that Mr. Aston had engaged to convey them to St. David, though

Henry was so much disconcerted by what he had heard that, greatly to the surprise of his uncle and cousins, he remained silent and vexed throughout the entire journey to the village.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE RETURN TO FALMOUTH.

MARY TALBOT was waiting at the gate of Cliff Cottage to receive and welcome her brother and cousins when the carriage reached St. David. Glad, however, as she was to see her new cousins, for the time being all her thought was for her brother, and in her happy reunion with Henry, whom she had long mourned as lost to her for ever in this world, all her troubles and anxieties were temporarily forgotten. For the space of an hour after the arrival of the carriage, it would have been difficult to find a happier party than that assembled in Mr. Aston's cottage.

At the end of this period, however, Mr. Aston was summoned from the room by his housekeeper, who said that Jemmy Tapley wished to see him.

“To see *me*!” said Mr. Aston, in a tone of surprise. “Show him into the study;” and, wondering what the old seaman could want with him, Mr. Aston left the room. He had not been absent many minutes ere the housekeeper again appeared, with a request that Miss Talbot would go to her uncle in the study.

Henry and Mary Morton glanced inquiringly at each other, as if to ask what was the nature of this mystery. Their astonishment was, however, increased when, after the lapse of a few minutes, the housekeeper re-entered the room, with a request from Mr. Aston that Sir Arthur Lockyer would oblige him by going to the study.

“What does all this mystery mean? What can be the matter? Can *you* explain, cousin Henry?” inquired Mary Morton, unable longer to restrain her curiosity.

Henry Talbot shook his head.

“I can't say,” he replied. “For my own part, I have found myself involved in mystery since the moment I landed at Falmouth.”

“If papa and cousin Mary and Sir Arthur do not soon come back to us,” said Miss Morton, with a smile, “I shall begin to suspect that we have been inveigled to England for some secret purpose, and that they are plotting mischief against us in the study. It really is very droll, and somewhat rude too, I think.”

Further remark was, however, prevented by the tramp of many feet on the stairs, as though several persons were approaching, and presently the parlour door was thrown open, and to the surprise, and somewhat to the consternation of the inmates, Jemmy Tapley, and a stranger who had the appearance of a country shopkeeper, entered the room, followed by Thomas Dickson, in the custody of the village constable—though still wearing his master's livery—while Mary Talbot, her uncle, and Sir Arthur Lockyer, brought up the rear. Mr. Aston, as soon as the door was closed, approached his nephew, and, grasping the young man's hand, said—to the increased amazement of his son and daughter—

“My dear Henry, I have to ask your forgiveness for having wronged you—at least in thought, if not openly. I have been informed, since I left this room, that you have been made partially acquainted with the circumstances which, during your absence, have caused annoyance to your sister, and, to a certain degree, to myself.

“That villain,” he continued, pointing towards his cowed and trembling servant, “has been the cause of all

our trouble and anxiety; and no punishment can be too severe for one who has not hesitated to gratify his own greed, and to avert evil from himself, to cast suspicion upon the innocent."

At this point, Mr. Aston was interrupted by a tap at the parlour-door, and presently—evidently greatly to the delight and satisfaction of Jemmy Tapley, but to the surprise of every one else, and to the increased trepidation of Thomas Dickson—Mr. Ferret made his appearance.

A few words sufficed to explain who he was, and what was the object of his visit. Holding forth a soiled and worn slip of paper, he said, addressing himself to Mr. Aston—

"You will, no doubt, sir, recognise this document. It is a certificate of the birth and baptism of Henry Morton, youngest son of Edward Morton, Esq., of Morton Hall."

"I do indeed recognise it," replied Mr. Aston, "though I cannot conceive how it has come into *your* possession. I lost it some months since, together with other and more valuable property. The document is, in fact, valueless to any one save myself; and I hardly know why I removed it from the Bible which was given to me by my mother when I was a child. Still, I am more pleased to recover it than if it were something of more intrinsic value."

Mr. Ferret then briefly explained all that the reader has already been made acquainted with respecting his advice to Mr. Foley, with this difference—viz., that he made it appear that Mr. Foley had been induced, by a sense of justice and equity, to relinquish his possession of the Morton estates as soon as he discovered, through the receipt of an anonymous letter, that the direct heir to the property was living and in England, and, moreover, that he had purchased the document (now presented) of the writer of the letter, who believed it to be of great value, only that he might aid in exposing the villainy of a trusted servant.

Mr. Aston was scarcely less astonished at the lawyer's explanation than he had been when he was informed by Jemmy Tapley that Thomas Dickson was the man who had robbed him of his pocket-book and its contents. He was surprised to learn that Mr. Foley, of whom he had conceived an evil opinion, was a man of such honourable feelings, and much gratified at the promptitude with which he had recognised his, the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston's claims, and, shaking hands heartily with Mr. Ferret, he begged the lawyer to assure his *cousin* Foley (placing an emphasis on the word *cousin*) that he would not find him (Mr. Aston) deficient in generosity. He added that he had had no doubt at any time of his ability to prove his claim to his father's estates, and that he had only delayed to prefer the claims because he had not yet decided as to the course he would pursue.

Mr. Ferret bowed, and was satisfied with the result of his advice. He had gained his object on behalf of his employer, and he now retired to a distant part of the room, and watched the proceedings with a lawyer's interest.

A long explanation took place, to which Henry Talbot listened with surprise and indignation, which he found it hard to control. As, however, the reader is aware of all that had occurred during the young man's absence from England, it is unnecessary to repeat the details.

Jemmy Tapley was warmly thanked for the trouble he had taken to discover the stealer of the pocket-book and its contents, though the old man honestly confessed that he had been actuated, in the first instance at least,

chiefly by a desire to vindicate the characters of the fishermen.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "a fisherman arn't ersackly a blue-jacket; still, he be summut akin to a sailor arter all, and aw could not abeer as anybody as had ought to do wi' salt water should be suspicioned o' sich a crime."

The crime had, in fact, been fully brought home to Thomas Dickson previous to the arrival of the Mohawk. There was but one piece of evidence wanting to exculpate Henry Talbot from any complicity with the misdeed. This evidence Mary Talbot had despaired of being able to obtain, until the appearance of Sir Arthur Locker made everything clear.

Finding himself thus brought to bay, Thomas Dickson acknowledged his guilt, and told how he had seen his master place the money in the pocket-book the day before he was seized with illness, and how, when Mr. Aston was brought home by the fishermen, he had taken the book from his master's coat-pocket in the belief that he would never recover, and that the theft would never be discovered. In that belief he had parted with the locket, and, to prevent a chance of discovery, had requested that it should be broken up, or melted down as old gold.

Mr. Aston was doubtful whether justice did not demand that he should prosecute his dishonest and treacherous servant; but, after a consultation with his friends, he decided to lean to mercy's side. The miserable culprit was only too glad to restore the money he had stolen, and that he was to have paid for the lease of the public-house on the following day; and, having done this, he was released from custody, and with his last quarter's wages in his pocket, which were paid that he might not be turned adrift penniless, to commit fresh crimes, he was ordered to leave the house forthwith, and never to dare to set foot again in St. David.

After some further conversation with Mr. Aston, Mr. Ferret departed for Morton Hall to acquaint Squire Foley with the result of his diplomacy; and Caleb Jakes returned to Falmouth, with a liberal reward for the part he had taken in exposing Thomas Dickson's guilt. Jemmy Tapley, after shaking hands with Mr. Aston and his children and friends, set forth to spread the news of the discovery of the thief who had stolen the pocket-book through the village; and the party at Cliff Cottage spent the rest of the day in quiet, conversing over the various events which had occurred since the day when Henry Talbot had embarked for America.

CURIOSITIES OF BATTERSEA.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

BATTERSEA, the village of Surrey which lies on the Thames, opposite Chelsea, claims a sort of historical relationship to the latter place, by reason of its having been a seat of our porcelain manufactures, and being of Saxon origin. Its name was anciently written *Batrics-ey*, and in Domesday-book *Patrics-ey*, probably a mistake for *Petrice-ey*, and signifying St. Peter's Isle, the termination *ey*, from the Saxon *eze* or *ize*, often occurring in the names of places adjacent to great rivers; as Putney, Molesey, Chertsey, etc., upon the banks of the Thames. The manor was held by Earl Harold at the Conqueror's Survey, and was given by him to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster, in exchange for Windsor. After the suppression of monasteries, the manor remained vested in the Crown; it was assigned towards the maintenance of Henry, Prince of Wales,

in 1610, and after his decease to his brother, Prince Charles. In 1627 it was granted to the St. John family, in whose possession it remained till the year 1763.

Notwithstanding the growth of Battersea, the older portion has a deserted aspect; it has, however, many memorials and things of note, though its historic interest culminates in its association with the St. Johns. One is stated to have been "eminent for his piety and moral virtues;" his son pleaded guilty of murder in a sudden quarrel arising at a supper party, but was relieved on paying £16,000. Here, in a spacious mansion at the east end of the church, was born, in October, 1678, Henry St. John, who became Secretary of State to Queen Anne, by whom, in 1713, he was created Baron St. John of Lidiard Tregose, and Viscount Bolingbroke, who, on the decease of his father, became possessed of the Battersea property, and held it until his death, in 1751, in his seventy-ninth year. Here Pope spent most of his time with Bolingbroke, after the return of the latter from his seven years' exile. His recall had been assented to by Sir Robert Walpole, on whom Bolingbroke waited to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; "but," says Horace Walpole, "whether tortured at witnessing Sir Robert's serene frankness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more."

Bolingbroke House became also the resort of Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and other contemporary men of genius. And here took place the memorable destruction of one of Bolingbroke's most celebrated works, his "Essay on a Patriot King," of which the noble author had printed only six copies, which he gave to Lord Chesterfield, Sir William Wyndham, Lyttelton, Pope, Lord Marchmont, and Lord Cornbury, at whose instance Bolingbroke wrote the Essay. Pope lent his copy to Mr. Allen, of Bath, who was so delighted with it that he had five hundred copies printed, but locked them up in a warehouse, not to see the light until Lord Bolingbroke's permission could be obtained. On the discovery, Lord Marchmont (then living in Lord Bolingbroke's house at Battersea) sent Mr. Gravenkop for the whole cargo; and he had the books carried out in a waggon, and burnt on the lawn in the presence of Lord Bolingbroke. He resided nine years at Battersea, and sank under the dreadful malady beneath which he had long lingered—a cancer in the face—which he bore with exemplary fortitude; "a fortitude," says Lord Brougham, "drawn from the natural resources of his mind, and, unhappily, not aided by the consolation of any religion; for, having cast off the belief in revelation, he had substituted in its stead a dark and gloomy naturalism, which even rejected those glimmerings of hope as to futurity not untasted by the wiser of the heathens."

The greater part of Bolingbroke House, a mansion with forty rooms on a floor, was taken down in 1778. In the wing left standing, a parlour of round form and lined with cedar was long pointed out as the apartment in which Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." It is said to have been called "Pope's Parlour."

About half a century ago there was living in Battersea a Mrs. Gilliard, a pleasant and intelligent gentlewoman, who well remembered Lord Bolingbroke; that he used to ride out every day in his chariot, and had a black patch on his cheek, with a large wart over one of his eyebrows. She was then only a girl, but was taught to look upon him as a celebrated man. As, however, he

spent little in the place, and gave little away, he was not much regarded by the people of Battersea. Of his contemporaries, the old lady recollected none excepting Mallet, whom, she said, she had often seen walking about the village while he was visiting at Bolingbroke House.

Bolingbroke, with his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon, rest in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, Battersea, where is an elegant monument by Rou-billiac, with bas-reliefs of the great lord and his lady. The epitaphs on himself and his wife were both written by Bolingbroke; that upon himself is still extant, in his own handwriting in the British Museum, and is as follows: "Here lies Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne Secretary of War, Secretary of State and Viscount Bolingbroke, in the days of King George I and King George II, something more and better. His attachment to Queen Anne exposed him to a long and severe persecution; he bore it with firmness of mind. He passed the latter part of his life at home, the enemy of no national party, the friend of no faction, distinguished, under the cloud of proscription, which had not entirely been taken off, by zeal to maintain the liberty and to restore the ancient prosperity of Great Britain." The monument is of grey and white marble; the upper part has an urn with drapery, surmounted by the Viscount's arms; and the lower portion bears the epitaph, flanked by medallions in profile in bas-relief.

Another monument commemorates the descent and preferments of Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, who was the first of his family that settled at Battersea. When studying law at one of the Inns of Court, he killed in a duel the captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and champion of England.

At the east end of the church is a central window, in three divisions, filled with old stained glass that was preserved from the former church, and was executed at the expense of the St. Johns. It includes the half-length portraits of Henry VII, his grandmother the Lady Margaret Beauchamp, and Queen Elizabeth; together with many enrichments and numerous shields of arms, showing the alliance of the family. The portrait of Elizabeth was placed here, because her grandfather, Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire (father of Queen Anne Boleyn), was great-grandfather of Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Leighton, and wife of Sir John St. John, the first baronet of the family. In the south gallery is the monument of Sir Edward Wynter, which has been much noticed on account of the exploits recorded by the inscription and sculpture. He appears to have been a friendless but adventurous youth, who, by his courage, diligence, and good conduct, became eminent as an East India merchant; and as the epitaph states—

"Nor less in martial honour was his name.
Witness his actions of immortal fame!
Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast.
Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew
Singly on foot; some wounded, some he slew,
Dispers'd the rest—what more could Sampson do?"

At the top is a large bust of Sir Edward, in a flowing peruke and lace cravat, and underneath the inscription are sculptures in low relief, of his struggling with the tiger, and his combat with the Moors. He died March 2nd, 1685-6, aged 64.

Near at hand is a monument—a small statue of a mourning female leaning upon an urn—erected by the benevolent James Neild, in memory of his wife Elizabeth and of her father, John Camden, Esq., whose son, John Camden Neild, lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and be-

queathed to Queen Victoria the whole of his property, £500,000. At the east end of the south aisle is a tablet to Thomas Astley, Esq., F.S.A., keeper of the records in the Tower, and who wrote "On the Origin and Progress of Writing." And in the churchyard lies Arthur Collins, compiler of the excellent "Peerage" which bears his name, and which he published "at the Black Boy, in Fleet Street." Here, too, is the grave-stone of William Curtis, the botanist, author of the "*Flora Londinensis*."

In the church register occur these instances of longevity:—Goody Harleton, aged 108 years, buried 1703; William Abbot, 101, 1733; — Wiat, 100, 1790; and William Douse, 100, 1803.

In the Lower Wandsworth Road, in this parish, at a Baptist Chapel, there took root a great work, about seventy years since, when the Rev. Joseph Hughes became pastor. By his energy, learning, and eloquence, and his connexion with different local societies for the promotion of religious worship, he was brought acquainted with Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Perceval, by whose aid he established "the Surrey Mission Society." At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society he afterwards promulgated the idea of an institution for supplying not only the inhabitants of the British Isles, but *the whole world*, with copies of the Holy Scriptures; and hence arose *the Bible Society*, of which Mr. Hughes was secretary until his death.

Upon part of the site of Bolingbroke House was erected a horizontal mill, by Captain Hooper, who built a similar one at Margate. It consisted of a circular wheel, with large boards, or vanes, fixed parallel to its axis; and upon the vanes the wind acted so as to blow the wheel round, one side of it being sheltered from the action of the wind by its being enclosed in framework, with doors or shutters to open and admit the wind, or to shut and stop it. If all the shutters on one side were open, whilst all those on the opposite side were closed, the wind, acting with undiminished force on the vanes at one side, whilst the opposite vanes were under shelter, turned the mill round. But whenever the wind changed, the disposition of the blinds had to be altered, to admit the wind to strike upon the vanes of the wheel in the direction of a tangent to the circle in which they moved.—(Dr. Paris's "Philosophy in Sport.") This mill resembled a gigantic packing-case, which gave rise to an odd story, that when the Emperor of Russia was in England, in 1814, he took a fancy to Battersea Church, and determined to carry it off to Russia, and had this large packing-case made for it; but as the inhabitants refused to let the church be carried away, the case remained on the spot where it was deposited. This mill served as a landmark for many miles round, and thus Bolingbroke House became converted into a malting-house and a mill; but the proprietor preserved portions of the mansion as well as he could, and loved to smoke his pipe in Mr. Pope's parlour, and think of him with due respect as he walked the part of the terrace opposite his room. The grate and ornaments were of the age of George I; and before the window remained a portion of the terrace, with the Thames flowing majestically under its walls. The upper part of the horizontal mill has been taken down; the lower part is still used for grinding corn. The walls of "Pope's Parlour" may still be seen; but they support a new roof, and can only be distinguished from the rest of the building by their circular form. The situation of the old mansion is indicated by the names of Bolingbroke Gardens and Bolingbroke Terrace given to the buildings adjoining.

Battersea had formerly another historic mansion, Brygge Court, which Lawrence Booth, Bishop of Dur-

ham, built, and by the king's licence enclosed with walls and towers, and imparked "his land there, with the right of free warren and free chase therein." Bishop Booth was translated to the archiepiscopal See of York in 1476, and bequeathed this property to the Dean and Chapter of York, as an occasional residence when the Archbishop visited London. The name was then changed to York House. Archbishop Holgate was one of the few prelates who resided here; he was imprisoned and deprived by Queen Mary, for being a married man, and lost much property by illegal seizure. Strype, in his "Life of Cranmer," relates that the officers who were sent to apprehend the Archbishop rifled his house at Battersea, and took away from thence £300 worth of gold coin; 1600 ounces of plate; a mitre of fine gold, set with very fine diamonds, sapphires, and balists; other good stones and pearls; some very valuable rings, and the Archbishop's seal in silver; and his signet, an antique in gold. Scarcely any part of the ancient mansion remains; much of it was taken down about forty years ago. It is said to have been often confounded with York House, Whitehall, where Cardinal Wolsey entertained Queen Anne Boleyn. There was long a tradition that some ancient walls remained at Battersea, of the residence of the Boleynes, who were related to the St. Johns. Now it is contended that Wolsey resided at York House, Battersea, where he first saw Anne Boleyn. The interview is more commonly believed to have taken place at York House, Whitehall; but Shakespeare, in his plays, makes the king come by water; and York House, Battersea, was a residence of Wolsey, and provided with a creek from the Thames, for approach to the house. This may be a question for future editors of Shakespeare to settle. Some sixty years ago, the owner of this York House removed a superbly painted room, with a dome, which is the background of an ancient print representing the first interview of Henry VIII with Anne Boleyn.

Battersea Bridge, which communicates with the upper part of Chelsea, was built in 1771-2, at the expense of fifteen proprietors, each of whom subscribed £1500. Its present yearly income is estimated at £5,000; but it is unworthy of its position across a river spanned by some of the finest bridges in the world. It is put to shame by the iron suspension bridge, completed in 1858, from the site of Ranelagh, to Battersea Park; and is still further eclipsed by the noble railway bridge across the Thames, at Pimlico. The park, which has been formed out of small Lammas lands at Battersea, had its surface raised by a million cubic yards of earth brought from various sources: it contains one of the richest collections of shrubs and trees in or near London; its soil is specially suited to the rose.

On the river bank, nearly opposite the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, was the noted Red House, famed for aquatic sports and pigeon-shooting feats. At about fifty yards westward is the place at which Cæsar is reputed by some antiquaries to have crossed the Thames by a ford, by which the British retreated before the Romans, and were followed by Cæsar and his legions. One who has surveyed the ford describes it, at ordinary low water, as a shoal of gravel not three feet deep, and broad enough for ten men to walk abreast, extending across the river, except on the Surrey side, where it has been deepened by raising ballast; and the causeway from the south bank may yet be traced at low water. The place of crossing is, however, more generally believed to have been at Chertsey, or Kingston. The latter was anciently called Moreford, or the Great Ford. Battersea was long famous for growing, in

its rich alluvial soil, the finest asparagus, of such extraordinary size that one hundred and ten heads, in a state fit for the kitchen, have been known to weigh more than thirty-two pounds. But the market-gardeners and florists complain grievously of the injury they sustain from the noxious vapours of chemical works, smelting furnaces, etc., in this hitherto rural district.

This brings us back to the connection of Battersea with a branch of our porcelain works, namely, *transfer printing*, or printing from copper-plates, by which the artistic character of the porcelain was much raised. The priority of the invention had been claimed for Liverpool; but Mr. Binns, F.S.A., in his very interesting "History of Worcester Ware," traces the claim of transfer-printing to the Battersea Enamel Works at York House (the Archbishop's old palace), where Ravenet and other artists drew for Alderman Jansen. These artists wrought in engraving plates, from which impressions were taken on enamel plaques, etc., for snuff-boxes and like articles. The Liverpool claim to the invention dates from 1756; whereas Horace Walpole writes from Strawberry Hill, six or seven miles from Battersea, to R. Bentley, September 18th, 1755, "I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, *which is done with copper-plates*." A snuff-box, with a transfer engraving, which is in the possession of Mr. Morgan, bears the masonic date 5754, *i.e.* 1754. Another example is dated the preceding year. The Battersea Works failed. Alderman Jansen's stock, furniture, etc., were sold by public auction, March 4th, 1756; and a writer in the "Athenæum" thinks it probable that the plates sold in London, and some of the Battersea workmen, found their way to both Worcester and Liverpool. In the former place, porcelain works had existed since 1751. We possess a specimen of a mug, painted with a portrait of the King of Prussia, a group of military trophies, etc., with the Worcester mark, date 1757, which usually passes for the earliest example of this branch of ceramic art. There is also a specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn Street.

We have still to add a curiosity of our own day. This is a stupendous railway-bridge across the Thames at Battersea, and stated to be the *widest railway-bridge in the world*. It consists of four arches, each one hundred and seventy-five feet span in the clear, with a rise of seventeen feet six inches. The immense ribs which support the superstructure are formed throughout of wrought iron, and are firmly attached to massive cast-iron standards, which are placed over the piers. The whole of the framework is thus made continuous throughout. On each side of the river is a land-arch of seventy feet span, making the entire length of the bridge one hundred and forty feet. The abutments were put in by means of cofferdams, and the foundations are carried down thirty feet below Trinity high-water-mark. The piers are built upon the same principle as that which was first applied by Sir Charles Fox to the building of the bridge at Rochester across the Medway, and which has been employed on the Thames in the construction of the Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Cannon Street railway-bridges.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

V.—MALAGA.

I LEFT Seville on the 4th of December, for Xeres. I had an introduction to one of the largest wine exporters in the city, and, but for that, I might have passed it *en route* to Cadiz, which would have been a subject of regret, as it is a place of great commercial importance

both to England and Spain. The gentleman to whom I had an introduction is a countryman, and received me with a Scottish welcome. I went over his extensive cellars, or bodegas, as they are called, and tasted some of his fine old sherries, worth £130 per butt. The wine called "Amontillado," so much patronised in England, is not, as some suppose, the production of Montilla, near Cordova, but of this district. My friend was good enough to explain to me the mode of mixing and keeping up the stock of "old wines." I am afraid to mention the value of the stock in the various cellars that I visited, but it was something very considerable. The exports last year from this neighbourhood were 60,000 butts; and, taking them at the minimum value of £30 and £70, this would be three millions sterling. The wine casks that are in the bodega are never removed, but filled up with new wines; and the wine is drawn off in portions from different casks, as it ripens, into fresh casks for shipment, so that the quality is kept in equilibrium. A very rich sweet wine is made from grapes which have been put two or three days in the sun. This wine is kept to mix, and correct the taste of the other wines when they are wanted less dry and fruity. The vintage runs through September and October, and the process is very simple. The wine-presses which I saw were about ten feet square and eighteen inches deep, and each of these was supposed to contain grapes sufficient to yield a butt of wine. The men get into the presses with their bare feet; and, when the juice is thus exhausted, a little water is added, and the residue pressed out by a screw. This wine is kept in casks till it ferments and clears, and in January and February is transferred to the stationary casks of old wine. The exhausted grape is carried to a distillery, where a spirit is produced, and used only to give body to the wines:

We drove a few miles into the country, and saw some of the large vineyards. This is the great wine-producing district of Spain, and the attention and labour required seemed a mere pastime. It is impossible to conceive how rich and spontaneous are the productions of this country, and the small amount of labour required. I have seen orange trees, planted by the Moors 700 years ago, with scarcely a particle of the trunk remaining but a thin shell and bark, with a healthy green foliage, and bending with a burden of fruit; and the same with olives. I have never seen such an abundance of fruit and vegetables anywhere. The large public markets of Seville, and even of this small city, are unequalled. Their table vegetables—cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, and other garden stuffs—would carry off the prizes at any of our Horticultural Shows, with fruits of every clime, and of the finest quality.

"Oh what a goodly sight it is to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand;
But man would mar them with an impious hand!"

So wrote fifty years ago the author of "Childe Harold." Fifty years have made no change in the bounty of nature; but the people, ungrateful or unconscious of the blessings they enjoy, seem rather to retrograde than advance in everything political, social, and religious. This year there was a partial failure of the crops of wheat, and the people were getting restless about the price of bread. Hence the anomaly of importing wheat from the East and the Baltic, while there are millions of acres untilled, and left in weeds for donkeys to feed on, that would yield any amount of good crops, and made Spain, in fact, in the time of the Romans and Moors, one of the granaries of the world.

The journey from Xeres to Cadiz, by rail, occupies an hour and a half. The line winds round the head of the bay, passing the port St. Mary, called in the maps El Puerto. This and Xeres are the great entrepôts of the shippers of wine. At the head of the bay we passed Puerto Real, from whence sailed the "Spanish Armada" that was to annex England to the family property of Philip II! At San Fernando we saw large pyramids of salt, which is collected here in any quantity, from the flat marshes round the top of the bay, and shipped largely to England and other quarters. The railway runs under the walls of the forts right into the city.

There is not in Europe a finer situation than that of Cadiz. Seen from the sea, it has scarcely its equal, unless, perhaps, "Genoa the beautiful." The houses are from four to five storeys, built of white stone, or white-washed. The roofs are flat, and every other house has a turret; so that, with steeples, domes, and turrets, they form a perfect forest of pinnacles, breaking the line and glittering in the sun's rays. The city is surrounded by the sea, except a small neck which connects it with the mainland, about 250 yards broad, which is strongly defended by a succession of batteries, fosses, and drawbridges. The great drawback is the want of water. It is brought into the city in casks, or on the backs of mules and donkeys, and sold at a high price. A house, the rent of which is £10, will cost nearly £5 for water. The vendors carry it through the streets in earthen jars, and sell it at a farthing a glass. The streets look clean and well kept, and there is little life and activity beyond that of the towns in the interior. From the signal-tower, in the centre of the town, a fine view is obtained of the city and surrounding scenery. On the one side the broad Atlantic stretched out to the horizon, when I saw it, calm and bright as a mirror; and on the other side lay the beautiful bay, with vessels riding at anchor, up to the Puerto Real. It is curious that a Briton always feels more at home on the seaboard than anywhere else. He thinks he has a prescriptive right to claim kindred with the blue waves and white foam that roll over the sands, or dash against the cliffs, in chorus to his thoughts of home and happy England; and, coming from the wretched towns of the interior of Spain, he feels more at home, and amongst a more healthy and active population. There is not much in the way of sights in this city. The Club, or Casino, to which I had an introduction, is a handsome building, with marble-paved court and elegant vestibule, card, reading, and billiard-rooms, but poorly supplied with papers. The new cathedral is a fine building of the Corinthian order, the whole interior of marble and alabaster columns, gilt tabernacles, and jewelled virgins. Their Museo, or Fine Art gallery, is a small affair, and has only a few pictures of any merit. As in most Spanish towns, the great and rich monasteries and convents have been broken up, and their works of art scattered over the world, and the buildings appropriated for barracks, hospitals, and other useful purposes.

On the east side of the town, overlooking the ocean, and in a poor neighbourhood, there resides a colony of Gipsies, of the pure Oriental breed. These are nominally Roman Catholics, but live apart from other citizens, and intermarry with each other. They are of the true Hindoo type; and I am more than ever convinced that these wandering tribes, known in Europe as "Bohemians" and "Gipsies," are from Northern Hindostan, and such as I have met on the table-land of Mysore.

Great complaints are made here that the trade of the place is falling off, and that the people are starving, and of course the Spaniards are always ready to blame

the Government. In this instance I don't know that they are very far wrong, as every obstacle seems to be thrown in the way of free and healthy trade.

I had intended to proceed from Cadiz to Malaga by steamer, stopping by the way for a few days at Gibraltar; but I found all my plans upset, in consequence of some antagonism between Spain and Great Britain on the subject of quarantine. The Spanish Government, for some unaccountable reason, of either pique or obstinacy, for the last twelve months had put Gibraltar under quarantine, so that I could not go in there without undergoing three days' quarantine at Malaga, which I was not inclined to do; and consequently, greatly to my mortification, I had to retrace my steps to Cordova, to catch the train from Madrid to Malaga. This is but a trifling matter of personal inconvenience, as far as individuals are concerned; but the merchants, English and Spanish, complain most grievously of this interruption to trade. The Government of Spain is not satisfied with a clear bill of health from the last port, but you must show what previous port you were in; and, if that port was under quarantine, you are subject to all the expense and delay of quarantine. To make the subject more clear, I may explain that a vessel arrived some time ago at Cadiz, with coals from Newcastle; the captain was asked what port he had been in before, and, not suspecting the design, said he had come from Riga to Newcastle; and, the former port being under quarantine, he was ordered to take his vessel round immediately to Vigo, for ten days' quarantine, causing a delay of more than a month and an expense of £200. Every remonstrance was treated with contempt or insult. The master begged to be allowed to remain in Cadiz harbour for any reasonable time, when a peremptory order came from Madrid that "the vessel should proceed to the port of Vigo, to undergo quarantine." A short time previously the Spanish Government had agreed to make compensation to the owners of the Queen Victoria, for their wanton and impudent seizure of that vessel; but when? And how is compensation to be enforced? This was only one of the many acts of injustice and insult which the Spanish Government have put on England and English subjects of late years.

The return journey to Cordova by train occupies eight to nine hours. The frost had set in very sharp, and I had to pass another cold night in this miserable city, and had not a pen in my hand for three days. Nothing can be more wretched in a cold winter night than a Spanish inn. The Fonda Suiza, in Cordova, is perhaps as near an approach to comfort as can be found in that city. It is a large semi-Moorish building in the form of a quadrangle, with the usual court or patio, and corridors paved with marble. One side of the quadrangle is occupied by the *salle à manger*, where there is neither fire nor fireplace; the long table is arranged for thirty or forty guests, with three oil lamps just sufficient "to make darkness visible," and the cold bare tiles for the feet to rest on. While we are waiting till the dinner is placed on the table, the chill seems to creep over the heart and stop the circulation of the blood, and it is only after a plate of warm soup and a little good wine that we feel returning animation. The natives come in muffled up to the nose in their large cloaks, and their usual cigarette, but all complaining of *mucho frio*. There was no warm room to retire to, with a book or newspaper, in short, no alternative but to walk round the cold corridors or go to bed.

I started next morning for Malaga, and had full compensation for the inconveniences of the previous evening.

in the pleasant and interesting journey between these two cities. The distance is only about 140 miles, and the ordinary train occupies eight hours; we left Cordova at 6 A.M., and arrived at Malaga at 2 P.M. The day was most beautiful, and the country through which we

better times—the granary of the world. As we approach Malaga, there is a range of hills that form a circle from east to west, through which the railway passes. The engineering on this part of the line is the most wonderful that I have ever seen, and one feels sur-



MALAGA.

passed, strange and picturesque: a succession of rolling undulations, each height crowned with a quaint old city or castle—Ayrshire, without its “honest men and bonnie lassies,” and its ploughs and industry, but most notably without those noble and richly wooded demesnes and green sloping lawns that give such charm and beauty to the British landscape. Perhaps there is not, in any country in the world, a more bare and dreary prospect than these fine but neglected valleys and undulations through which one passes from north to south of Spain. For miles, with the exception of the brown stunted olive trees, there is not sufficient cover for a squirrel. The country is but sparsely populated, and much of the land seems comparatively neglected. Mr. Ford says that “the gentry of Spain live in cities, in idleness, ignorance, and genteel dissipation.” Whether this be the case or not I cannot say; but certainly they are not to be seen in the country, nor is there anything to indicate the existence of that class which we in England call our country gentry. Philip III has had his wish: he has “left his country to his Church,” but no subjects in any proper sense of the word. The olive trees soon become monotonous. They are not picturesque; and, as they cover the face of the hills with a stunted sameness, the eye at length gets tired of them. The plains are of a deep rich soil, and only require a little labour and capital to be what they have been in

prised that man could have had the courage to carry through such an undertaking. As it is, I believe the lives of many men were lost in bridging over the chasms. It is impossible to conceive the wild grandeur of this rugged scene. The vast masses of rock rise on each side to the height of 1000 feet; the mountain stream rushes through a narrow gorge, over which is thrown a suspension bridge, and from which the sight is almost appalling; now we burrow through a solid rock, and now pass over a rich green valley, with orange, olive, and cypress trees. For more than an hour this wild and changing scene continued, till we came down on the fertile fields and gardens of Malaga, where the fields of green sugar cane and orange trees, cactus, palm, and aloe, gave token of the rich produce of the tropics.

The situation and climate of Malaga reminded me of Nice. It lies in the bosom of a range of hills that shelter it from the north and east winds; and although at that time they were suffering so much from cold in the interior of the country, the temperature was as mild as our finest day in May. They have a fine harbour, and I saw a great many vessels loading with wine, oil, oranges, raisins, and all kinds of dried fruits produced in this district. Far-famed is the sweet muscatel wine, as well as the fine raisins from the same vine, which grows here in abundance along the slopes

of the surrounding hills. This grape in its green state is also exported in great quantities, so that a good deal of activity is exhibited round the harbour. Those who are advocates of free trade say, "If we had a stable and constitutional Government that would give safety and security to property, and the duty on imports somewhat relaxed, so that we might reciprocate with other nations, there are scarcely any limits to the trade that might be done. Now there is no confidence, either in Government or individuals, and our restrictive tariffs exclude everything that would be beneficial to the country." Though the climate, as I have said, is very delightful, I fancy that very few persons would come to Malaga either for health or pleasure. The natives have not the most remote idea of what comfort means, and both English and Americans grumble immensely at the greed and extortion practised on strangers.

There are three big hotels in the city, but that is all you can say in their favour. The *Hôtel del Alameda*, on the Alameda, is perhaps the best, but even there great complaints are made of the absence of all comfort, care, and attention towards the inmates. One would think that when a Spaniard condescended to open an hotel, he expected all the homage to come from the customer to whom he offers his cold hospitality.

The town has still a great deal of the Arab character about it, and many of the natives still retain the type of their oriental origin. The present population is about 80,000, and they have introduced several cotton manufactories and iron foundries, which they are trying to foster by protection, and at the general expense of the community, which, I think, is a blunder; but that is their business. The leading merchants have established a club or casino—the nearest approach to comfort that I have seen in Spain—where English, American, and French newspapers are to be had, and which is open to visitors for fifteen days, on the introduction of a member. It is only after ten days' travelling through this benighted country that one can fully appreciate and enjoy a file of the English newspapers.

There is little of interest to be seen in Malaga, except, it may be, the Cathedral, which is the finest specimen of Greco-Roman architecture that is to be seen in Spain, and contains some very fair works of art.

Like most of the cathedrals in the south of Spain, it is built on the site of the great Mosque. It was not finished till near the close of the 16th century. The beautiful façade is flanked with two fine towers, one unfinished, and the other, forming the bell tower, rising to the height of 360 feet; and from which the view over land and sea is one of the finest that can be conceived. The building stands on a slight elevation, and, viewed from the harbour or from the hills behind, has a fine and imposing appearance. The interior will well repay two or three visits. The Corinthian columns rise in groups, supporting the lofty domes and roof; the altars are richly ornamented, and the choir, which is in the centre aisle, has some fine carvings and marble bas-relief.

There are some curious old Moorish gates and buildings still standing; but of these we have had enough in the cities that we have already visited. Here, as in most Spanish cities, the alamedas or public promenades, full of flowers, and watered by beautiful marble fountains, are the delight of travellers and the enjoyment of the inhabitants.

I may mention here, that the practice adopted in Spain for letters *post restante*, is different from any other country I have been in, and has its advantages

as well as disadvantages. All such letters are entered and posted up on boards, with date of receipt, name, and number attached to each letter, and hung out in the passages. The inquirer looks out for his name, and puts the number attached to each letter on a piece of paper, and, with his card or passport, presents them at the window. The difficulty here is, that scarcely one name is copied correctly, and one may have to go two or three times before he gets his letters. To get over this difficulty, I looked over the names on the board, for the range of five or six days that I expected letters, and took down every number the name to which had the slightest resemblance to my own, and presented them at the window. Perhaps I found three out of five letters for myself, all spelt differently in the list; and I suppose I might have taken the others also, for anything the clerks seemed to care. The complaint of the public is, that they have three men to do the work of one, and consequently the work is badly done. These post-offices are generally dark, dirty, and inconvenient. Even in Madrid the post-office would be a disgrace to any third-rate town in Great Britain. And in Malaga, a commercial city of 80,000 to 90,000 inhabitants, it is a poor dirty dilapidated building in a narrow out-of-the-way street.

I should mention, before quitting Malaga, that I was very kindly received by Mr. Mark, the British Consul, who has an hereditary claim on the respect and homage of every British subject, from the fact that his father was the first man who obtained permission for the formation of a Protestant burial-ground. Before his time the heretics were buried in the sea sands below water-mark, like dogs. This is the manner in which this peculiarly Catholic country guarded itself even against the heretical dead, so many of whom bled and died in the cause of Spanish independence.

Among the manufactures of Malaga, I was most pleased with the very pretty terra-cotta figures that are made here of the costumes of Spain; specimens of which were seen at our Exhibition of 1862.

PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER.

PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER, the well-known historian of Scotland, was the son of Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge who attained great distinction both in his own walk in life, and in literature. The son resembled his father both in his literary tastes, and in following the profession of the law. But, from the first the law had little chance with the Muses, the Muse of History especially, and the son has obtained a wider reputation than the father, though not the same worldly prosperity and rank. But Tytler has still higher claims to respect than can be conferred by mere literary fame. When his life was written some years ago, it was entitled by his biographer, the well-known Mr. Burgon, of Oxford, "The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman." The ethical and religious lessons of his biography are exceedingly numerous; and at the same time the events of his life and the society to which he belonged possess a very high degree of interest, an interest in some respects unique.

When he was at Edinburgh he constantly met at his father's the most brilliant and intellectual society, of which that city has been able to boast at any period of its history. Here came Jeffery and Sydney Smith, Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie, Basil Hall and Leyden the poet, with many others more or less known to fame. His

father sent him to school in England. The school was kept by a pious clergyman of the name of Jerram, who was at that time curate to Richard Cecil.

Even when a boy of seventeen, at school, young Tytler's letters were marked with very great delicacy and accuracy of description. He attended service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, and there he saw old George the Third. "The appearance of the King was very interesting. He walked without any support, except a stick, upon which he seemed to lean a good deal. He appeared almost completely blind; yet, probably from custom, he proceeded easily to his seat in the chapel, groping his way a little by the stick; and was dressed in a plain blue coat, with the regal star upon his breast, a little slouch hat and boots. But the most pleasing part of the scene was still to come—I mean his devotion. He heard the service with the most solemn attention, frequently raising both his hands and repeating the responses with a fine deep-toned voice."

When he returned home, Tytler began to apply himself diligently to the study of Scottish law. But he had hardly attained his majority when he lost his beloved father, whom he had always regarded with the deepest intensity of affection. Many years afterwards we find him writing: "To be resigned, I trust, through the grace of God and the mercy of my Saviour, I have already taught myself; but to forget is impossible. My heart must cease to beat, my memory become a blank, my affections wither, and my whole being change, before the love and goodness of my father, and the uninterrupted happiness of our life when he dwelt, surrounded by his family, in this earthly paradise, shall fade for a moment from my recollection."

When the armies of the Allies had occupied Paris in 1814, Tytler, who had just been called to the bar, accompanied by the present Sir Archibald Alison and other friends, paid a visit to France. He had the good fortune, chiefly through the kind services of Dr. Wylie, the celebrated Scottish physician to the Emperor Alexander, to be introduced to many of the distinguished persons who at that time had flocked to Paris. He heard some interesting anecdotes about the Duke of Wellington from Lord Lovaine, who had served under the Duke in Spain as a volunteer. He heard that a magnificent hotel had been fitted up in Paris for the Duke, and he insisted on leaving it and staying at Mr. Wellesley Pole's, whose house was quite full, and who could only offer him a *small dark closet*, where he received a visit from the King of Prussia. "He used to lie down in the corner of the room, sometimes on straw, sometimes on a hard couch, always with his clothes on. He never undressed, but on the contrary, dressed himself anew before going to sleep, and slept sound in a few minutes. He generally lay down in the same room where his aides-de-camp and other young officers were joking and romping around him. I have heard that during the retreat from Burgos, his mind was in such a dreadful state of anxiety, and his health in consequence so wretched, that his physician declared that he could not have lived unless it had been for his faculty of sleeping whenever he lay down."

Young Tytler returned home by way of Belgium and Holland. In one of his common-place books we find a passage full of deep feeling, on the temptations and dangers of travel, and the scenes which great cities present: "If the constant sight of all this has in any degree removed or lessened the deep horror for vice which I shall ever earnestly seek to preserve,—if this knowledge of the world, as it is called, has in any degree impaired my ardent love for what is pure and

excellent in nature, I do most deeply entreat the pardon of that God who is all purity; and I trust that now, when once again under that roof in which I was born, I may recover what I have lost."

Mr. Tytler made at first considerable progress at the bar. His father's great reputation, and the respect in which his memory was held, served him in very good stead. But his literary tastes more and more preponderated, and his memoranda show how exclusively his attention was devoted to poetry and the *belles lettres*. Lawyers and clients took the alarm. They did not conceive it possible that a literary man could be a first-rate advocate, and gradually withdrew their business. Even the law itself was chiefly regarded by him in its literary and archaeological aspects. He contributed a few articles to periodical literature, but he early recognised the importance of devoting himself to some special branch of literature. His illustrious friend, Sir Walter Scott, gave him a hint on this subject which decided the bent of many future years. He had been dining at Abbotsford, and, in the course of the evening, Sir Walter took him aside and suggested to him the scheme of writing a history of Scotland. Sir Walter had himself devised something of the kind, but he saw that it required an amount of labour and research which he had no time for. He suggested to Mr. Tytler that he should undertake the task. Although startled by the magnitude of the work, the more he meditated on it the better was he pleased with the idea, and before long he began to make collections towards the subject.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Tytler published a little work on the "Life of Wycliffe." We find him still attending the law courts, but his heart was far away with his work and with his wife. "My dearest love," he writes to her from the Scotch Exchequer Court, "I am sitting here with our Baron sound asleep; the others almost dozing, and the Chief Baron speaking of half a gallon of whisky with an energy that might do honour to — or Demosthenes. Seriously, nothing can be more trifling or uninteresting; yet here must I sit and wait till it is concluded."

In 1828-9 the first two volumes of his History of Scotland appeared. Sir Walter Scott wrote an article upon them in the "Quarterly Review," characterised both by kindness and candour. Mr. Tytler's researches in the State Paper Office had enabled him to bring to light a whole mine of valuable information. Subsequently he went to London, where his friend Mr. Lockhart, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," introduced him to Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher. He made arrangements with Mr. Murray which led to the publication of his "Lives of Illustrious Soldiers." He now saw, but how changed! the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, whom he had last seen during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies. Mr. Tytler has left the following remarks respecting his own mental state while visiting the huge modern Babylon: "My first feeling in London has been this time the same as it always is, a sense of loneliness and desertion; the misery of bustle with the consciousness of solitude. This I seek to relieve in two ways: the first (for which I bless God) is to pray often, wherever I may be, and to seek a nearer communion with the Source of all love and goodness, in his own way, through my Saviour. This calms me, and I am at peace. The second is, to write to my best and dearest love, who is, and ever will be, more perfectly dear than any mortal thing; and to whom my thoughts in absence constantly revert, with a fondness I cannot explain."

The health of his beloved wife was such as to cause

serious disquietude to her husband. He took her for one winter to the mild climate of Torquay. On their way they passed through Oxford. Tytler obtained a glimpse of the Bodleian Library, which filled him with a student's rapturous delight. "It was but a passing glance; yet delight was mingled with regret; and if it pleases God to spare me, we shall, I trust, return again. The quiet, ancient, monastic look of the place—the gray tranquillity thrown over all—the noble stores of books and manuscripts, and the great men looking down from the walls, all seem to make this place the very retirement which a student might desire, or rather dream of."

London, however, rather than Oxford, was his place of study—in the State Paper Office, and in the library of the British Museum, where indeed his extraordinary application on one occasion brought on a serious fit of illness. The next winter, by the advice of his physician, was spent in the Isle of Bute. The climate seems, however, to have been unfavourable for Mrs. Tytler's health, who, having lasted through the winter, died in the early spring. "Full of pure and humble faith, sustained by a most blessed hope, and overflowing with sweetest charity, she breathed away her gentle spirit in her husband's arms, murmuring the name of Jesus."

After this bereavement Tytler took his motherless children southwards, and occupied a house at Hampstead. Subsequently he removed to Wimpole Street. We are told that "constant prayer, large daily study of the Bible, and the religious education of his little children, became now his constant occupation and his only joy." As time rolled on, in many ways his grief became assuaged. His literary labours occupied him fully, and he performed an important service to literature, by the evidence which he gave before a Committee of the House of Commons, about his plan of making the national archives available for historians. After a very long interval, the advice has been acted on, and the publication of the calendars, now in progress, forms an era in our historical literature. He was one of the first members, and almost a founder, of the "English Historical Society." In one of his holidays he visited Dunblane, and "passed a sweet day in dear Leighton's library." This was the library of the great archbishop, and Mr. Tytler transcribed the abundant notes which Leighton had made in his copy of George Herbert's poems.

Mr. Tytler resolved on bringing all his furniture from Edinburgh to London, to a house which he had taken in Devonshire Place. Sydney Smith came to see him in London with the express object of looking at the furniture which he used to know so well in Edinburgh. Thus Miss Tytler tells the story: "And he did come; and stopping short in the middle of the drawing-room he exclaimed, 'O ye chairs! friends of my early years! Ye tables! which so oft have witnessed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," blooming yet in immortal youth! How do ye mock my grey hairs! And thirty pounds, did you say? All transported for thirty pounds? packed up in the smallest possible compass—piled up against the wall—taken by measurement, and two captains to bid down each other. Wonderful nation, singular people!' How Sydney Smith laughed, and how we enjoyed this visit! It is impossible to say what an interest we felt in seeing how every piece of furniture fitted into its appropriate place, and how easily we could arrange the drawing-room to look as it did in Prince's Street, even to the mirrors between the windows, and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such a glorious tea-drinking, when Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair,

Henry Mackenzie, and other intimate friends sat around it; with pyramids of cakes, saucers of strawberry jam, and tea and wit of the purest flavour freely circulating around."

In the summer the family used to go to Hampstead, where their good friend Joanna Baillie resided, at whose house they had the advantage of meeting many distinguished people from all parts of the world. Mrs. Baillie knew a worthy old lady who kept a confectioner's shop, and the following anecdote is told about her:—

"Mrs. Joanna found her old friend Mrs. Mosé in sad distress, mourning over the death of Chief Justice Tindal, which had just taken place. 'Oh! ma'am,' she exclaimed, 'what a heavy loss to his country, for Justice Tindal was a right-thinking man.'

"'He was indeed an excellent man,' Mrs. Joanna answered; 'but I don't quite understand, Mrs. Mosé, what you mean by *right-thinking* man.'

"'Just a right-thinking man, ma'am. A man that took up with no new-fangled notions, but always ordered his mince pies *here* at Christmas.'

Something more should be said respecting Mr. Tytler's literary works. He contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the paper on "Scotland," which, published in a separate form, has enjoyed great popularity. Later he completed his History of Scotland. In his closing paragraph he says: "It is with feelings of gratitude, mingled with regret, that the author now closes this work, the History of his country, the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret, that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion." His intense labour, during the completion of his latter volumes, brought on, in 1841, a slight paralytic seizure. He thus alludes to the circumstance in some memoranda on the commencement of a new year: "It well becomes me to open this new year with expressions of the deepest gratitude to the Giver of all good things. The year just closed (1841) has been one of great trial and great support. How can I ever forget this time, or at least about this time, last year, when I was suddenly struck with an illness, which, although under the blessing of God it soon gave way to the remedies applied, was most serious and alarming at the time; and for two months incapacitated me for pursuing my ordinary studies. How merciful was this warning sent me by my heavenly Father that I was overtaxing my mind with my History, and pursuing too intensely and exclusively among minor objects! The blow might have been a far sharper one; it might have prostrated my bodily and weakened my mental powers, and rendered me a burden to myself and others: but how tenderly, how gently was it sent me! How loving was the lesson, how perfect has been the recovery! and to my gracious Father, how imperfect is my gratitude! If every moment of my life could be spent in praise, it would be yet too little for all that goodness and mercy which has followed me all the days of my life."

We find various notes of scenes of recreation so well earned by seasons of intense application. We follow him in the Highlands, where various of his relations were settled. "Walked over the hill by Glach Ossian to Autfield, taking leave of dear Jeanie and sweet Moniack. It was a lovely day, and the view from the hill above Dochfour enchanting; the whole country bathed in a rich golden air tint, and Loch Ness stretching out in a sheet of silver. I was happy, and very grateful to God

for my eyes. *Benedicite, omnia opera* came into my mind." We thus find him writing to his friend and biographer, Mr. Burgon: "My dear Johnny, I hope I shall be in Oxford on Wednesday, 21st December, see Johnny, stay a night at the nearest inn to Worcester College, and return to London on Thursday, the 22nd. What is the meaning of this sudden escapade? Shooting is the meaning, Johnny—killing hares is the meaning, and pheasants, and perhaps woodcocks. Still, all is in the dark. Well, hear, you Greek particle you! To the State Paper Office came, a little while ago, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bertie and Lady Georgina Bertie. . . . Mr. Bertie, a kind and gentlemanly man, hearing (how I know not) of my passion for research, sometimes taking a sporting rather than a literary direction, to-day, when I was deep in the ninth volume, suddenly fired off an invitation at my head. What could I do, Johnny? To come down to Albany, near Woodstock, to shoot on Tuesday, and to be driven by Mr. Bertie to Oxford on Wednesday, to see Johnny in his cap and gown—it was too much for me to resist. So I capitulated, accepted, and am to come, all keeping well, on the 21st. Ever, dear Johnny, yours." Her Gracious Majesty took a great deal of notice of Mr. Tytler, and honoured him with her command to dine at Windsor Castle; and when he would have taken his departure, he was invited by special command to stay longer at the Castle. We give an extract from his narrative of his visit:—

"Soon after luncheon Mr. — came with a message from Mr. Murray to say I must meet him immediately, to go and see the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, who were coming into the corridor with the Queen. Away I went, joined Mr. Murray, and got to the corridor, where we found some of the gentlemen and ladies of the household; and after a short time, the Queen, with the two little children playing round about her, and a maid with the Princess Alice; Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Hohenlohe, and some of the ladies in waiting came up to us; and her Majesty bowed most graciously, having the Prince of Wales in her hand, trotting on and looking happy and merry. When the Queen came to where I was, and on my bowing and looking very delightedly, which I could not help doing, at the little Prince and her, she bowed, and said to the little boy, 'Make a bow, sir!' When the Queen said this, the Duke of Cambridge and the rest stood still, and the little Prince, walking straight up to me, made a bow, smiling all the time and holding out his hand, which I immediately took, and bowing low, kissed it. The Queen seemed much pleased, and smiled affectionately at the gracious way in which the little Prince deputed himself. All then passed through the corridor, and after an interval of about a quarter of an hour, Prince Albert, followed by a servant bearing two boxes, and having himself a large morocco box, came up to where I was, and told me he had brought the miniatures to show me, of which he had spoken last night. Then, in the sweetest possible way, he opened his treasures and employed more than half an hour in showing me the beautiful ancient miniatures of Holbein, Oliver, Cooper, and others; most exquisite things! embracing a series of original portraits of the kings, queens, princesses, and eminent men of England, and the continent also, from the time of Henry VII to the reign of George III. . . . I handed Lady — to dinner, and all went on very happily, without any stiffness. . . . There was nobody but herself and Prince Hohenlohe between me and the Queen. However, I do not believe I gave any offence; for her Majesty, when we came into the drawing-room, singled me out after a little time, and

entered into conversation upon the miniatures. I expressed my high admiration of them, and of their great historical value, and praised the Prince for the ardour and knowledge he had shown in bringing them together and rescuing them from neglect. Her Majesty seemed pleased, and questioned me about the portraits of Bothwell. I expressed the doubts I had stated to the Prince, as to there being any authentic picture in existence, but added that I would make myself master of the fact immediately on my return, which she seemed to like."

Some time after this Mr. Tytler had an agreeable letter from Sir Robert Peel, in which Sir Robert mentioned that his distinguished name had been put down for a pension of two hundred a-year. After this time we find him mingling a great deal in society. He was a frequent guest of the Duke of Somerset, and on one occasion we find him writing from the Duke's seat: "We had the Speaker here, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, of whom your friends the Misses Allen spoke so much. All they said was true; for I never was in company with a more agreeable man, full of anecdotes, funny, and without the least affectation of any kind. He is a noble-looking man too—quite like what the head of the Commons of England should be." Some time afterwards Mr. Tytler married for a second time, and under peculiarly happy circumstances. He and his bride went to Oxford for their holidays. "There is something about this old city which I have never seen or felt in any other place; an air of sweet solemn quiet, a religious repose which falls softly on the mind and disposes it to pure and holy thoughts. And then, for a studious man, its noble libraries, and the collections of MSS. in the different colleges, make it, I should think, a literary Paradise."

At length his health gave way in a mysterious manner, and he became a confirmed invalid. He disappeared from society. His whole nervous system became shattered. He sank into a state of despondency. Everything was tried, both at home and abroad, but nothing could rouse him. He became more and more exhausted. He caused the 121st Psalm to be read slowly and distinctly to him, in order, as he said, that he might understand it, and then took to his bed, which he never left again. On Christmas Eve, 1849, he kissed and blessed his children and gently sank away. He was buried in Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh. His biographer concludes his life by saying that those who knew him best, declare that in him they beheld the truest impersonation of their ideal of a *Christian gentleman*. The following were the concluding words of his epitaph: "Of his genius and his tastes, his historical and biographical works are a sufficient memorial. Of his pure converse and delightful manners, his serene temper and lovely disposition, recollections are garnered up, where only they can be preserved, in the hearts of his friends. Of his piety, his faith, his hope and love, the record survives in heaven. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

PROVERBIAL COMPARISON.

THE use of just and appropriate comparisons is one of the characteristics of the clever writer and the correct and eloquent speaker. The force and fitness of a man's utterances will often depend upon the choice he makes of such means of illustration, and his readiness and sagacity in selecting them. If we take note of the involuntary checks and pauses that occur now and then in the deliverances of that numerous class who talk much faster than they think, or talk volubly without

thinking at all, we may generally trace the sudden "pull up" to which such talkers are subject, to the want of some element of comparison which, not presenting itself at the moment, has to be sought for in the memory or evolved from the imagination. It is almost needless to remark that the difficulty here suggested, though it must be familiar to all who write much, or talk much, is peculiarly the difficulty of the very numerous and varied class who are not qualified either by education or habit for writing or talking correctly.

In the matter of comparisons the popular genius has fructified in a manner more characteristic than classical, having yoked together in lasting companionship a list of nouns substantive, between which it is not always easy to discover the connection; while, with regard to some of them, it is evident that nothing more than a fanciful connection could exist, and that they derive their appreciation among the common people from that very fact. The origin of them it is perhaps not possible to trace; all we know of them is that they have been long sanctioned by custom, that tradition has in a manner stereotyped them, and that they live, and are likely to live, in the thoughts and language of the masses of our countrymen.

In making a selection from the list of comparisons with which the vernacular abounds, we will take first a few of the least incongruous. We would classify them in some kind of order if we could, but that is hardly possible; they refuse to be so handled, most of them possessing a rigid and perverse kind of individuality of their own.

Among those which may boast at least a seeming congruity, we may cite "as poor as a church mouse"—"as plain as a pike-staff"—"as sure as a gun"—"as tight as wax"—"as tender as a chicken," etc.; in all of which there is a considerable amount of appropriateness, as the reader must perceive, though none of them, we need hardly say, are literally correct; seeing that a church mouse, like other ecclesiastical hangers-on, may grow fat and sleek on the crumbs of office; that a gun may miss fire or miss its mark; wax may render up its trust at the instigation of heat; a pike-staff may be rough; and a chicken may be tough.

Less congruous than the above are the following and their like: "as thick as thieves"—"as sound as a roach"—"as bold as brass"—"as deaf as a post"—"as cool as a cucumber;" of which kind many more might be quoted. We feel that they are somewhat vague; and though their aptitude strikes us, we suspect that it does so rather because we have heard them so often, and accept them as conventional maxims, than because of any inherent propriety they can claim. We do not see why thieves should be more true to each other than honest men; a roach sounder than a perch or gudgeon; brass bolder than iron; a post more deaf than any other inanimate object; a cucumber cooler than a melon; and so on. Some few comparisons of this class, however, there are, which commend themselves by their neatness, and which are in a manner perfect; such as, "as right as a trivet" (a trivet, from its ingenious construction, being shut out from the possibility of assuming a wrong position)—"as clean as a smelt" (the smelt being assuredly the most delicately pure and clean of all fishes in the sea)—"as dead as a herring" (the herring dying the instant it is taken out of the water, and figuring as a dead fish in its salted condition much longer than any other)—"as dead as a door-nail" (a nail driven into a door being reasonably assumed to be coffered once and for ever).

Another class of comparisons seems to be quite arbi-

trary, being of the figurative kind, and some of them embody a little of that lurking satire and sarcasm with which the common people like to flavour their conversation. Among these we may quote, "as fine as five-pence" (applicable to cheap and tawdry finery)—"as cold as charity" (expressive of the general recognition of the fact that it is exceedingly hard to infuse any vital warmth into the first of all Christian virtues)—"as nice as ninepence" (evidently a figure of speech, though of obscure origin, possessing a charm from its alliteration, and a still greater one from its vagueness, rendering it of very wide application)—"as ugly as sin" (a suggestive sample of hyperbole)—"as clear as mud" (a favourite saying among emphatic disputants, in which, by a figure of rhetoric, the thing spoken of is made to stand for its opposite)—and, "as good as gold," which is meant to express the very perfection of personal merit.

Some comparisons in general use partake of the humorous and satirical, as when one man is said to comport himself "like a bull in a china shop;" or another to be as busy "as a cat in a tripe shop;" or a gossiping woman is described as being "as cunning as Kate Mallet, and she was half a fool;" which last comparison, by the way, is a local one, and current only in Somersetshire. Another local comparison, current chiefly in the west of England, is, "as dry as a gyx," a phrase remarkably expressive to those who know what is meant by a gyx, but of little significance to those who do not. A gyx is the stalk of a creeping plant abounding in the western counties, which in early summer runs over the hedges and bank sides, and, withering under the heats of August, dries up so thoroughly that it will fall to pieces at a touch, and the pieces crumble into dust in the clenched hand.

Drunkenness seems to have given rise to several queer idioms of comparison. Such are, "as drunk as a lord," which may have had more truth in olden times than in our era of more respectable manners; "as drunk as a fiddler;" which is also a slander against a whole profession (though certainly they are in scenes of special temptation); and "as drunk as David's sow," a mysterious allusion, upon which we can throw no light, being altogether in the dark ourselves as to who David was (though of course he was a Welshman), and whether the sow or her owner was most to blame for the animal's lapse in good manners.

Some few comparisons there are, which, though they are current wherever our language is spoken, defy all attempts to get at their origin, and might puzzle Max Müller himself. Take, for example, "as queer as Dick's hatband." Who will tell us where this came from? Who was Dick, and what was the matter with his hatband? The phrase is very old, and has been in use for generations, and the mystery of its origin and of its supposed recondite significance has from time to time been the subject of persevering investigation by curious persons. But nothing very satisfactory has yet been discovered. It was suggested by one learned gentleman, who handled the subject from the historical point of view, that the Dick in question might have been the tyrant Richard III, and that the hatband was only a metaphorical expression for his kingly crown, which, at the crisis of Bosworth Field, was certainly in a state of jeopardy that might have been figuratively designated as "queer." But we cannot accept this ingenious solution of the difficulty, which strikes us as too learned and too far-fetched. To our thinking, Dick is more likely to have been some low-born hind, who, having "given his mind" to hatbands, signalled himself in some special manner, and thus transmitted his name to pos-

terity. There was a custom prevailing at the beginning of this century, though it is nearly obsolete now, of hiring farm servants at certain periodical gatherings, called "mops." The labourers who came to be hired used to intimate their calling by wearing certain insignia round their hats—a wisp of hay denoting a carter, a wisp of straw a thatcher, a plait of horsehair a ploughman, and so on; now, if the Dick of the queer hatband was a candidate for service on any such occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to his renown may be easily imagined.

"As mad as a hatter" is another mysterious comparison, which even people of education do not disdain to use, though no one is kind enough to vouchsafe an explanation of it. If it be assumed, as a friend suggests, that hatters must be mad to go on, from year to year, perpetrating the frightful cylinders that gentlemen wear on their heads, we feel bound to rebut, in their behalf, the charge of insanity, and to transfer it to the wearers of the said abominations instead of the makers, who only exercise their industry in satisfying the demands of the public.

The amount of pleasure implied in being "as jolly as a sand-boy" we cannot tell, never having belonged to that free-and-easy profession, the members of which, so far as our observation goes, pass a considerable portion of their time in the exhilarating and healthful exercise of assmanship (their empty sand-bags serving them as saddles), their jollity being most exuberantly demonstrative when their merchandise has been transmuted into cash.

"As merry as a grig," is also a frequent similitude, though we have never been able to get at the secret of the grig's merriment—a grig, as the reader may require to be informed, being a small eel which has not arrived at years of discretion, and manifests its lack of that virtue by perpetually wriggling and twisting its body and wagging its slimy tail.

But we must draw bit, lest we provoke somebody to a comparison which shall illustrate our tediousness.

THE WORKING BEE.

TOWARDS the end of March the workers embrace every opportunity to carry home "bee-bread"—the pollen or bloom-dust of flowers—as this is required as food for the young, which are now requiring much attention.

As the queen lays all the eggs that produce the three sorts of bees, everything depends upon her health and fecundity. In the height of the season the number of eggs laid in a single day amounts to several hundreds, and this for weeks together.

Reaumur states that a healthy queen will lay 12,000 eggs in twenty-four days. This may be rather a high figure. I once made a careful observation upon the increase of a good hive, with the following result:—

In the year 1844 I hived a swarm on the 22nd of May. The swarm consisted of 25,000 bees. On the 3rd of July, a maiden swarm (a swarm from a swarm) came off numbering about 20,500. On the 15th of July there was a second swarm of about 10,500 bees. Reckoning the bees still remaining in the hive, with those lost by death, at 9,000, we have a total of 40,000. From these take the original swarm of 25,000, and 15,000 will remain to be accounted for. These must have been hatched in thirty-three days, as could be easily shown; thus showing a figure nearly approaching Reaumur's high estimate of 500 a day.

During April the bees are not likely to do much to-

wards storing. They find work enough to "hold their own" and attend to the brood. I once had a hive that increased in weight fourteen pounds, from April 17th to 24th; but this is a very rare occurrence. Should a hive with a good healthy queen require feeding at this season, feed liberally.

About this time, a hive that is weak through the imperfections of the queen, is likely to suffer "a desertion." In this case the few remaining bees, accompanied by the queen, forsake the hive, leaving only the empty combs. It not unfrequently happens that this small and forlorn community enters another hive in the same apiary.

Towards the end of May, the drones having become numerous, and the hive nearly full of workers, "the musicians of the queen's band" find plenty to do, in fanning their wings to lower the temperature of the hive, and show their pleasure at the successful operations going on within.

The crowded state of the hive may now cause the bees to "swarm." Within the whole range of instinctive operations, what is more remarkable than a swarm of bees? Thousands of bees, that yesterday would have died in battle or starved themselves to death in defence of the tenderly-nursed brood, will to-day leave them all without the slightest hesitation, fully bent upon their "new move."

The bees that leave the hive before the queen, move off in a stately march, as if conscious that their choicest treasure remained behind. After the queen has left, the rush made by the rest of the swarm is remarkable. It is then all "who shall be first?" Whether the queen leaves the hive of her own accord, or whether she is compelled to do so by the workers, is a disputed point. I once saw the queen on the platform, and as she attempted to return to the hive, the workers forced her to take wing; but a solitary case proves nothing. The bees, if they like their new home, begin to work without delay.

On the 9th of July, 1859, I put a swarm of about 24,000 bees into a hive with the combs already made, and they stored a pound of honey the same afternoon.

Bees swarm at various times and seasons. I have had a swarm as early as the 30th of April, and as late as the 23rd of September. One has left the hive at 7.45 A.M.; another at 4.48 P.M. One swarm has consisted of no more than 5,600 bees; another could boast of an army of colonists, 27,000 strong.

Notwithstanding the decision of bee-writers to the contrary, I have had a good swarm two days before the appearance of drones; and I have also had a swarm that did not leave the parent stock till the drones had appeared sixty-five days.

Honey-collecting is about as much dependent upon the weather, as haymaking. I have known a nice swarm, after having improved every opportunity, starved to death at the end of three months; and I have had a swarm which collected five-and-a-half pounds of honey in one day, and at the end of five days had reached the weight of a good winter's stock.

Hundreds of times, including almost every possible variety of circumstance, I have weighed bees, and do not doubt but the result would surprise the apiarist as well as the general reader. For instance—The weather being hot, with a clear sky and calm air, a good hive increases in weight three pounds daily. The day following is equally hot, but thick clouds pass over the face of the sun every few minutes, and the increase in weight is only a quarter of a pound daily. But notwithstanding this, a clouded sky sometimes proves an advantage. A

striking instance of this kind happened in August, 1853, a hive dropping suddenly from three pounds a day increase to nothing, solely on account of the weather becoming very bright and drying. A bountiful honeydew being the chief source of supply, affords the explanation.

If you interrupt bees in their work they will accommodate themselves to circumstances in a most interesting manner. If you contract the hive, they will at once contract the size of the cells to meet the difficulty. If you break a piece of comb, and make it lean on one side, they at once throw across buttresses to keep it in position; I have made them do this, and almost given the "wise folk" credit for something beyond instinct.

The manner in which bees communicate their plans to each other is amongst the most noteworthy of their "doings." Place a piece of honeycomb or other tempting bait at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the apiary. A solitary bee shall first be attracted, and, having satisfied itself, shall return to the hive. From this hive, in a few seconds, the bees will come out in an excited manner and off to the newly-discovered treasure, whilst the bees in the other hives remain undisturbed till similarly enlightened by some member of their own community. I once hived a swarm, and shortly afterwards another swarm attempted to find a home in the same hive. The greater part of the second swarm clustered around the outside; and, fearing that the population would be too great, I tried to separate the swarms, and so far succeeded that they occupied two hives the remainder of the day. At night they were placed as two distinct swarms, with several hives of bees between them; early on the following morning the bees left one of the hives in a very matter-of-fact sort of manner, and I expected them to return to the parent stock, but was not a little surprised to find that they had discovered the whereabouts of the other swarm, which they soon joined without molestation.

The manner in which the workers treat the drones is interesting. In the economy of the bee nothing has puzzled naturalists more than the use of so many drones in the community. The highest number of drones in a hive is estimated at 2,000, but with my own hand, I have killed 2,800 in one family, and need hardly say that I failed to secure the whole brood. The drones live upon the fat of the land and are never satisfied with less than a plenty. They fly abroad in the hotter part of every fine day, and seem to enjoy their life of ease and pleasure as much as any human drones ever do. The workers are very fond of the drones as long as they feel their presence to be necessary. Towards the close of the honey-season the case alters, and the poor creatures are found to be in the way. First, they are treated with disrespect; but this is soon followed by more visible marks of displeasure. The workers begin their determined attack upon the drones by hunting them away from the open cells of honey, and forcing them into some corner of the hive where they can find no food. Sometimes, if the weather should prove unfavourable for getting abroad, the poor creatures remain in their barren position so long that they are unable to fly when the weather permits their going out. In such case (which is not common), they may be seen crawling upon the ground in front of the hive by hundreds. In fine weather, and owing to the strength of the drones, the workers (most of them being in the field) cannot confine them, and they keep leaving the hives and returning, to the sad annoyance of their foes. At length, the bees, losing all patience, resort to their stings, and then the poor drones fall an easy prey.

J. B.

Varieties.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The works of art sent for exhibition this year amount to the unprecedented number of 3,011. The pictures alone amounted to 2,683. With closest packing, the number placed on the walls was 896, while of pictures "accepted but not hung" there were 180.—*Sir Francis Grant.*

SHAM WINES.—When consular agent at Rheims, I legalized many an invoice of "Madeira," "Sherry," "Port," "fine old Cognac," and the "best Holland Gin," and of all sorts of *liqueurs*, "Chartreuse," "Curaçon," and "Kirsch," exported to the United States from Epernay, by an expert manufacturer of that place. I had reason to believe that within his extensive premises he had brought together the vinous powers of production of the whole world, and could, without travelling beyond his own walls, summon at his call the rich cordial of the Alps, the fiery spirit of the Low Countries, the wine of the Cape, the *liqueur* of the Antilles, or the products of any other quarter of the globe. In fact, it is no secret in Champagne that this ingenious and wealthy manufacturer, whose success has been commensurate with his wondrous enterprise, has virtually abolished all the geographical divisions of the earth, and, recognising their diversity only in name and idea, produces within his own inclosure any wine, spirit, or *liqueur* a customer may demand. I know by name his agent in the United States, and I would no more think of drinking of his vari-coloured bottles than I would of those of an apothecary's shop.—*The Champagne Country*, by R. Tomes.

THE "CLIQUE" IN PARIS.—In Paris, the *clique* exists in all theatres, with the honourable exception of the Théâtre Italien. At the Grand Opéra, the present *chef de la clique*, M. David, is a man of importance and intelligence. He has a staff two hundred strong under his command. With cunning generalship he distributes his forces in batches of ten or twenty throughout the house. Each of these he places under the surveillance of trusty lieutenants—men of caution and of superior address. He occupies a conspicuous position himself, and conducts the applause with as much care and precision as the *chef d'orchestre* directs the music. . . . In most of the theatres the *clique* sit together, and occupy the centre of the pit. With a little practical experience you can pretty well tell which of the artists on the stage is liberal towards the *clique*, and which the reverse. On a first night, the *clique* is an object of interest to authors, actors, singers, and managers. The *chef* has long and serious interviews with the *impresario*, at which are discussed the different "points" that are to be distinguished, where the *clique* is to laugh loudly, or express approbation by an encouraging "bravo." Auguste, David's predecessor at the Opéra, insisted upon all first nights confided to his care being sustained *à la crescendo*. He used to declare it would never do to exhaust the influence of his efforts upon the first and second acts, but as the piece progressed so should the excitement of the *clique* increase, until the last act ended in the mad enthusiasm of his myrmidons.—*The Impresario.*

FRANZ BOPP.—Born at Mentz in 1791, the future Comparative Grammarian received the greater portion of his education at Aschaffenburg. He showed very early a desire to study languages, not for their literature alone or chiefly, but in order to understand their organism. For the prosecution of these studies he went to Paris in 1812, and consumed the next five years of his life in the acquisition of Sanskrit and reading largely in the great Sanskrit epics, especially the *Mahā-Bhārata*, from which he subsequently published several of the most interesting episodes, both in the original and in translations. In 1816 was published at Frankfurt a short treatise entitled, "On the System of Conjugation in Sanskrit, compared with that used in Greek, Latin, Persian, and German." Bopp removed from Paris and resided in London in 1817, where he published, in the "Annals of Oriental Literature," an elaborate article entitled, "Analytical Comparison of the Sanskrit, Greek, and Teutonic Languages, showing the Original Identity of their Grammatical Structure." It is said to have been partly through the credit gained by this paper that he was appointed, in 1821, to an Extraordinary Professorship of Oriental Literature and General Philology at the University of Berlin. This was elevated into an Ordinary Professorship in 1825, and held until his death. His life thenceforward was outwardly uneventful. The "Comparative Grammar" appeared in six parts in from 1833 to 1852. Bopp was a man of great gentleness and simplicity of character, devoted to his special studies, and taking no part in the world of politics. He died at the age of seventy-six, October 23, 1867.

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OFF PORTSMOUTH.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT'S the name of the craft you want to get aboard, sir?" asked old Bob, the one-legged boatman, whose wherry I had hired to carry me out to Spithead.

"The Barbara," I answered, trying to look more at my ease than I felt; for the old fellow, besides having but one leg, had a black patch over the place where his right eye should have been, while his left arm was partially crippled; and his crew consisted of a mite of a boy

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whose activity and intelligence could scarcely make up for his want of size and strength. The ebb tide, too, was making strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and a fresh breeze was blowing in, creating a tumbling bubbling sea at the mouth; and vessels and boats of all sizes and rigs were dashing here and there, madly and without purpose it seemed to me, but at all events very likely to run down the low narrow craft in which I had ventured to embark. Now and then a man-of-war's boat, with half a dozen reckless midshipmen in her, who looked as if they would not have the slightest scruple in sailing over us, would pass within a few inches of the wherry;

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

now a ship's launch with a party of marines, pulling with uncertain strokes like a huge maimed centipede, would come right across our course and receive old Bob's no very complimentary remarks; next a boatful of men-of-war's men, liberty men returning from leave. There was no use saying anything to them, for there wasn't one, old Bob informed me, but what was "three sheets in the wind," or "half seas over," in other words, very drunk; still they managed to find their way and not to upset themselves, in a manner which surprised me. Scarcely were we clear of them than several lumbering dockyard lighters would come dashing by, going out with stores or powder to the fleet at Spithead.

Those were indeed busy times. Numerous ships of war were fitting out alongside the quays, their huge yards being swayed up, and guns and stores hoisted on board, gruff shouts, and cries, and whistles, and other strange sounds proceeding from them as we passed near. Others lay in the middle of the harbour, ready for sea, but waiting for their crews to be collected by the press-gangs on shore, and to be made up with captured smugglers, liberated gaol birds, and broken down persons from every grade of society. Altogether, what with transports, merchantmen, lighters, and other craft, it was no easy matter to beat out without getting athwart hawse of those at anchor, or being run down by the still greater number of small craft under weigh. Still it was an animated and exciting scene, and all told of active warfare.

On shore the bustle was still more apparent. Everybody was in movement. Yellow post-chaises conveying young captains of dashing frigates, or admirals' private secretaries, came whirling through the streets as if the fate of the nation depended on their speed. Officers of all grades, from post-captains with glittering epaulets to midshipmen with white patches on their collars and simple cockades in their hats, were hurrying, with looks of importance, through the streets. Large placards were everywhere posted up announcing the names of the ships requiring men, and the advantages to be obtained by joining them: plenty of prize-money and abundance of fighting, with consequent speedy promotion; while first lieutenants, and a choice band of old hands, were near by to win by persuasion those who were protected from being pressed. Jack tars, many with pigtails, and earrings in their ears, were rolling about the streets, their wives or sweethearts hanging at their elbows, dressed in the brightest of colours, huge bonnets decked with flaunting ribbons on their heads, and glittering brass chains, and other ornaments of glass on their necks and arms. As I drove down the High Street I had met a crowd surrounding a ship's gig on wheels. Some fifty seamen or more were dragging it along at a rapid rate, leaping and careering, laughing and cheering. In the stern sheets sat a well-known eccentric post-captain with the yoke lines in his hands, while he kept bending forward to give the time to his crew, who were arranged before him with oars outstretched, making believe to row, and grinning all the time in high glee from ear to ear. It was said that he was on his way to the Admiralty in London, the Lords Commissioners having for some irregularity prohibited him from leaving his ship except in his gig on duty. Whether he ever got to London I do not know.

On arriving at Portsmouth, I had gone to the Blue Posts, an inn of old renown, recommended by my brother Harry, who was then a midshipman, and who had lately sailed for the East India station. It was an inn more patronised by midshipmen and young lieutenants than

by post-captains and admirals. I had there expected to meet Captain Hassall, the commander of the *Barbara*, but was told that, as he was the master of a merchantman, he was more likely to have gone to the Keppel's Head, at Portsea. Thither I repaired, and found a note from him telling me to come off at once, and saying that he had had to return on board in a hurry, as he found that several of his men had no protection, and were very likely to be pressed, one man having already been taken by a press-gang, and that he was certain to inform against the others. Thus it was that I came to embark at the Common Hard at Portsea, and had to beat down the harbour.

"Do you think as how you'd know your ship when you sees her, sir?" asked old Bob, with a twinkle in his one eye, for he had discovered my very limited amount of nautical knowledge, I suspect. "It will be a tough job to find her, you see, among so many."

Now I had been on board very often as she lay alongside the quay in the Thames. I had seen all her cargo stowed, knew every bale and package and case; I had attended to the fitting up of my own cabin, and was indeed intimately acquainted with every part of her interior. But her outside—that was a very different matter, I began to suspect. I saw floating on the sea, far out in the distance, the misty outlines of a hundred or more big ships; indeed, the whole space between Portsmouth and the little fishing village of Ryde seemed covered with shipping, and my heart sank within me at the thought of having to pick out the *Barbara* among them.

The evening was drawing on and the weather did not look pleasant, still I must make the attempt. The convoy was expected to sail immediately, and the interests of my employers, Garrard, Janrin, and Company, would be sacrificed should the sailing of the ship be delayed by my neglect. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind and made me reply boldly, "We must go on, at all events. Time enough to find her out when we get there."

We were at that time near the mouth of the harbour, with Haslar Hospital seen over a low sandbank, and some odd-looking sea-marks on one side, and Southsea beach and the fortifications of Portsmouth, with a church tower and the houses of the town beyond. A line of redoubts and Southsea Castle appeared, extending farther southward, while the smooth chalk-formed heights of Portsmouth rose in the distance. As a person suddenly deprived of sight recollects with especial clearness the last objects he has beheld, so this scene was indelibly impressed on my mind, as it was the last near view I was destined to have of old England for many a long day. For the same reason I took a greater interest in old Bob and his boy Jerry than I might otherwise have done. They formed the last human link of the chain which connected me with my native land. Bob had agreed to take my letters back, announcing my safe arrival on board—that is to say, should I ever get there. My firm reply, added to the promise of another five shillings for the trouble he might have, raised me again in his opinion, and he became very communicative.

We tacked close to a buoy off Southsea beach. "Ay, sir, there was a pretty blaze just here not many years ago," he remarked. "Now I mind it was in '95—that's the year my poor girl Betty died—the mother of Jerry there. You've heard talk of the *Boyne*—a fine ship she was, of ninety-eight guns. While she, with the rest of the fleet, was at anchor at Spithead, one morning a fire broke out in the admiral's cabin, and though officers and men did their best to extinguish it,

some how or other it got the upper hand of them all; but the boats from the other ships took most of them off, though some ten poor fellows perished, they say. One bad part of the business was, that the guns were all loaded and shotted, and as the fire got to them they went off, some of the shots reaching Stokes Bay, out there beyond Haslar, and others falling among the shipping. Two poor fellows aboard the *Queen Charlotte* were killed, and another wounded, though she and the other ships got under weigh to escape mischief. At about half-past one she burnt from her cables, and came slowly drifting in here till she took the ground. She burnt on till near six in the morning, when the fire reached the magazine, and up she blew with an awful explosion. We knew well enough that the moment would come, and it was a curious feeling we had waiting for it. Up went the blazing masts and beams and planks, and came scattering down far and wide, hissing into the water; and when we looked again after all was over, not a timber was to be seen."

Bob also pointed out the spot where nearly a century before the *Edgar* had blown up, and every soul in her had perished, and also where the *Royal George* and the brave Admiral *Kempensfeldt*, with eight hundred men, had gone down several years before the destruction of the *Boyne*. "Ay, sir, to my mind it's sad to think that the sea should swallow up so many fine fellows as she does every year, and yet we couldn't very well do without her, so I suppose it's all right. Mind your head-sheets, Jerry, or she'll not come about in this bobble," he observed, as we were about to tack round the buoy.

Having kept well to the eastward, we were now laying up to windward of the fleet. There were line-of-battle ships and frigates and corvettes, and huge Indiamen as big-looking as many line-of-battle ships, and large transports, and numberless merchantmen, ships and barques, and brigs, and schooners; but as to what the *Barbara* was like I had not an idea. I fixed on one of the largest of the Indiamen, but when I told old Bob the tonnage of the *Barbara* he laughed, and said she was 't half the size of the ship I pointed out.

It was getting darkish and coming on to blow pretty fresh, and how to find my ship among the hundred or more at anchor, I could not possibly tell.

"Well, I thought from your look and the way you hailed me, that you was a seafaring gentleman, and on course you'd ha' known your own ship," said old Bob, with a wink of his one eye. "Howsomever, we can beat about among the fleet till it's dark, and then back to Portsmouth; and then, do ye see, sir, we can come out to-morrow morning by daylight and try again. May be we shall have better luck. The convoy is sure not to sail in the night, and the tide won't serve till ten o'clock at earliest."

"This comes of dressing in nautical style, and assuming airs foreign to me," I thought to myself, though I could not help fancying that there was some quiet irony in the old man's tone. His plan did not at all suit my notions. I was already beginning to feel very uncomfortable, bobbing and tossing about among the ships; and I expected to be completely upset, unless I could speedily put my foot on something more stable than the cockleshell, or rather bean-pod, of a boat in which I sat. I began to be conscious, indeed, that I must be looking like anything but "a seafaring gentleman."

"But we *must* find her," I exclaimed, with some little impetuosity; "it will never do to be going back, and I know she's here."

"So the old woman said as was looking for her needle in the bundle of hay," observed old Bob, with provoking

placidity. "On course she is, and we is looking for her; but it's quite a different thing whether we finds her or not, 'specially when it gets dark; and if, as I suspects, it comes on to blow freshish, ther'll be a pretty bobble of a sea here at the turn of the tide. To be sure, we may stand over to Ryde and haul the boat up there for the night. There's a pretty decentish public on the beach, the Pilot's Home, where you may get a bed, and Jerry and I always sleeps under the wherry. That's the only other thing for you to do, sir, that I sees on."

Though very unwilling to forego the comforts of my cabin and the society of Captain Hassall, I agreed to old Bob's proposal, provided the *Barbara* was not soon to be found. We sailed about among the fleet for some time, hailing one ship after another, but mine could not be found. I began to suspect at last that old Bob did not wish to find her, but had his eye on another day's work, and pay in proportion, as he might certainly consider that he had me in his power, and could demand what he chose. I was on the point of giving up the search, when, as we were near one of the large Indiamen I have mentioned, a vessel running past compelled us to go close alongside. An officer was standing on the accommodation-ladder, assisting up some passengers. He hailed one of the people in the boat about some luggage. I knew the voice, and, looking more narrowly, I recognised, I thought, my old schoolfellow Jack Newall. I called him by name, "Who's that?" he exclaimed. "What, Braithwaite, my fine fellow, what brings you out here?"

When I told him, "It is ten chances to one that you pick her out to-night," he answered. "But come aboard; I can find you a berth, and to-morrow morning you can continue your search. Depend on it, your ship forms one of our convoy, so that she will not sail without you."

I was too glad to accept Jack Newall's offer. Old Bob looked rather disappointed at finding me snatched from his grasp, and volunteered to come back early in the morning, and take me on board the *Barbara*, promising in the meantime to find her out.

The sudden change from the little boat tumbling about in the dark to the Indiaman's well-lighted cuddy, glittering with plate and glass, into which my friend introduced me—filled, moreover, as it was, with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen—was very startling. She was the well-known *Cuffnells*, a ship of twelve hundred tons, one of the finest of her class, and, curiously enough, was the very one which two voyages before had carried my brother Frederick out to India.

I had never before been on board an Indiaman. Everything about her seemed grand and ponderous, and gave me the idea of strength and stability. If she was to meet with any disaster, it would not be for want of being well found. The captain remembered my brother, and was very civil to me; and several other people knew my family, so that I spent a most pleasant evening on board, in the society of the nabobs and military officers, and the ladies who had husbands and those who had not, but fully expected to get them at the end of the voyage, and the young cadets and writers, and others who usually formed the complement of an Indiaman's passengers in those days. Everything seemed done in princely style on board her. She had a crew of a hundred men, a captain, and four officers, mates, a surgeon, and purser; besides midshipmen, a boatswain, carpenter, and other petty officers. I was invited to come on board whenever there was an opportunity during the voyage.

"We are not cramped, you see," observed Newall, casting his eye over the spacious decks, "so you will not crowd us; and if you cannot bring us news, we can exchange ideas."

True to his word, old Bob came alongside the next morning, and told me that he had found out the *Barbara*, and would put me on board in good time for breakfast.

I found Captain Hassall very anxious at my non-appearance, and on the point of sending the second officer on shore to look for me, as it was expected that the *convoy* would sail at noon; indeed, the *Active* frigate, which was to *convoy* us, had *Blue Peter* flying at her mast-head, as had all the merchantmen.

"You'd have time to take a cruise about the fleet, and I'll spin you no end of yarns, if you like to come, sir," said old Bob, with a twinkle in his eye, as his wherry was see-sawing alongside in a manner most uncomfortable to a landsman.

"No, thank you, Bob, I must hear the end of your yarns when I come back again to old England; I'll not forget you, depend on it."

Captain Hassall had not recovered his equanimity of temper, which had been sorely ruffled at having had two of his best men taken off by a press-gang. He had arrived on board in time to save two more who would otherwise also have been taken. He inveighed strongly against the system, and declared that if it was continued he would give up England and go over to the United States. It certainly created a very bad feeling both among officers and men in the merchant service. While we were talking, the frigate which was to *convoy* us loosed her topsails and fired a gun, followed soon after by another, as a signal to weigh. The merchantmen at once began to make sail, not so quick an operation as on board the man-of-war. The pipe played cheerily, round went the capstan, and in short time we, with fully fifty other vessels, many of them first-class Indiamen, with a fair breeze, were standing down channel; the sky bright, the sea blue, while their white sails, towering upwards to the heavens, shone in the sunbeams like pillars of snow.

The *Barbara* proved herself a fast sailer, and could easily keep up with our active protector, which kept sailing round the majestic-looking but slow moving Indiamen, as if to urge them on, as the shepherd's dog does his flock. We hove to off Falmouth, that other vessels might join company. Altogether, we formed a numerous *convoy*—some bound to the Cape of Good Hope, others to different parts of India—two or three to our lately-established settlements in New South Wales, and several more to China.

I will not dwell on my feelings as we took our departure from the land, the Lizard lights bearing N. half E. I had a good many friends to care for me, and one for whom I had more than friendship. We had magnificent weather and plenty of time to get the ship into order; indeed I, with others who had never been to sea, began to entertain the notion that we were to glide on as smoothly as we were then doing during the whole voyage. We were to be disagreeably undeceived. A gale sprang up with little warning about midnight, and hove us almost on our beam ends; and though we righted with the loss only of a spar or two, we were tumbled about in a manner subversive of all comfort, to say the least of it.

When morning broke, the hitherto trim and well-behaved fleet were scattered in all directions, and several within sight received some damage or other. The wind fell as quickly as it had risen, and during the day the vessels kept returning to their proper stations in the

convoy. When night came on several were still absent, but were seen approaching in the distance. Our third mate had been aloft for some time, and when he came into the cabin he remarked that he had counted more sail in the horizon than there were missing vessels. Some of the party were inclined to laugh at him, and inquired what sort of craft he supposed they were, phantom ships or enemy's cruisers?

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I think that they are very probably the latter," said the captain. "I have known strange things happen: vessels cut out at night from the midst of a large *convoy*, others pillaged and the crews and passengers murdered, thrown overboard, or carried off. We shall be on our guard, and have our guns loaded, and if any gentry of this sort attempt to play their tricks on us they will find that they have caught a Tartar."

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER I.—SELFISHNESS, PITY, AND GRATITUDE.

Who are the real educators of the young? If by education we mean only teaching, this question would not be difficult to answer. But if by educating we mean that preparing of the entire human being for what it has to be, and what it has to do, throughout the whole of its probable life from childhood to old age, then the question assumes a different aspect, and we wait, almost in vain, for an answer when we ask who really educate the young?

In the hope of getting rid of some portion of the responsibility which arises out of this question when fairly and conscientiously put, we sometimes say, "There is the education of circumstance, which goes a long way towards the formation of character." But who selects or controls the circumstances by which the young are influenced in very early life?

Of course we should be told by ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, who might hear the question—"Who does educate the young?" that our public schools and colleges do this; and these institutions being for the most part in the hands of men who have themselves been educated in the same manner, we come to a certain round of question and answer, cause and effect, which has neither beginning nor end, and which consequently admits of no further inquiry as to whether education itself can be altered or improved.

This, however, is not the most enlightened way of looking at the subject, and certainly it is not the most encouraging, because it admits no hope of change. And yet education, above all other things, ought to admit of change—of constant and great improvement. Of all our social institutions education ought to be least governed by routine; because, unless adapted to the rapidly changing character of society, it can be no fit preparation for what the individual who is educated has to be and to do in the progress of life. Of all our provisions for the future, education has most need of adaptation not only to things as they are, but as we would have them to be, and hope they will be.

The application of the question already asked shows us at once the fallacy of making education a mere system of routine. But even if we should hold by this system so far as to choose for the teachers of a school only such masters as had themselves been taught in the same, it is impossible but that the young under their care should receive some bias of character incidental

to the changes continually taking place in society, and which would render the routine-system of the school inapplicable to their requirements as active and progressive members of such society.

It is impossible for this reason—because the mother is at work long before the master takes possession of the child. The nurse, too, is at work; home influences are at work; the education of circumstance has been busy with the child, and hence impressions have been made, and a bias of character has been imparted, such as no after education will in all probability be able entirely to obliterate or set aside. This may be for good or for evil, but it will certainly be there; and it will remain with the child all the more tenaciously, because it will have reached and affected those portions of his character which are not reached or affected by the teaching of schools.

To use a familiar figure by which this subject seems to be best understood—the school will deal with the child's *head*—the mother will have dealt with its *heart*. Neither head nor heart, however, can be dealt with quite separately. Both will mature as the child grows up to man or womanhood. As the nurse, while endeavouring to perfect her infant charge in the art of walking, does not forbid but encourages, though it may be indirectly, the use of its hands, so the school teacher, while bent upon exciting the intellect of his pupil, loading his memory, and quickening his powers of calculation, has beside him all the while a little beating heart which is learning to beat time to influences which he may unconsciously have set in motion. Or in the case of a mother bent only upon cultivating the affections of her child, so she also, by a system unknown to herself, may be leading on its opening mind to embrace either truth or falsehood in the region of intellect.

The question next arises, which is most important in the after development of the human being—the head, or the heart? Out of the head comes capability—out of the heart, motive. Human life is so constituted, human duty so appointed, that we need both; but a very slight acquaintance with education as generally conducted is sufficient to show us that the heart bears no comparison with the head in the amount of regard bestowed upon its cultivation. In other words, the moral bears no comparison with the intellectual. Capability is the one great object of attainment. Motive is, for the most part, left to take care of itself.

Such being the case with school education—and if we require proof that it is so, we need only glance over a few pages of those advertisements of school books, teachers, assistants, &c., which appear in our public papers, chiefly about midsummer and Christmas,—such being the case with school education, the responsibility of parental or home education becomes all the more serious as regards the heart of the child; especially when we bear in mind that out of the heart come motive, desire, love, hate—all that makes us morally, what we are as agents of good or evil, and religiously, what we are as believers in the word God, and doers of his will.

Parental education in our present social condition must almost necessarily be of a very one-sided description. What can the father, who is a man of business in many cases, know of his children, or what can he do for them? He may see them now and then, but his intercourse with them must be extremely limited, and his acquaintance with their hearts and their motives must be partial in the extreme. Besides the shortness of the periods during which the father is associated with his children, there is this great disadvantage operating against his influence over them—that children do not

develop at any given moment, or on compulsion: They open their little hearts, and disclose the treasures of their understandings just when the fit is upon them, and often at the most unsuitable times for receiving the benefit of a father's instruction. Not unfrequently, when the child is lying down to sleep, it will perplex its ignorant nurse with a question so decisive in its moral tendency, that the father who does not hear it—perhaps the mother too—can scarcely measure the amount of loss which that child sustains by not having them to answer it.

Such moments of curious and intelligent inquiry often occur to the child when walking out in the country with its nurse; and these are the times when the providential care of a heavenly Father, and the wonders of his creation, may be begun to be unfolded to the inquirer in a simple, familiar, but always a true way with surprising benefit; when a kindly interest may be excited in the animal world, and a love awakened for the beauty which may be seen in flowers, or leaves, or any of those near objects which fall under the observation of a child. These golden opportunities are for the most part left entirely to the nurse, and how nurses in general are prepared for turning them to the best account, is a matter requiring no comment here.

After all, and in whatever light we regard this subject, we are compelled to go back to the mother for a large amount of that education which really forms the character of the man or the woman. It is not, and it cannot be, entirely the work of schools, although many parents think it can; and some are not very tolerant towards those schools which fail to effect at sixteen what should have been done at six. To the mother we must go back, not as really the more responsible agent, but as the only one whom the usages of society appear to have left at liberty for the discharge of the full amount of parental duty; and perhaps the mother also might say, were the question put to her, that the usages of society had not left even to her the time or the means for discharging these duties aright.

With the question of duty, or the choice of duties, where the number is so great that one must be done, and another left undone, I presume not to meddle. This is a point on which individuals must exercise their own judgment. I am only supposing there may be mothers who do take this duty up themselves, and laying it seriously and thoughtfully to heart, do desire to learn whatever can be learned in relation to the right performance of this particular duty. Even here there can be no specific rule laid down by the wisest amongst us. With all our boasted attainments in knowledge and capability, so little is really known as regards the education of character that help can only be looked for from those who have carefully thought the matter out, and feelingly laid up in store for practical use, whatever has been discovered in the way of serviceable truth. Such help may sometimes come from unexpected sources, and it may present itself in a very humble form. The more simple the better for the experimental purposes of ordinary life.

Under the conviction that help of this kind—especially help in the cultivation of the heart, with all its motives, desires, and moral tendencies—is more needed in the present day than any other kind of help, I have ventured to put together a few thoughts, the result of much thinking on this important subject, hoping that they may possibly be useful to some who are just feeling that way which mothers have to tread, bearing at first their precious charge along with them, and then consigning it to an unknown future, through which all must in one sense walk alone.

Perplexed, as all writers appear to be, with the profound and complicated nature of the subject, I have determined to treat it almost as a child would; and with this view before me, I shall continually speak as in common parlance of the head, and the heart, although the latter will be almost entirely the subject of my remarks, not only as being most within the range of my own observation and means of understanding—not only as being most interesting in itself, at least to me, but as being most neglected in our systems of education. Of the heart, then, as being the centre from whence spring motive and desire, I propose to speak as the source of that which is most needed for the correcting of those evils which press heavily against our social prosperity, and for the establishment of a purer moral sense, and a higher moral tone throughout our social relations.

There are few mothers—so few that we scarcely call the exceptions *human*—who do not care for the little helpless infant body. God has given them this natural spring of maternal tenderness and solicitude, in common with the lower animals; but though so common as to be called an instinct, we can never regard this unselfish, unsparing devotedness of the mother in any other light than as one of the purest and most beautiful of all the provisions of a kind Providence, ordained for purposes of preservation and enjoyment.

All that has to be done with the infant beyond the care of its body has been left by the wisdom of the great Creator to be cared for and provided by the higher faculties of the human parent, which faculties are possessed by man alone as an intelligent, responsible, and immortal being. Herein consists the great difference between man and the lower animals, as well as between human beings in a cultivated and enlightened condition, and those who have never learned the great fact of their own responsibility as intelligent and immortal beings.

Of the little helpless body in the first stages of its existence, there is no need to write. But soon the germs of thought begin to manifest themselves, and then, just as the nurse would teach the child in its first attempts to walk, how to step truly, fairly, uprightly, so an equal amount of pains should be taken to teach the child how to think truly, fairly, and with upright purpose of heart.

Those who regard education as beginning only with the learning of the alphabet, and think it is carried on only by the teaching of direct lessons from books, or masters, will be astonished to find, as they may by actual experiment, how much of the work of true education may be done before the child is able to read a single word. It is, indeed, a melancholy mistake to teach reading before thinking. Words, mere words, without a body of sense or meaning in them, are worse than dull. They are wearisome in the extreme; but when the child has a little thought to put into every word which it is learning to spell, or when from the act of thinking it is able to find the appropriate place for any more insignificant word as a help in the expression of thought, the case is materially altered, and the child may be led on, dressing thoughts in words with something like the pleasure which is felt in dressing a doll.

But the question of paramount importance to the human parents is, what they desire that their child should be prepared to be and to do in after life; or in other words, what are the principal lessons which the child must learn in order rightly to fill a place of social and religious relationship both to God and man.

One of the great social lessons necessary for the right filling of this place as embodied in the golden rule is

this, to do to others as we would that they should do to us, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. How is this, perhaps the most difficult of Christian lessons, to be taught in early childhood? Why, the little child itself is a perfect bundle of selfishness—eating and drinking, grasping and getting, always ready to scratch the face, or tear the hair, of either mother or nurse if they are not quick enough in supplying its wants, or if they refuse to supply them.

Unlovely as this picture may appear, and unamiable as selfishness always looks, we must not broadly find fault with it. Self-love is implanted in the nature of the child, as in that of the whole animal creation, for purposes of self-preservation. It is the gift of God, and it is perfectly right at first that the little child should love itself, and grasp and get what it can; but it is no less necessary, because of this, that the time should be narrowly watched when it will be no longer right for the child to be governed by self-love, when a new law of existence must be established, and the old law modified, brought under, and made subservient to the new.

Many people in other respects wise, and many who are both wise and good, talk of the necessity for this selfishness being entirely rooted out, as if such a thing were possible. No; it is a portion of the elementary nature of the human being, originally, perhaps, a little stronger in some than in others. The way to manage this, as well as many other tendencies inherent in the nature of the child, is to call up and bring against it a counteracting power, to bring into operation the law of kindness, to establish habits of consideration, love, and even pity for others; above all, to excite in the yet tender and susceptible feelings of the child a sense of satisfaction and delight in making others happy, in alleviating their pain when they suffer, and in sharing with them whatever brings enjoyment, so that no pleasure shall to them be perfect if experienced alone.

To make the child avowedly the dispenser of actual good to others, while yet in its infancy, may prove to be only transferring its original selfishness from the thing enjoyed to the open, and often ostentatious act of giving. This is scarcely a likely method for bringing about the desired result. It would, I think, tend more to promote this end to be a little chary as regards the reality of infant property.

Love of property is one part, and a very useful one, of that original selfishness which it is so necessary that education should teach how to regulate and hold in subjection. A love of property, in other words, a desire to obtain and possess, is one of the most active tendencies of our nature. It is the stimulus of industry, and the lawful object of honest work, while it gives stability to national and individual prosperity. And yet this natural tendency may be so ill-regulated as to be greediness in childhood, and covetousness in old age.

A love of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who has conscientiously received the crumb into their

mouths with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero, who has conferred this vast benefit, sits down with satisfaction, and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterwards, perhaps at some heart-rending sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as he takes himself, just as we are required to do in after life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

The sentiments which most effectually oppose, control, and overweigh our natural selfishness are chiefly pity and gratitude; I would say love, and that pre-eminently, only that love assumes so many characters, and some of them very selfish ones. It is quite possible to love one or more individuals, perhaps one's whole family, in a greedy, absorbing, and exclusive manner. But if we can bring ourselves to understand love as charity, then we accept that noble definition given us by the Apostle Paul, and we see how beautifully this sentiment embraces all that is generous, compassionate, forbearing, and kind.

Love is also a feeling somewhat difficult to expand in the infant heart. A little child is always a partizan, its love intensely personal. The more it loves one individual, or even two, or three, the more it seems disposed to resist or repel all others who might by implication stand in the ranks of opposition. The love of a little child is naturally like the small rill gushing out from the mountain's side, clear and pure, but necessarily single and narrow in its course. It requires the swell of the broad river to embrace the plain from hill to hill, and so to fertilize vast tracts of cornfield and meadow.

But pity is a different matter to deal with. It may be awakened at any time and applied to all cases of suffering. It cannot, like love, be classed amongst our spontaneous emotions. Indeed, it seems rather a melancholy fact to acknowledge, but experience amply confirms the remark of Dr. Johnson, that pity has to be taught, and that children are not naturally compassionate. Here, then, is a beautiful piece of work for the mother. Her child may not be compassionate, judging strictly by outward manifestation; but yet in that little heart, which it is her peculiar province to understand, and educate, she will find, far down perhaps in its delicate recesses, the tender threads of pity which it will be her happy and holy task to draw out, and attach to every form of suffering which life presents.

So beautiful is the development of pity on the part of a child, that there is danger from an opposite direction, lest it should be made a luxury, and so degenerate into morbid sensibility to pain. But of the two extremes that of not caring at all for the sufferings of others is so much more objectionable, that there can be little hesitation as to which of the two it would upon the whole be safest to risk; and in this, as well as in all other cases of stimulated faculty, either in feeling or understanding, such extremes will have to be guarded against by the judicious care of those who engage in the great work of education.

Seldom is the sentiment of pity awakened without the accompaniment of a desire to relieve, to help, or to defend. It is delightful to think what the Author of our being has done for us in this way, if we would but accept his gifts, and use them aright for the good of our fellow creatures, and for his glory. Here we see that no sooner is the emotion of pity deeply stirred, than there follows an impulse to help. It is true the little child, always a partizan, will often manifest a desire to defend, nay, even to avenge by doing battle against some supposed enemy to whom the pain or the sorrow which awakens its pity is attributed; and there is no limit to the wrath or indignation which, on such occasions, the child will sometimes manifest. All this emotion the mother has to lay hold of, and turn into channels of help.

Thus we see that, by the instrumentality of the mother's hand, guided by that nice discrimination and tact which God has given her for the purpose of understanding and educating the heart of her child, those emotions, even the wildest, which would naturally burst forth into explosive passion, and perhaps destructive action, may be turned by her gentle care into peaceful and health-giving channels, bearing ever as they flow balm to the wounded, help to the feeble, and comfort to the sorrowing.

If pity may thus be used as the great corrective of natural selfishness, gratitude is scarcely less effective in producing the same happy results. And yet it is wonderful how little pains are taken to inspire in children the feeling of gratitude. True, there is this difficulty in the way of inspiring gratitude—a little child does not know, and really cannot understand, how much is done and suffered in its service. It can make no calculation of the nights rendered sleepless by its wailings—of the care, the anxiety, the self-denial, and labour by which its thousand wants are supplied. It is impossible that it should form any estimate of these; but so far as it can understand, it is most important that the sentiment of gratitude should be awakened and maintained with the most assiduous care.

This is the more necessary, because, as regards its natural selfishness, the poor little child stands at a great disadvantage. It has everything against it in being constantly ministered to by others. Gifts are poured into its lap by those who look delighted to give. It sits like a king, receiving all. How should it be otherwise than selfish? How indeed, unless the mother will help to influence the heart of her child—that centre out of which will spring all motive for the actions of its future life.

Let gratitude then be the great work of the mother to foster and deepen. A sense of *indebtedness* on the part of the child will help in this work; and as children are always personal in the exercise of their sentiments, it is good to keep them in mind of the individual benefactors to whom they owe this or that indulgence, or to whom they are indebted for the possession of their toys, books, or any other article of infant property. In this way the memory of the child may be exercised with benefit, both to that and the heart, even at a very early age.

It would not be easy to estimate the vast, the almost incalculable difference morally, and under religious teaching, of a child in whom the sentiment of gratitude is genuine and deep, and one who has never been taught to pour out its best and sweetest feelings through this channel. It is pitiful to think of the loss which a human being sustains by not being heartily and habitually grateful. Those who are so know that no feeling,

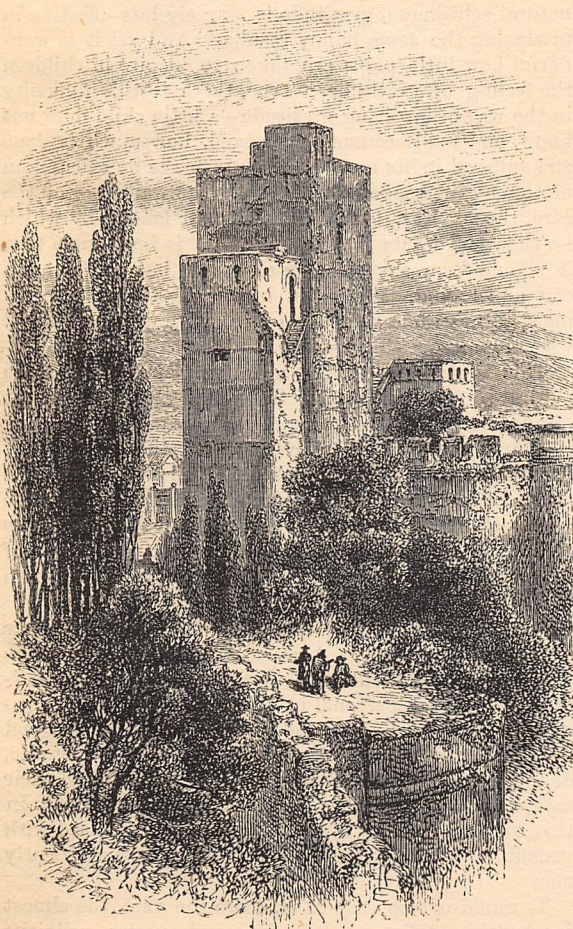
in the whole range of human experience, brings with it more genuine pleasure than that of heartfelt gratitude. Where this feeling has not been fostered in early youth, or where it exists only in a meagre, half-starved form, the grudging acknowledgment of kindness received is sometimes a hard and painful duty. How different that generous outburst from a grateful heart, which diffuses even more happiness than it receives!

After all, these teachings of the young heart are but preparatory to the work of the great Teacher. And yet these first stirrings of sentiment and feeling are the germs of great principles. They are stirrings of those motives which will animate the active life of the true being; and they are such as that being will be called to exercise in the highest range of Christian experience. Pity and gratitude—the one to help in all the sufferings of this mortal life, the very motive which brought the Saviour down to earth; the other embracing that vast debt which we owe to Him, and sweetening and sanctifying every duty, however small, which we try to render in return.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

VI.—GRANADA.



THE VERMILLION TOWER IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The reader will observe that I made rather a circuitous journey to get to Granada. There is a route by which I might have reached this city direct from Cordova, by striking off from the main line at Alameda, and by diligence to Loja, and thence by rail to Granada.

This route, to a person unacquainted with the language, presents some difficulties, as happened to some of my friends who went by it. They were too late for the train, and had to remain at a wretched Fonda in Loja for the night, which made the journey of about seventy miles occupy the greater part of two days. I think it better, though at a trifling additional expense, to make Malaga the head-quarters; leave one's luggage, and start light-handed to Granada.

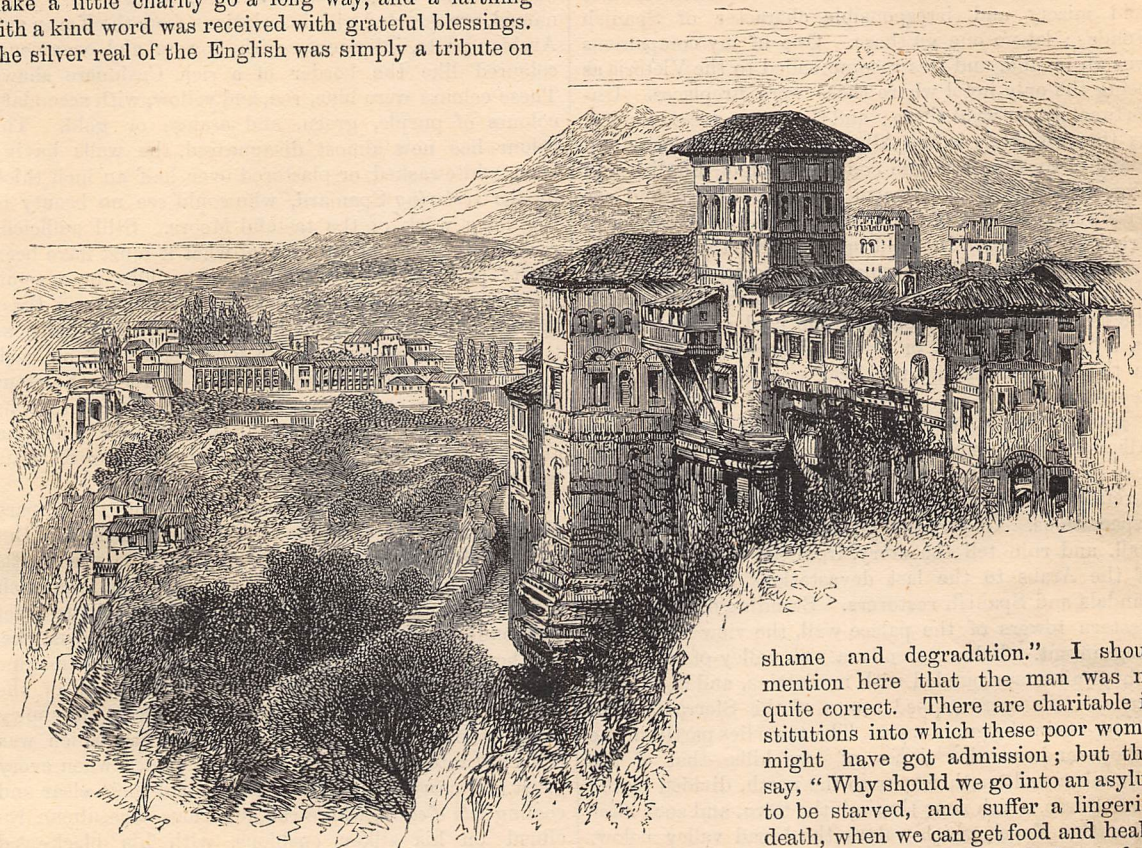
The previous evening, at the *table d'hôte*, I arranged to join two English tourists, one of whom had a "courier" (half Spanish and half Basque), who spoke indifferently four or five languages—an excellent guide, and kind-hearted, obliging fellow. We left Malaga at 6 A.M. by rail through the mountain range, the wildness and grandeur of which rather increased with familiarity. We got out at the station near Antequera, one of the old Spanish towns, where the habits and customs of the half-Moorish peasantry are still retained.

The readers of Washington Irving's romantic history of the "Conquest of Granada," will remember the prominent position this ancient Roman and Arabic city held in the history of Spain at that period. Here the "flower of Spanish chivalry" assembled in 1484, to wreak their vengeance on the Moors for the disasters of the preceding year, "and to lay waste the kingdom of Granada," which they did "like a stream of lava spreading over these fine and fertile regions." So effectually did these "brave cavaliers" carry out their cruel purpose, that they have left their mark on this desolate tract to the present day. The town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants, is finely situated on the face of the hills, and looks well at a distance, with its white-washed walls and old castle on the height; but miserable and dilapidated within. Here a diligence was waiting us, yoked with five pairs of mules, harnessed with scraps of leather and ends of rope—both cattle and equipage presenting a very rickety appearance. The driver was rather an agreeable, jolly fellow, and perfectly "master of the occasion." We had two other attendants, —a postilion on the first mule, and a man who ran by the side of the diligence to tie up anything that might require adjustment. These two men in dress (or rather, I should say, in rags) and appearance had a half-savage look, that reminded one of their Arab origin; and yet their looks belied them, for we found them kind and inoffensive. Eight uncomfortable mortals were crammed into the interior of this packing-case—a compromise between a small omnibus and the old diligence—and for five hours were jolted and shaken through ruts and over boulders, the unpleasantness of which could only be equalled by a ride on the hump of a hard trotting dromedary. In some parts there was scarcely an apology for a road. The roads in Spain at present remind me of the description we have of those in Great Britain two centuries ago, or even as late as 1745, when the King's army took so long to advance towards Derby, and could scarcely bring their artillery through the fields and unmade roads. In this and some other respects, Spain is much in the same position now that Great Britain was in the time of the first and second Charles, quite 150 or 200 years behind the rest of Europe in all that tends to comfort and progress. The country through which we passed is a succession of broken, dry, sandy-looking hills and rich fertile plains. We had only one change of cattle, at the town of Archidona, one of the worst I have seen in Spain for misery and wretched poverty, where men are driven to robbery from downright starvation.

As soon as we got out of our packing-case, and before

we could "shake ourselves out," we were surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty beggars of all ages: from the ragged, starved child, to the old, blind, and diseased. Their importunity amounted almost to an attack on the person; they would take no denial. The Spaniards make a little charity go a long way, and a farthing with a kind word was received with grateful blessings. The silver real of the English was simply a tribute on

I am, I would strip every altar, and even the priests of their rich sacerdotal robes, for such a purpose. They are always preaching up the virtue of charity and good works, till they have made pauperism an institution of holy pride and honour, rather than



THE ALHAMBRA, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE GENERALIFE.

the stranger, and it was a source of pain and sorrow that one could do so little for them. There is no sham or imposture in this mendicancy. We found on inquiry that there was little employment for the people, and those who had work were getting two reals, that is, fivepence a day, perhaps to provide for a family of five or six persons. The marvel is how they can exist, even with their few wants and beautiful and luxuriant climate. I remember, while visiting the cathedral at Seville, a poor old woman, superior in dress and appearance to most of the beggars who infest that building, came up and solicited alms in a most pitiful strain. Before assisting her, I inquired of my guide if he knew anything of this woman, and he told me that her husband had been for some years a clerk in a Spanish house in London; that he was the best linguist in Seville, and had for many years acted as guide and interpreter to foreign noblemen and gentlemen; that her son had been studying for the law, when both father and son had been carried off by cholera, and the widow left destitute. There was no provision for such persons but to solicit alms. We were just then looking at the image of the Virgin, which, as I have already mentioned, is said to be decorated with some £60,000 worth of jewelry. I remarked that the value of these useless jewels round the neck of that wooden doll would endow an asylum for twenty or thirty of these respectable poor. My guide replied, "Yes, Catholic as

shame and degradation." I should mention here that the man was not quite correct. There are charitable institutions into which these poor women might have got admission; but they say, "Why should we go into an asylum to be starved, and suffer a lingering death, when we can get food and health in the open air?" particularly as there is no shame attached to such a life. A

sturdy beggar came to an English friend's door soliciting alms. My friend offered him a job for a few hours. "What will you give me?" was his inquiry. A sum was mentioned. The beggar turned on his heel, saying he could make more than that on the street. The municipality know this well, and try to put it down; but while the practice is encouraged and fostered by the priests, under the cloak of "pious works," there is no hope of reform.

After five hours' drive over these trackless roads, we arrived at Loja, another old and interesting city lying on the borders of the province of Granada. The reader will find this city frequently referred to by the writer already quoted, but spelt Loxa—the x, like the j, is sounded h. It stands on a high rugged hill approached by an old bridge spanning the Xenil. It was here that the Moors made their last great defence against the army of Ferdinand and Isabella; and here our English yeomanry, under the Earl of Rivers, astonished Moors and Spaniards with their prowess and fearless bravery. This ruinous but still picturesque city has nothing of modern interest, except as a type of Spanish destruction and desolation. I had almost forgotten to say that it is the birthplace of the late Prime Minister of Spain, General Narvaez, and where he concocted many of his dark plans and intrigues. He only survived for a few months his rival, O'Donnell. The line of railway is now open from this city to Granada, where

we arrived at 7 P.M., after a long and rather fatiguing journey.

There are two large and good hotels on the hill adjoining the Alhambra, called the Siete Suelos and the Washington Irving; and in the town the two best or worst are the Victoria and Alameda, which have all the cold misery and irresponsible character of Spanish Fondas; let no one go there. One of my companions was an invalid, and was recommended to the Victoria as being the only hotel where there were fireplaces. Unfortunately, we went there; and this was a great blunder, as the two hotels in the Alhambra have fireplaces and many of the comforts and conveniences of English and French hotels, with a warm southern aspect, and are within the grounds of the Alhambra. When we speak of fireplaces in Spain, I should mention that this was an exceptional season. The thermometer was down to twenty-eight degrees the three nights we were at Granada, and the ice half-an-inch thick, and the cold as penetrating as if it had been ten or twelve degrees of frost, while in the sun at midday the heat was fifty-six to sixty degrees.

Many persons say they are disappointed with the Alhambra. I cannot say that it was so with me. I had seen panoramas and photographic views, and read up carefully its changeful history, and fully realised all my expectations. One needs no book here. Tower, and wall, and ruin tell the story, from the first settlement of the Arabs to the last devastations of the French vandals and Spanish restorers. Standing on one of the western towers of the palace wall, the view around is magnificent. Below extends a rich valley of twenty to thirty miles, surrounded with mountains, and in the distance is the snow-capped range of the Sierra Nevada glittering in the sun's rays. The town lies partly in the valley—and on the slopes of two hills—that of the Alhambra and another spur to the north, divided by the river Darro, which runs through the town, and soon after joins the Xenel, which waters the broad valley below. The poor, if there be any distinction, live on the slopes of the opposite hill, where the Gipsies or Gitanos live in miserable huts, or burrow like rabbits, in the face of the hill, with the pig, donkey, and children in close family intercourse.

When Granada was one of the chief cities and strong-holds of the Moor, the population was estimated at half a million; it is now about fifty thousand, without labour and without life, the picture of retrogression, so that one turns with something like pleasure from the present to the wreck of the past. A long avenue of elm trees leads up to the main entrance of the palace, and passing through a high horse-shoe arch, called the Gate of Justice, we approach, amidst ruins, the Palacio Arabe, the real Alhambra or palace of the Moors. This consists of a succession of halls and patios of the most beautiful and elaborate arabesque apartments, called the Hall of Ambassadors, Hall of Justice, Hall of the Abencerranges, Hall of the dos Hermanas—that is, the two sisters—the Hall Comares, the Mirador, the Court of the Sultana, and the Court of Lions, with smaller patios or courts, which I need not enumerate. The Court of Lions is that with which the public are most familiar, from the model in the Sydenham Palace, the destruction of which is sadly to be lamented. All honour to Mr. Owen Jones and the artists who were associated with him, to whom England owes so much for the genius, taste, and labour which gave it such a school of art and beauty, in which the poorest man in England may learn more than much cost and travel could accomplish! The original court is 120 by 65 feet; and there

are 120 marble pillars of 12 feet high. If my readers remember the beautiful porticoes on each side, and the fountain in the centre, and the matchless stalactite dome in the Hall of Ambassadors, they have only to increase this three or fourfold in imagination, and they will have all the courts, halls, and corridors that I have named, ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran and Arabian poets, interwoven with flowers and ornaments coloured like the border of a rich Cashmere shawl. These colours were blue, red, and yellow, with secondary colours of purple, green, and orange or gold. The colour has now almost disappeared, the walls having been whitewashed or plastered over half an inch thick by the *restoring* Spaniard, who could see no beauty in the fairy work of the tasteful Moors. Still sufficient remains to give one an idea of what it must have been in its pristine beauty. There are guides in a semi-military uniform who conduct the visitors round these apartments, but as usual hurry through the halls, so that I had to make three or four visits, and on each occasion to give a *douceur*. The artist or amateur should get an order from the captain-general, that he may visit when and how he likes, and he will find an ample reward for any time that he can bestow on their beautiful details.

I am trying to think of some familiar site to compare with the situation of Granada, but can find none. But for the Moorish palace and fort let us take the Castle and High Street of Edinburgh, and surround them with a wall of two and a-half miles, built irregularly to meet the configuration of the ground, with towers, bastions, and horse-shoe arched gates. Within this space imagine the palaces, mosques, gardens, and fountains of the Moors. The river Darro rushing down from the snowy range brought an abundant supply of water, which was conveyed into the grounds by an aqueduct, when every court and corridor and garden walk had their clear and cooling *jets d'eau*, where the luxurious Mussulman reclined on his silken cushions, with his black-eyed Fatima at his feet to mix his sherbet and administer to his wants. All this is now but a dream, and we awake to a scene of ruin and desolation.

I have said that the history of Granada is written on stone and brick. Charles V, true to the character of his adopted country, determined to add his chapter to its pitiful history, with poor and impotent efforts at grandeur. He gave orders to clear away a square of 250 feet of the most tasteful work of the Moors in order to build a palace that should eclipse all the works around. The outer walls are nearly finished; and round and over the doors are marble bas-reliefs of some merit, and over the entrance in large characters is the name of the founder, "Carlo Quinto." But the bare walls and roofless palace stand as a monument of the rise and decline of this empire—a poor, plain Doric ruin, passed with contempt, while the works of the despised Saracens, even in their ruins, are still the admiration of the world.

On a higher ridge, overlooking the palace, is the Sierra del Sol, from which the view extends from the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada down over the wide and fertile valley of the Provence. On this hill is a Moorish Palace reached through a beautiful avenue of cypress trees. This palace, called the Generalife, is still in good order, surrounded by the Arab's "garden of beauty." A branch of the Darro is led through the palace and gardens, which are thus kept in perpetual freshness. The apartments and terraces are in the pure Arabesque style, and in wonderful preservation, though many of the minute designs and much fine colouring have

been defaced by the "whitewash" mania of the Spaniards. The garden, through which the water flows, is one perpetual spring: terrace over terrace is filled with orange, lemon, laurel, and evergreens of every clime; the cypresses and myrtles are plaited and guided into every fanciful form. From the higher to the lower terraces, the stair balusters, of blue tiles, form a water-course, where the pure stream bubbles up in every form of beauty. From this garden by moonlight the view over the Alhambra is sad and sublime; the defects are hidden by the deep shadows of tower and wall, while the bright moon lights up the whole outline, and gives a solemnity and grandeur to the scene, which cannot be described. I could fill pages with my three days' experience, but I might tire your readers, and it is time for me to descend into the city again.

There are two institutions in Spain which may be said to flourish, "native to the soil," as far as pomp and pageantry can go, that is, their theatres and cathedrals. There is scarcely a finer theatre in Europe than the one in this dull, miserable, and poverty-stricken city, and the cathedral is amongst the finest in Spain. The latter is in the best style of Roman architecture. The groined roof is supported with groups of Corinthian columns, and there are altars innumerable, with some good pictures, and many gaudy trappings. The most interesting objects in the Royal Chapel are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their immediate successors. These tombs are of fine white marble and alabaster, and in the best style of Italian art. The statues of both, lying side by side, are superb works of art, and said to be perfect likenesses. Coming out of this chapel I met my young American friend, who told me he had just been in to see these sepulchres, and that he "guessed them fixings must have cost a big sum of money." There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the "fixings" must be the latter. Amongst the other churches and places we visited, I may refer, in passing, to the Cartuja, that is, the Carthusian Convent. This, though robbed of its silver ornaments and jewels by the French, is still a gem of art, in marble and alabaster, the doors richly inlaid with ebony and tortoise-shell, and the courts paved with slabs of white and black marble. Round the corridors is a series of indifferent frescoes, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusian Friars by Henry VIII. I have not much to say in favour of this "Pope King," except that he lived in the spirit of the Roman Church, and died under its ministers. But to give him his due, these paintings are a sad calumny on the memory of the bluff Harry, intended as an insult to the Protestants, and a warning to the youths of Spain to beware and fly from the Lutheran heresy. From this point we obtain a fine view of the Vega. This term does not exactly correspond with the English word "valley," but is nearer to the Scotch term "carse," a low, flat, fertile land spreading out for many miles.

It would be out of place here to give the reader a chapter of Spanish history, but it is difficult to describe the present state of this fine tract of country without some reference to its past history. This rich valley stretches out some thirty by twenty miles, and watered by the united streams of the Darro and Xenel. Before the expulsion of the tasteful and industrious Moors, it teemed with a population far in advance of the rest of Europe in agricultural skill and resources. The irrigation from these rivers formed a network through the Vega, which was cultivated like a garden, and of which scarcely a vestige now remains. It may be instructive to make some comparison between

the progress of a free and independent nation, and the retrogression of this unhappy country. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the population of Great Britain might be about three millions; that of Spain a century earlier was estimated at twenty-one millions. Since that time our population has increased to twenty-four millions, and we have populated the new world with upwards of thirty millions, who are in possession of our laws, religion, and political freedom. And following up the same principle, we are making a nation in Australia. Spain has now a population of fourteen millions, with ruined desolate cities, uncultivated fields, and hopeless indolence. So much for the Romish Church, and the "purifying influence" of the Inquisition, which, to use the epigrammatic language of our Yankee cousins, has succeeded in civilising the inhabitants off the face of the earth. About six miles off, and within view, is the property of the late Duke of Wellington, called the "Soto de Roma." It will be remembered that after the battle of Salamanca, which decided the fate of the Peninsula, this estate was presented to the Duke. I did not visit the property, and am unable to say what may be its condition or value, and it would not be safe to give perhaps the exaggerated information obtained from guides.

Our explorations ended, I returned by the same route to Malaga, much gratified with our journey; and with some of the same party engaged a passage in the steamer to Barcelona.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDD.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

VII.—POETS AND PAPERS.

YET another peep at the modest "folio of four pages;" and yet another view of that broad sheet which is its proud descendant in the modern "Times."

The parson poet, the Rev. George Crabbe, who was flippantly pronounced by the wits to be "Pope in worsted stockings," but whom Byron more correctly described as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best," published, in the year 1785, a satirical poem called "The Newspaper," which he considered to be "the only poem (then) written on the subject." This poem was dedicated to the great Lord Thurlow, who, having once given the cold shoulder to the young and struggling poet, telling him that he had no time to read his verses, had afterwards, thanks to the great Edmund Burke, taken notice of Crabbe, invited him to dinner, given him a hundred pounds, told him (with an oath) that he was as like parson Adams as twelve to a dozen, and then presented him to two small livings.

When this same Lord Thurlow, at the outset of his career, occupied a tall stool in a solicitor's office in Southampton Row, he and his fellow clerk were constantly engaged, according to that clerk's testimony, "in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." In after years, when Thurlow was rapidly growing into a great man, he was as slow to recognise his old office companion (who had now been called to the Bar) as he was to take notice of Crabbe. Eventually, however, he condescended to renew the acquaintance of his former fellow clerk; who repaid him by some verses "On the Promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq., to the Lord High Chancellorship of England." Thurlow, who, thanks to

the magic of Sir Joshua's pencil, is handed down to posterity "looking wiser than a mere mortal," was himself a poet; or rather he was a stringer of rhymes. But his old office companion far outstripped him in the race to the Parnassus of poetic fame; and Lord Thurlow's name, in connection with verse, will not so much be remembered from his own "Angelica and Select Poems," as from those lines beginning "Round Thurlow's head in early youth" that were penned by William Cowper, the Chancellor's old desk companion in Southampton Row.

Although the parson-poet Crabbe has nowhere depicted so bright and charming a scene as that brought before us by Cowper, in the snug parlour at Olney, with its tea-table, drawn curtains, and the "folio of four pages" just brought by "the herald of a noisy world," and the peeps that could be then taken at that world through the loopholes of retreat; yet he has, with much painstaking, painted many pictures of domestic life in England, that in themselves constitute a national gallery of peculiar value. In these pictures the newspaper of the day finds its place.

It is noteworthy that the two descriptions of the newspaper by Crabbe and Cowper, were published almost simultaneously in 1785; Crabbe's poem being a little in advance of Cowper's. Thus, as "The Task" had not yet appeared, to leap at one bound into public prominence, and, in Southey's language, to make "the best didactic poems when compared with 'The Task,' like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery," Crabbe was fully justified in claiming for his own poem the merit of "novelty," and in assuring his readers that he believed it to be the only poem then written on the subject. And, indeed, although the fourth book of "The Task" gives such a full description of the newspaper and its varied contents, yet, Crabbe's poem is restricted to the one subject of its title, "The Newspaper," his views of which materially differed from those of Cowper on the same subject. For the political predilections of the parson-poet caused him to take a very low estimate of the journals of the day. In his opinion, "the more of these instructors a man reads, the less he will infallibly understand." One set of writers was abusing his patron Burke and the Coalition Ministry; while another set pursued a similar course with his other patron, the Duke of Rutland, to whom he was domestic chaplain, and from whose princely residence, Belvoir Castle, the poem of "The Newspaper" was issued. Thus, the views of the journals of the day were strongly coloured by the party spirit of the age, and caused his poem to be chiefly written in the satirical vein. Not that we, in these days, are entire strangers to those "wordy wars" maintained by "party pens;" although the system of journalistic warfare in which virulent recrimination and personal abuse are freely mingled, is, nowadays, commonly relegated to such purely provincial newspapers as the "Eatanswill Gazette" and the "Eatanswill Independent," and to such purely provincial personages as the Buff and Blue editors of those two redoubtable journals. In the provinces, party spite will still flourish with a luxuriance greatly in contrast to the humility and cautious tone assumed by the country newspapers when they were first established; for then they altogether abstained from politics, and merely gave a dry abstract of events. They were, in reality, papers of news, and chronicled in brief fashion the incidents of the day. Two of the very earliest of these papers, the "Worcester Journal" and the "Stamford Mercury" still flourish and maintain a high character.

It might have been thought that Dr. Johnson's connection with the Press would have restrained him from dealing out his sturdy anathemas against his fellow journalists. But, in "The Idler," he quotes the definition of an ambassador—which, by the way, Isaac Walton says was originally written in Latin in the album of Christopher Flecamore, by Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice—"a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country;" and, says Dr. Johnson, "a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. For these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary." This was pretty much the opinion of Crabbe; though Cowper took a milder view; and, in his poem on "Charity," he expresses his sense of the leading deficiency in journalism in the following couplet:—

"Did charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love."

We may congratulate ourselves that the corrupted character of journalism, with its scandal, slander, fraud, falsehood, and folly, which was permitted to degrade the newspaper press of Crabbe's day, and which he lashed with pardonable, though stinging, severity, has given place to a Press, which (with rare exception) is an honour to the country that has produced it. Letters of "Junius" would now be as great an anomaly in the Thunderer's pages, as though its broad sheet were converted into the repulsive similitude of a "scourge" or "satirist." Crabbe's friend Burke could scarcely have said, in 1868, that he who reads a newspaper for a year, will, at the twelvemonth's end, hold the same opinions as the writer of the paper. For, although public opinion is undoubtedly greatly influenced by the Press, yet, newspapers have been so multiplied since Burke's day, that a politician is no longer content with reading his one journal, but scans a goodly sheaf of "dailies" and "weeklies," in which the various sides of a question are regarded from as many different stand-points. Thus, in every argument, political or otherwise, we hear counsel's opinion, on either side; we examine the witnesses for the prosecution and defence; and then we sum up our judgment as best we may. The influence of the individual newspaper to mould, guide, and sway its reader, has probably gone; at any rate, in the full sense in which Burke spoke of its power.

It is to the last ten years that we must turn for the greatest proportionate increase of newspapers in any similar period since the first publication of the gazettes, "Daily Courant" and "Weekly News." In 1858 the total number of journals published in the United Kingdom was 866; in the present year, according to "The Newspaper Press Directory for 1868," their number is 1,324, of which 85 are daily papers. In 1858 the number of daily papers was less than half this total, viz., 41, of which 29 were published in England, 5 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland. The alteration in the stamp and paper duties partly accounts for the great increase of the past ten years; and the establishment of cheap newspapers has added to the number of readers and furthered the demand. The above-named official authority thus divides the 1,324 newspapers issued in the United Kingdom in the present year: in London, 253; in the provinces, 751; in Wales, 49; in Scotland, 132; in Ireland, 124; in the British isles, 15. Of these, there are 58 daily papers published in England; 1 in Wales; 12 in Scotland; 13 in Ireland; and 1 in the British isles. And, in addition to these 1,324 newspapers, there are

621 magazines, in some of which a summary of news is given and the immediate topics of the day are handled. When we consider this, and that the issue of new books in 1866 was 4,204, and, in 1867, 4,144, we have before us a body of statistics that is truly formidable in its amount and cannot readily be grasped from its very vastness. To these considerations might also be added that suggested by the thought of the innumerable journals published in the same English language in various quarters of the world; but this would lead us into a field of enquiry far too large to be traversed here. I might, however, refer to an extraordinary fact mentioned not long since by the Bishop of Peterborough, at the annual meeting of the district branch of the Church Missionary Society, that the liberty of the Press and the influence of journalism in India have recently been developed in a remarkable degree; and, that in addition to the twenty newspapers now published in Bengalee and Persian, in Calcutta alone, there are others, written in English by native Indians, which exhibit a familiar acquaintance with the current events in European life. The Bishop specially instanced the "Hindoo Patriot," and said, "It is in English, and is written and edited entirely by native Hindoos, not Christians, but all more or less belonging to the liberalized Hindoo school of theology. It is really difficult to believe that its articles and correspondence are not the work of educated Englishmen; while the tone in which it recognises the identity of Indian and English interests, and steadily contemplates a time when India will be administered by native officials, as a loyal and integral portion of the British empire, is still more remarkable." And the Bishop expressed his opinion that the religious regeneration of India was equally as hopeful as were its political and social prospects; and that the influence of the Press was for good, and in harmony with missionary work.

The friendly work of the electric telegraph in linking together distant nations, must not be forgotten as an important adjunct to newspaper success. Some remarkable instances of recent telegraphic triumphs were given in the "Varieties" column of this periodical, for May, page 352. The longest express that has, as yet, ever been sent through the wires, either in England or America, since the establishment of the system of electric-telegraphy, was early in the present year, when Mr. Gladstone made his two speeches at Ormskirk and Southport. Both these speeches appeared at full length in the "Times" and "Daily Telegraph" of the next day. The Southport speech alone filled nearly five columns of the paper. It was taken to Liverpool by train, reaching there at 11.25 at night. In five minutes the wires had begun to flash its sentences to the metropolis; and at 1.40 in the morning the last word of the speech, scarcely cold from the speaker's lips, was spelled out at the central telegraph station in London. The total number of words transmitted of Mr. Gladstone's speeches was 30,745; and soon after ten in the morning, I read them in the "Times" broad-sheet, in the sequestered village of Minima-Parva, 74 miles from London. If this be not a marvel, where shall we look for wonders?

And this supplement of the "Times," that is so often cast aside after a glance at its first column, is not that, too, a marvel in itself—a marvel of arrangement, accuracy, and display of the multifarious wants and requirements of the people? Mr. John Parry used to sing that he knew not "a cure that's so good for the vapours, as reading the 'wants' that appear in the papers;" and here they are, in serried files and compact columns, from those who want places for their money, to those

who want money for their places. The advertisements have developed in number in proportion with the size of the sheet required to contain them; for in the very first number of the "Times" there were but 63 advertisements; and those of the briefest. (Crabbe, by the way, places the long accent on the penultimate; "Now Puffs exhausted, Advertisements past.") As the "Times" excludes all objectionable advertisements, — including those of the "Racing Tips,"—we may take a broad view of its broad sheet, without meeting with anything offensive. It is a sign of healthiness when the face of a newspaper is freed from noisome eruptions; and this, with few exceptions, is the rule of the metropolitan press. It is in the provincial newspapers that quacks are too freely permitted to set their traps—baited with "the government stamp"—for the foolish, the vicious, and the unwary. Crabbe speaks of them in his poem:—

"When, lo! the advertising tribe succeed,
Pay to be read, yet find but few will read;
And chief th' illustrious race, whose drops and pills
Have patent powers to vanquish human ills:—"

and his seventh letter in the poem of "The Borough" is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the advertising quacks:—

"Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop, or pill;
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill."

But quacks still flourish, and will probably continue to do so while human credulity exists. Fear and fancy go a long way. "There is hardly a man in the world, one would think," said Steele, "so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers. Yet, such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails." We may observe that of those "sleeping cordials" mentioned by Crabbe (in "The Borough") the sale is still so great, especially in the Fen counties, that Dr. Alfred Taylor, in his report to the Lords of the Privy Council, in August, 1864, in speaking of the sale of "Godfrey" and opium, said, that the average annual consumption of opium in one district in Lincolnshire was at least 100 grains per head, and that at one shop, as many as from three to four hundred customers would, on a Saturday night, be served with opium, sold in pills and penny sticks. The use of opium as a leading cause of infant mortality in the Fens, is also mentioned in Mr. J. E. White's valuable report in "The Children's Employment Commission," issued last autumn,* and it is there stated, on the authority of the medical officer of the Privy Council, "that in some entirely rural marsh districts, the habitual mortality of young children is almost as great as in the most infanticidal of our manufacturing towns." What a picture of our modern Arcadia!

To "Daffy's Elixir" we may allow the privilege of hanging on to the skirts of an English classic; for it was advertised in Addison's "Spectator" for April 18th, 1712, the year in which the newspaper tax in the form of a stamp was first imposed. In "Bon Gualtier's Poems" (by Professor Aytoun and Mr. Theodore Martin) appeared sprightly and humorous poems on Parr's Life

* See p. 74 of the Blue Book, "Sixth Report of the Commissioners, 1867."

Pills, Rodger's Razors, Mechi's Silver Steel, Hodgson's Pale Ale, Doudney Brothers' Clothes, Pear's Transparent Soap, and the Virginia Hams at 50, Bishopsgate Within. These pieces were given by their authors as "example of that new achievement of modern song, which, blending the *utile* with the *dulce*, symbolises at once the practical and spiritual characteristics of the age, and is called familiarly, the puff poetical." Such versical puffs, however, are relegated to the columns of provincial newspapers, and "poets and papers" are seldom found in conjunction in the daily London journals in the form of the puff poetical on Warren's Blacking, Moses' Suits, and Rose's Tea. Illustrations and peculiarities in type are also forbidden; and advertisers are thus driven to various expedients in order to attract the roving eye of the reader. Claiming a whole page of a newspaper is a very expensive affair. Above a hundred pounds is the charge for a page in the "Times," yet this is often paid, especially by publishers at the commencement of their various seasons. A whole column filled by one advertiser is very common, and a favourite device is to repeat the same words over and over again in single or double lines, or to arrange various-sized paragraphs at regular intervals; or to leave such blanks in the lines as to make a sort of pattern that can hardly fail to attract notice.

The general advertisements are classified and arranged, especially in the "Times," in a wonderfully easy way for the reader, who, after but a slight acquaintance with his newspaper, will know where to turn for his particular advertisement, whether it relates to coal or coffee, wines or waggonettes, packet-ships or perambulators, soups or soaps, plate or pickles, theatres or toilette tables, china or concerts, hotels or hats, photographs or poultry, lamps or lozenges, croquet or charity, teeth or Turkey carpets, ironmongery or institutions, railways or refuges, tea or trowsers, suppers or schools, auctions or asylums, banks or books, spectacles or sewing machines, silks or sauces, hair dyes or harmoniums, monograms or magic lanterns. To peculiar advertisements are accorded a special place in certain papers; thus, those charitable ladies and gentlemen, who for a month or two have been working with a forty-secretary power, to secure the election of a little boy or girl to some asylum or school, will know, that for the advertised result of such election, they must turn to the inner page of the chief sheet of the "Times," immediately over the theatrical advertisements. The special notices of the learned societies are also given at the head of the same page. In the "Times," the column of mystery is the second in the front sheet of the supplement; but in the "Daily Telegraph," it is the last column on the back sheet. The latter, therefore, cannot be accused of being an accomplice in a scheme in which the former has (it is said) unwittingly been often made to play its part. The first column of the "Times" sheet is that which gives the births, marriages, and deaths, which notices, as they are all paid for, very properly head the advertisements. The paper is brought to Paterfamilias at the breakfast table, and its Supplement, or "lady's portion," is handed to his grown-up daughter, in order that she may look at the first column and see, as Crabbe says,—

"What new-born heir has made his father blest,
What heir exults his father now at rest."

but she glances at the second column, and there reads something to this effect:—"Forget me not. Waited till six. So sorry. Try same time and place on Thursday." If, however, this clandestine correspondence is adopted, it is at any rate some satisfaction to know, that it is by no means so cheap as the penny post, or so commendable as the ordinary straight-forward and

honourable course. The young may be assured that usually these notices are the traps of knaves for fools. And it is anything but romantic to pay for the insertion of an enigmatical love-letter in the same column with the lost people, strayed dogs, and stolen purses.

Occasionally, the advertising columns of the "Times," present us with other languages than our own, that necessitate the use of particular types; thus, in February last, the performance of Mr. Bandmann was advertised in German; and in the previous December, a printer advertised his readiness to undertake the printing of any works in the Abyssinian language, and gave a specimen of the type.

RECENT ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

WE have not yet seen "the last of the Arctic voyages." The solution of the mystery of Sir John Franklin's fate marked a period in the story of northern adventure, but neither the conclusion of this search, nor the discovery of "the north-west passage," can satisfy all the demands of science, nor the projects of adventure. A plan was formed by certain German geographers for a new exploration of the North Polar regions. A distinguished Prussian naval officer was selected for the command, and various preparations commenced, when the war with Austria absorbed public attention, and this private expedition was for the time abandoned. It is understood that the Prussian government has again taken steps to resume the exploration. Meanwhile we may keep our readers abreast of the subject by presenting the following report by Captain Sherard Osborne, who has thus narrated the most recent discoveries in the Arctic regions:—

"In Baffin's Bay, Captain Richard Wells, of the steamship Arctic, of Dundee, has been farther north in his ship in open water than any navigator had previously reached. His affidavit, forwarded to me by Allen Young, the distinguished companion of Sir Leopold McClintock in his last memorable voyage, is very clear, and bears the impress of truth.

"As early as the 20th of June last, the Arctic proceeded up Baffin's Bay, crossed the face of the glacier of Melville Bay, steamed away past Cary Isles and Hakluyt Island, visited Whale Sound of Baffin, and the subsequent scene of Dr. Kane's adventures. Captain Wells then, finding open water to the north, crossed to the west side of Smith's Sound, and still, tempted by a fine open sea, went on till he sighted Kane's Glacier of Humboldt, and must, he says, have then been in the 79th north parallel—considerably north of where I reached in 1850 in the Pioneer—beyond Inglefield in the Prince Albert, and beyond Kane in the Advance. The bold Dundee whaler was still in open water, and adds, 'I should have continued my course northwards had I seen a fish. There was no indication of ice to the northward, the sky blue and watery, and only a few small streams of light ice to be seen.' Of course, Captain Wells did right in not being tempted to risk his owner's property into the unknown straits before him, but I am sure all living Arctic officers will feel with me. Would that one of us, with a well-found discovery ship, could that day have been where the Arctic was, only 660 miles from the Pole, and I feel pretty sure, from Kane's report, that we know what to expect for at least another 120 miles, or within 540 miles of the axis of the globe.

"Had Arctic explorers listened to me in 1865, we should probably before this have solved the great problem, by the very open road which Kane and Hayes saw, and

which it was the good fortune of Wells, of Dundee, to reach. They allowed a red herring to be trailed across the track, and ran wild after open water and hot water routes *vid* Spitzbergen, and, as the Duke of Somerset very justly said, until they made up their minds as to the right road to the Pole, he could not possibly be expected to entertain any such project.

"Another remarkable voyage has been made from the Pacific Ocean by a whaler called the Nile. She has rediscovered an extensive land, which will be found recorded on all our Admiralty charts since 1850. The Russian Admiral Wrangel first mentioned it in the account of his remarkable survey of the Siberian shores of the Arctic Ocean. The Tchukties, now wandering near Cape Chelagskoi, aver that a tribe called the Onkillon fled before them across the frozen sea to a land lying north of Siberia, and occasionally seen from Cape Jakan. Wrangel questioned its existence, I believe, but Admiral (then Captain) Kellett, in her Majesty's ship *Herald*, in 1850, sighted this land some thirty miles distant; and although he would not name it, as he could not land upon it, he said, as far as eyesight could be trusted, it was land of a bold character, extending from about 175° to 180° W. long., and in lat. 71° N.

"It is a verification of this discovery which the whaler Nile brings us this year. By an extract from an American paper, which our geographical commander-in-chief, Sir Roderick Murchison, was good enough to send me the other day, I find that the sea within Behring's Straits was so clear of ice this last summer that the good ship Nile reached considerably closer to, but it does not appear that any one landed on, Kellett's Land. Her enterprising captain traced the land, so far as I can learn, to the 73rd degree north latitude, and saw it still reaching away to the northward in all the magnificence of snow-capped cliffs and mountain peaks.

"The Nile has thus done us good geographical service, though her discovery will somewhat bar the road of an illustrious German philosopher, who feels sure of a watery highway from Spitzbergen to Behring's Straits."

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XLVI.—ONCE MORE IN THE LANE CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the discovery of the villainy of Thomas Dickson freed the minds of Mr. Sinclair and his niece, and Dr. Pendriggen from a suspicion which they could not help entertaining that Henry Talbot had been in some way concerned in the theft of the pocket-book. It was difficult otherwise to account for the way in which the locket had come into Mary Talbot's possession. As has been heretofore hinted, since the day on which the story heard by Miss Talbot in old Dame Hoolit's cottage had been set afloat—by some means or other, as every secret becomes known in a country village—it had been generally suspected, by others besides Jemmy Tapley, that the young governess did really possess the lost trinket. This suspicion on the part of her friends had in no degree lessened their kindness to Mary herself, or decreased the respect and esteem in which they held her. On the contrary, it rather led them to regard her with greater kindness and sympathy, since no one suspected that she was in any respect to blame, or that she had the slightest idea, until long after her brother's departure for America, to whom the trinket he had left with her had originally belonged. Nevertheless it was a great relief to them to

learn that, through the discovery of Dickson's guilt, Henry Talbot stood completely exculpated. Though they delicately abstained from any allusion to the matter in Mary's presence, it was manifest to the young lady that there was more than ordinary meaning in the congratulations she received on her brother's happy return, nor had she any difficulty in surmising the cause of her friends' unusual sympathy.

There was one alone of Mary's friends who knew nothing as yet of the happy turn of affairs—one whose opinion she valued as highly, perhaps more highly, than that of any other person. Mr. Sharpe was absent from St. David on a visit to his mother when the Mohawk arrived at Falmouth. He did not return until a week afterwards, and Mary was still unaware that he had returned, when one morning she set out to visit a young woman who had been one of her elder pupils, and who had recently married a farmer who lived at some distance from the village. On her return her homeward path led her along the lane cut through the wood, in which she had first heard from Mr. Sharpe the true story of the robbery of the pocket-book, and in this lane she and the young curate had subsequently met and parted, not in coolness, still less in enmity, yet with mutual feelings of sorrow which weighed heavily upon them, for Mary had declared that circumstances, over which she had no control, had interposed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Since that day they had often met and had once interchanged letters, but unless to exchange a brief "good-morrow" they had never spoken.

Mary Talbot's thoughts reverted to this last meeting and parting when she entered the lane, which she had never passed through since that well-remembered day. She knew now that the barrier her once sensitive feelings had raised was removed. She remembered that the curate had assured her in his letter that he loved and respected her more than ever, and had urged her to cast aside all conventional prejudices and idle fears, and to allow matters to be between them as they had been; and that *she*, though her heart had sunk within her, and life had seemed to lose its brightness as she penned the words, had replied that the duty she owed to herself and others, as well as her esteem and regard for him, and her anxiety for his future welfare, forbade this. She remembered also that she had assured him that she could not any longer hold him bound to his promise, that the bonds which had existed between them were sundered, and that he was free to act as he pleased without regard to her. She wondered now whether he had taken her at her word, and trembled lest such should be the case. Much as she had to be thankful for, and to rejoice over, she still felt that there was one thing needful to perfect her earthly happiness. Yet *she* could do nothing in the matter. It rested with *him*, and with *him* only to render—as she thought at this moment—her happiness complete, or to cause her future life to be lonely and desolate.

It was only now, when the troubles and anxieties which had so long oppressed her were removed, that she discovered how large a place he held in her heart; what an aching void would be there were he to separate himself from her for ever.

It was a lovely afternoon near the end of autumn. The sun shone bright and warm, and the birds were singing merrily in the deep recesses of the wood. The sky was almost cloudless, and the atmosphere was heavy with the perfume of autumnal wild flowers.

And yet there was a tone of melancholy pervading everything above and around her. The light breeze

seemed to murmur sorrowfully amid the parti-coloured foliage the requiem of the departing year, and the withered leaves, strewn on the ground and still falling rapidly from the trees, foreshadowed the coming desolation of winter. A mournful cadence seemed to mingle with the blithe carol of the birds, as if they were conscious that the time was at hand when all their songs must cease, and when all their efforts would be needed to procure the scanty food they could gather from the snow-covered earth. The bees, busy among the autumnal flowers, no longer hovered in the air as if to make their choice of sweets, or sipped daintily from petal to petal, but hurried over their tasks as though they were instinctively aware that it was necessary to make the most of the few fine days that remained to them, ere their labours perform must cease.* The sea-waves resounded with melancholy moan from the distant shore; and there was in the atmosphere that oppressive languor, peculiar to the season, which tells that Nature is weary and is sighing for her winter repose.

All this was in unison with Mary's feelings at this moment, as, deeply absorbed in thought, her eyes fixed on the ground, she passed slowly through the solitary lane. Presently, however, she fancied she heard the sound of footsteps amongst the withered leaves, and raising her head she started, and stood still with surprise on perceiving Mr. Sharpe within a few paces of the spot, and coming towards her.

A choking sensation rose to her throat and prevented her utterance; her limbs trembled beneath her weight; she blushed and grew pale by turns, and the woods and pathway seemed to be whirling around her. It was so strange, so startling to see him of whom her thoughts were full, and whom she believed to be fifty miles distant, standing before her, as if by her thoughts she had summoned him into her presence.

Mr. Sharpe, though he had really walked out purposely to meet her, was hardly less disconcerted than herself. He had cut through the wood and come upon her unexpectedly, and before he was aware of the fact. For the moment all his native bashfulness returned to him. His face flushed, and he stopped suddenly as he saw her. He, however, was the first to recover his composure.

"Miss Talbot—Mary!" he said, "I have just heard what has rejoiced me beyond measure. I knew that you had walked out, and as soon as I heard the news I came forth to meet—to congratulate you. You—you are glad to see me, are you not, Mary? I may call you Mary again now?" he added, advancing and taking the young lady's hand.

Still Mary did not speak. She stood nervously turning over the dry leaves with the tip of her parasol, still trembling, and not daring to raise her eyes from the ground lest she should betray her emotion.

"Mary, why do you not speak?" said the curate. "You are not annoyed at me? You are not angry because I have called you Mary?"

* * * * *

Well, we would as soon try to describe the cooing of turtle doves as the soft sayings of such a scene.

For some minutes the newly betrothed pair walked on in silence. There is a fullness of joy too great for words, as there is a depth of grief too deep for tears. Their hearts were too full of gladness for speech.

* This is no mere poetic fancy. It is well known that the wild bees of the American woods hurry quickly over their labours, as the autumn advances, as if instinctively conscious of the approach of winter. The author has remarked this fact, and has frequently heard it remarked by others.

But how was it that to Mary's senses the melancholy, which but a short time before had seemed to pervade the scene, had disappeared? How was it that the songs of the birds, which had but a few moments before seemed to breathe a mournful cadence, now trilled forth as if the little feathered songsters were jubilant with joy and gladness? How came it that the gentle breeze which had whispered sadly to the falling leaves, now breathed happy music? that the waves of the sea which but erstwhile sent forth a hollow, melancholy moan, seemed now to murmur sweet sounds of peace and rest? How had it come to pass that in a few short moments, the fields, the woods, the sky above, the entire face of Nature, which had appeared to wear but a transient gladness in the autumnal sunshine, as though mourning amidst its smiles the quickly departing year, had undergone a change, and now seemed bright and hopeful as in early spring?

How all these changes had been brought about I leave my readers to explain to themselves; as also how it came to pass that, even to the close of their lives, the lane cut through the wood was a favourite walk with both the curate and Mary, ever recalling to mind sweet sorrow succeeded by a great joy.

But few words were interchanged between the betrothed couple during the remainder of their walk to the village, and these few were spoken at random, and had no bearing towards the feelings that filled their hearts. At the entrance of the village they separated, almost as silently as once before they had parted on the same spot, and each walked homeward alone; but with thoughts and feelings how widely different from those which had then occupied their minds, and how much happier than they had parted then.

That evening Mary told her long-treasured secret to her brother, and received his hearty congratulations; and the next day she wrote to her faithful friend, Mrs. Margaret, who had returned to her home, and confided to the good old lady all her bright anticipations in the future. At that happy moment she had no doubts nor fears; and before she closed her eyes that night, she poured forth her soul in gratitude and thanksgiving.

CHANGE-RINGING EXTRAORDINARY.

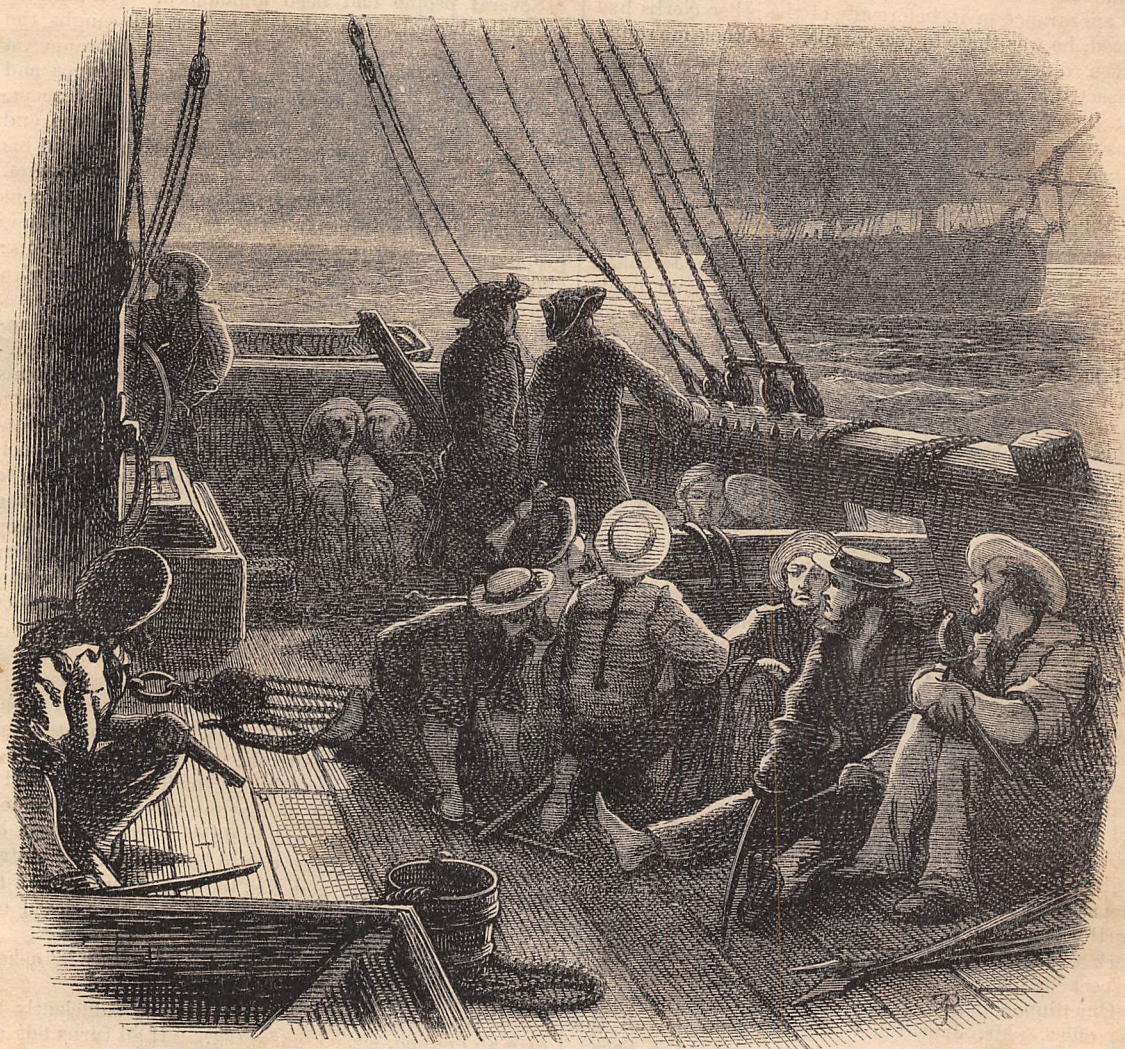
A REMARKABLE feat in bell-ringing is worthy of being here recorded. On Monday, April 27, the day when bells were rung and guns fired on account of the welcome news of the close of the Abyssinian war, eight members of the "Ancient Society of College Youths" occupied the belfry at St. Matthew's Church, Bethnal Green, by permission of the rector, and rang, in nine hours and twelve minutes, a true and splendid peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, consisting of 15,840 changes. This is the greatest number of changes ever rung by eight men on eight bells. We are informed that the ringing was most beautiful throughout, especially in the last peal, in which there could hardly have been a fault "pricked" by the most severe critic. The peal was composed by Mr. Thomas Day, of Birmingham, and conducted by Mr. H. W. Haley. When it is considered that the men were locked in the belfry, and did not cease ringing from 8.45 A.M. until they had finished the peal, the performance may indeed be said to stand almost unrivalled among such musical and athletic feats.

What recent efforts approached this success may be known to campanologists, but our only standard of comparison at the moment is a fact stated by Southey in "The Doctor:" "Eight Birmingham youths, some of them under twenty years of age, ventured on a complete peal of 15,120 Bob Major. After they had rang upwards of eight hours and a half, they found themselves so fatigued that they desired the caller would take the first opportunity to bring the bells home. This he soon did, by omitting a Bob, and so brought them round, thus making a peal of 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes; the longest which was ever rung in that part of the country, or perhaps anywhere else."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A STRANGE SAIL.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER II.

I MAY as well here give an account of the Barbara, and how I came to be on board her. Deprived of my father, who was killed in battle just as I was going up to the University, and left with very limited means, I was offered a situation as clerk in the counting-house of a distant relative, Mr Janrin. I had no disinclination to mercantile pursuits. I looked on them, if carried out in a proper spirit, as worthy of a man of intellect, and I therefore gladly accepted the offer. As my mother

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lived in the country, my kind cousin invited me to come and reside with him, an advantage I highly appreciated. Everything was conducted in his house with clock-work regularity. If the weather was rainy, his coach drew up to the door at the exact hour; if the weather was fine, the servant stood ready with his master's spencer, and hat, and gloves, and gold-headed cane, without which Mr. Janrin never went abroad. Not that he required it to support his steps, but it was the mark of a gentleman. It had superseded the sword which he had worn in his youth. I soon got to like these regular ways, and found them far pleasanter than the irregularity of

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

some houses where I had visited. I always accompanied Mr. Janrin when he walked, and derived great benefit from his conversation, and though he offered me a seat in the coach in bad weather I saw that he was better pleased when I went on foot. "Young men require exercise, and should not pamper themselves," he observed; "but, James, I say, put a dry pair of shoes in your pocket—therein is wisdom; and don't sit in your wet ones all day."

Thus it will be seen that I was treated by my worthy principal from the first as a relative, and a true friend he was to me. But I was introduced into the mysteries of mercantile affairs by Mr. Gregory Thursby, the head clerk. He lived over the counting-house, and on my first appearance in it, before any of the other clerks had arrived, he was there to receive me. He took me round to the different desks and explained the business transacted at each of them. "And there, Mr. James, look there," he said, pointing to a line of ponderous folios on a shelf within easy distance of where he himself sat: "see, we have Swift's works, a handsome edition too, eh!" and he chuckled as he spoke.

"Why I fancied that they were ledgers," said I.

"Ha! ha! ha! so they are, and yet Swift's works, for all that, those of my worthy predecessor, Jeremiah Swift, every line in them written by his own hand, in his best style; so I call them Swift's works. You are not the first person by a great many I have taken in. Ha! ha! ha!"

This was one of the worthy man's harmless conceits. He never lost an opportunity of indulging in the joke to his own amusement; and I remarked that he laughed as heartily the last time he uttered it as the first.

I set to work diligently at once on the tasks given me, and was rewarded by the approving remarks of Mr. Janrin and Mr. Thursby. Mr. Garrard had long ago left, not only the business, but this world; the "Co." was his nephew, Mr. Luttridge, who was absent on account of ill health, and thus the whole weight of the business rested on the shoulders of Mr. Janrin. But, as Thursby remarked, "He can well support it, Mr. James. He's an Atlas. It's my belief that he would manage the financial affairs of this kingdom better than any Chancellor of the Exchequer, or other minister of state, past or present; and that had he been at the head of affairs we should not have lost our North American Colonies, or have got plunged over head and ears in debt as we are, alack! already; and now, with war raging and all the world in arms against us, getting deeper and deeper into the mire." Without holding my worthy principal in such deep admiration as our head clerk evidently did, I had a most sincere regard and respect for him.

Our dinner hour was at one o'clock, in a room over the office. Mr. Janrin himself presided, and all the clerks, from the highest to the lowest, sat at the board. Here, however, on certain occasions, handsome dinners were given at a more fashionable hour to any friends or correspondents of the house who might be in London. Mr. Thursby took the foot of the table, and I was always expected to be present. At length I completed two years of servitude in the house, and by that time was thoroughly up to all the details of business. I had been very diligent. I had never taken a holiday, and never had cause to absent myself from business on account of ill health. On the very day I speak of we had one of the dinners I have mentioned. The guests were chiefly merchants or planters from the West Indies, with a foreign consul or two, and generally a few masters of merchantmen. The guests as they arrived were

announced by Mr. Janrin's own servant, Peter Kloops, who always waited on these occasions. Peter was himself a character. He was a Dutchman. Mr. Janrin had engaged his services many years before during a visit to Holland. He had picked Peter out of a canal, or Peter had picked him out, on a dark night, I never could understand which had rendered the service to the other; at all events it had united them ever afterwards, and Peter had afterwards nursed his master through a long illness, and saved his life. The most important secrets of state might have been discussed freely in Peter's presence. First, he did not understand a word that was said, and then he was far too honest and discreet to have revealed it if he had.

Several people had been announced. Ten minutes generally brought the whole together. I caught the name of one—Captain Hassall. He was a stranger, a strongly-built man with a sun-burnt countenance and bushy whiskers; nothing remarkable about him, except, perhaps, the determined expression of his eye and mouth. His brow was good, and altogether I liked his looks, and was glad to find myself seated next to him. He had been to all parts of the world, and had spent some time in the India and China seas. He gave me graphic accounts of the strange people of those regions; and fights with Chinese and Malay pirates, battles of a more regular order with French and Spanish privateers, hurricanes or typhoons. Shipwrecks and exciting adventures of all sorts seemed matters of every-day occurrence. A scar on his cheek, and another across his hand, showed that he had been at close quarters, too, on some occasion, with the enemy.

Mr. Janrin and Mr. Thursby both paid him much attention during dinner. Allusions were made by him to a trading voyage he had performed in the service of the firm, and it struck me from some remarks he let drop that he was about to undertake another of a similar character. I was not mistaken. After dinner, when the rest of the guests were gone, he remained behind to discuss particulars, and Mr. Janrin desired me to join the conclave. I was much interested in all I heard. A large new ship, the *Barbara*, had been purchased, of which Captain Hassall had become part owner. She was now in dock fitting for sea. She mounted ten carriage guns and four swivels, and was to be supplied with a proportionate quantity of small arms, and to be well manned. A letter of marque was to be obtained for her, though she was not to fight except in a case of necessity; while her cargo was to be assorted and suited to various localities. She was to visit several places to the east of the Cape of Good Hope, and to proceed on to the Indian Islands and China.

"And how do you like the enterprise, James?" asked Mr. Janrin, after the captain had gone.

"I have not considered the details sufficiently to give an opinion, sir," I answered. "If all turns out as the captain expects, it must be very profitable, but there are difficulties to be overcome, and dangers encountered, and much loss may be incurred."

I saw Mr. Janrin and the head clerk exchange glances, and nod to each other. I fancy that they were nods of approval at what I had said.

"Then, James, you would not wish to engage in it in any capacity?" said Mr. Janrin. "You would rather not encounter the dangers and difficulties of such a voyage?"

"That is a very different matter, sir," I answered, "I should very much like to visit the countries you speak of, and the difficulties I cannot help seeing would enhance the interest of the voyage."

Again the principal and clerk exchanged glances and nodded.

"What do you say then, James, to taking charge of the venture as supercargo? My belief is that you will act with discretion and judgment as to its disposal, and that we shall have every reason to be satisfied with you. Mr. Thursby agrees with me. Do you not, Thursby?"

"I feel sure that Mr. James will bring no discredit on the firm, sir," answered Mr. Thursby, smiling at me. "On the contrary, sir, no young man I am acquainted with is so likely to conduce to the success of the enterprise."

I was highly gratified by the kind remarks of my friends, and expressed my thanks accordingly, at the same time that I begged I might be allowed two days for consideration: I desired, of course, to consult my mother, and was anxious also to know what another would have to say to the subject. She, like a sensible girl, agreed with me that it would be wise to endure the separation for the sake of securing, as I hoped to do, ultimate comfort and independence. I knew from the way that she gave this advice that she did not love me less than I desired. I need say no more than that her confidence was a powerful stimulus to exertion and perseverance in the career I had chosen. My mother was far more doubtful about the matter. Not till the morning after I had mentioned it to her did she say "Go, my son; may God protect you and bless your enterprise!"

I was from this time forward actively engaged in the preparations for the voyage. My personal outfit was speedily ready, but I considered it necessary to examine all the cases of merchandise put on board, that I might be properly acquainted with all the articles in which I was going to trade. "It's just what I expected of him," I heard Mr. Janrin remark to Mr. Thursby, when one evening I returned late from my daily duties. "Ay, sir, there is the ring of the true metal in the lad," observed the head clerk.

Captain Hassall was as active in his department as I was in mine, and we soon had the *Barbara* ready for sea with a tolerably good crew. In those stirring days of warfare it was no easy thing to man a merchantman well, but Captain Hassall had found several men who had sailed with him on previous voyages, and they without difficulty persuaded others to ship on board the *Barbara*.

Our first officer, Mr. Randolph, was a gentleman in the main, and a very pleasant companion, though he had at first sight, in his every-day working suit, that scarecrow look which tall gaunt men, who have been somewhat battered by wind and weather, are apt to get. Our second mate, Ben, or rather "Benjie" Stubbs, as he was usually called, was nearly as broad as he was long, with puffed-out brown cheeks wearing an invincible smile. He was a man of one idea; he was satisfied with being a thorough seaman, and was nothing else. As to history, or science, or the interior of countries, he was profoundly ignorant. As to the land it was all very well in its way to grow trees and form harbours, but the sea was undoubtedly the proper element for people to live on; and he seemed to look with supreme contempt on all those who had the misfortune to be occupied on shore. The third mate, Henry Irby, had very little the appearance of a sailor, though he was a very good one. He was slight in figure, and refined in his manners, and seemed, I fancied, born to a higher position than that which he held. He had served for two years before the mast, but his rough associates during that time had not been able

in any way to alter him. Our surgeon, David Gwynne, was, I need scarcely say, a Welshman. He had not had much professional experience, but he was an intelligent young man, and had several of the peculiarities which are considered characteristic of his people, but I hoped from what I saw of him when he first came on board that he would prove an agreeable companion. Curious as it may seem, there were two men among the crew who by birth were superior to any of us. I may, perhaps, have to say more about them by-and-by. We mustered, officers and men, forty hands all told.

I will pass over the leave-takings with all the dear ones at home. I knew and felt that true prayers, as well as kind wishes, would follow me wherever I might go.

"James," said my kind employer as I parted from him, "I trust you thoroughly as I would my own son, if I had one. I shall not blame you if the enterprise does not succeed; so do not take it to heart, for I know that you will do your best, and no man can do more." Mr. Thursby considered that it was incumbent on him to take a dignified farewell of me, and to impress on me all the duties and responsibilities of my office; but he broke down, and a tear stood in his eye as he wrung my hand, and said in a husky voice, "You know all about it, my dear boy, you'll do well, and we shall have you back here, hearty and strong, with information successfully to guide Garrard, Janrin, and Co., in many an important speculation; and moreover, I hope, to lay the foundation of your own fortune. Good-bye, good-bye; Heaven bless you, my boy!"

I certainly could not have commenced my undertaking under better auspices. Having obtained the necessary permission of the Honourable East India Company to trade in their territories, the *Barbara* proceeded to Spithead, and I ran down to pay a flying visit to my friends, which was the cause of my joining the ship at Spithead in the way I have described, and where I left my readers to give these necessary explanations.

The convoy was standing on under easy sail to allow the scattered vessels to come up, and as long as there was a ray of daylight they were seen taking up their places. Now and then, after dark, I could see a phantom form gliding by; some tall Indiaman, or heavystore-ship, or perhaps some lighter craft, to part with us after crossing the line, bound round Cape Horn. The heat was considerable, and as I felt no inclination to turn in, I continued pacing the deck till it had struck six bells in the first watch.* Mr. Randolph, the senior mate, had charge of the deck. He, I found, was not always inclined to agree with some of the opinions held by our captain. "He's a fine fellow, our skipper, but full of fancies, as you'll find; but there isn't a better seaman out of the port of London," he observed as he took a few turns alongside me. "I have a notion that he believes in the yarns of the Flying Dutchman, and of old Boody, the Portsmouth chandler, and in many other such bits of nonsense, but as I was saying—"

"What, don't you?" I asked, interrupting him; "I thought all sailors believed in those tales." The captain had been narrating some of them to us a few evenings before.

"No, I do not," answered the first mate, somewhat sharply. "I believe that God made this water beneath our feet, and that He sends the wind which some-

* The ordinary watch consists of four hours, and the bell is struck every half hour. As the first watch commences at eight, it was then eleven. There are two dog-watches from four to six and from six to eight, p.m., in order that the same men may not be on duty at the same hours each day.

times covers it over with sparkling ripples, and at others stirs it up into foaming seas, but I don't think He lets spirits or ghosts of any sort wander about doing no good to any one. That's my philosophy. I don't intend to believe in the stuff till I see one of the gentlemen; and then I shall look pretty sharply into his character before I take my hat off to him."

"You are right, Mr. Randolph, and I do not suppose that the captain differs much from you. He only wishes to guard against mortal enemies, and he has shown that he is in earnest in thinking that there is some danger, by having come on deck every half hour or oftener during the night. There he is again."

Captain Hassall stood before us; "Cast loose and load the guns, Mr. Randolph, and send a quarter-master to serve out the small arms to the watch." He said quietly, "There has been a sail on our quarter for some minutes past, which may possibly be one of the convoy, but she may not. Though she carries but little canvas she is creeping up to us."

The mate and I while talking had not observed the vessel the captain pointed out. "The skipper has sharp eyes," said the first mate, as he parted from me to obey the orders he had received. Our crew had been frequently exercised at the guns. Having loaded and run them out, the watch came tumbling aft to the arm chest. Cutlasses were buckled on and pistols quickly loaded, and boarding pikes placed along the bulwarks ready for use. The men did not exactly understand what all this preparation was for, but that was nothing to them. It signified fighting, and most British seamen are ready for that at any time. The captain now joined me in my walk. "It is better to be prepared, though nothing come of it, than to be taken unawares," he observed. "It is the principle I have gone on, and as it is a sound one, I intend to continue it as long as I live." I agreed with him. We walked the deck together for twenty minutes or more engaged in conversation. His eye was constantly during the time looking over our starboard quarter. Even I could at length distinguish the dim outline of a vessel in that direction. Gradually the sails of a ship with taut raking masts became visible.

"That craft is not one of our convoy, and I doubt that she comes among us for any good purpose," exclaimed the captain; "I should like to bring the frigate down upon the fellow, but we should lose our share of the work, and I think that we can manage him ourselves. Call the starboard watch, Mr. Stubbs."

The men soon came tumbling up from below, rather astonished at being so soon called. The other officers were also soon on deck. Mr. Randolph agreed that the stranger, which hung on our quarter like some ill-omened bird of prey, had an exceedingly suspicious appearance, and that we were only acting with ordinary prudence in being prepared for him.

"The fellow wont fire, as he would bring the frigate down upon him if he did," observed the first mate; "he will therefore either run alongside in the hopes of surprising us, and taking us by boarding before we have time to fire a pistol, which would attract notice, or, should the wind fall light, he may hope to cut us out with his boats."

Eight bells struck. We could hear the sound borne faintly over the waters from two of the Indiamen to windward of us, but no echo came from the deck of the stranger. The men were ordered to lie down under the bulwarks till wanted. Had Captain Hassall thought fit, we might, by making sail, have got out of danger, but he had hopes that instead of being taken by the stranger

he might take him. It struck me that we might be running an unwarrantable risk of getting the vessel or cargo injured by allowing ourselves to be attacked.

"Not in the least," answered the captain; "we serve as a bait to the fellow, and shall benefit directly by catching him. If we were to give the alarm he would be off like a shot, and depend on it he has a fast pair of heels, or he would not venture in among us, so that the frigate would have little chance of catching him."

The truth is, Captain Hassall had made up his mind to do something to boast of. Orders were now given to the men to remain perfectly silent; the stranger was drawing closer and closer; grappels had been got ready to heave on board him, and to hold him fast should it be found advisable. It was, however, possible that his crew might so greatly outnumber ours that this would prove a dangerous proceeding. As to our men, they knew when they shipped that they might have to fight, and they all now seemed in good heart, so that we had no fear on the score of their failing us. Our officers were one and all full of fight, though each exhibited his feelings in a different way. The surgeon's only fear seemed to be that the stranger would prove a friend instead of a foe, and that there would be no skirmish after all.

"She's some craft one of the other vessels has fallen in with, and she has just joined company for protection," he observed. "For my part I shall turn in, as I am not likely to be wanted, either to fight or to dress wounds."

The wind, which had much fallen, had just freshened up again. "Whatever he is, friend or foe, here he comes," exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Steady, lads," cried the captain, "don't move till I give the word."

As he spoke the stranger glided up, her dark sails appearing to tower high above ours. We kept on our course as if she was not perceived. With one sheer she was alongside, there was a crash as her yards locked with ours, and at the same moment numerous dark forms appeared in her rigging and nettings about to leap on to our deck. "Now give it them," cried our captain. Our men sprang to their feet and fired a broadside through the bulwarks of the enemy. The cries and shrieks which were echoed back showed the havoc which had been caused. Shouts and blows, the clash of cutlasses, the flash of pistols immediately followed. I felt a stinging sensation in my shoulder, but was too excited to think anything of it as I stood, cutlass in hand, ready to repel our assailants. Many of those who were about to board us must have sprung back, or fallen into the water; a few only reached our deck, who were at once cut down by our people. One man sprang close to where I stood. I was about to fire my pistol at him, when I saw that he was unarmed, so I dragged him across the deck out of harm's way. The next instant the vessels parted.

"Give it them, my lads! Load and fire as fast as you can, or they will escape us," cried the captain in an excited tone. "Wing them! wing them! knock away their spars, lads!" He next ordered the helm to be put down, the tacks hauled aboard, and chase to be made after our flying foe, while a blue light was burned to show our locality, and to prevent the frigate from firing into us when she followed, as we hoped she would.

We had no doubt that the enemy, when he met with the warm reception we had given him, took us for a man-of-war corvette, and on this came to the conclusion that prudence was the best part of valour. There could be little doubt, however, that he would soon dis-

cover that our guns were of no great size; and then possibly he might turn on us, and give us more of his quality than would be desirable. Still we kept on peppering away at him as fast as we could, in the hopes of bringing down one of his masts, and enabling the frigate to come up. The lights of the convoy were, however, by this time almost lost sight of. In vain we looked out for a signal of the approach of the frigate. No gun was heard, no light was seen. We were afraid of losing the convoy altogether, and certainly it would have been against the spirit of our instructions to have attempted to deal single-handed with our opponent. Giving the enemy a parting shot most reluctantly, Captain Hassall therefore ordered the helm to be put up, and we ran back in the direction in which we expected to find the convoy.

PETTY CHEATING.

We lately read in a morning paper an account, all too brief and generalised, of more than three-score tradesmen, some of them occupying prominent and "respectable" positions in a certain district of London, all of whom were had up before the magistrates in one day, and fined for using false and fraudulent weights or measures! It is satisfactory to find that the rogues were brought to book and punished; but it is not satisfactory, and not at all right or just, that the names and addresses of these dishonest people should be suppressed. All such offenders should be posted ignominiously in sight of all men, in order that those who deal with them should know with whom they have to do.

It is mortifying to learn that this method of cheating is continually on the increase, and one's indignation fires up on reflecting that it is the humbler and struggling classes who are for the most part the victims of it. One article in which the poor man is victimised continually is that of tobacco. Buying his tobacco in very small quantities, he gets it handed to him ready packed and weighed—in ounces, or half or quarter ounces. But does he often get fair weight in these minute packages? For the sake of information on this point, we lately entered a shop much frequented by labouring men on Saturday night, and brought away three half-ounce packages of "bird's-eye." On weighing them scrupulously without the envelopes, it appeared that, according to shopkeepers' reckoning, there are three half-ounces to an ounce—the whole of the tobacco barely balancing an ounce in the scale. We might be told, perhaps, that all tobacco is moist when taken from the barrel, and dries in paper packets; but fifty per cent. is a rather large allowance for moisture. We might be told, also, that the purchaser of any quantity, however small, can see it weighed if he chooses; but what if the weights are false, like those of the three-score offenders mentioned above?

Then, in the matter of his beer, the poor man is cheated both as to quality and quantity. In the first place, the London publican is given to poisoning the beverage with drugs—doctoring it, as it is professionally termed—by which process it is increased largely in quantity, and so altered in its constituents as to excite thirst instead of quenching it. In the second place, it is often drawn from the tap in pots of short measure—either in the shape of fancy pots that never pass beyond the bar, or in others ingeniously, though to all appearance accidentally, bulged inwards, so that their containing capacity is profitably diminished.

The peripatetic trades of London find their customers

for the most part among the lower middle classes and the poor; and of many of these traffickers it may be said that cheating in some form or other is their normal system of doing business. It would seem that the weights and measures of the out-door traders, are not subject to the supervision of the inspectors—at any rate, we never hear of these gentry being brought to account for their exploits. A pound of cherries bought from a handcart in the street is rarely found to weigh a dozen ounces; oftener, indeed, it may weigh eight or nine. The so-called pound weight of the street fruit-seller is a nondescript lump of metal, manufactured for the purpose, and has no definite relation to a pound avoirdupois, unless in appearance. In selling fruit by measure there is the same sort of sophistication. False wooden bottoms are common, as the buyers of nuts know well. If the measure is correct, which is assuming a great deal, the method of filling it is a delusion. A practised hand will fill a quart pot with a pint of plums or gooseberries, and make it appear as though it were brimful and running over. Watch him narrowly, and you will see how he does it. He lays the measure horizontally, and covers the lower side with fruit; then raising the measure gradually, he heaps a handful of fruit over the top with his left hand; at the same time having a good-sized plum, say between the finger and thumb of his right hand, he ingeniously inserts that as a kind of key-stone to prevent the crowning heap from falling into the hollow beneath: thus the measure appears choke full and filled up, though something like half the due quantity is lacking. This clever piece of cheatery is executed with astonishing rapidity—two seconds, we should say, affords ample time for it. When the measure, as in the case of strawberries and raspberries, goes with the fruit, the cheating, as everyone knows, consists in filling the lower half or more of the pottle or punnet with some worthless material—grass, hay, fern leaves, or anything that comes to hand—so that half a pint of the fruit shall look like a pint, or a pint like a quart. It would appear that the summer fruits never have been honestly sold in the London streets. We can remember well the occasion on which we bought our first pottle of strawberries in a street in Paddington—*O mihi preteritos!*—it was more than fifty years ago—and the grievous indignation we experienced on finding that the middle and lower strata of the deceitful measure consisted of nothing but fusty grass. It was our first introduction to the rascality of trafficking human nature. Would it had been the last!

But we can trace this phase of cheating much farther back than fifty years ago. There is an old book known by curious readers as the "Diary of Henry Machyn, Merchant Taylor of London," written in 1552, in which there is a record of a man who was placed in the "pelere" for "selling potts of straberries, the whych the pott was not alf fulle, but fylled with ferne (fern)." This brief record is more creditable to our ancestors than any truthful record of similar matters in our day would be to us. The cheat of three hundred years back, it is evident, was regarded and treated as a rogue, and his cheating punished as a crime. We moderns have changed all that, and should no more think of punishing the trader who cheats than the member of Parliament who bribes—though why both of them should not be well trounced is not so clear.

A singular phase of cheating, which makes its appearance in London about the fall of the leaf, and is at its height in the mellow month of October, is one known among adepts as "coming the double," which is effected by a kind of sleight of hand, so cleverly managed as to

deceive the most watchful eye. Some fine morning in October, you hear a sonorous voice in the street bawling out "Fine bilin' happles! yaa! fine keepin' happles—russetin's yaa! half-a-crown a hunder!" You know you would like a winter stock of apples, and you send Betty to the door to see what sort of fruit the man has got. She brings you in a sample in her apron—good plump specimens, big enough for dumplings. You decide on buying a hundred of them, and while Betty goes in search of a basket to contain them, the man and boy lug their huge hamper into the hall in readiness. Then, as you sit at your work or book, you hear them counted out—"five, ten, fifteen, twenty," and so on, till the hundred is told, the money is paid for them, and the hawker goes roaring on his way. Now if you are not a very thrifty personage, and do not count over these apples yourself before you store them away, you will hear very soon that they are all gone, and will be puzzled to imagine what has become of them. If you do count them, however, you will find that, instead of one hundred apples, you have little more than half the number—the ingenious messenger of Pomona has been "coming the double" over you, and for every apple he has given you has made you pay for two. Nay, we have known instances in which the double has been so dexterously done that the total result of the counted-out hundred was not one over fifty—but such a case is exceptional, and may be regarded as a touch "beyond the reach of art." You are, perhaps, inclined to blame Betty for her stupidity in suffering herself to be defrauded; but allow us to assure you that the result would have been precisely the same had you consummated the transaction yourself. The exploit is accomplished in the following way:—The accomplished "doubler" adjusts the edge of his hamper over the purchaser's basket, and, bending over the wares, takes five apples in the hollow of both his palms: the first five go into the basket, and the second and subsequent fives appear to follow with astonishing rapidity; but so dexterous are the man's movements, and so delusive is the swift motion of the fruit, that although one half or more of the apples he takes up go back again into his own hamper, you are not only not aware of it, but, when the thing is well done, have not the remotest suspicion of the fact.

The grocer may be regarded, in all districts where the poorer classes most abound, as the poor man's provision merchant—the commerce of poor families with the butcher being but comparatively small. But grocers' wares are unfortunately subjectible to admixtures and falsifications to a greater extent than almost any other. Sugar will carry a rare amount of moisture as well as of solid matters not saccharine; tea may be subjected to infusion, and dried and rolled and infused again a dozen times over—a capacity which has created a race of industrials, known as tea-leafers, who live by preparing it again for the market after all its strength has been exhausted; and coffee may be imitated by a dozen roasted substitutes, and made saleable by flavouring with chicory. It is the same with condiments and provocatives: the poor man's pepper is often half dust; his mustard is three-fourths maize or lentil-flour; his vinegar is half water; his pickles are gone dead and artificially preserved from corruption; and his anchovies, if he thinks of indulging in anchovies, are manufactured from a redundant overflow of sprats. The wholesale cheating practised upon the poor is sometimes rebuked in an indignant strain by editors of newspapers: while we write, a paragraph is going the round, exposing the tricks of the butter trade, from which we learn that a large proportion of the so-called

butter sold to the poor, and sold nominally as the over-plus of the market, at a comparatively low price, is not butter at all. It is, in fact, a preparation of beef suet, beaten up with a liberal per-centage of water, and coloured with anatto, the mass being well salted to save it from putrefaction.

In towns where large numbers of working men are employed, and where their families form the major portion of the population, the provision-dealers usually assume a sort of vested right in them, fleecing them systematically, and supplying them with wares often of the very vilest quality at high prices. In a town, which for this time shall be nameless, where the intolerable peculations of the retail shopkeepers had risen to a shameless height, and where some thousands of workers are employed on Government work, certain influential friends of the artisan established small stores on the canteen system, where the workmen and their wives could purchase goods of fair quality at a fair price. It is no wonder that not only the Government workmen, but other inhabitants of the place, took advantage of a just market, and flocked to the canteens to purchase their daily supplies. But mark a characteristic fact: the shopkeepers, finding themselves deserted by those whom they had been accustomed to regard as their lawful victims, actually sent one deputation after another to the Minister of War, to represent to his lordship the injury which would thereby be done to their vested interests in the servants of the British Government, and they made special complaints of the unfairness and impropriety of allowing civilians also to deal at the canteens, with the object of obtaining better weight and better wares at a fairer price than they could do at the small shops of the town. We do not hear that his lordship, who must have derived from the deputations some novel ideas of commercial morality, complied with their joint requests; but we do hear, on the contrary, that the traders, finding they could do no better, reformed their system, and, by selling honest wares at a fair price, were enabled to compete successfully with the canteens, and thus to recover their lost trade, at least in part.

With regard to other necessities of life there is the same complaint to be made. Whenever the poor man has to be served, the "shoddy" principle comes into play: his furniture, though when new it may shine with lacquer and French polish, is often made with "slab" and refuse timber: the inferior leather, which will not do for the average market, is made to do for him; the coarse garments of the slop-seller, who supplies him with clothing, are in good part manufactured from materials which have already run their course in some other shape; and we all know that, while he pays more for house-rent, in proportion to the accommodation he gets, than the rich man does, he is housed in the vilest way, and has to brave pestilence in a thousand shapes, because he is deprived of the commonest safeguards against it.

For a large proportion of the cheating and impositions of which they are the victims, the humbler classes have themselves to blame. They have allowed themselves too easily to become the dupes of the dealers, tallymen, and others who exact unreasonable profits; they spend their money, even in their prudential purchases, with far too much recklessness and haste, and usually without knowing or caring to know the real characters of the parties with whom they transact business. In a word, they do not take that care of their own interests which they might take, and which people in the ranks above them usually do take.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

SWEET sound the voices of the children, calling
And laughing at their play;
They know no wearying thro' the long, warm hours
This summer day.

Sometimes there is a transient cry of wailing
When one has crost
Too far into the bosky garden bowers,
And there seems lost.

Sometimes there is a gush of tears and weeping
For childish pain:
It swiftly ends, and leaves, like summer showers,
All clear again.

The day ends, and they hear the father calling
To play no more:
They leave their games, and each one for the fastest
Runs to the door.

Soon in their little beds they lie, not knowing
How the world wins
Its way thro' clouds of darkness, care, and sorrow,
Sighings and sins.

For them, enough that soft white sheets and pillows
Close round them warm,
And overhead the strength of the home-roofing
To shield from storm.

For them enough that parents' breath and kisses
Have touched their face;
And that to-morrow sunshine will be streaming
About the place.

* * * *

Oh Father, dwelling in Thy House of Heaven,
Behold us here;
Our playtime changed, indeed, for life's sore burden,
Its pain and fear.

For some the holding of ships' helms, storm-driven
On stormy seas;
The sultry gleaning midst the harvest stubble,
Afar from trees.

For some the brooding over desks and ledgers,
Where cities smoke;
The feeding furnaces, where roofs clang ringing
To hammer-stroke.

For some the delving in the pit or quarry,
The dusty loom,
The needle-labour where they sew the dresses,
And for the tomb.

For all, the sense of weariness and terror—
The strife within—
The poisoned whisper of the serpent, urging
The heart to sin.

Oh Father, standing at the door of Heaven,
Thy children call;
Draw us to hear, amid our work and weeping,
Thy voice in all.

Enough for us to know Thou dost forgive us,
And take us back,
When once repentant, tho' we far had wandered
From wisdom's track.

Enough for us to know Thou art about us,
That Thou art good;
Giving the safety, strength, and succouring shelter,
Raiment and food.

And when they lay us quiet in the grave-yard,
'Twill be a sleep
O'er which, as o'er the lifetime Thou wilt watch us,
And kindly keep.

And some day—when Thou knowest—we can wait it,
Our time is Thine,
Across the casements of our gloomy chamber
A light will shine.

And we shall wake, like children in the morning,
All fresh and fair,
To face the glory of the life immortal
Glad dawning there.

We are Thy children. And Thou art our Father;
Home is in store.
He told us so—Thy Son: we trust His telling,
And want no more.

A. N.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON: JULY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THE principal constellations in the southern half of the midnight sky on July 15, are Lyra, Aquila, Serpens, Ophiuchus, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pegasus, with considerable portions of Hercules, Cygnus, Corona Borealis, Pisces, and Cetus. Several first-class stars are now included in the lower diagram, such as Altair, Vega, Deneb, Ras Alague, and Markab. The immediate zenith is within the constellation Cygnus, whose chief star, Deneb, is now distant from that point by a few degrees only. Below Deneb are several bright stars of the third magnitude, most of which belong to Cygnus. The star nearest to Deneb, but slightly closer to the meridian, is Gamma Cygni, the next in order downwards, towards the south-east, is Epsilon Cygni, and the third, or lowest of the three, is Zeta Cygni. Pegasus is below Cygnus in the same direction, and lower still, reaching to the horizon, Aquarius is situated. If we draw an imaginary line from Deneb across Zeta Cygni, it will pass, at nearly the same distance, through Epsilon Pegasi, or Enif, a bright star between the second and third magnitudes. If this line be carried on a little farther, it points out Alpha Aquarii, or Sadalmelik, the principal star in the sign Aquarius. Between Pegasus and the meridian, two small constellations, Equuleus and Delphinus, may be noticed the latter being

easily recognised by a group of moderately-sized stars. Looking due east, or rather south of east, at some distance below Deneb, or towards the left-hand of the upper part of the diagram, the eye will fall on several large stars in Pegasus, the nearest to the zenith being Beta Pegasi, or Scheat, and that nearest to the horizon Gamma Pegasi, or Algenib. Alpha Pegasi, or Markab, is the most southerly of these bright stars. These three objects, added to Alpha Andromedæ, or Alpherat, which, in this month, is included in the upper diagram, form the well-known group called the square of Pegasus. The actual horizon in the east is occupied by a part of Cetus. Capricornus is south-east of Aquila, approaching the meridian, but it contains no prominent stars. On or very near the meridian, the chief stars worthy of notice are those composing the distinctive group in the breast or neck of the Eagle, Alpha, Beta, and Gamma Aquilæ. The central star of the three is Alpha, or Altair, and is between the first and second magnitude, the uppermost star is Gamma, and the lowest Beta, which is also the smallest. Other stars in Aquila can be noticed slightly west of the meridian. Beta Cygni, or Albiero, between the Aquila group and the bright stars in Lyra, is a remarkable double star, celebrated for the brilliant colours of its components. The

intermediate space between Aquila and Beta Cygni is occupied by Vulpecula and Sagitta. The sky near the south horizon contains portions of Piscis Australis and Sagittarius.

The western division of the south sky, a considerable portion of which will be below the horizon next month, contains the constellations Lyra, Ophiuchus, and Serpens, with parts of Hercules, Corona Borealis, Cygnus, Aquila, Sagittarius, Scorpio, and a few others. With



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, JULY 15

the face directed to the south-west, the first object from the zenith is Vega, south of which are the two stars Beta and Gamma Lyræ. About midway towards the horizon, we recognise Ras Alague, and the other principal stars in the constellation Ophiuchus, which extends nearly to the extreme limit of view. The horizon, south-west of Ophiuchus, contains several stars in Scorpio on the point of setting. Antares is invisible. Due west, below Vega, a considerable space is covered by Hercules; but a part of this constellation has passed into the northern half of the sky. Corona Borealis is also due west of the zenith; its principal star Alphecca, with three others of the semicircular group, can be found on the right-hand side of the upper part of the diagram, on the point of passing into the northern half of the sky. The remaining members of the group, with



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, JULY 15.

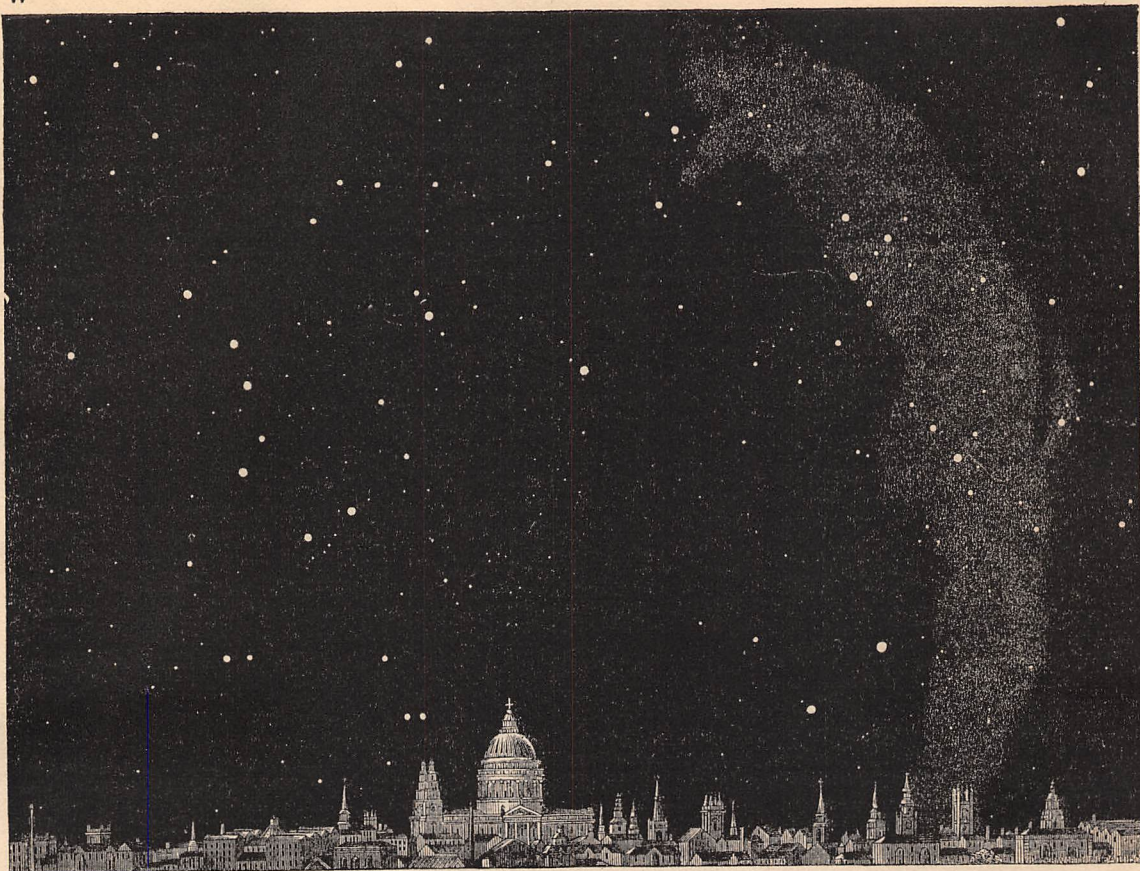
several other stars in this constellation, have already passed into the northern half, and will consequently be found in the upper view. It may not be amiss to state again in this place, that the upper part of the lower view coincides with the upper part of the upper view, so that were the two diagrams joined together in this way, the

representation of the heavens from north to south would be given, excepting only those parts near the eastern and western horizon, the zenith, or point over head, being exactly in the centre. Below Hercules, approaching the western horizon, all the stars in Serpens are still visible, also a few in Virgo, although they are within a half an hour of setting. On the whole, the south midnight sky in the middle of July is fairly attractive, excepting in the constellations south of the equator, where there is scarcely a star at this time above the third magnitude. This scarcity of brilliant objects in the lower part of the south sky is amply compensated by the brilliant appearance of the principal stars in Lyra, Cygnus, Aquila, and Pegasus, most of which are now in conspicuous positions.

Lyra, the Harp, one of the old forty-eight constellations, is of very limited extent, but it contains, nevertheless, several important objects, including Vega, one of the brightest stars in the northern hemisphere. Lyra is situated to the south-east of the head of Draco, having Hercules on the west and south, and Cygnus on the east. This small constellation contains about twenty stars visible to the naked eye, but Bode has included one hundred and sixty-six in his celestial atlas, the majority being of course telescopic. The isolated position of Vega, with respect to other very large stars, is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to give any special alignment. It may be, however, as well to state that a line drawn from Arcturus through Corona Borealis leads directly to the Swan, and in its course passes over Lyra. A large right-angled triangle is also nearly formed by the stars Vega, Arcturus, and Polaris. Also the three stars in the neck of Aquila point directly to it. Vega is accompanied by a small telescopic star at a short distance, and some minute objects have been suspected to be very close to the principal star in whose rays they are lost. According to some experiments made by M. Laugier on the relative intensity of the light of the stars, that of Vega was found to be greatly inferior to that of Sirius, although it was placed by him second on the list. M. Siedel, however, from similar experiments, but by a different method of investigation, placed it third in order of lustre. Dr. Wollaston had previously published the results of his researches on the comparative intensity of the light of the sun, moon, and stars, from which he concluded that the intrinsic brightness of Vega is only one-ninth part of that of Sirius. Sir John Herschel, including the stars in both hemispheres, places the relative brightness of the principal stars in the following order: Sirius, Canopus, Alpha Centauri, Arcturus, Rigel, and Vega. Of these, Canopus and Alpha Centauri are not visible in this country. When near the meridian, Vega certainly appears intensely brilliant through a telescope, at which time it forms a great contrast to the humble light of its small companion. This star, valuable as it is at present to the navigator, will be infinitely more so in future ages, when it will be, both in position and lustre, the polar gem of the northern hemisphere. It will then be apparently stationary, like our present Polaris, with respect to the horizon. The intensity of the light of Vega is sufficiently great to enable anyone to observe it with ordinary telescopes during any part of the day or night throughout the year, excepting only for a very short time when it is in the north horizon, where even it can be occasionally observed on very clear nights. Vega, Deneb, and Altair form that well-known triangle by which the three stars are generally identified in the sky.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, JULY 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, JULY 15.

Beta Lyrae, a star of the third magnitude south of Vega, and a little west of Gamma Lyrae, of a similar size, may be found by drawing a line from Vega towards Altair, when it will pass between these two stars. Beta Lyrae is accompanied by a companion of the eighth magnitude, and by two smaller ones at a greater distance. There does not appear to be any evidence of a physical connection between them. The magnitude of Beta has been found to be slightly variable. Epsilon Lyrae is a very curious star, and is what may be termed a double-double star. It is situated on the frame of the Harp, a short distance north-east of Vega when on the meridian. To the unassisted eye it appears of the fifth magnitude, but when viewed through a telescope it is separated into two systems of stars, each system being a fine binary pair. Between the two sets three or four very faint stars can be noticed. Admiral Smyth remarks in his "Cycle," that these stars form a fine subject for contemplation; "the two sets resembling each other so closely in magnitude, distance, orbital retrogradation and proper motions, as to afford palpable evidence of their forming a twin system; and a combined rotation about a common centre of gravity may be suspected." When contemplating interesting groups of this kind no observer can really believe that these apparently small objects which seem to be so dependent upon one another for their uniformity of motion, have been placed in their respective positions in the universe without some high purpose, of which we are profoundly ignorant. One thing we do know is, that they have not the slightest influence on our solar system, nor are they useful to man as ornaments of our skies, especially those minute objects which are only visible through good space-penetrating telescopes. There are several other stars of this class in Lyra, double, triple, and quadruple, but there are none of so interesting a character as the group composing Epsilon Lyrae.

Hercules is a constellation of great extent and importance, although it contains no star greater than the third magnitude. It joins Draco on the north, Lyra on the east, Ophiuchus on the south, and Serpens and Corona Borealis on the west. By the absence of stars of the first and second magnitudes Hercules is not so remarkable to the naked eye as many other asterisms, but, telescopically, it is a very interesting constellation from the numerous double stars, clusters, and nebulae contained within its boundaries. In the star-catalogues of Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, and other astronomers who flourished before the invention of the telescope, about thirty stars in Hercules have been inserted, all of which are observable without optical aid. In Bode's atlas, four hundred and fifty-one are included, most of which are telescopic. The principal star is Alpha Herculis, or Rasalgeti, one of the most lovely double stars in the heavens; the chief component being about the third magnitude and of an orange colour, while the companion, which is very close, is of the sixth magnitude and of an emerald or bluish green colour. Rasalgeti varies in brightness to a small extent. In the lower diagram it can be noticed a short distance north-west of Ras Alague, or Alpha Ophiuchi. As Ras Alague, Altair, and Vega nearly form an equilateral triangle, the position of Rasalgeti as well as that of Ras Alague can be easily found, each star being respectively in the heads of Hercules and Ophiuchus.

"Amid yon glorious starry host, that feeds both sight and mind,
Would you the Serpent-bearer's head, and that of Hercules find,
From Altair west direct a ray to where Arcturus glows,
One-third that distance, by the eye, will both these heads disclose."

Among the numerous double stars in Hercules, the

most interesting is Zeta, of the third magnitude. The companion is of the sixth. Zeta Herculis is situated near Epsilon, of the same size, between Alphecca, in Corona Borealis, and Vega. It is a very close binary, and for many years appears only as one star, even in superior telescopes. Its duplicity was first discovered by Sir William Herschel, in July, 1782. Thirteen years after he again saw it as a double star; but within a short period of that date it became apparently a single object of a wedge-like form, when viewed on favourable occasions with the great forty-foot reflecting telescope. The disappearance of the companion was considered by Sir William Herschel to be so curious that he made a remark at the time that "the observations of this star furnish us with a phenomenon which is new in astronomy, it is the occultation of one star by another." Zeta Herculis was again seen double in 1826, in which year it was observed at Dorpat by Struve. In 1840, it was easily separable in ordinary telescopes. In 1863 Mr. Dawes observed it as a single object; but in 1865, with his eight-inch refractor, he again saw the small star perfectly detached from the large one.

Ophiuchus, the Serpent-bearer, is one of the old forty-eight asterisms, and occupies at midnight, in July, a very large portion of the sky in the south-west, but although it is of so great an extent, it contains but few important stars. It is bounded on the north by Hercules, on the east by some small constellations, on the south by Scorpio, and on the west by Serpens. The last-mentioned constellation is, however, so entwined with Ophiuchus that a proper separation of the two is extremely difficult. Ophiuchus includes several clusters and double stars, one of the latter, 70 Ophiuchi, being a most interesting binary system. The components of this star revolve around one another in about 100 years. In 1604, a new star of great brilliancy suddenly appeared in the foot of Ophiuchus, but after shining for some time as bright as one of the first magnitude, it totally disappeared in a few months. At the present time no star within the limit of vision, even with the assistance of our largest astronomical telescopes, can be found near its place. The position in the heavens of Ras Alague, the principal star of this constellation, has been previously pointed out by alignment, but the following couplet may still be useful for its detection among the stars:—

"From Altair let a ray be cast, where we Arcturus view,
One-third that distance will reveal the star Ras-al-ague."

In the middle of July at midnight, if the observer places himself so as to command a view of the heavens north of the zenith, he cannot fail to perceive the amount of change which has taken place in the positions of the principal stars, with respect to the meridian or horizon, since the date of the June diagrams. The zenith is now included within the constellation Cygnus; but no conspicuous star in the north sky is nearer than Beta and Gamma Draconis, which were the two zenithal stars in June. These are, however, still nearly overhead a short distance due west, Gamma being the nearer star to the zenith. By looking directly towards the Pole star, and therefore along the plane of the north meridian, we pass near the confines of Draco and Cepheus; but the stars in this direction are not attractive, or likely to receive attention, till we reach Polaris, which is as usual in its nearly constant position. Below Polaris as far as the north horizon, there is absolutely no star worthy of special notice, that part of the sky near the meridian being now occupied by Camelopardus and Lynx, both of

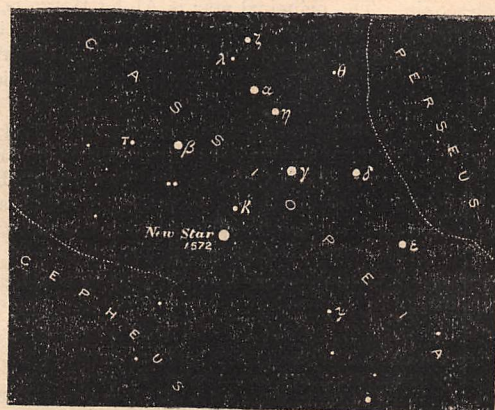
which contain no star above the fourth magnitude, and very few above the fifth. But if, in July, the sky in the plane of the meridian contain such a paucity of bright stars, the brilliant objects in other portions of the heavens, both east and west, will make up for the deficiency in that direction. Taking the western side first, we have in view nearly the whole of Draco, Boötes, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, Ursa Minor and Ursa Major, and portions of Corona Borealis, Hercules, Leo Minor, and Lynx. Below Gamma and Beta Draconis, towards the W.N.W., a few of the chief stars in Hercules can be noticed, then those in Corona Borealis, beneath which is the greater part of Boötes, containing nearly all its principal stars, some of which, however, including Arcturus, are too near the western horizon to be included in the diagram. Nearly the whole of Ursa Minor is now west of Polaris. The space between the two Bears and almost to the seven chief stars of Ursa Major belongs to Draco. The position of the Ursa Major group is now on exactly the opposite side of the heavens to that exhibited in the January diagram. In that month Dubhe and Merak, the two leading stars in the waggon, are the nearest to the upper meridian, pointing in the direction of Polaris, with the shafts of the waggon directed to the north-east horizon. The heavens in July are viewed from the opposite part of the earth's orbit to that in which the earth was situated in January, a brief explanation of the effect of which was given in the description of the March diagrams, consequently Dubhe and Merak, followed by the remaining stars, are now approaching the lower meridian. Their relative positions to Polaris, however, remain the same. The stars in the Ursa Major group have thus made a seasonal change of half a revolution round the Pole, independently of their diurnal rotation in the same direction. If we make a general comparison of the January and July diagrams of the north sky, this seasonal change in the positions of the stars can also be easily seen in all the other circumpolar constellations. This comparison of the views for successive months will familiarise the appearances of the different groups of stars, and enable the observer to become acquainted with the general form of the principal groups in each constellation. Ursa Major occupies about one-third of the north-west sky at midnight in July. Canes Venatici, with its star Cor Caroli, can be seen below Alkaid, the last star in the tail of the Great Bear. Coma Berenices is above the horizon below Cor Caroli, but its stars are too faint to be visible.

In the north-east sky, where all the stars are hourly rising towards the upper meridian, we find the constellations Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Triangulum, and Camelopardus, and portions of Cygnus, Andromeda, Pisces, Aries, Taurus, Auriga, and Lynx. Cepheus is slightly east of the meridian above Cassiopeia's group, below which all the stars in Perseus are visible. In the N.N.E., near the horizon, Capella and Beta Aurigæ can always be seen in July at midnight. On looking due east, the eye falls on Alpha Andromedæ, or Alpherat, rather more than half-way towards the horizon, forming one of the "corner stones" of the square of Pegasus. In the E.N.E., Alpha and Beta Arietis, the two chief stars in Aries, are about twenty degrees above the horizon.

The name of Cassiopeia has been derived from the wife of Cepheus, and the mother of Andromeda. This constellation is one of the most attractive groups of stars visible in the sky of London, and contains several stars of the second and third magnitudes. It is always

in direct opposition to Ursa Major, with respect to the Pole. For example, if Cassiopeia be at its greatest elevation, Ursa Major is near the horizon in the north, and *vice versâ*. If the Great Bear be in the east, Cassiopeia is in the west, and so on throughout their diurnal revolution. It is not difficult, therefore, to find Cassiopeia, for a line drawn from the middle of Charles's Wain, through Polaris, passes across the centre of the group. Cassiopeia is bounded by Cepheus, Perseus, Andromeda, and Camelopardus, and when passing the meridian above the Pole, it is directly overhead in all parts of the British Isles. The principal stars bear some resemblance to the letter Y with the vertical stem a little bent; or, by viewing it from another direction, to a badly-formed W; they have, however, frequently been called Cassiopeia's chair, imagination having transformed these five or six stars into the form of an antique seat.

Cassiopeia is celebrated as being the spot where a very remarkable temporary star appeared in November, 1572. It suddenly burst forth with a brilliancy greater than any star around it, and was therefore noticed by several persons about the same time. Tycho Brahe was one of these fortunate observers. From his own account, we gather that he was returning from his laboratory, on the evening of November 11th, when he saw a group of peasants gazing at a brilliant object, which he knew had not existed in that shape an hour previously. It was at first supposed to be a comet, though it had no distinctive marks of being one, but twinkled like any ordinary fixed star. It increased rapidly in magnitude, till it surpassed Sirius and Jupiter in lustre, and was even observed at noon-day. This great brilliancy, however, continued only for a short time, when it gradually diminished. In March, 1574, it became invisible to the naked eye, and has not been observed since. A severe scrutiny of the neighbourhood in which this wonderful star appeared has been made since the construction of the powerful astronomical instruments of modern days, but no trace of it can be found. La Place, the celebrated French mathematician and astronomer, was led to believe that the frequent change of colour which was observed in this star, first white, then yellow, afterwards reddish, and finally a bluish tint, showed that the sudden blazing forth was probably caused by the action of fire. This hypothesis was not, however, generally believed at the time. But since the sudden outburst of the star in Corona Borealis, which was noticed in our description of last month, many astronomers of the present day are

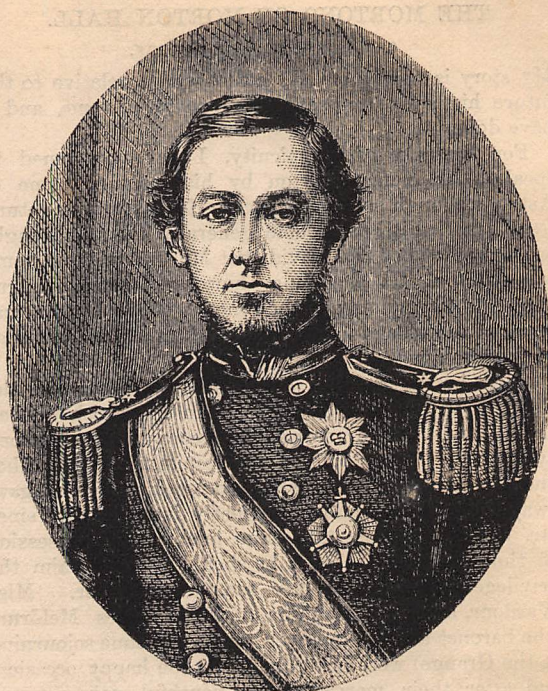


POSITION OF THE TEMPORARY STAR OF 1572.

inclined to believe that La Place's suggestion is not so improbable as it first appeared.

The July diagrams of the midnight sky will also represent the appearance of the heavens at 10 P.M. on August 15th, at 8 P.M. on September 15th, at 6 P.M. on October 15th, at 6 A.M. on April 15th, at 4 A.M. on May 15th, and at 2 A.M. on June 15th.

On July 15th, 1868, Jupiter and Saturn are both above the horizon, the former in the constellation Pisces, in the E.N.E., and the latter in Scorpio, near the south-west horizon. After this month Jupiter will become a conspicuous object, and will be the evening star for some time. He rises on the 1st at 11.47 P.M., on the 15th at 10.50 P.M., and on the 31st at 9.48 P.M. Saturn, though so near the horizon at midnight, will be visible in the early evening hours for some months longer. He sets on the 1st at 1.42 A.M., on the 15th at 0.46 A.M., and on the 31st at 11.38 P.M.; on the 31st he will be on the meridian at 7.10 P.M.—In July the planet Mercury is generally above the horizon during the daytime only, but on the 31st he rises an hour and a-half before the sun. He can be clearly observed by the aid of a telescope, and probably he may be recognised in very fine weather, soon after rising, near the north-east horizon, below Castor and Pollux.—Venus sets with the sun on the 10th, and, consequently, during July she will be invisible to the naked eye. Those, however, who are in possession of an astronomical telescope can see her within a day or two of inferior conjunction on the 16th, before and after which she will appear as a very narrow crescent, similar to a young moon of a day old. During the evenings of preceding months Venus has been the greatest ornament of the north-western sky, and in like manner, in following months she will be a brilliant morning star in the north-east and east, where she will continue for the remainder of the year.—Mars is in Taurus, rising on the 1st at 1.23 A.M., on the 15th at 0.54 A.M., and on the 31st at 11.33 P.M. He is near Aldebaran in the middle of the month, and can be distinguished from that star by the comparative steadiness of his light.—The telescopic major planets, Uranus and Neptune, are not favourably situated for observation.—The moon will be both an evening and morning object till the 13th, on which day she rises after midnight. She will be again visible in the evening on the 22nd, when she will appear as a fine crescent near the western horizon. Full moon takes place on the 4th at 8.39 P.M.; last quarter, on the 13th, at 0.41 A.M.; new moon on the 19th at 9.56 P.M., and first quarter on the 26th at 1.52 P.M. On the 7th she is at her greatest distance from the earth, and on the 20th she is nearest to us. The moon will be near Saturn on the morning of the 1st, and again on the evening of the 28th; she will also be near Jupiter on the morning of the 12th, the planet being to the left of the moon. At 2.29 P.M. on the 16th, she will pass over Aldebaran, but, being in daylight, the phenomenon can only be seen through very good astronomical telescopes. The star will emerge from behind the moon at 2.51 P.M. The observation of an occultation of a large star by the moon is a very striking one, especially at the dark limb, where the star is extinguished with startling suddenness. At the bright limb of the moon such a star as Aldebaran has been observed to hang apparently on the moon's edge before disappearance, and at times has been seen projected on the disk. These observations have been, however, very rare, and are supposed to have arisen from excessive irradiation, produced probably from some optical defect, either in the telescope employed, or in the eye of the observer.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

We have presented, from time to time, notices of the voyage of Prince Alfred, as commander of H.M.S. *Galatea*,* with extracts from private letters at various stations. About the very period when English readers were perusing the accounts of the cheerful doings at Christmas-tide and afterwards, on shore and "on board the *Galatea*," a crime was enacted which turned the scene of joy into sadness. The universal feeling, wherever the tidings of the dark deed came, is expressed in the address presented to the Queen by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, an address, similar in tone and utterance to the hundreds which were called forth from all classes of the loyal community. The presentation took place on May 13, the same day that Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital, when special reference was also made to the dastardly attempt at assassination.

"Most Gracious Majesty,—We, the Lord Mayor, aldermen and commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, approach your Majesty's Throne with feelings of devoted loyalty to your Majesty's person and family.

"We have heard with mingled feelings of horror and indignation that an attempt has been made on the life of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, while engaged, under your Majesty's orders, in the duties of his profession, and in cultivating feelings of loyal attachment among the inhabitants of distant colonies of this country.

"We feel certain that the only effect of such an atrocious crime must be to call forth fresh manifestations of that spirit of loving devotion to your Majesty's person and family which exists among all classes of your Majesty's subjects.

"We fervently pray that the same watchful Providence which guarded the life of your Majesty's son will long preserve your Majesty to reign over a dutiful and loving people."

To this address, as to many others, Her Majesty made a most gracious reply, joining in the heartfelt expressions of gratitude and of prayer, "that the same good Providence which preserved him from the assassin may soon restore him in health and safety to his family and country."

* A picture of the *Galatea* formed the frontispiece of the March Part of the "Leisure Hour."

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XLVII.—CONCLUSION.

My story is nearly ended; a few words relative to the future history of my several *dramatis personæ*, and I have done.

For the sake of perspicuity, I have continued to speak of Mr. Henry Morton by his assumed name of Aston, although some time before Henry Talbot's return from America it had become generally known throughout the village of St. David that Mr. Aston's real name was Morton. It was long, however, before his true name came trippingly to the tongues of his friends, and many of the village folks spoke of him as Mr. Aston as long as he lived.

Early in the ensuing spring Mary Talbot and the Rev. Alfred Sharpe were married in the parish church of St. David. The marriage ceremony was performed by the rector, Mr. Sinclair, and despite the claim of her uncle to act in *loco parentis*, Doctor Pendriggen gave away the bride—the doctor jocosely insisting that since Mr. Sharpe had forestalled him in obtaining possession of the young lady's hand, he should at least claim the privilege of acting as her temporary father. Miss Wardour, and the daughter of Sir Charles Meldrum (the baronet and his family being at the time sojourning at the Grange) were bridesmaids on the happy occasion, and after their marriage, the youthful pair set out immediately to visit Mrs. Sharpe, the mother of the bridegroom, who, it is almost needless to say, was perfectly satisfied with her new daughter-in-law.

On their return, at the expiration of a month, to St. David, Mrs. Sharpe continued voluntarily to perform most of the duties she had heretofore performed as Mary Talbot, until, in course of time, an increasing family of children required her constant care.

Shortly after the return of Henry Talbot, Mr. Morton, whom I must now designate by his real name, revisited Fordham, together with his son and daughter, and nephew, not now as a mysterious stranger, but as the recognised and acknowledged proprietor of Morton Hall. The interview between him and Mr. Foley was unpleasant to both, for many reasons which will be sufficiently obvious to my readers; but, as Mr. Ferret had anticipated, the apparent readiness of Mr. Foley to recognise Mr. Morton's claim disarmed the latter of much of the indignation created by his cousin's unjust and cruel conduct towards his sister Mary. It was therefore generously conceded on the part of Mr. Morton that Mr. Foley should continue to reside at the Hall, and should receive during his life a moiety of the rental of the estates; but that on his decease the entire property should revert to the line of direct descent in the person of Henry Morton, jun., though the wife and children of Mr. Foley were liberally provided for, for their lives.

Old Matthew Budge was still living at the date of Mr. Morton's second visit to Fordham, and during the brief remainder of his life, the old sexton boasted of the excellence of his memory, which, as he averred, had enabled him to recognise Master Henry as soon as the latter entered the cottage, though he had never seen him since he was a boy of fourteen years of age. The old man lived to complete his hundred and fifth year, retaining his health and the use of his faculties to the last.

Eight years elapsed, however, before young Henry Morton took possession of his ancestral estates. His father, Mr. Henry Morton, senior, chose to live in quiet retirement at St. David. At length, to the great joy

of the people at Fordham, and to the satisfaction of the gentry of the country, all, rich and poor alike, the Hall was seen again in possession of a Morton; and shortly after this, the young squire married the daughter of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had been his grandfather's intimate friend.

During the period which elapsed between young Henry Morton's first visit to England, and his occupation of Morton Hall, he and his cousin Henry Talbot visited America. Henry Talbot having conceived a great liking for the Far West, Mr. Morton, senior, resolved not to sell his American property, as had been his intention, but to bequeath it at his death to his nephew and niece. Meanwhile Henry Talbot resided chiefly at Watertown in the capacity of his uncle's agent. He, however, frequently visited England, and on one of these occasions, he took back with him as his wife, his cousin, Mary Morton.

Two years after Mary Talbot's marriage, Miss Wardour became the wife of Captain Meldrum—the only son of Sir Charles—who had, about six months previously, returned from India, where he had been stationed for some years with his regiment. Captain Meldrum quitted the army on his marriage, and settled down at Meldrum Grange, which was presented to him and his wife as a wedding gift, by the old baronet. In course of time, Miss Wardour became Lady Meldrum; but long after her marriage she continued, living so near St. David, to take an interest in the village and its people; and between her and Mary Talbot, now Mrs. Sharpe, who continued to entertain a warm friendship for each other, the schools, and the sick and aged people of the village, were as well cared for after as they had been before the marriages of the two young ladies.

During twelve years from the date of Mary Talbot's marriage, little material change took place at St. David, at least among those of the inhabitants with whom my readers have become acquainted. At the end of this period, however, death began to do his work.

The venerable rector was the first to be called away to his eternal rest. He died, leaving his name and the memory of his goodness to live ever green amongst the descendants of the people, amidst whom he had lived so many years, and who had so greatly benefited by his deeds and teachings. To this day his memory is venerated, and he is ever spoken of with pride and affection at St. David. Mr. Henry Morton, senior, died four years after the decease of his friend the rector, at a good old age. He died at Cliff Cottage, where he had continued to reside ever since he first took possession of it, and, for six or eight years previous to his decease, he rarely quitted the village. He had, in spite of his eccentricities, made himself much beloved in consequence of his kindness to the poor, and his death was deeply lamented.

About the same time, old Mrs. Margaret, who two or three years before had sold her cottage at Hammersmith, and come to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, at St. David, died in the ninety-fifth year of her age. Mary received the poor old lady's last sigh, and caused a tombstone to be erected in the village churchyard, commemorative of her loving faithfulness to the children of her former mistress, and of her faith and trust in God.

On the death of Mr. Morton, Mr. Sharpe became, through his wife—who inherited a large property from her uncle—a wealthy man, and he also acquired a small addition to his income at the decease of old Mrs. Margaret, who, true to her promise, left her two hundred

pounds per annum in the Funds, between Henry Talbot and his sister.

On the decease of Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Sharpe was presented with the rectorship of St. David, which he accepted in preference to the living he had for many years looked forward to—and which became vacant about the same time—both he and his wife having conceived an affection for the people amongst whom they had lived and laboured for so many years.

Jemmy Tapley lived to an extreme old age—a favourite to the last with high and low, rich and poor, and especially with the village children, whom he was ever willing to amuse with his sea yarns. His great pride, however, was to relate the part he had taken in removing suspicion from the honest fishermen of the village. He lies interred in the churchyard of St. David, where a moss-covered stone stands at the head of the ancient mariner's grave.

Doctor Pendriggen remained a widower to the end of his days, and died as he had lived, the only medical practitioner within fifteen miles of the village. With all his occasional brusquerie, the poor lost a kind friend when the honest, rough-spoken surgeon was removed by the hand of death.

Sir Arthur Lockyer went abroad again soon after his visit to Cornwall; but though he maintained an irregular correspondence with his old Eton schoolfellow for many years, I know little of his after career.

One little incident connected with my story remains to be explained. Shortly after Henry Talbot's return from America, his sister, while conversing with him over the troubles and anxieties she had endured during his absence, said suddenly—

"Tell me, Henry, why, in your first letter from America, you stated that you felt as though your misfortunes had been visited upon you in retribution for your wrong doing—or something to that effect? You cannot conceive what pain that expression caused me."

"Did I so write?" replied Henry. "I did not mean to cause *you* uneasiness, Mary. But I was so cast down when I first landed in America, that I *did* sometimes fancy that my misfortunes had befallen me as a punishment for having broken almost the last promise I gave my mother, viz.:—that I would never borrow what I had no certain means of repaying—that was all."

* * * * *

Many years have not, even now, passed away since the Rev. Alfred Sharpe and his wife—who died in the same year—were laid to rest in the vault of the parish church of St. David, where rest the remains of Mr. Sharpe's venerated predecessor. Their children still live to bless their memory, and the aged villagers still speak of the fair and gentle young governess who came to the village when they were children, and who lived and died the wife of their rector—who was the guide and instructor of their youth, and their supporter and comforter in sickness and trouble in after years.

And far away across the broad Atlantic, and many a hundred miles beyond the Atlantic's western shores—though no longer in "the Far West"—the children and grandchildren of Henry Talbot and Mary Morton dwell along the shores of the great lake Michigan—now no longer navigated merely by a few sailing craft, but crossed and recrossed by large and well-appointed steamboats, laden with produce and passengers from all parts of the world. Large and populous cities now occupy the sites of the small trading-posts, upon

which, long years ago, the weary way-worn traveller, Henry Talbot, gazed from the summit of the hill, rejoicing that he had nearly reached the end of his long journey, but little dreaming of the results his journey would bring about.

The children and grandchildren of the young Englishman are now the lords of the soil along the western border of the lake, and are Americans in heart and soul. Still they retain a fond recollection of their English ancestry, and proudly speak of the little island beyond the Atlantic as of "Home." When *they* speak of the Far West, they allude not to the place where they now reside, but to the land beyond the Rocky Mountain range, whose shores are laved by the waters of the Pacific, and from whose ports vessels now sail across the new highway to the farther Inde.

Reader, I have told my story.

Varieties.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science holds its meeting for 1888 at Norwich, commencing Wednesday, August 19, under the presidency of Joseph Dalton Hooker, F.R.S., Curator of the Kew Gardens. A large meeting is expected, and important papers are announced. This year an innovation is to be made with regard to the excursions, which have heretofore unduly interfered with the business of the sections. The various excursions, geological, archaeological, and ethnological, are arranged to take place on the 27th August, the day after the work is over in the several sections. By this arrangement also a choice of excursions will be compelled, and less difficulty be experienced in procuring tickets, which have too often been secured by crowds of local associates, to the exclusion of members of the Association coming from a distance. Cromer, Holkham, Diss, Thetford, Hunstanton Cliffs, Castleacre, and Caistor Castle are among the places to be visited.

FEMALE MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Mrs. Isabel Thorne, of Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, presented herself at the recent Arts examination at Apothecaries' Hall, in company with sixty-six gentlemen. Out of the sixty-seven candidates forty-seven passed. Mrs. Thorne came out among the first six, and her papers were so excellent that the usual *vivâ voce* examination was dispensed with. Last May Mrs. Thorne finished the curriculum at the Ladies' Medical College in Fitzroy Square by carrying off double first honours in the medical and obstetrical classes.—*Athenæum*. [Our readers are indebted to Mrs. Thorne, formerly a resident in Japan, for the very interesting notes on Japanese life and manners appearing from month to month in the Leisure Hour.]

A LITERARY BANQUET.—There were oysters on the half shell, but these were the only things which had not been dignified with the odour of some literary name. There was *consommé à la Seigné*; there was *crème d'asperges à la Dumas*; there were *les petites Zimballes à la Dickens*; there were *truites à la Victoria*; *pap à l'Italienne*; there was *filet de boeuf à la Lucullus*; there was *agneau forcé à la Walter Scott*; and there were *cotillettes à la Fenimore Cooper*; and the *pièces montées*—"ornamental pieces"—were in all eight, of curious sugar manufacture, most of them labelled "Dickens" in very large red letters at the top and all stuck full of "Dickenses" in small "caps" and brevier from top to bottom. The first and most elaborate of these pieces was called the Temple of Literature, and presented some rather remarkable features. Here was a little sugar statuette at the top and by way of climax, which kept blowing an inaudible trumpet, and was undoubtedly meant as the Goddess of Fame. The deity of the hundred tongues was attired in tinsel of the latest fashion, thus typifying modern fame most particularly, and kept her eyes cast down very modestly in the direction of the name of Dickens, which was printed in large red "caps" upon the pedestal. The piece was composed of two columniated stories, the cornices of which were embellished with literary names rather curiously concatenated. Dickens, Addison, and Byron, with Shakspeare, poor dramatist, inserted between; Bacon, Bulwer, and Dickens, with Carlyle in red letters by way of bringing up the rear of the second division; and then Locke, Swift, and Savage, with Walter Scott, whose name made an ex-

cellent rear guard; and thus was completed the upper cornice. The lower cornice began with Goldsmith in red who seemed to slink frightened into the candy house in the presence of Johnson, his next neighbour; and then came Milton and Spenser, with Burns (not exactly a contemporary) waddling along in the rear of the author of the "Faery Queen." Next in order followed poor Wordsworth, who appeared to be intensely absorbed in the composition of some sort of an "excursion;" and then came Hume, with the little interrogation point, the petulant Pope, puffing along in the utter rear of the whole sugar-house party. The ornamentation included the following other pieces, the Temple of Literature forming the introductory:—Trophée à l'Auteur, Stars and Stripes, Pavillon International, Armes Britanniques, Loi du Destin, Monument de Washington, and Colonne Triomphale—all of which were specified in the bill of fare, but were not intended to be eaten, and thus escaped confiscation. About the main table, which was raised after the manner of a throne, were nailed the British arms, flanked on the one side by the Stars and Stripes, and on the other by the Cross of St. George; while opposite was placed the coat of arms of the United States flanked in the same manner. Bouquets were scattered here and there upon the several tables, which had been laid for one hundred and eighty-seven guests, including "Boz," who was the guest of all the guests of the occasion.—*New York Herald.*

MAY TEMPERATURE.—On the 19th May the thermometer in shade in many stations throughout England, stood at 85°. In some places the register reached to 87°. In the sun the maximum was 135°. The average mean temperature was 70° or 71°. According to Mr. Glaisher's tables, calculated from fifty years' observations at Greenwich, the mean temperature of the 19th May is 53.1, and of 15th July, the hottest day of the year, only 62.5. The average minimum reading in the early morning was 51.5, showing a range of 34°. The temperature is the highest that has occurred in May since 1833. Four years ago, May 18, 1864, the mercury reached 84° in the shade. On the night of the 19th thunderstorms were reported from various localities prefacing the great storm of May 29th.

BEGGING NUNS.—For years past the suburbs of London have been infested by mendicants in the guise of sisters of mercy. They work in couples, asking for the lady of the house, at hours when men of business are absent, and usually plead in behalf of some school or refuge "open to all creeds." Practice has made these mendicants adepts at persuasion; and if as successful in average calls as in some of which we have heard, enough money has passed through their hands to build many charitable institutions. As several convictions at police-courts have little abated the nuisance, householders are cautioned to make inquiry whether the persons are genuine sisters or counterfeit mendicants.

TENNYSON'S MAD LUCRETIUS.—Insanity may look well in a picture or as it sweeps across the stage—that is, so long as it appeals to the mere outward sense; but when it is presented to the imagination with all the details of a sympathetic analysis, when we are expected to lose ourselves in the chaos of a ruined intellect, we are afflicted with a pain which in the region of imagination is the counterpart of that aversion with which the smothering of Desdemona or the strangling of the Duchess of Malfi would afflict our senses. We shudder from the task of following the motions of reeling intellect. Those who have to do much with lunatics get accustomed to the play of lunacy, as men can accustom themselves to walk at ease on the housetops. But as most men are apt to get dizzy on a height, so it is a common remark that they are distressed by a first interview with mad people, and begin to feel almost as if their own minds were off their balance. And therefore, although disorder of the brain, being one of the great facts of human life, is not to be excluded from the imaginative world of the poets, we may say with some assurance that none but our greatest can have a right to draw us into the vortex of a lost and tossed intelligence.—*The Times.*

A SCOTCH SCHOOL.—Mr. R. D. Fearon, who, as an assistant commissioner engaged in the recent inquiry into the state of middle-class schools, visited the Scotch burgh (secondary) schools, gives a sketch of a schoolmaster and school as seen by him at work; it may be premised that most of the masters in these schools are graduates of a Scotch university, and the Scotch have a natural aptitude for teaching:—"The school is crowded with sixty or one hundred boys and girls, all nearly of an age, seated in rows at desks or benches, but all placed in the order of merit, with their keen, thoughtful faces turned towards the master, watching his every look and every gesture, in the hope of winning a place in the class, and having good news to bring home to their parents at tea-time. The dux is

seated at the head of the class, wearing perhaps a medal—the object of envy and yet of pride to all of his fellows; fully conscious both of the glory and the insecurity of his position; and taught, by the experience of many falls, the danger of relaxing his efforts for one moment. In front of this eager, animated throng stands the master, gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures, and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye, never sitting down, but standing always in some commanding position before the class; full of movement, vigour, and energy; so thoroughly versed in his author or his subject that he seldom requires to look at the text-book, which is open in his left hand, while in his right he holds the chalk or the pointer, ever ready to illustrate from map or black board, or perhaps flourishes the ancient 'taws' with which in former days he used to reduce disorderly new-comers to discipline and order. The whole scene is one of vigorous action and masterly force." But outside the schools there is a power at work which supplies them with life and vigour, and this is the extraordinary interest which the parents take in the progress of their boys. "What place in the class to-day?" Mr. Fearon found to be the first question asked when a boy went home; and then would follow questions as to what he had read; whether such a neighbour's son was above or below him, and, if above him, why so; how he had gained, and why he had lost a place; and did he think he had a chance of ever being dux—every word showing the importance which the whole family attach to his success. In short, the schools are practically in the hands of the parents; they pay the full cost of the teaching, and the system in operation gives them the power of controlling the instruction, and a strong sense of responsibility is thus fostered in their minds. The result is that they give their hearts to a task which in many respects none others can do so well. The Commissioners remark that the system is the growth of nearly three centuries, and it would not be possible to transplant it exactly as it stands; but that, to catch something of the same spirit, would undoubtedly be worth much.

POST-OFFICE REVENUE.—The gross revenue in 1839 was £2,390,763. Late in that year the *maximum* inland postage was reduced to 4d., and on the 10th of January, 1840, the uniform charge of 1d. was established. The gross revenue of that year was only £1,359,466; but it has risen from that amount year by year until in 1866 it reached £4,548,129. This does not include the produce of the impressed newspaper stamp, which franks newspapers through the post by a payment made to another revenue department. The net revenue of the Post-office has not been readily ascertainable until recently, owing to the payment out of the gross revenue, in its progress to the Exchequer, of pensions having no relation to the Post-office service. In 1858 the net revenue was £1,389,251, and in 1866 it had gradually risen to £2,127,125. This calculation is made, however, according to the mode in use when the penny postage was established—viz., excluding the cost of the packet service and of stationery.

PHOTOZINOGRAPHY.—The publication in facsimile of "National Records of England and of Scotland," is announced as likely to be completed this year. The facsimile of "Domesday Book," has been the most popular of these republications. The cost of the production was about £3,550, of which above £2000 has been recovered by sales, leaving on hand copies estimated at nearly the same value. The same process is about to be commenced with the "National Records of Ireland."

PAST AND PRESENT IN THE DESERT.—There are the vast Pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy deserts through which he led his people; and the watering-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who, thousands of years ago, dug out the wells in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants, unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs gathering with their goats and sheep around the wells to-day recall the recollection of that distant time when "Jacob went on his journey and came into the land of the people of the East. And he looked, and behold a well in the field; and, lo! there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered their flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered, and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place." The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is the mirror of the past.—*Sir S. Baker.*

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



IN THE BAY OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER III.

"HILLO! who have we here?" I heard one of the mates exclaim, as I was taking a last look of our receding antagonist. "Is this a dead man?"

"No, not entirely, as yet," said a voice which proceeded, I found, from a person lying on the deck.

I remembered my prisoner, and ran to lift him up. He recognised my voice. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been dead enough by this time," he said, getting on his feet.

"Who are you?" I asked, "a friend or a foe?"

"A friend; or I wouldn't be here at all," he answered, in a tone which made me feel certain that he spoke the truth.

"Well, come into the cabin, and tell me all about the matter," I said; for though he spoke broad Irish, I saw by his manner that he was above the rank of a common seaman. His appearance when he came into the light justified me in my opinion.

"It's just this; I was first mate of a fine brig, the Kathleen. We had been down in the eastern seas, and away into the Pacific, over to America, trading for

some time with the natives, and bringing hides, seal skins, and sandal-wood to the Chinamen; and at last, having made a very successful voyage, we were on our homeward passage, when yonder piratical craft fell in with us. Each man had been promised a share of the profits, so that we had something to fight for. Fight our poor fellows did, till there was scarcely one of them left unhurt. We none of us thought of striking though; but at last the rascally pirates ran us aboard, and as they swarmed along our decks cut down every man who still stood on his legs. How I escaped without a hurt I don't know. I soon had other troubles; for, being uninjured, I was at once carried aboard our captor, but before the Frenchmen could secure their prize, she blew up, with every soul on board, and there was I left a prisoner alone. I almost envied the fate of our crew. The loss of the prize which had cost them so many lives and so much trouble, made the Frenchmen very savage, especially their captain, who is about as daring a villain as ever ploughed salt water. This determined him, when he fell in with your convoy, to try and cut one of them out. He fixed on you because you were of a size which he thought he could tackle easily, and he hoped to take you by surprise. Why he did not kill me outright I do not know, for he treated me like a brute from the moment he got me in his power; and when we ran you alongside, he made me get into the rigging that I might be shot at; and I thought to myself the safest plan is to jump aboard, and if I escape a knock on the head I may stow myself away before any one sees me. Such is the end of my history at present."

The name of the vessel which had attacked us was the *Mignonne*, privateer, of twenty guns and eighty men, Captain Jules La Roche, of the port of Brest, we learned from the stranger. "And your own name, my friend?" I asked, not feeling very sure that the truth had been told us. "Dennis O'Carroll. My name will tell you where I hail from, and you may look at me as a specimen of one of the most unfortunate men in the world," he answered. If O'Carroll's account of the size of our antagonist was correct, we had good reason to be thankful that we had escaped so easily. Our chief anxiety was now about finding the fleet. We had no business to have separated from them; for though we might easily have run out to the East without encountering an enemy, yet, should any accident have happened to us, our insurers might have considered our charter invalidated, and Garrard, Janrin and Co. would have been the sufferers.

We were much relieved by seeing a blue light suddenly burst forth in the darkness. It came from the deck of the frigate, which had stood after us to ascertain the cause of the firing. Our adventure had the effect of keeping the convoy much closer together; for no one could tell when Captain La Roche might take it into his head to pounce down upon us and pick up a stray bird, should the frigate be at a distance. He would have had no chance, however, with the Indiamen, whose officers were in a very combative mood. Not long before a very gallant action had been performed by a squadron of them in the Eastern seas—indeed, no country ever possessed a body of officers in her mercantile marine equal to those of the Honourable East India Company.

I heard all about the action on board the *Cuffhells*. One morning, when I went on deck, I found that there was what might well be called a calm, the sails of the ships hung up and down the masts without moving, except every now and then, as they slowly rolled from side to side to give a loud thundering clap, and once more to subside into sullen silence. The sea, smooth as a mirror, shone like burnished silver, its surface ever

and anon broken by the fin of some monster of the deep, or by a covey of flying fish, which would dart through the air till, their wings dried by the sun, they fell helpless again into their native element.

Looking round I recognised the *Cuffhells* not far off, and, remembering my promise, asked for a boat to go on board. I was received in the most friendly manner, and was asked to stop to tiffin and to dinner, if I could remain as long.

"Yes, sir, he richly deserved it; every rupee he got—that's my opinion," observed a yellow-faced gentleman in nankeens and white waistcoat, sitting at the other end of the table. "I was on board the *Earl Camden* on my way home, and I know that, including public and private investments, the cargoes of our ships could not have been of less value than eight millions of pounds sterling. We had fifteen Indiamen and a dozen country ships, with a Portuguese craft and a brig, the *Ganges*; Captain Dance, our captain, was commodore. This fleet sailed from Canton on the 31st January, 1804. After sighting Pulo Auro, near the Straits of Malacca, the *Royal George*, one of the Indiamen, made the signal for four strange sail in the south-west. On this the commodore directed four of the Indiamen to go down and examine them. Lieutenant Fowler of the navy, who was a passenger on board the *Earl Camden*, offered to go also in the *Ganges* to inspect the strangers more nearly. It was a time of no small anxiety you may be sure. The *Ganges* was a fast sailer, and before long Lieutenant Fowler came back, with the information that the squadron in sight was French, and consisted of a line of battle ship, three frigates, and a brig. The question was now, should we fight or not. If we attempted to make our escape the enemy would pursue us, and very likely pick us off in detail. Our safest plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and show that we were prepared for fighting. This was our gallant commodore's opinion, and all the other captains agreed with him, especially Captain Timins, of the *Royal George*, who acted as his second in command. The look-out ships were now recalled by signal, and the line of battle formed in close order. As soon as the enemy could fetch in our wake they put about, and we kept on our course under easy sail. At near sunset they were close up with our rear, which it seemed as if they were about to attack. On seeing this Captain Dance prepared with other ships to hasten to the assistance of that part of our line. Just as the day was closing, however, the French, not liking our looks, and unwilling to risk a night engagement, hauled their wind. Lieutenant Fowler was now sent in the *Ganges* to station the country ships on our lee-bow, by which means we were between them and the enemy. He brought back some volunteers, whose assistance was acceptable. We lay to all night—our men at their quarters. At daybreak of the 15th we saw the enemy also lying to, and so, hoisting our colours, we offered them battle if they chose to come down. At nine, finding that they would not accept our challenge, we formed the order of sailing, and steered our course under easy sail. The enemy on this filled their sails and edged down towards us. Now was the time that the mettle of our merchant skippers was to be tried. Did they flinch?—Not a bit of it! The commodore, finding that the enemy proposed to attack and cut off our rear, made the signal for the fleet to tack and bear down on him, and engage in succession—the *Royal George* being the leading ship, the *Ganges* next, and then the *Earl Camden*. This manoeuvre was beautifully performed, and we stood towards the Frenchmen under a press of sail. The enemy then formed in a very close line and

opened fire on the headmost ships, which was not returned till they got much closer. What do you think of it? Two merchantmen and a brig engaging a line of battle ship, two frigates, and two other ships of war—for the rest of the fleet had not yet got up. The Royal George bore the brunt of the action, for Captain Timins took his ship as close to the enemy as they would let him, and the Ganges and Earl Camden opened their fire as soon as their guns could take effect. Before, however, any of the other ships could get into action the Frenchmen hauled their wind and stood away to the eastward, under all the sail they could set. On this, at about 2 p.m., the signal was made for a general chase, and away went the fleet of merchantmen after the men of war. We pursued them for two hours, when the commodore, fearing that we might be led too far from the mouth of the straits, made the signal to tack, and in the evening we anchored ready to pass through the straits in the morning. We afterwards found that the squadron we had engaged was that of Admiral Linois, consisting of the Marengo, 84 guns, the Belle Poule, and Semillante, heavy frigates, a corvette of 28 guns, and a Batavian brig of 18 guns. That the Frenchmen either took some of our big ships for men of war, or fancied that some men of war were near at hand and ready to come to our assistance is very probable, but that does not detract from the gallantry of the action. The Patriotic Fund voted swords and plate to Captain Dance and other officers, and the East India Company presented him with 2,000 guineas and a piece of plate worth 500, and Captain Timins 1,000 guineas and a piece of plate, and all the other captains and officers and men rewards in plate or money, the whole amounting to not less than £50,000. But they deserved it, sir—they deserved it; and I suspect that Admiral Linois and his officers must have pulled out the best part of their hair when they discovered the prize they had lost. Besides the reward I have mentioned, Commodore Dance was very properly knighted."

"In its result the action was most important, but it was scarcely so annoying to the enemy as another in which some Indiamen were engaged in 1800," observed a military officer, laying down his knife and fork, and wiping his moustache. "I was on my passage out on board the Exeter, one of the Indiamen of 1,200 tons, commanded by Captain Meriton. We had in company the Bombay Castle, Coutts, and Neptune, of the same tonnage, besides other ships under the convoy of the Belligeux, of sixty-four guns, Captain Bulteel. A French squadron of three large frigates, it appeared, after committing a good deal of mischief on the Coast of Africa had crossed over to Rio de la Plata to refit, and had just again put to sea, when, early in the morning, they made out a part, and some of the lighter ships, probably, of our convoy. Hoping to pick up some prizes, the Frenchmen stood towards us, and we, quite ready for the encounter, bore down towards them. No sooner, however, did the Frenchmen see our big China ships, with their two tiers of ports and warlike look, than they bore up under a press of sail, and by signal separated. While the Belligeux steered for the largest of the French ships, she signalled to the Indiamen I have mentioned to proceed in chase of the others, we and the Bombay Castle of one of them, the Médée, and the other two of the Franchise. We, at the time, were nearer the Médée than was the Bombay Castle, and we also sailed better. The chase was a long one, but we kept the enemy in sight, and it was near midnight before we came up with her. The Bombay Castle was a long way astern, and the frigate might have handled us very severely, if not

knocked us to pieces before she could have come up to our assistance. Captain Meriton was not a man to be daunted. With the decks lighted and all our ports up, he ran alongside the Frenchman—'Strike, Monsieur, to a superior force, to his Britannic Majesty's ship Thunderaboo,' he shouted out; 'Strike, I say, or—' We did not know whether the Frenchman would reply with a broadside, which would have greatly staggered us. Instead of that the Frenchman politely replied that he yielded to the fortune of war. 'Come aboard immediately,' was the order our bold Captain next gave. Not to be surpassed by the Frenchman, we had a guard ready to assist the captain up our highside. With the profoundest of bows he delivered his sword, and he was then asked into the cabin. Immediately we had him safe, keeping the frigate under our guns, we sent armed boats on board, and brought away part of her people. When the Bombay Castle came up she received the remainder, and we then placed a prize crew on board. Meantime the suspicions of the French captain had been aroused. He had observed the small size of our guns. The appearance of the Indiaman's cuddy and the gentleman and lady passengers—not that there were many of the latter—must have raised curious doubts in his mind. Suddenly he jumped up and asked to what ship he had struck.

"To the Honourable East India Company's ship Exeter," answered Captain Meriton, with a bow which beat the Frenchman's.

"What, to a merchantman?" exclaimed the Frenchman, with a look of dismay.

"Yes, Monsieur, to a merchantman," said Captain Meriton with a gentle smile, which it would have been difficult to repress.

"It is not fair; it is vile; it is a cheat!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to stalk up and down the cabin, to grind his teeth and to pull out his hair. 'I say it is a cheat; give me back my ship, send on board my men, and I will fight you bravely. You will soon see if you take me again.'

"I am ready to acknowledge that you would very likely take me, as I should certainly deserve to be taken for my folly in agreeing to your proposal. You will excuse me if I therefore decline it," was the answer. Though we pitied the feelings of the poor man, it was very difficult to keep our countenance as he uttered his expressions of indignation and anger. He did not recover his spirits till his frigate was out of sight."

This anecdote was followed by several others. Those were pleasant hours I spent on board the old Indiaman. My visits to her were indeed an agreeable change from the sea-life routine of my own ship. I was amused by the progress in intimacy made among themselves by the younger portion of the passengers since I first went on board at Spithead. The captain confided to me the fact that it cost him much more trouble to maintain discipline in the cuddy than among his crew. "What with my young ladies and my chronometers, it is as much as an elderly gentleman can well accomplish to keep all things straight," he observed, glancing at several young couples who were pacing the deck, the gentlemen being cadets or writers. "The friends of those girls now—nice young creatures they are too—have sent them out fully expecting that they would marry nabobs or colonels at least, and in spite of all my precautions, they have gone and engaged themselves to those young fellows who have only just got their feet on the ratlines. Small blame to the gentlemen, however, for a more charming consignment I never had, only the more charming the more difficult to manage."

While the calms lasted, I paid daily visits to my friends, but at length a breeze springing up we proceeded on our voyage, as I must with my narrative, or I may chance not to get to the end of it. We called off the beautiful island of Madeira, with its picturesque town of Funchal—more attractive on the outside than within; we procured, however, a welcome supply of fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits. On our crossing the line, Neptune and his Tritons came on board and played their usual pranks. Jack little thinks that on such occasions he is performing a very ancient ceremony practised by those bold voyagers, the Carthaginians; to them, there is little doubt that the secret of the mariners' compass was known. On sailing between the pillars of Hercules into the wide Atlantic they were visited, not by Hercules himself, but by his representative priests, to whom they were wont to deliver certain votive offerings that the propitiated divinity might protect them on their perilous voyage. The custom of performing ceremonies of a like description was continued to later times by the mariners of the Levant, Greece, and Italy, long after the temple of Hercules was in ruins. When they, and those northern seamen who had learned the scientific parts of navigation from them, extended their voyages across the line, they continued the practices, substituting Neptune for Hercules, and adding a few caricatures to suit their own more barbarous tastes.

Having crossed the line, and there being no longer much risk of our meeting the cruisers of the enemy, Captain Hassall, who had long fumed at being kept back by the slow sailing of our companions, determined to part company. We accordingly hoisted our colours, gave a salute of nine guns in acknowledgment of the civilities we had received, and under all sail soon ran the dignified moving convoy out of sight. Light and contrary winds and calms kept us so long under the sun of the tropics that the seams of our decks began to open, and to get them caulked and other repairs executed, we bore up for St. Salvador on the coast of Brazil, belonging to Portugal. We saluted the fort on entering, and paid every necessary respect to the authorities, but we soon found that they either suspected our character, or were not inclined for some other reason to treat us in a friendly spirit. A guard was put on board, and we were told that neither officers nor crew must leave the ship.

We were still ignorant of the cause of this treatment, when the master of an English whaler came along-side with his men armed to the teeth. He told us that he had a letter of marque, and that on the strength of it, having fallen in with a Spanish merchantman some way to the south-west, he had chased and captured her, and found a large number of dollars on board. Having come into St. Salvador he found there no less than seven other Spanish vessels, the masters and crews of which were favoured by the Portuguese, and he heard that they threatened to follow him out and capture him and his prize. Our arrival had turned the scales in his favour, and he offered to remain if we would accompany him out when we were ready. This Captain Hassall readily promised to do. As the whaler was strongly manned, a good sized crew had been put on board the prize, and thus our three vessels were somewhat of a match for the Spaniards we hoped. At length the Governor of the place ordered the officers of the ship to appear before him. Accordingly Captain Hassall, the first mate, and I, accompanied by Dennis O'Carroll, who seemed to be able to speak every language under the sun except pure English, as interpreter, went on shore under an escort. The Governor, a fat, swarthy personage in the full dress uniform of a general,

received us in a haughty manner, and cross-questioned us in the most minute and tedious manner. Dennis somewhat puzzled him by the style of his answers, which were anything but literal translations of what Captain Hassall said. The result, however, was favourable, and we were allowed to go wherever we chose about the city, and to get the necessary repairs of our ship executed, and to obtain all the stores and provisions we required.

Much relieved, we made our bows, and then took a turn through the place before going on board. I was much struck with the number of churches, of priests, and monks, and black slaves, the latter habited in the most scanty garments, and the former perambulating the streets in parties dressed up in the richest attire of coloured silks and gold, with banners and crosses, and statues of saints, or representations of events mentioned in the Scriptures, the figures as large as life. A large number of friars in black, or brown, or grey gowns of coarse cloth, with ropes round their waists, were going about two and two, with small figures of saints on money boxes. The figures they literally thrust into the faces of the passers by to be kissed. We saw no one refuse to drop a coin into the box.

"These must be a very religiously disposed people," I observed to Dennis.

"If you knew what I do you wouldn't say that," he answered. "They're fond of sinning and they are ready to pay for it. The reason that all these priests and monks flourish is this—they have succeeded in teaching the people that they can buy pardon for all the sins they commit. The only scrap of real religion the poor people are allowed to possess is the knowledge that sin must be punished if not forgiven. Instead, however, of showing them how forgiveness can alone be obtained, they make them believe that money can buy it through the prayers of the saints; but when they've got the money in their own pockets, it's very little trouble they give the saints about the matter at all."

"How did you learn all this, Mr. O'Carroll?" I asked.

"Just because I believed it all myself," he answered quickly. "I'll tell you some day how I came to find out that I had been sailing on a wrong tack; but you think me now a harum-scarum Irishman, and I'm afraid to talk about the matter."

On our way we passed through the dockyard, where a fifty-gun ship was building, and several smaller vessels of war. We were looking at one repairing alongside the quay, when I saw O'Carroll start, and look eagerly at the people on board.

"That's her, I am certain of it," he exclaimed. "She has got into trouble since she parted from you, or you may have done her more harm than you thought for, and she has put in here with false papers and under false colours to repair damages."

"What vessel do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, the Mignonne to be sure, or by what other name she may go," he answered. "Probably she is now the San Domingo, or some other saint under Spanish colours, and hailing from some port on the other side of the Horn. Our friend, Captain Brown, of the whaler, had better make haste, or she will be after him and his prize."

"Why not after us then?" I asked.

"Because Captain La Roche has had enough of your quality, I suspect," he replied. "He is a fellow who only fights when he is sure of booty, and though I dare say that he would like to send you to the bottom, he would not go out of his way either for revenge or glory."

To satisfy ourselves we examined the stranger as narrowly as we could, and O'Carroll was thoroughly convinced that he was right in his suspicions. While thus employed a man appeared at the companion watch.

"Why there is La Roche himself," he cried out. Scarcely had he spoken than a bullet whizzed by his head. "That settles the matter," he said, quite coolly. "Let us be out of this or he will be following up this compliment." We hurried out of the dockyard. I proposed making a complaint to the authorities.

"And be detained here several weeks and gain nothing in the end," he answered, shaking his head. "My advice is, get ready for sea as fast as you can, and if you wish to serve Captain Brown see him safe out of sight of land before the Mignonne can follow. We'll keep a watch on him in the meantime, or he'll play us some trick or other. Above all things don't be on shore after dark. La Roche has plenty of friends here, depend on that, and he will find means to pick us off if he thinks that we are likely to inconvenience him."

Following O'Carroll's suggestions I immediately returned on board. Captain Hassall at first scarcely credited the account we gave him—indeed, he did not, I saw, put thorough confidence in O'Carroll. However, he agreed that we ought to warn Captain Brown, and that it would be well for us also to sail before the supposed privateer was ready for sea.

UNSKILLED TRAMPS.

In a previous paper, we gave some account of the trade tramp, the skilled artisan who wanders from place to place, working or not working, as inclination prompts or opportunity may avail him. We shall now turn our attention for a few moments to his congener, the unskilled tramp, who has followed no particular calling since he was his own master—whenever that may have been—and has no intention of following any. The first fact that strikes us in connection with this subject is the enormous number of supernumeraries which at all times and seasons abound in our towns and country-places, and are ever turning up whether they are wanted or no. There may be, and there often is, a dearth of labourers to gather in the fruits of the earth; there may be a want of workmen and artificers in this craft or the other; there may be an outcry for seamen to man the fleet or supply the demands of the merchant service; and the recruiting-sergeant may be driven to his wits' end to procure the "fine young men" wanted to fill up the gaps in the ranks of Her Majesty's regiments of the line—but of vagabond non-workers and non-fighters there is never any lack; they are found everywhere and at all times, and they constitute, it may be affirmed, the most permanent and the most ubiquitous of all our social institutions.

Are they the victims of a malady, or are they the subjects of an irresistible fascination?—these English lazzaroni. Is laziness a disease, and is it hereditarily entailed, or is it a life-engrossing luxury, indulged in at the cost of well-nigh everything else which people who work consider worth having? We are inclined to think, as the phrase goes, that it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. At any rate, evil habits are a disease, and the luxury of laziness, if it be long indulged in, will infect a man like a leprosy, and number him with the morally incurable. How it comes to pass that, not working save under compulsion, the unskilled tramp contrives to live, is a question not to be answered in a breath. In fact, to answer it at all, one had need know

more of these gentry than anybody does know, or is likely to know until some candid member of the class shall condescend to enlighten us with an autobiography. Of course, if the tramp were a thief, the mystery would be cleared up; but, as a rule, he is not a thief. Apart from the operation of honesty of principle, it would not suit him to render himself obnoxious to the law; his safety lies in keeping clear of crime and the suspicion of crime, so that he may be free to come and go in all places unchallenged. It is not the regular tramp who steals even food to satisfy his hunger, or strips linen from a hedge to cover his nakedness; or who poaches the squire's preserves, wires his hares, or tickles his trout; such practitioners are exceptional rogues, who tramp the country on foraging expeditions, and who may be said to have a calling, though their industry is a loss, and not a gain, to the community.

In old times the laws against tramps were much more severe than they are now. The legislature gave them an ill name, defining them as "sturdy rogues," and punished them accordingly. To "comprehend all vagrom men" was the duty of the Dogberrys of Shakspeare's time, and to allow them to rot in prison after they were taken, appears to have been part of the system of punishment. Our more complex civilization, and the needs of our teeming population, have practically done away with that, and without repealing the old laws, have suffered them to fall into abeyance. We are too densely peopled to recur to that plan: our poor often starve in the streets as it is; without perfect freedom of transit from place to place, and liberty to seek relief where it may be found, we should see them in seasons of severity perishing by hundreds. The "sturdy rogue" of our day is allowed his personal liberty unchallenged so long as he respects the law, and he lives and moves under a system of surveillance of which his ragged predecessor had not the slightest notion. We meet with him sometimes in our walks, and recognise him as the lineal descendant of his venerable ancestor; it is he who, in the tender gloaming of summer, haunts the shady solitudes where sentimental young ladies repair to indulge their poetic imaginations. There, armed with a bludgeon, whose but-end, in a high condition of phrenological development, protrudes suggestively from under his arm, he takes his stand in some shady niche, and presents himself suddenly to the bodily eye of the musing solitary—a very ugly hamadryad indeed—and informs her, in a voice compared to which that of Dirk Hatteraick were melody itself, that he wants a shilling, and that if he doesn't get it he shall be obliged to do something dreadful. Of course he gets it—no imaginative fair one, all alone in a green lane, can resist that touching appeal—and having got it, he considerably relieves her of his company. Or he dogs some nervous elderly gentleman in his lonely walk, and selecting his point of vantage, pours into his unwilling ear a tale of woe, culminating in a reckless, despairing kind of demand for relief, delivered in a manner which is a veritable "shock to the system" of the luckless auditor, who is but too glad to escape from it at the cost of two-and-six. Or, in default of out-door subjects to deal with, he calls at some lone house, whose master he has watched out of hearing, and asks for a "drink o' water," under cover of which modest request, he will manage to levy rather heavy blackmail, should it happen that he has only women to deal with.

One is pleased to turn away from the contemplation of such a rascal as this, and to bestow a moment's attention upon the educated tramp, who is by no means so scarce a specimen as many simple people, who deem edu-

cation a sovereign cure for all moral evils, are apt to imagine. Some writers suppose that the nomadic instinct runs in the blood, and cannot be eradicated. However this may be, it is certain that the inclination to vagabondism breaks out in very various classes, and that instances are not wanting where the soundest education fails to repress it. We adverted to this subject in a preceding paper treating of the trade tramp; but, as a rule, the trade tramp is never more than very partially educated, whereas the unskilled tramp is not unfrequently somewhat of a finished scholar, capable of taking a good position, had he only the will and the necessary impulses. We have known a first-rate mathematician, to whom the differential calculus was as familiar as were his own empty pockets, to go out on the tramp, and to prowling the country for years, until his shirt literally dropped away in tatters. We knew another who was versed in all the philosophical systems from Aristotle to Kant, inclusive, and who would discourse metaphysics with untiring volubility, and that to the admiration of men well versed in the subject. A clergyman, who has written concerning tramps lately in a popular journal, tells us of one who rendered into classical English a tough passage from Cicero at sight. Some years ago we happened to be reading at an open cottage-window in the country, when a tattered figure stepped up and volunteered a lesson in Greek in return for a meal, of which he seemed sadly in want; to test him we put a copy of the *Odyssey* into his hand, when he rapped out a dozen verses, describing the escape of Ulysses from Polyphemus, giving them *ore rotundo*, and adding without a moment's hesitation, a characteristic translation. At another time, at the same place, a man who begged the job of weeding the garden for sixpence, read off readily into English any part of the Hebrew scriptures. It is not always that the educated tramps are in the garb of squalid poverty; they often retain some regard for appearances, not to say personal comfort; sometimes they will introduce themselves courteously in your walks, perhaps with some encomium on the scenery, flavoured with an apt quotation from a classic author, and will ingeniously establish a conversation, and as certainly in the course of it make themselves the topic, winding up with a confession of impecuniosity, and their willingness to accept a temporary loan from "a gentleman and a scholar" like yourself. In a rencontre of this kind we know from experience how extremely difficult it is to come off quite scatheless.

The mass of our tramping vagabonds, however, are, it must be confessed, of a very ordinary mental calibre. Perhaps the majority of them may be set down as being originally rustics born to labour, which, not suiting their inclinations, they have managed to shift off upon others. There are thousands of them who, though they hate regular labour, and loathe the idea of servitude in any shape, will yet work like horses at certain times and by fits and starts. Thus, at the haymaking and harvest seasons, when a double or treble wage is to be won by herculean exertion, these are the men to make it; but even on such seasons not much reliance can be placed on them, as they soon grow weary of routine, however profitable, and must have novelty and change of scene.

In hunting counties, especially during the hunting season, a characteristic class of hangers-on are always to be found—fellows wanting neither in humour nor endurance, nor in physical energies; they have certain other qualities, not easily defined, which recommend them to sporting gentlemen: they will run with the hounds for half a day together, making up by their

knowledge of the country, and of the instincts of the fox, for the lack of a steed, and will sometimes come in at the death while half the field is far in the rear. Such a fellow is in luck when a rider comes to grief within hail of him—he runs to the rescue instinctively, picks up the fallen hero, catches his steed and remounts him, or, if the case is too bad for that, deposits the patient in an easy position, mounts himself, and gallops off for assistance—for all which timely aid he is sure to be liberally rewarded. It would almost seem that some of this class make it their business to hover about wherever there is the chance of accident or peril of any kind, since in case of any disaster, whether serious or slight, occur where it will, one or more of them is sure to start up and proffer service. Apropos to this view of the matter,—there was a story current some years back of a speculative fellow who devoted himself to the idea of laying the old Duke of Wellington under an obligation that should make him (the speculator) a rich man. His idea was, that the Duke would be some day thrown from his horse—that he would pick him up—and that the act would make his fortune. It was said that he followed the Duke everywhere with this view, dogging him in all his rides, ever ready and eager to run to his assistance when the wished-for misfortune should arrive. On a certain day, runs the story, when the Duke was crossing the parade-ground at the Horse Guards, he actually was thrown from his horse, through pulling up suddenly to avoid a child. The old soldier, however, was too quick in his movements to require help from any one, and was in the saddle again before the ever-watchful follower could get up to him. The chagrin of the would-be preserver at the Duke's ungenerous haste, it was added, caused him so much disgust that he gave up his idea and left the old hero to his fate.

Benevolent persons, exposed to the frequent appeals of tramps, have in many instances adopted the plan of subjecting them to the labour test before affording them relief. The tramp rarely objects to this, in moderation, because his antipathy is not so much against working "a spell" now and then, as against the slavery of constant employment. Some persons keep a piece of ground to be turned up by the spade, awarding a shilling to the worker when the whole is done; and so long as this is supposed to be real work, the tramps are for the most part content to do the whole more or less carefully for the shilling; but let one of them know that the digging is merely a test, and has nothing to do with cultivation, and he will scorn to touch it. A man offered work of this kind feels himself insulted. He will tell you, if you reason with him, that though you may choose to call him a pauper, you have no right to treat him as you would a criminal—and that it is only criminals who are put to unproductive labour. From which it would appear that even tramps cherish their own idea of self-respect.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

VIII.—ALICANTE AND VALENCIA.

FROM Malaga to Barcelona there are three good boats, built on the Clyde for Messrs. Lopez & Co., of Cadiz, called the Alicante, Madrid, and Valencia. One of the gentlemen who accompanied me to Granada embarked with me in the first-named. These vessels sail from Cadiz, calling at Algeciras, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona, and sometimes go on to Marseilles, but when I was in Spain, the Government had put Marseilles in quarantine, and the boats went no farther than Barce-

lona. We left Malaga at noon, and got into Alicante at 10 A.M. the following morning. The reader will find in many English books the name of this place spelt without the final e, and constantly pronounced so, but this is an error. In Spanish, as in Italian and Latin, the final e is accented, and it should be written and pronounced Alicanté. The view of the town is singular and picturesque. It lies amidst rugged barren-looking hills. The old Castle stands prominently out, on a precipitous hill 400 feet above the bay. This once celebrated stronghold of defence against the Moors is now in a ruinous and neglected state. I found it a hard pull to mount these jagged and rugged limestone cliffs, and to get to their top under a hot sun; but the magnificent view obtained of the surrounding scenery from this elevation is worth any amount of labour. There is a good trade done in the place, and it contains some comparatively wealthy British and Spanish merchants. I was agreeably surprised to find so many attractions in a small seaport town. In the old part of the town the streets are narrow, and the buildings of the usual Moorish look; but in the new, or *renewed* parts, round the harbour, the houses are four to five stories, built of stone, or white-washed plaster, and the streets broad, clean, and well-paved. There is a large and rather elegant theatre, a fine town-hall, and a good club or casino, with the usual alameda and public walks. Finding that the vessel was to lie here till the following evening, my *compagnon de voyage* got disgusted at the idea of remaining for thirty-two hours at this small seaport, took his traps on shore, and started by rail for Valencia, forfeiting his passage-money to Barcelona. I was annoyed myself at the delay, but being known to the kind and hospitable British Consul I was invited to his house, and had the advantage of seeing and learning all about the place, and spending a very agreeable day.

We drove a short distance into the country, and witnessed the extraordinary fertility of the Heurta. This is a term used in the South of Spain to denote a small, fertile, watered district, and may be literally translated a garden (*hortus*), and such it was in the days of the industrious Arabs. Their system of irrigation is still carried on to a small extent, and where this is attended to the land will produce two or three crops a year. The vine and olive in particular grow in profusion. The vintage of last autumn seemed to have been very abundant, if not profitable. A gentleman who has a plantation of nearly a million vines told me that he had sold the whole of his wine this year at a fraction over one halfpenny a bottle! This seems scarcely credible, but you may depend on the fact, as we went into the calculations. The vine bears a little the second and third years, and is of full value the fourth or fifth year, and lives to about the age of man, "three score years." The carob tree, so well-known in Malta and the Levant, where its produce forms an article of commercial importance, grows here in abundance. It has a dark green foliage, not unlike the oriental plane tree, and produces a pod, smaller than that of the tamarind, but like it containing a pulp of saccharine matter which covers the seed. There are some curious traditions about this production. One is that it formed the food of John the Baptist, and it is still called St. John's bread; another that it constituted "the husks on which the prodigal son fed:" both of which are very doubtful. In Spain it is chiefly used as food for cattle, and sometimes eaten by the poor, but it is neither safe nor wholesome for human food. The Government has another of those great tobacco manufactories here, where some thousands of women are employed. We met a number of these poor

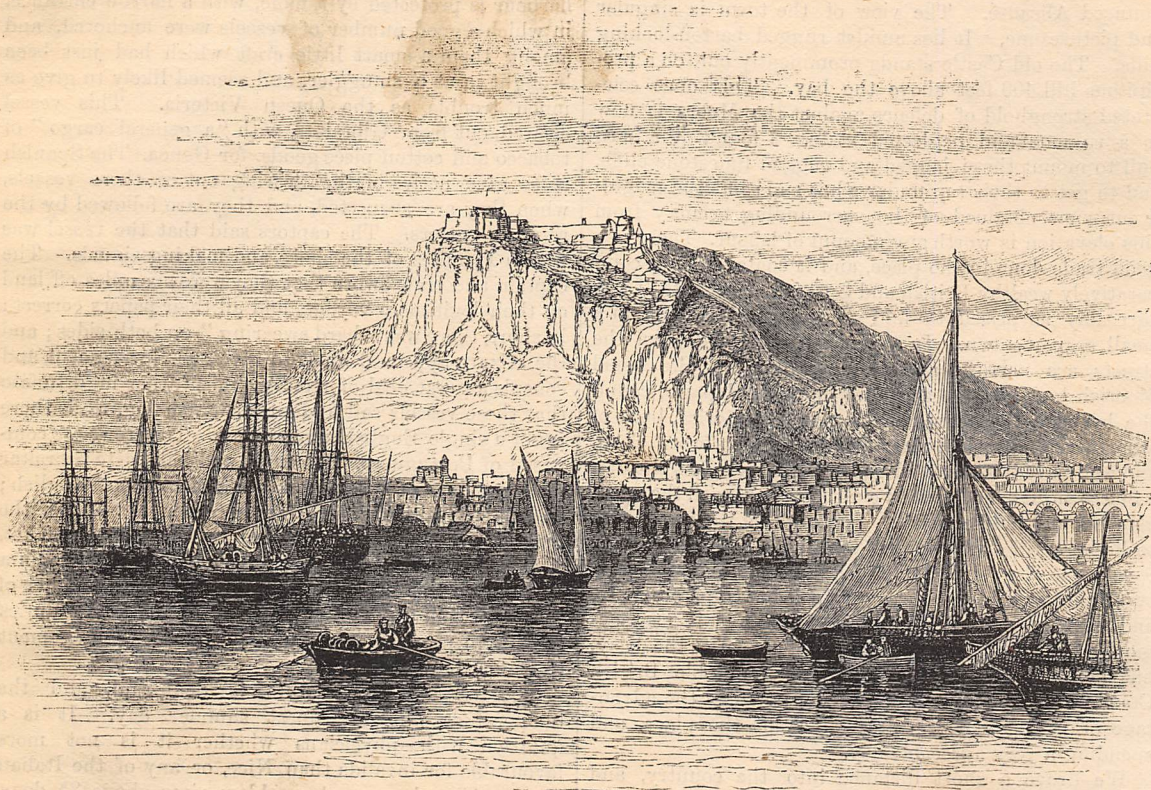
creatures going home to their villages; many of them live three or four miles off, and walk this distance to and from their work. They receive two reals, *i.e.* five-pence, per day, and have a life of great poverty and hardship. Some of the old fortifications are being cleared away for new streets and walks. The small harbour is protected by a mole, with a narrow entrance, in which a good number of vessels were anchored, and among them a smart little craft which had just been brought in as a smuggler, and seemed likely to give as much trouble as the Queen Victoria. This vessel cleared out from Gibraltar, with "a general cargo" of tobacco and cotton piece goods, for Genoa. The Spanish spies give notice of the clearing out of these vessels, when they are suspected, and they are followed by the revenue cutters. The captors said that the vessel was within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the shore, and making signals. The captain and crew swore that they were six miles off land on their legitimate voyage, and all their papers correct; in short, there was "hard swearing" on both sides; and the seizure appeared likely to give our Government and consuls a great deal of trouble. It is rather unfortunate that these vessels sail under the British flag, while there is not a single Englishman on board. The crews are composed of Portuguese, Spaniards, and half-caste Gibraltar men, not one of whom can speak a word of English; and as the circumstances were rather suspicious, the cargo being altogether unsuited for the Genoa market, it is very hard that England should bear the odium attached to this contraband trade. This is another of the bad results of a blind monopoly; the heavy duties on foreign produce offer a premium and encouragement to smuggling.

The climate of Alicante is delightful, and the temperature like our finest summer day. It is a question with physicians whether it is not more favourable for invalids than Nice, or any of the Italian ports. The thermometer seldom rises above 85 degs. in summer, or falls below 65 degs. in winter—in fact, there is no winter, but one perpetual spring. A few years ago the inhabitants numbered 16,000; but after the opening of the railway direct from Madrid, and the consequent increase of trade, they now number 31,000. Notwithstanding the delightful climate, I question if the attempted cure of invalids would not be worse than the disease, and if they could survive the *ennui*, if they did not die of consumption or bronchitis; there is lack of proper medical advice, and of the most ordinary comforts of civilised life. The Anglo-Spaniards seem to have a great dread of falling into the hands of Spanish physicians, and I think, with some show of reason; for I heard from those who were entitled to give an opinion on the subject, that the medical profession in Spain is of a very low standard, chiefly of the barber-surgeon kind. It might be well for the people if they could spare a little of the wealth of their cathedrals to endow good medical schools, and introduce foreign professors of acknowledged talent. A priest of very small capacity may administer "Extreme Unction," but it is only long and severe study, superior intellect, and research that qualify men for the ennobling profession of medicine, of which the Spaniards have scarcely any conception.

We left the harbour at 6 P.M., with a calm sea, a clear, bright, starry sky—so mild and pleasant that one felt inclined to walk the decks all night. The whole coast from Malaga to Valencia is a succession of bays and headlands, each crowned with a pharos to guide the mariner along the broken and dangerous coast into their small havens. The passage occupied twelve hours, and we anchored off Valencia at 6 A.M. I should say,

a long way off; for, strange to say, neither map, guide-book, or previous conversation, had advised me that the town proper was nearly two miles off, to the great loss of time and inconvenience of trade and shipping. The "Grao," a Valencian term for the ports round the coast,

imagined. You may count sixteen to twenty little towns and villages, with their domes and campaniles. The whole plain, for twenty miles, is studded with cottages and mansions, and is in apparently good cultivation. The inhabitants of the cottages are exten-



ALICANTE.

I took to be the town, and thought I had nothing to do but step on shore and go to an hotel, or present my introductions, but the host of sharks that infest this harbour soon convinced me to the contrary. After a little explanation, I hired a tartana, a conveyance peculiar to Valencia, and not unlike the after part of a gondola placed on wheels, or a common cart covered with a black awning. They have a railway from the harbour to the town, which I might have availed myself of, but I preferred the long rough ride through a fine avenue of trees. Several handsome bridges span the broad dry channel of the river, the water of which is diverted from its course for the purpose of irrigation. When I found that the vessel was to remain only a few hours, I hurried to deliver my introduction, and take a drive round the town, and return to the vessel at noon; but the same hospitality awaited me as at Alicante, and my young friend would not hear of my leaving so abruptly; so, to gratify my own wishes and carry out those of my kind host, I forfeited my passage to Barcelona, and remained for two days.

It would have been a great mistake to have lost the many sights and attractions in and around this old city. The first thing to be done was to get an idea of the topography of the place, and a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country and scenery, for which purpose we ascended the bell tower of the cathedral. This is a sight of which the Valencians are, and have a good right to be, proud, for no finer view can well be

sively employed in the silk trade, and between the rich gardens and ploughed fields there is a complete forest of mulberry trees. The Moors made this fertile valley a perfect paradise of beauty and production, and their system of irrigation is still carried out on a small scale. Still, the land produces two, and sometimes three, crops a year. All the persecutions, inquisitions, and bad government of church and state, have not been able entirely to obliterate the skill and industry of earlier days.

I cannot help thinking that it must be at times rather mortifying and humiliating to an educated and intelligent Spaniard, notwithstanding the exciting and romantic history of his race, to find that everything which gives their country a claim to civilisation, they derive from the much despised Infidels! In theory it may be right to prefer even a corrupt form of Christianity to the Mohammedan creed, but one is almost tempted to ask what Spain has gained by her grand cathedrals and temples filled with idols loaded with jewels, and daubed with paint and tinsel? There was a time when the Reformation had made marked progress in Spain, and with it would have come lasting freedom and energy to the people. But true religion and free thought being suppressed by the Inquisition, the country has paid the penalty in all the evils that follow civil and ecclesiastical despotism.

But to return to the system of irrigation: the canals or small water-courses intersect the fields and gardens,

on which the Egyptian water-wheel is employed much after the manner of the agriculturists on the banks of the Nile, and produce abundant crops. The rice grounds, from their swampy nature, give rise to a good deal of fever at certain seasons. I was shown some fine speci-

them would have graced the Bois de Boulogne or our own Rotten Row. The occupants were of the usual Spanish type of beauty, round faces, fine eyes, and a profusion of dark hair uncontaminated with cheese plate or saucer bonnets, but with a silk or lace scarf



THE PORT OF BARCELONA.

mens of the South Australian "gum tree"—I forget its colonial name—and was told that the leaf possessed some of the qualities of quinine, and was being rapidly propagated, in the hope that it might ameliorate the injurious effects of the malaria. The peasantry have a strong dash of the Arab about them, both in looks and costume, and I think still retain some of their industry.

The town of Valencia forms nearly a circle, and lies in this rich and beautiful valley like a round pearl in a variegated shell. The population of the city proper is about 80,000, but if we include the environs, within a circle of five miles, there may be 150,000. One-third of this circle is skirted by the broad, dry bed of the river Turia, which is crossed by four or five handsome bridges. There are few of the old Moorish houses now left, but the narrow streets, tall houses, with bowed windows, green blinds, and projecting balconies, still retain their oriental character. The town was formerly surrounded with a heavy wall, towers, and lofty gates; some of the latter are still retained, but the authorities have had the good sense and taste to pull down these old walls, and replace them with modern buildings and broad walks. Their Alameda is one of the finest in Spain. My friend was kind enough to give me a drive in the afternoon, to see the beauty and fashion of Valencia. The equipages were numerous, and many of

hanging from the back of the head and falling gracefully over the shoulders. This fine broad drive is divided into four avenues or *paseos*, skirted with myrtle, cypress, and orange trees, and ornamented with roses and beds of flowers, with some four or five fountains, of marble and jasper, sparkling with jets of water in every form of beauty; add to which, a bright blue sky, and soft, balmy air, and one might almost forget this busy, toiling, responsible life, and fancy oneself in a sort of Mohammedan paradise. The "sights" of the town, that may be seen in two days, are of course the cathedral and churches, which vie with other cities in Spain, in art and ornament. They have the usual Plaza del Mercado. I have elsewhere referred to the splendid markets of Spain, and their large supplies of fruits and vegetables, the finest I ever saw. My friend explained, "that the people live from hand to mouth, and purchase every morning what is required for the day, of meat and vegetables; that they have no greengrocers' or butchers' shops as in England, and consequently require these fine markets." The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, in Valencia is the finest in Spain, after the model of the Roman Coliseum, and accommodates 16,000 spectators. The season for these brutal exhibitions is from April to November, so that I was deprived of one of the greatest sights of Valencia! Though the streets are narrow and tortuous, there are

many splendid mansions in the Moorish-Spanish style, with open patio, fountains, and flowers, broad staircases, and marble banisters. Here also the Government has a great tobacco manufactory, where many thousands are employed on a bare subsistence.

From Valencia to Barcelona there is a break in the journey where the railway is not completed. We left the former city at five p.m., and about midnight got into a diligence for two hours, and again joined the line. At sunrise we reached Tarragona. Here we left the province of Valencia and entered that of Catalonia, and were detained two hours. This gave us an opportunity of ascending the ramparts, from which we had a fine view of this ancient and most interesting city. You will know that this was the Roman capital of Spain, said then to number nearly a million inhabitants. It has a long and painful history, both ancient and modern. It was here that Sir John Murray made some sad blunders, and nearly defeated the plans of the Duke of Wellington (see Napier). The city now contains only about 12,000 inhabitants, and is still strongly guarded with ramparts and outworks, and many of the débris of the Roman city are to be seen in modern buildings. The view from these ramparts, over sea and land, on a bright morning is beautiful and picturesque.

At nine a.m. we proceeded on our journey by rail, and arrived at Barcelona at eleven a.m., on one of the brightest and most beautiful mornings that I enjoyed even in Spain. I had the good fortune to arrive in time to see the great fair that is held in Barcelona on the two or three days preceding Christmas. The country people in their best and picturesque costumes had come into town in thousands; and on the Sabbath-day the streets and broad avenues were crowded with men, women, and children, buying toys or gambling for their Christmas dinner. The stalls and gambling booths lined the sides of the streets, and all classes were trying their luck, from the poor old beggar woman to the well-to-do housewife, eager to get a prize of anything, from a brace of small snipes to a well-fed goose or turkey. I never witnessed such a scene of bustle and excitement, a sort of old Glasgow fair without its rougher elements. This city ought to have been the capital of Spain. It is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean, with a good harbour, and the finest and most genial climate in the world, and in a rich and fertile valley, surrounded with a range of hills, studded with villas, and clothed with evergreen vegetation. It is contiguous to Marseilles, and open to the trade of all the world. The inhabitants are more active and industrious, and I may say more independent, than the Castilians, and the climate the most healthy in Spain; and if historical prestige goes for anything, it was here that Columbus presented Ferdinand and Isabella with a new world.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND HATE.

THE heart of a child begins early to love and hate. There is nothing which it does more heartily. Upon what it loves and what it hates will depend the bias of its character, the tendency of its future life. At first a child will be strictly personal in these emotions. It will love or hate people, and perhaps things. The next attainment, and a very important one, is to love what is good, and to hate what is bad. But how to get hold

of the abstract idea of goodness, and badness, and so to apply the emotion of the child to that, without personality, is indeed a difficult matter; for there is something so real, so solid, if one may use the expression, in the love of a child, and also in its hate, that it seems almost impossible to attach either to an idea without a substance.

This necessary lesson of loving only what is lovely in itself, as goodness is, can scarcely be taught to a child in connection strictly speaking with its parents, because everything in them is good and lovely to the child; and the same difficulty would apply to the case of other near relatives, or indeed, to all who were connected with it by the ties of affection. Love is so natural to the child, so born with it, that it begins to love before it is possible for it to understand why, and indeed, before there is any reason why, except that certain individuals minister to its wants, gratify its desires, soothe its sorrows, and, in short, sustain its life.

Nor would it be easy to find more substantial reasons why any one should be loved than these. Only that a little later, and when reason might be supposed to exercise more power, they do not always hold good; for human life as it is presents this strange anomaly, that persons are not always loved according to the benefits they confer. Hence we discover that this fountain of love which springs so freely from the heart of the child, is in reality a very capricious, uncertain, and unmanageable stream, flowing this way, and that—sometimes overflowing in quarters where the utmost pains are taken to dam it up, and stem its current; and sometimes falling off, and even drying up, where its genial waters are most required. Every one who speaks or writes on this subject, poets, philosophers, the wisest and the best of men and women, appear to have agreed in the opinion, that love is an impulse of our nature, which must take its own course.

Leaving this knotty point to be discussed by those who understand better than myself, I return to the love of a little child, which it is of the utmost importance that the mother should at least endeavour to direct to that which is worthy of being loved. To love mean things and base people is certain degradation to the child. To love what is intrinsically lovely is a certain means of elevation.

To love goodness simply because it is good, and to love it under every form in which it can be recognised, is one of the highest and noblest attainments of our moral nature, so high, indeed, that nothing less than that regeneration of the heart which is effected by conversion to the love and the service of Christ can lift us up to this height of being. But the mother, especially the Christian mother, can begin, God helping her, with this holy and delightful task. Only she must be content to begin simply, humbly, and without embarrassing the tender conceptions of the child with images and phrases which it is impossible for it to comprehend. She must be content also to work with human means; and this is too often what Christian parents will not do. They seem impatient of such means; and want to begin at once with spiritual instrumentality long before the child is capable of lifting its thoughts and conceptions to such a height as to go along with this kind of instruction. It is upon the mother herself that the spiritual influences must operate so as to fit her for this work; nor is it necessary to be above using the most humble and familiar means, because she may still use them with a spiritual purpose.

In teaching children to love goodness, we must love it ourselves, look out for it, embrace it, delight in it

wherever it may be found. We must rejoice in it when found in an inferior—in an enemy—and what is much more difficult, even in one who has stepped into a place of usefulness which we tried to fill, and failed in. If we do this ourselves, habitually and heartily, the children under our care will require but few lessons beyond this—our daily example.

But supposing this lesson of example to be a little defective, I think the mother may help out her purpose by placing before the notice of her child, in an interesting and attractive manner, instances of goodness occurring amongst indifferent people, or people not otherwise beloved personally. A poor beggar man may have picked up a shilling which he saw dropped by a passer by, and restored it to the owner when he sadly wanted a shilling himself. Or a hungry child may have carried a dinner to her sick father without tasting it herself. A boy may have rescued from its tormentors some poor animal, or another may have helped an old paralytic woman to carry her bundle of sticks. Instances of this kind are daily occurring in ordinary life, and when the mother is looking out for them, and listening to hear about them, surely her own heart will be refreshed and improved, for I am strongly inclined to think that the reason why we hear so little good of our neighbours is that we do not watch and listen for the good as we do for the evil. Among those whom we love no doubt we do, but true charity comprehends a wider range, hoping all things, believing all things.

All who have the training of children, and who have obtained a hold upon their affections, should remember that they exercise over them an almost unbounded power in the use of praise and blame. A child, and especially a girl, can be worked upon to love almost anything by hearing it praised by one she loves; and she will hate as readily and in the same proportion.

It is a curious fact, and very difficult to account for, that in the ordinary range of social intercourse, blame is much more frequent than praise. For once that we hear a good deed heartily commended we hear at least fifty bad deeds condemned, or else we hear the good so questioned that all the virtue seems extracted out of them. Even Christian people of devoted lives appear to be strangely on their guard lest they should praise too much. But they can blame, and by doing this so much more often, or perhaps more earnestly than they praise, the balance is lost, and the scale goes down laden with its heavy burden of human infirmity and sin; and we look on with mournful eyes, exclaiming, "Who will show us any good?"

One of the greatest hindrances to what I have ventured to call the education of the heart, and a cause of much and grievous loss to the young, arises, I think, from the restraint which religious people sometimes impose upon themselves and others, in not calling anything good which does not directly promote the salvation of the soul; so that we are in a manner deprived of the use of these two words, good and bad, than which there can be none more powerful in the work of education. Nor is this mode of regarding the matter consistent with our daily conduct. The most rigid in enforcing these restrictions will speak of good and bad in relation to their servants, and all persons employed in their business matters; and they use these terms continually in relation to the honesty, truthfulness, punctuality, and industry of such persons. They speak of them as good servants, good clerks, or good agents, when they possess these qualities, and they speak of them as bad, when these qualities are wanting, or when the opposite of these qualities are manifested.

Good and bad are words which we cannot do without when speaking of the general conduct of mankind. They apply to citizenship, to social and relative duty, honesty or dishonesty in business transactions, in fact to all which materially affects the interests of this present life, which promotes prosperity, or leads to ruin, which makes a country, a family, or an individual respectable or otherwise. To have just and clear views on matters of social and relative duty, mutual obligation, friendliness, trustworthiness, personal responsibility, industry, and all that we generally class under the name of morals, is no trifling attainment. It is, at least, as important as to have just and clear views on geography, grammar, or any other branch of that kind of learning which is taught so carefully, and with such indefatigable pains in the usual routine of school teaching. We may, therefore, fairly ask that the same amount of pains, the same amount of time, of study, and solicitude should be bestowed upon the former as the latter portion of education.

Nor need the Christian fear that in using every possible endeavour to awaken in the child a love for what is good—simply good as opposed to bad—there will be danger to that child in its subsequent religious impressions. If the principles of good and evil, by which the moral conduct of the man or woman has to be regulated, were at all, even in the slightest particle or degree, opposed to God's own law of right and wrong, then unquestionably there would be danger. But I am not speaking of expediency, of what is sanctioned by custom, or of what may tend to serve some sordid purpose. I am speaking as good of that which is essentially and eternally good, of that which was good when written in tables of stone, and which Moses brought down from the mount of ineffable communion; the same immutable good which was taught by the Saviour himself, and which pervades the whole record of his life, as well as the doctrines of his disciples.

There is no change, there can be none, in good and evil when regarded in this light, because both are founded on principle, the one sustaining, health-giving, uniting, and elevating, the other tending always to discord, misery, and destruction. The germs of both these principles lie in the heart of the little child; and happy and holy is the task of the Christian mother so to cultivate the one that by God's help it shall increase and strengthen and outgrow the other, as the flowers of a well-tended garden outgrow the weeds.

These remarks have been made at greater length, because, in dealing with the love of her child, the mother has to discharge the tenderest and most delicate of all those tasks which are committed especially to her care. Yet delicate and tender as are the little threads of feeling which she holds, it may be prayerfully, in her nurturing hands, she knows and feels that they are instinct with a force which will be stronger than any other in deciding the destiny of her child. Out of the love of that little palpitating heart, over which she watches, what floods of happiness or depths of sorrow may come! Out of its hate what bitterness and ruin! And yet from hating only that which is vile, and base, what strength of upright purpose! What help to the injured and oppressed!

What the child learns to love it will follow after, and hold by. In this fact we see the importance of making religion lovely and attractive to the young, not wearisome or repulsive. All the offices and duties of religion also should be strenuously recommended, so far as is possible to the affectionate choice of a child; and where this is not possible, the habit of observing that the parents love these duties, and fulfil them faithfully, and

cheerfully, will go a long way towards making the child feel that there must be something good and lovely in them, although it may be too young to perceive and understand the good itself.

The reading of Scripture stories, if well selected, is a great help in this kind of teaching; and here especial truthfulness should be observed; as indeed we find it in the stories themselves, where none of the brightest in example, or the most honoured as the servants of God, are spared the penalty of having their faults, or even their worse than faults, recorded. Such, however, is the faithfulness of these lessons of instruction that we find in them the sad consequences of wrong-doing both in appropriate, and sometimes immediate punishment, and in the bitter repentance of the wrong-doer.

In works of fiction we seldom find this equal justice. More frequently we meet with characters represented as wholly good, or wholly bad, neither of which afford much instruction either to youth or age. Biographies of good people, too, are sadly defective in this respect. Where all the wrong is left out, and where it is only sparingly touched upon, they do not teach a true lesson. Children are quick to perceive that the representation is one-sided; and whatever we teach them, we must teach the truth—that is, so far as they can see and understand the matter at all, it must be set before them truly. They naturally love the truth, though they may not like to make it the rule of their own words and actions. Hence there is gain rather than loss, in showing them how a course of life, otherwise good and happy, may have been marred by yielding to the temptation to do wrong; and by showing them also what sad tears have sometimes been shed over the consequences of even a momentary act of passion, or of self-will.

It may seem a strange, and perhaps meaningless expression to make use of, but I know of none better than to say that a child should learn to love love itself—to hold love in the tenderest respect—nay, to reverence it as a holy thing. The worst degradation of human life is where love is degraded. The loftiest and purest height to which we are capable of reaching is where our love is fixed upon the highest things—highest because holiest. Of all the follies which prevail in social life, there is not a more debasing and pernicious folly than that of treating love with ridicule and contempt. Fair lips may do this, and voices that speak in silver tones may mock at those evidences of tenderness and true affection which ought at least to be sacred in the estimation of women. Whenever we meet with this hard, cruel, mocking tendency, instead of that warm and cordial enthusiasm which ought to fire the eye, and send a glow into the cheek of youth, we are led to ask, who touched the heart of that youth in early childhood?—who bent over its cradle?—who stilled its cries?—who called forth its merry laughter until it echoed from heart to heart and made the household ring with joy? Perhaps no one. Possibly the child was motherless, and so never learned the exquisite delight—the pure enjoyment—the loveliness of love.

There is no sadder spectacle presented by human life than that of a childhood thus uncherished in its sweet affections—thus restrained in its abounding and exuberant joy; for there is no real joy in childhood without the free exercise of love, given and received. A child whose affections are repressed is like a young tree with its buds picked off in spring-time. This act of picking off young buds is what many of us do thoughtlessly. Even the mother does it sometimes, to

her own unspeakable loss, and to the cruel injury of her child. It may be done even by the habitual manner of a parent who is indulgent and kind in greater matters. Our language has no polite word for describing a certain style of manner, which I can only call *snubbing*; and a system of constant snubbing is one of the most injurious to which youth can be subjected. Either the temper is made sullen and resentful, or hope is crushed within the heart, or energy is deadened for want of hope, or there creeps over all the faculties a kind of paralysis, or a general tendency to disease, which may become any or all those mental maladies which so often lie at the foundation of human misery.

On the other hand, a happy genial childhood, with the full flow of natural affection encouraged, and brought out into the open day without hindrance, and without shame, is perhaps the greatest boon which parents have it in their power to bestow upon their children. Instead of being timid about the exercise of love, not knowing whether it will be well received, let a child grow up and believe that love is welcome everywhere—the best thing it has to offer, and a glorious gift—that the giving of love is a generosity which it has a right to exult in; and where this feeling pervades a home, what confidence, what joy, what peace it brings! It is the very sunshine of their young lives to children; and they can no more grow and flourish so as to bud and blossom as they ought without breathing in an atmosphere of love, than the plants and trees of our gardens can flourish without the light and warmth of the sun himself.

Happily for the poor this is one point on which they stand at no disadvantage with the rich. Though stripped of so many other kinds of abundance, their homes may abound in love. They themselves may be liberal here; and while the family meal may be sparing, and even insufficient, they may disperse liberally to their children that true happiness which arises out of loving and being beloved.

In addition to these pleasant thoughts there is one of higher interest which the Christian mother may safely cherish in her heart. It is that the child which has been so nurtured as thoroughly to appreciate the beauty and the value of natural love in the exercise of home affection, will be more likely to receive, without questioning, nay, rather with cordial welcome, the story of that divine love which was manifested in the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The ready opening of the young heart to receive the impression, though dim at first, of the ineffable nature as well as the reality of this love, will, I believe, be found a better preparation for making that child a true Christian than much teaching of the head. At all events the two modes of instruction should be carried on with equal earnestness, only there is this difference, that the education of the heart may be commenced from the cradle, and that thus a foundation may be laid in human love for the more entire appreciation of that which is divine.

In the course of these remarks I have said little about hate. It is often said, perhaps without reflection, that those who cannot hate, cannot love. I suppose the true meaning of this saying is, that the warmth and force of feeling which manifests itself in ardent love will necessarily manifest itself at times in an opposite direction. However this may be, we must all, I think, allow that children do hate, in a certain sense at least. Their little acts of repulsion evince in a high degree the feeling of hatred, although with them the emotion is happily of transient duration, and for the most part easily overcome.

The difficulty with children is how to get the application of this feeling removed from persons to things, or rather from the actor to the act; and more difficult still is it to apply it to ideas, such as meanness, cruelty, and wickedness in general. To hate the sin, and love the sinner, is perhaps one of the most difficult attainments of Christian life. In how many cases it is never attained at all, is a question not necessary to ask here.

When the infant has become capable of feeling admiration and contempt, and when these emotions begin to manifest themselves, then the natural feeling of hate may be diverted into legitimate channels by showing the child the actual meanness of doing wrong—the base and contemptible nature of a lie, for example—the odious nature of greediness and theft; and so on, using up, as it were, the ebullitions of hate for purposes of condemning evil under every form.

It is no bad beginning of life for a child to hate a lie—to hate deceit, and treachery of every kind—to hate cruelty—in short, to hate whatever we know to be hateful in the sight of God, we have high authority in the Psalms of David, and in many other portions of Holy Writ, for believing that there is a power of detestation which may be lawfully used against what is right.

The world will do much to deaden these childish feelings; and what is more dangerous, it will do much to misplace them—to draw out love towards that which is not worth loving, and ought not to be loved, and to excite hatred where it would be better to pity, and sometimes to admire. This confusion of moral appreciation and purpose which abounds in the world, and which often pervades even what is called good society, renders the work of the mother one of more urgent necessity; and happily for her, there is affixed to the faithful performance of her task a twofold blessing, for in rightly educating the heart of her child, her own heart is made better.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS,"

V.

THE noble families of Vane and Fane owe their arms and crest to a deed performed at the battle of Poitiers, *temp.* Edward III, by Sir Henry Vane, a gallant soldier who had the good fortune to participate personally in taking as prisoner John, King of France. Froissart in his Chronicles states that the King defended himself with great valour, though attacked by numerous knights, each of whom cried out, "Yield you, or you are dead." Sir Denyce Morbecke, however, happened to be next the king, and, addressing him in good French, asked him to yield; whereupon the monarch replied in the same language, "I yield me to you." All the knights then pressed round the captive king and made him acknowledge that each one had captured him. The claims, however, of Sir Roger de la Warre and Sir John Pelham have always been acknowledged to be the strongest, and the former received the crampet, or chape, of the king's sword, and the latter the buckle of the monarch's belt, a charge now borne in his arms by the Earl of Chichester, as commemorative of his ancestor's exploit. It was, however, to Sir Henry Vane that the fallen king gave his gauntlet, and in token of this circumstance the knight assumed as his arms azure, three sinister gauntlets, two and one or; and for his crest a dexter gauntlet erect, holding a sword, all proper, pommel and hilt or.

The Rev. Sir John Caesar Hawkins, Bart., bears for his arms argent, on a saltire sable, five fleur-de-lys or,

and they were probably assumed by an ancestor under the following circumstances. When King John of France was taken at the battle of Poitiers and detained a prisoner in England, the King of Navarre, availing himself of his absence, declared war against France, and, being aided by many knights, squires, and men at arms, whom he gained over to him by the great pay and bounty which he gave them, took many strong places and castles, and among others that of Mauconseil. This place he entrusted to the keeping of an Irish knight and two English squires, Franklyn and Hawkins, who had assisted at its capture. In memory of this the Hawkins family took for their arms a saltire, which represents one of the scaling-ladders by the help of which the castle was taken, while the fleur-de-lys betoken those which were on the captured ensign of France.

Sir Vere Edward de Vere's arms are quarterly gules and or, and in the dexter chief quarter a mullet argent. Tradition thus describes the origin of these insignia. In 1098, it is recorded that a battle was fought near Antioch, in Syria, between the Christian troops and those of the Corborant (*i.e.*, the noble of nobles) to the Sultan of Persia. The Christians were victorious, and pursued the vanquished soldiers. However, during the eagerness of pursuit night came on, and the Christians, being utterly ignorant of the country, were in danger of becoming dispersed, and of wandering too far from the city, when they would have fallen an easy prey to the greatly superior numbers of the enemy. But when they were only about four miles from Antioch a white star appeared, and shed its light especially upon the banner of Albry de Vere. By the guide of this star the army were enabled to regain the city; and all the warriors said that Albry de Vere was a holy man, and one beloved of God. In remembrance of the Divine favour thus marvellously shown him, De Vere placed the silver star as the solitary bearing on his shield; and after spending the vigour of his manhood in combating the enemies of the faith, he assumed the cowl in his old age, and entirely devoted himself to the service of the Church. The Earls of Oxford, which title is now extinct, were descended from Albry de Vere.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the recently appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board, bears as his second and third quarterings, gules, a bar wavy between three fleur-de-lys or. The fleur-de-lys refer to as many French standards as had been captured by Sir Elias Hicks, who was created a Knight Banneret in the reign of Edward III, and received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Black Prince.

A cubit arm, holding a broken tilting spear, the crest of the present baronets Carmichael, refers to an exploit said to have been performed by their ancestor, Sir John Carmichael. This knight accompanied Archibald, Earl of Douglas, with a band of Scottish troops, to the assistance of Charles VI of France, and at the battle of Beaugé, A.D. 1421, dismounted the Duke of Clarence, brother of King Henry V, who commanded the English forces, and thereby materially contributed to their defeat. The Swintons, of Swinton Bank, however, assert that it was Sir John Swinton, and not Sir John Carmichael, who unseated the duke; and to this opinion Sir Walter Scott inclines, as in his "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," he says:—

"Then Swinton placed the lance in rest,
That humbled erst the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet."

Sir Humphrey de Trafford's ancestor was a landowner in Lancashire at the time of the Conquest, and to disguise himself from the Norman soldiers he assumed the

garb of a thresher, and whenever he worked his flail, whether to the right or the left, he cried, "Now thus." And it is to commemorate this circumstance that the descendants of the old Saxon yeoman bear as their crest, a husbandman per pale, argent and azure, threshing, a garb or.

The present baronets, Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir Wyndham Carmichael Anstruther, use as their crest two sturdy arms in armour, brandishing a pole-axe, with the motto, "Periissem ni periissem" (I should have perished had I not gone through it). This alludes to an ancestor who, having fixed a friendly meeting with an adversary, discovered that the latter intended to assassinate him. Being forewarned he effectually prevented his enemy from fulfilling his purpose, by felling to the ground his would-be murderer.

The encroachments of the sea in England have at times been very serious. Evidence of this is found in the Goodwin Sands, which are said to have once been the estate of Earl Godwin, and also in that portion of the Cornish coast between the Land's End and the Seven Stones, which was once dry land belonging to the ancient family of Trevelyan. Tradition asserts that the latter mentioned land was suddenly submerged, and that the then owner of it, when upon a riding excursion, found himself cut off from the mainland, in a locality far removed from human habitations. Finding his position becoming momentarily more perilous, and night approaching, he determined to attempt to reach the shore with his horse by swimming. The distance was great, but his steed was strong and possessed spirit. So soon as the tide began to flow he started on his perilous journey, and at the very moment when he expected to be lost through the exhaustion of his steed, the noble animal touched land, and both he and his rider were saved. In commemoration of his gratitude to the horse, he ordered that the rest of its life should be one of rest and plenty, and he assumed in lieu of his former arms, gules, a demi-horse argent, hooped and maned or, issuing out of water in base, proper, the bearings of the present Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan.

Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt's family is said to owe their arms, and even name, to the undermentioned circumstance. In the reign of William I was a knight Sir Hercules, renowned for his valour and exceeding strength. On one occasion, when riding with a party of his retainers, he was attacked by a superior force, and to avoid, as they thought, defeat, his attendants fled across a neighbouring bridge, which afforded the only passage over a deep and rapid stream. They would not, however, have escaped had not Sir Hercules posted himself at the entrance to the bridge, and with a ponderous mace beaten off his foes. Shamed at seeing their leader fighting single-handed, they rallied and returned to the *mêlée* just as Sir Hercules, fainting from exertion and loss of blood, had rolled from the highway into a piece of marshy ground covered with rushes. His followers, however, could not readily have discovered his position, had not the clatter of his armour as he fell startled from their nest some tyrwhitts or pewits, whose shrill cries, as they flew in circles over the place where he lay, enabled the searchers to discover and revive him. To commemorate this circumstance Sir Hercules assumed the name of Tyrwhitt, placed upon his shield three pewits, and took for his crest the figure of his namesake, "Hercules" bearing a club, in memory of the great deeds which he had enacted with the mace.

At the battle of Edgehill, an ancestor of the present

Sir Atwell Kinglake, Bart., received sixteen wounds, one of which disabled his left arm. Unmindful, however, of his wounds, the gallant knight held the bridle in his mouth, and continued to fight vigorously. The crest borne by the present family of Lake represents a mounted chevalier holding a sword in his right hand, his left arm hanging down, and the bridle in his mouth.

"I will mak sicker," is the motto of Sir Charles Sharpe Kirkpatrick, who bears as his crest a hand holding a dagger, an ensign that had its origin in a deed which was once styled patriotism, but which would now be termed murder. Robert Le Bruce, having met a chieftain known as Red Comyn in the Greyfriars Church at Dumfries, argued with him upon political subjects. The disputants' tempers became aroused, and each used harsh expressions towards the other. Bruce, however, was unable to control his anger, and in his rage struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Horror-struck, not at the deed he had committed, but at the place in which it had occurred, he rushed hastily out of the church, and was met by one of his staunchest adherents, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, who, seeing his agitation, inquired the cause. "I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain Red Comyn." "Doubtest thou?" rejoined the knight, "then I will make sicker" (sure), and, entering the sacred edifice, he despatched the wounded man without hesitation.

A tower with a portcullis down, and the head and shoulders of a sentinel appearing above the battlements in a watching posture proper, with the motto "Turris prudentia custos" (Prudence is the guardian of the tower), is borne as his crest by the present Sir John Dick Lauder, Bart. It relates to the shelter which Sir Robert de Lauder, High Justiciary of Scotland, took in the Castle of Urquhart, after he found that the battle of Halidon was lost, A.D. 1333. The gallant knight subsequently so valiantly, skilfully, and successfully defended the castle against the attacks of the English, that the assailants were obliged to retire. His gallantry and prudence so pleased the King, David II, that he assigned to him the insignia above mentioned.

INDIAN DOG JOURNEYS.

EVERYBODY knows that in the snow-covered regions of North America our familiar friend, the dog, is promoted into harness, and becomes the draught animal *par excellence* of the human race. Pictures are found in each child's natural history book of wonderful sledges drawn by a riotous-looking assembly of dogs, which seem galloping away at their own irresponsible sweet will, unheeding the ineffectual lash of an owner located far to the rear. These popular ideas on the subject will bear a little enlightenment; especially when we have such good authority to produce as Professor Hind, of the Red River Exploring Expedition, who journeyed many a hundred miles behind the self-same dogs of draught.

It is among the Ojibbeways and their kindred tribes alone, that the canine species is thus honoured; elsewhere with the Indians the dog is utterly contemned and cruelly treated. Yet no worthier sacrifice can be offered at their festivals; and they have a saying that "the dog was created in heaven itself, and sent down especially as a gift to the Red men." The celestial gift, if it be so, is dishonoured every hour in the day—kicks and blows are its caresses, and its food whatever it can steal. Consequently it has a very seedy and ferocious aspect, suited to make war with men rather

than to serve them; or, as if it had a suspicion of the dire fact that it is sometimes slain and eaten at the ceremonials, half religious, half gluttonous, called Dog Feasts.

But the wandering prairie Indian has no usefuller chattel than the despised hound cowering at his wigwam door; who helps the squaws in their journeyings, dragging away on rude sledges the children, provisions, and birch-bark utensils of the camp. The woman walks by its side on snow shoes, and guides the vehicle with a cord. The beasts are harnessed to two poles jutting out in front of the long, flexible board which is the sleigh, and which is constructed so as to glide over inequalities of ground in an undulating, snake-like way; ropes along the sides, from end to end, keep the goods from overturning: thus, the young Swampys and Sioux papooses are transferred from place to place, with their parents' other property.

The carioles in which Professor Hind made his journeys were on the same principle of construction, or rather non-construction, a very thin plank, ten or twelve feet long, by twelve or fourteen inches broad, and turned up at one end in a half circle. On this is lodged a high cradle in which the traveller is packed up and deposited, a helpless mass of furs, with nothing but the thin plank between his outstretched legs and the snow. Nevertheless, he is very snug; his cradle is covered externally with buffalo-skin, and lined internally with blanket; and he sees before him, under the edge of his fur cap, his trio of dogs decorated with beadwork on their collars and tassels and bells on their harness. He has nothing to do with the management of these steeds; the driver runs behind, guiding the cariole by a loop of buffalo thong affixed to each corner of the projecting plank. His luggage is packed on a sledge coming after; and so he sits, a comfortable mummy, gliding or galloping along at the rate of fifty miles a day, through utterly roadless solitudes.

Perhaps the most celebrated run ever made with dog-trains, was that over the four hundred miles of country between Fort Garry on the Red River and Crow Wing on the Mississippi, the travellers being, on the one part, Lords Richard Grosvenor and Frederick Cavendish, with John Monkman as guide; on the other, Professor Hind and the Indian scout named Cline. The former had a superb train of fifty dogs for their sixteen carioles and sleighs—dogs which were known to have run sixty-eight miles in seven and a half hours, once upon a time. The need for so many vehicles was the carrying of provisions, not only for the travellers and their half-breed drivers, but also for the dogs, each of whom should daily get a meal of two pounds of pemmican or three pounds of whitefish. True, they could be left a week without food in an extreme case, but to keep them in travelling condition this regular meal was necessary. Mr. Hind had nine carioles and a corresponding proportion of dogs and men. The Hudson's Bay Company keep numbers of the animals trained at their forts for purposes of winter traffic.

Now the four hundred miles between Red River and the Mississippi was an untrodden waste of snow, not even a trace of a path marked anywhere. This was the most serious impediment in the proposed run. Generally in such cases a track has to be made by an Indian marching on snow-shoes some distance in advance of the dogs, who follow with unerring precision. And so John Monkman, the guide selected by the young noblemen aforesaid, astutely proposed to give Professor Hind and his party two days' start, and then, taking advantage of the trail they had left, to gain on them and sweep

past them into Crow Wing, the place of destination. The one weak point in this plan was the possibility of any fresh fall of snow obliterating the trail.

Twenty-two degrees below zero was marked on the thermometer when Mr. Hind camped out his first night—that of November 30. What intolerable cold! says the British reader in his well-curtained dining-room. The very description of the sleeping arrangements will make him shiver. No tent could be put up; canvas would be as a steel sheet in the morning; but a blanket was stretched on poles between the sleepers and the brilliant star-spangled sky. The snow had been swept away as a preliminary to kindling the fire, which was made of a long narrow shape, so that each man could lie with his feet towards it. Supper was prepared of pemmican and tea; and while getting ready, the dogs received their solitary feed for the twenty-four hours—the same as their masters, but without the tea. Then snow-shoes were doffed, and mocassins were dried, before each man wrapt himself in his blanket and slept. A promiscuous sleeping apartment that, in the midst of the solemn pine-woods; for the dogs crept in likewise to be near the fire, and some lay half across the Indians, whose coppery faces were whitened with frozen breath. Through the silent midnight came perchance the long, low howl of distant wolves, eyeing the red gleam of the bivouac from afar.

Long before any trace of dawn pales on the eastern horizon, there is a stir among the men, and the waning fire is replenished: breakfast over, the men draw on strong mittens of buffalo-hide, ere they proceed to catch and harness the dogs. For these are ungente animals, apt to snap at their masters and eat the thongs which strap them to the carioles; apt to grow sulky and lie like logs, only roused by severe punishment. Under the most favourable circumstance, this operation of catching and harnessing occupies more than two hours: so we see how needful it is that the camp should be astrid at five. Sometimes the roguish dogs have scraped out a bed in the snow, and if any has fallen afterwards during the night, it is next to impossible to detect their hiding-place: the beast will lie quietly within thirty yards of the fire, unheeding all shouts and calls, and it is only by the Indians walking round and round the camp in a circle, enlarging the limit each time, that they at last tread on the truant.

A good story is told of Cline, the guide, wanting to make a *cache* of pemmican somewhere, as store against his return by the same route. He knew that the cunning of the dogs was such, that they would scent it out and scrape it up if he buried it; he was most careful not to let them see where he was going when he struck off one day from the main route towards the Pine River. Here, having cut a hole through the ice, which was fifteen inches thick, and tied a buffalo thong round the bag of meat, and also round a stick from which he meant to suspend it, he laid the stick across the hole, so that the bag was let down into the water just below the ice: then he heaped blocks of ice on the opening, and poured water over all. Such was the cold that the water froze the instant it touched the ice, and thus a solid mass was formed over his *cache*, or hidden treasure. Raising his head from the work, Cline beheld the sharp noses of some of his dogs over the bank, which had been watching him all the time. Immediately they disappeared; but when he joined the train, he could easily detect the culprits by their consciously guilty demeanour. Cline pushed on for some miles: counted his dogs before supper, when they were all right: counted them again in the morning, when

some were missing: went back on snow-shoes to his *cache* at the Pine River, and found the discoverers of the preceding day scratching busily at the ice over his deposit.

The severest part of the journey was in crossing the lakes, where there was no protection whatever from the cold. It was but a short time before that a Roman Catholic missionary had been frozen to death on the Red Lake, when a snowstorm had come on: he died within two hundred yards of his home. The Indians could read the whole history of the struggle in his tracks, and enacted the same in a touching dumb show for Professor Hind. How the poor priest had run against the pitiless blinding tempest for awhile, had paused in exhaustion, had turned his back to gain breath, had knelt in prayer, had hastened onward again, had slipped and fallen, leaving the clutch of his fingers marked on the ice, had prayed again with clasped hands, had finally yielded to the stupefying cold, and lain down in the unwaking sleep. He was an Austrian, located at this place as missionary to the Indians.

On the borders of Cass Lake, just as the bivouac was formed, a distant yelp was heard, "Monkman's come!" and soon his dogs were fraternising with Cline's, unheeding the rivalry between their masters. Forty-four miles from their destination, the parties camped together, and rehearsed the several stories of their journeys. Their last night in the woods was that of 12th December: and next morning, forty minutes after the start, Monkman's party passed that of Professor Hind; flitting swiftly and almost noiselessly by over the white earth, through the illimitable pine-woods, under the brightening heavens. The run was twenty-six miles to dinner time, Cline keeping close upon Monkman's heels. A splendid gallop of twenty miles from that to Crowwing: all sloping ground to the levels of the Mississippi, along which the dogs careered with magnificent eagerness. Monkman's had the best of the race by a few yards: Lord Frederick Cavendish being first, and Professor Hind third of the carioles entering the town. Exciting and strange as was the run, we can fancy the travellers shaking the hoarfrost from their eyebrows, and crunching the icicles from their beards very contentedly in a civilised apartment with the weather shut out, and resorting with thankfulness to first-class carriages for the residue of their lives, while enjoying dog-trains only in remembrance.

Our arctic voyagers have owed much to dogs of draught. In those higher latitudes there is some difference as to the manner of training and the result when trained. Whereas the Ojibbeway Indian keeps his dogs in order by hurling a well-aimed stick, javeline-wise, at the offending head, the Esquimaux uses a whip twenty feet long in the lash, and has a whole vocabulary of cries for "right, left, turn, stop." Three of their dogs are said to be able to draw a sledge weighted with a hundred pounds, over a mile's space in six minutes. Nine of such beasts drew 1,611 pounds of stores from the Hecla to the Fury—laid up in ice-quarters—in nine minutes. From the time they ceased to be blind puppies they have been yoked; first to toy-sledges that would amuse a child, as breaking-in for graver work. With all their work they are poorly fed, and have the gaunt aspect of wolves in general. Captain Parry saw one eat a large piece of canvas, a cotton handkerchief, and part of a linen shirt with apparent relish. Still, with all their harsh treatment, they are faithful creatures, and the bravest of the brave: if a shaggy Polar-bear loom out of the snowy gloom as you sit in your sledge, you will see your whole team burst harness and have at him, though the foremost die in his embrace.

Varieties.

THE WHIP.—The Whip has an office. He has six or seven clerks and scouts. He has a private printing-press. But, above all, he has one responsible deputy, who is the real Whip, whose efficiency is the basis of every majority, upon whom he depends, who in reality is what Colonel Taylor or Mr. Glyn only seems. The present holder of this post (Mr. Vargas) has held it, if we mistake not, between thirty and forty years. It is not a highly-paid office. Yet upon the diligence and perfection with which its duties are fulfilled depends perpetually the fate of Ministries. Understand, the Whip does not, like the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, go in and out of office with Ministers. The Whip who drummed up sixty too few for Mr. Disraeli this year is the same who the year before last drummed up eleven too few for Mr. Gladstone. He has no political feelings, or shows none. His one object in life is to get a good majority for whatever Government is in. At night he is at the House; in the daytime he is at an office in King-street. Thence proceed almost every day circulars to every supporter of the Government, telling them what there is to watch for in the Government interest. Besides these circulars there are many special messages on which he has to send his scouts. In fact, there are few places in London where more business is done or done quicker or at greater pressure than in this little King-street office.—*Court Journal*.

VALUE OF LAND NEAR LONDON.—The residence known as Branch Hill Lodge, at Hampstead, and 13a. 3r. 37p. of pasture and garden ground adjoining, were lately offered by auction at the Auction Mart. After a spirited competition, the lot was sold to a City wine merchant, for his own occupation, at £20,050. The late owner and occupier purchased the estate fifteen years ago for £10,000.—*City Press*.

THE ROBBER CRAB.—In the island of Niné, as in Samoa, the large robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in my family, in Samoa, saw one up a cocoa-nut tree twenty-five feet high push down (not twist off as the natives do) a dark brown cocoa-nut; that is a nut in just such a state of ripeness as to be easily detached from its stalk; just such a one as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoa-nut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it re-ascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then again descends, either to feast upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding-place. Sometimes, instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw, with its strong nipper-like claws, a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs and claws, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavour to escape; or if discovered near a precipice they roll down it. They feed on other fruits beside the cocoa-nut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises."

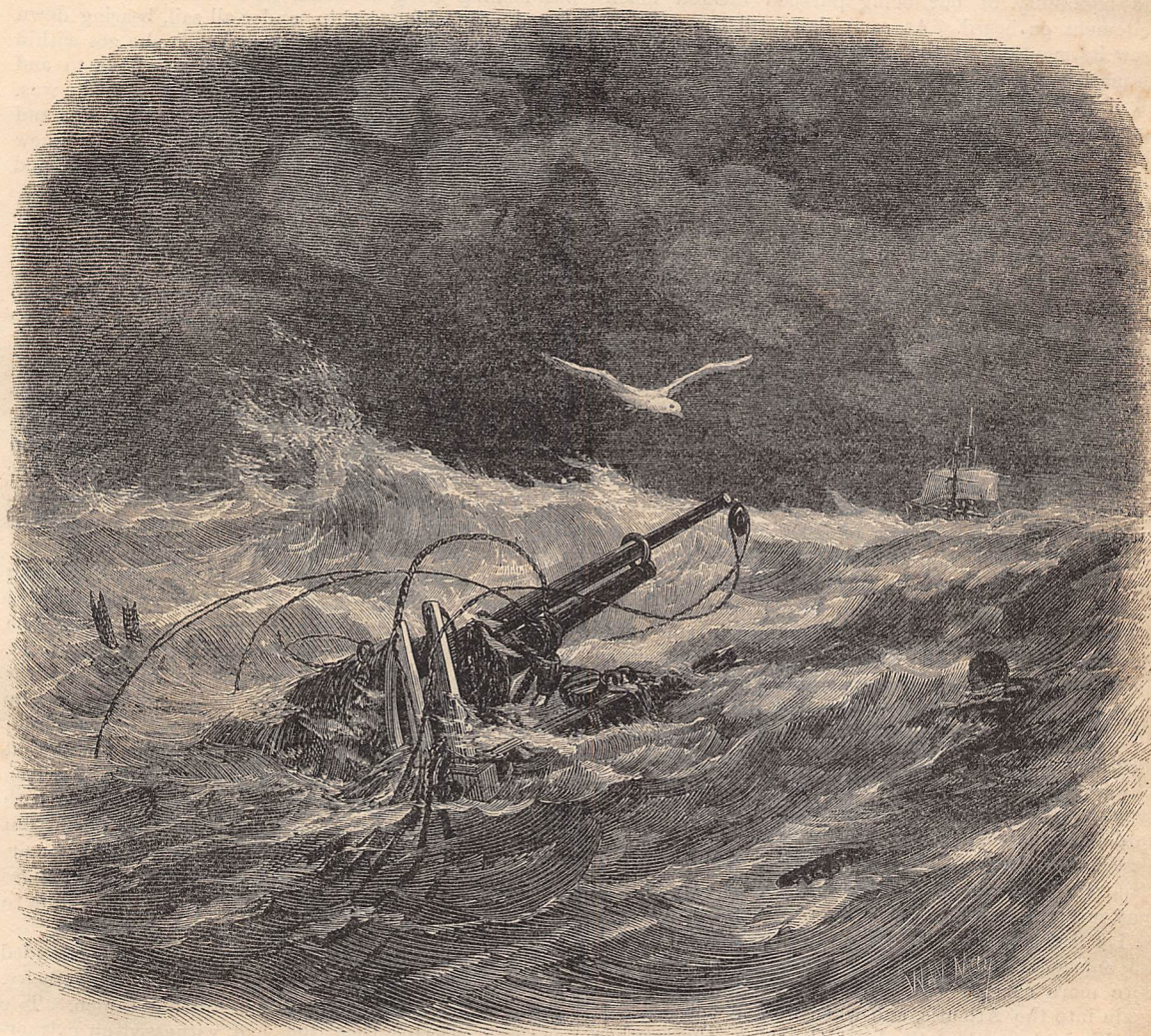
—*Savage Island, by Rev. F. Powell, F.L.S.*

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The total revenue for the year ended March 31, 1898, was £69,600,218 sterling. Of this sum £22,050,000 was derived from the Customs, £20,162,000 from the Excise, £9,541,000 from stamps, £3,509,000 from land and assessed taxes, £6,177,000 from the property tax, £4,630,000 from the Post-office, and £345,000 from Crown lands, the miscellaneous receipts amounting to £2,586,218. The total ordinary expenditure amounted to £71,236,241, £26,571,750 of which was for interest and management of the Permanent Debt, for terminable annuities, interest of Exchequer bonds, Exchequer bills, and Bank advances for deficiency, £1,893,898 for charges on the Consolidated Fund (the largest item of which was £672,559 for the Courts of Justice), and £42,770,593 for supply services, £15,418,581 of which was required for the army, £11,168,949 for the navy, £8,491,314 for miscellaneous civil services, and £2,000,000 for the Abyssinian expedition.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



THE LOST SHIP.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER IV.

We had got our decks caulked, our rigging set up, and other repairs finished, when, one forenoon, O'Carroll, who had at length ventured on shore, returned in a great hurry with the information that there was much bustle on board the *Mignonne*, and that her people were evidently hurrying to the utmost to get ready for sea. Had Captain Hassall followed his own inclinations, he would have given the piratical Frenchman the opportunity of trying his strength with the *Barbara*; but as

that would have been decidedly objected to by Garrard, Janrin, and Co., we, with the whaler and her prize, and another English vessel, cleared out as secretly as we could, and, with a fair breeze, put to sea. We had to lay to for the other vessels, and after they had joined us, Captain Brown hailed us, to say that the look-out from his maintopgallant mast-head had seen a large ship coming out of the harbour under all sail, and that he thought it possible she might be the *Mignonne*. As, however, a mist had soon afterwards arisen, she was concealed from sight. We promised, however, to stand to the northward with Captain Brown

during the night, and in the morning, should no enemy be in sight, let him and his consorts proceed on their voyage homewards, while we kept on our course for the Cape of Good Hope. Nothing could have given our people greater satisfaction than to have found the Frenchman close to us at daybreak. I spent most of the night in writing letters home, to send by the whaler. When morning dawned, not a sail, except our own little squadron, was to be seen. We kept company till noon, and then, with mutual good wishes, stood away on our respective courses. We hoped that the *Mignonne* would follow the *Barbara* rather than our friends, should she really have sailed in chase of any of us. The possibility of our being pursued created much excitement on board. At early dawn, till the evening threw its mantle over the ocean, we had volunteers at the mast-heads looking out for a strange sail. At the end of four or five days all expectation of again meeting with the *Mignonne* ceased, somewhat to the disappointment of most of the crew, who were wonderfully full of fight. Having beaten the Frenchman once, they were very sure that they could beat him again. We had other good reasons for having our eyes about us—first, to avoid in time any foe too big to tackle; and then as we had the right to capture any Spanish vessels we might fall in with, to keep a look-out for them. However, the ocean is very broad, and though we chased several vessels, they all proved to be Portuguese. After sighting the little rocky and then uninhabited island of Tristan D'Acunha, we made the Cape of Good Hope, and entering Table Bay, dropped our anchor off Capetown.

The colony had lately been recaptured from the Dutch by Sir David Baird and Sir Home Popham, with a well-appointed force of 5,000 men. The two armies met on the plain at the foot of Table Mountain; but scarcely had the action been commenced by General Ferguson, at the head of the Highland Brigade, than the wise Hollanders, considering that the English were likely to prove as good masters as the French, retreated, and soon after offered to capitulate, which they were allowed to do with all the honours of war. The Dutch, French, and English were now living on very friendly terms with each other. The Cape colony, with its clean, well-laid-out English capital, its Table Mountain and Table Cloth, its vineyards, its industrious and sturdy Boers, its Hottentot slaves, and its warlike Caffirs, is too well-known to require a description. I did a good deal of trading—a matter of private interest to Garrard, Janrin, and Co., so I will not speak of it. The ship was put to rights, we enjoyed ourselves very much on shore, and were once more at sea. Strong easterly winds drove us again into the Atlantic, and when we had succeeded in beating back to the latitude of Capetown, the weather, instead of improving, looked more threatening than ever. I had heard of the peculiar swell off the Cape, but I had formed no conception of the immense undulations I now beheld. They came rolling on slow and majestically, solid-looking, like mountains of malachite, heaving up our stout ship as if she were a mere chip of deal cast on the face of the ocean. We were alone on the waste of waters, no other objects in sight besides these huge green masses, which, as the clouds gathered, were every instant becoming of a darker and more leaden hue.

"We shall get a breeze soon, and I hope that it will be from the right quarter for us," I remarked to Benjie Stubbs, the second mate, who had charge of the deck.

"We shall have a breeze, and more than we want,

Pusser" (intended for Purser, a name Benjie always persisted in giving me), he answered, glancing round the horizon. "You've not seen anything like this before, eh? A man must come to sea to know what's what. There are strange sights on the ocean."

"So I have always heard," I remarked.

"Yes, you'd have said so if you had been on deck last night in the middle-watch," he observed, in a low tone.

"How so! what happened?" I asked.

"Why, just this," he answered. "There was not more wind than there is now, and the sky was clear, with a slice of a moon shining brightly, when just as I was looking along its wake, what did I see, but a full-rigged, old-fashioned ship, under all sail, bearing down towards us at a tremendous rate. When she got within a couple of hundred fathoms of us, she hove to and lowered a boat. I guessed well enough what she was, so, running forward, I cast loose one of the guns and pointed at the boat. They aboard the stranger knew what I was after; the boat was hoisted in again, and away she went right in the teeth of the wind."

"Did you see this last night?" I asked, looking the mate in the face. "I should like to speak to some of the men who saw it at the same time."

"I don't say all saw it. You may ask those who did, and you won't get a different story from what I've told you," he replied.

"And what think you was the ship you saw," I asked.

"The Flying Dutchman,* of course, and no manner of doubt about the matter," he answered promptly. "If you had been on the look-out you would have seen him as clearly as I did. Remember, Pusser, if you ever fall in with him, don't let him come aboard, that's all. He'll send you to the bottom as surely as if a red-hot shot was to be dropped into the hold."

"Who is this Flying Dutchman?" I asked, wishing to humour Benjie by pretending to believe his story.

"Why, as to that, there are two opinions," he answered, as if he was speaking of authenticated facts. "Some say that he was an honest trader, that he was bound in for Table Bay, when he was ordered off by the authorities, and that, putting to sea, he was lost; others say that he was a piratical gentleman, and that on one occasion, when short of provisions, being driven off the land by contrary winds, he swore a great oath that he would beat about till the day of doom, but that get in he would. He and all his crew died of starvation, but the oath has been kept; and when gales are threatening, or mischief of any kind brewing, he is to be met with, trying in vain to accomplish his vow."

I smiled at Benjie's account, whereat he pretended to look very indignant, as if I had doubted his veracity. I afterwards made inquiries among the seamen. Two or three asserted that they had witnessed an extraordinary sight during the night, but they all differed considerably in their accounts. It may be supposed that they were trying to practise on the credulity of a greenhorn. My belief is that they really fancied that they had seen what they described.

The clouds grew thicker and thicker till they got as black as ink. The sea became of a dark leaden hue, and the swell increased in height, so that when we sank down into the intermediate valley, we could not see from the deck beyond the watery heights on either side of us.

* We never hear of the Flying Dutchman now-a-days. The fact is that he had the monopoly of sailing or going along rather in the teeth of the wind. Now steamers have cut him out, and he is fain to hide his diminished head.

"Ah, the skipper is right; we shall have it before long hot and furious."

This remark, made by Benjie Stubbs, followed the captain's order to send down all our lighter spars, and to make everything secure on deck, as well as below. The ship was scarcely made snug before the tempest broke on us. The high, smooth rollers were now torn and wrenched asunder as it were, their summits wreathed with masses of foam, which curled over as they advanced against the wind, and breaking into fragments, blew off in masses of snowy whiteness to leeward. I scarcely thought that a fabric formed by human hands could have sustained the rude shocks we encountered till the ship was got on her course, and we were able to scud before the gale. Often the sea rose up like a dead wall, and seemed as if it must fall over our deck and send us to the bottom. The scene was trying in the day time, but still more so when darkness covered the face of the deep, and it needed confidence in the qualities of our ship, and yet greater in God's protecting power, not to feel overcome with dread. There was a grandeur in the spectacle which kept me on deck, and it was not till after the steward had frequently summoned me to supper that I could tear myself from it. Curious was the change to the well-lighted, handsome cabin, with the supper things securely placed between fiddles and puddings* on the swing table. The first mate had charge of the deck. Stubbs was busily employed fortifying his nerves. "You now know, Pusser, what a gale off the Cape is," he observed, looking up with his mouth half full of beef and biscuit.

"Yes, indeed," said I. "Fine weather, too, for your friend the Dutchman to be cruising."

"Ay, and likely enough we shall see him, too," he answered. "It was just such a night as this some five years back that we fell in with him off here; and our Consort, as sound a ship as ever left the Thames, and all hands was lost. It's my belief that he put a boat aboard her by one of his tricks." I saw Captain Hassall and Irby exchange glances. Stubbs was getting on his favourite subject.

"Well, now I've doubled this Cape a dozen times or more, and have never yet once set eyes on this Dutch friend of yours, Benjie," exclaimed O'Carroll. "Mind you call me if we sight his craft, I should like to 'ya, ya' a little with him, and just ask him where he comes from, and what he's about, and may be if I put the question in a civil way I'll get a civil answer." By-the-bye, Captain Hassall and I had been so well pleased with O'Carroll, and so satisfied as to his thorough knowledge of the regions we were about to visit and the language of the people, that we had retained him on board as supernumerary mate.

"Don't you go and speak to him now, if you value the safety of the ship, or our lives," exclaimed Stubbs, in a tone of alarm.

"You don't know what trick he'll play you if you do. Let such gentry alone, say I."

We all laughed at the second mate's earnestness, though I cannot say that all the rest of those present disbelieved in the existence of the condemned Dutchman. The state of the atmosphere, the strange, wild, awful look of the ocean, prepared our minds for the appearance of anything supernatural. The captain told me that I looked ill and tired from having been on deck so many hours, and insisted on my turning in, which I at length unwillingly did.

In spite of the upheaving motion of the ship, and the peculiar sensation as she rushed down the watery declivity into the deep valley between the seas, I fell asleep. The creaking of the bulkheads, the whistling of the wind in the rigging, the roaring of the seas, and their constant dash against the sides was never out of my ears, and oftentimes I fancied that I was on deck witnessing the tumult of the ocean, now that the Flying Dutchman was in sight, now that our own good ship was sinking down overwhelmed by the raging seas.

"Mr. Stubbs wants you on deck, sir; she's in sight, sir, he says, she's in sight," I heard a voice say, while I felt my elbow shaken. The speaker was Jerry Nott, our cabin-boy. I slipped on my clothes, scarcely knowing what I was about.

"What o'clock is it?" I asked. "Gone two bells in the morning watch," he answered. I sprang on deck. The dawn had broke. The wind blew as hard as ever. The sky and sea were of a leaden grey hue, the only spots of white were the foaming crests of the seas and our closely reefed foretop sails. "There, there! Do you see her now?" asked Stubbs, pointing ahead. As we rose to the top of a giant sea I could just discover in the far distance, dimly seen amid the driving spray, the masts of a ship with more canvas set than I should have supposed would have been shown to such a gale. While I was looking I saw another ship not far beyond the first. We were clearly nearing them.

"What do you think of that?" asked Stubbs.

"That there are two ships making very bad weather of it, Mr. Stubbs," answered the captain, who at that moment had come on deck. He took a look through his glass.

"She is a large ship—a line-of-battle ship I suspect," he observed.

"Looks like one," said Stubbs. "She'll look like something else by-and-by."

The rest of the officers had now joined us except Mr. Randolph, who had the middle watch. We were all watching the strangers together. Now as we sank down into the hollow, the masses of spray which blew off from the huge sea uprising between us and them, hid them from our sight. Some differed with the captain as to the size of the largest ship. One or two thought that she was an Indiaman. However she was still so distant, and in the grey dawn so misty-looking and indistinct, that it was difficult to decide the question. The captain himself was not certain. "However, we shall soon be able to settle the matter," he observed, as the Barbara, now on the summit of a mountain billow, was about to glide down the steep incline. Down, down, we went—it seemed that we should never be able to climb the opposite height. We were all looking out for the strangers expecting to settle the disputed point. "Where are they?" burst from the lips of all of us. "Where, where?" We looked, we rubbed our eyes—no sail was in sight. "I knew it would be so," said Stubbs, in a tone in which I perceived a thrill of horror. O'Carroll asserted that he had caught sight of the masts of a ship as if sinking beneath the waves.

"Very likely," observed Stubbs, "that was of the ship he was sending to the bottom, the other was the Dutchman, and you don't see her now."

"No, no, they were craft carrying human beings, and they have foundered without a chance of one man out of the many hundreds on board being saved," exclaimed the captain.

Stubbs shook his head as if he doubted it. We careered on towards the spot where the ships had gone down, for that real ships had been there no doubt

* Contrivances to prevent articles falling off a table at sea.

could be entertained. A strict look-out was kept for anything that might still be floating to prove that we had not been deceived by some phantom forms. Those on the look-out forward, reported an object ahead. "A boat! a boat!" shouted one of them. "No boat could live in such a sea," observed the captain. He was right. As we approached, we saw a grating to which a human being was clinging. It was when first seen on the starboard bow, and it was, alas! evident that we should leave him at too great a distance even to heave a rope to which he might clutch. By his dress he appeared to be a seaman. He must have observed our approach; but he knew well enough that we could make no attempt to save him. He gazed at us steadily as we glided by—his countenance seemed calm—he uttered no cry—still he clung to his frail raft. He could not make up his mind to yield to death. It was truly a painful sight. We anxiously watched him till we left the raft to which he still clung far astern. No other person was seen, but other objects were seen, floating spars, planks, gratings to prove that we were near the spot where a tall ship had gone down. "It is better so," observed the captain, "unless the sea had cast them on our deck we could not have saved one of them." We rushed on up and down the watery heights, Stubbs as firmly convinced as ever that the Flying Dutchman had produced the fearful catastrophe we had witnessed.

On we went—the gale in no way abating. I watched the mountain seas till I grew weary of looking at them; still I learned to feel perfectly secure—a sensation I was at first very far from experiencing. Yet much, if not everything, depended on the soundness of our spars and rigging: a flaw in the wood or rope might be the cause of our destruction. I went below at meal-time, but I hurried again on deck, fascinated by the scene, though I would gladly have shut it out from my sight. At length, towards night, literally wearied with the exertion of keeping my feet and watching those giant seas, I went below and turned in. I slept, but the huge white crested waves were still rolling before me, and big ships were foundering, and phantom vessels were sailing in the wind's eye, and I heard the bulkheads creaking, the wind whistling, and the waves roaring as loudly as if I was awake; only I often assigned a wrong cause to the uproar. Hour after hour this continued, when, as I had at last gone off more soundly, a crash echoed in my ears, followed by shrieks and cries. It did not, however, awake me. It seemed a part of the strange dreams in which I was indulging. I thought that the ship had struck on a rock, that I escaped to the shore, had climbed up a lofty cliff on the summit of which I found a wood fire surrounded by savages. They dragged me to it—I had the most fearful forebodings of what they were about to do. Then I heard the cry, "Fire! fire!" That was a reality—the smell of fire was in my nostrils—I started up—I was alone in the cabin. The ship was plunging about in an awful manner. I hurried on my clothes and rushed on deck. Daylight had broke. The ship lately so trim seemed a perfect wreck. The foremast had been carried away, shivered to the deck, and hung over the bows, from which part of the crew were endeavouring to clear it. The main and mizzen topmasts had likewise been carried away. Smoke was coming up the fore hatchway, down which the rest of the people were pouring buckets of water. I went forward to render assistance. The foremast had been struck by lightning, and the electric fluid, after shattering it, had descended into the hold and set the ship

on fire. We worked with the desperation of despair—should the fire once gain the mastery, no human power could save us. The sea was running as high as ever, it was with difficulty that the ship could be kept before it. I exchanged but a few words with my companions; a bucket was put into my hands, and I at once saw what I had to do. The smoke after a time had decreased, for as yet no flames had burst forth. "Now, lads, follow me," cried Randolph, the first officer, leaping below with his bucket and an axe in his hand. Irby and four men sprang after him. With his axe, the mate cut a way to get at the heart of the fire. We handed down buckets to his companions, who kept emptying them round where he was working. The smoke was still stifling. Those below could scarcely be seen as they worked amidst it. The bulkhead was cut through. The seat of the mischief was discovered. Flames were bursting forth, but wet blankets were thrown on them. The buckets were passed rapidly down. The smoke was decreasing. "Hurrah, lads! we shall have it under!" cried the first mate, in an encouraging tone. We breathed more freely. The fire was subdued. The peril had indeed been great. We had now to clear the wreck of the mast, which threatened to stave in the bows. "The gale is breaking," cried the captain, after looking round the horizon; "cheer up, my lads, and we shall do well!" Encouraged by the captain the men laboured on, though from the violent working of the ship it was not without great difficulty and danger that the mass of spars, ropes, and canvas, could be hauled on board or cast adrift. As a landsman my assistance was not of much value, though I stood by clinging to the bulwarks, to lend a hand in case I should be required.

While glancing to windward, as I did every now and then, in hopes of seeing signs of the abatement of the gale, I caught sight of what seemed the wing of an albatross, skimming the summit of a tossing sea. I looked again and again. There it still was as at first. I pointed it out to the captain. "A sail running down towards us," he observed; "it is to be hoped that she is a friend, for we are in a sorry plight to meet with a foe." The captain's remark made me feel not a little anxious as to the character of the approaching stranger. After a time it became evident that the wind was really falling. The wreck of the mast was at last cleared away, but a calm sea would be required before we could attempt to get up a jury-mast. We had watched the approach of the stranger: she was steering directly for us. As she drew nearer I saw O'Carroll examining her narrowly through the glass. "Here comes the Flying Dutchman again," I observed to Stubbs.

"Not at all certain that she isn't," he answered, quite in a serious tone.

"No, she's not that, but she's ten times worse," exclaimed O'Carroll; "she is the Mignonne, as I am a seaman, and will be bothering us pretty considerably, depend on that."

We heartily hoped that he was mistaken, but certainly she was very like the craft we had seen at St. Salvador. She passed us as near as the heavy sea still running would allow her to do without danger to herself. A man was standing in the mizen rigging. I caught sight of his face through my telescope. I thought that I distinguished a look of satisfaction in his countenance as he gazed at us. "That's La Roche; I know the villain," cried O'Carroll; "I thought from what I heard that he was bound out here. He'll work us ill, depend on that." We now wished that the sea had continued to run as high as it had hitherto been

doing, when it would have been impossible for the privateer to have boarded us. It was now, however, rapidly going down, though as yet it was too rough to allow her to attempt to run alongside. It was possible that she might pass us. No. After running on a short distance her yards were braced sharp up, her helm was put down, she stood back with the evident intention of attacking our helpless craft.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In some of these papers I have been led into greater length of introductory explanation than I intended at the offset, but I hope to make the *amende* by letting "Honest Allan," as he was commonly called, paint himself. I may say in brief that he was a self-educated, self-reliant, self-asserting man, open hearted and straightforward, with unusual sagacity and rare common sense.

When he came to London, with a local reputation, I was in literary harness, and among his earliest essays were certain poems recommended to my furtherance. In one of them I ventured to change a "who" for a "what," or something of equal importance, at which the writer was very indignant. I pointed out to him that his text was not grammatical, but he flew in the face of his *quasi* patron and critic, and declared he did not care a farthing for pronouns, or grammar, and "Nobody shall alter a word of mine, whether they may call it right or wrong!" *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was sturdy from Dumfries; and quite in unison with the stalwart Scot who acted upon it.

Ah, but seven years' up-hill work with the London Press tried his bravery. The first letter I have to quote tells an anxious tale.

Belgrave Place, 16 October, 1827.

DEAR JERDAN,—I venture to enclose you a notice of a new work of mine. I have no desire that you should abide by any words but such as you like, therefore dress it up in your own manner if you please. Some such notice before publication will be useful; nor would a little kindness from critics afterwards be at all amiss. God knows I have much need of a kind word or two, for I have been working hard up hill these many years, and William Jerdan and Sir Walter Scott have been almost my only friends. I acknowledge they have been good ones.

Yours very truly,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I have only to note that Lockhart, as well as Scott, was his constant and active friend, through all his struggles; no slackness was ever found in either, and his works and his family owed (and always gratefully acknowledged) much to the cordial services of both. Two years later a stronger standing had been obtained, and the annexed is a circumstantial notice of one of the steps.

27, Belgrave Place, 14 July, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My little book has caught the eye of the trade, and, thanks to your kind notice, the eye of the public, and I expect it will do my name a good turn. If you could spare space for an extract or two my fortune would be made.

I have descended from the painful elevation of editor to Mr. Sharpe's publication, and my mantle has fallen on very able men, Maginn and Hook. In truth the proprietor was a little too changeable for me. He had altered the character of the work twice, and was resolved on a third experiment; so I quitted it, and here I am rejoicing in the fullness of freedom, and dispersing, with all the wisdom I am master of, a mountain mass of prose and verse which has accumulated these nine

months. It will probably save me from the affliction of a hundred letters if you will announce my *descent* to the world—in words like these:—

"We are authorized to state that in consequence of the Anniversary being altered from an embellished annual to a regular monthly magazine, Mr. Allan Cunningham has ceased to be editor."

Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My next tends to a very different phase.

27, Belgrave Place, 31 May, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another of my little books. It has cost me much research and enquiry, and is still very imperfect, I fear. I think you will like the *Life of Flaxman*; and that you may dislike none of it is the wish

Of your very faithful friend,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

And *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Witness the next.

Belgrave Place, 23 February, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I never, save once, ventured to complain or remonstrate when any of my works happened to be abused or neglected, and for that piece of impudence I was most unhand-somely mauled. Whatever the merits or faults of my books may be, I have ever allowed matters to take their course, satisfied that if they were founded in nature and truth, they would live at least for a time. I believe, too, I can say truly that without ever mixing myself up with the one-sided feelings of any critical publication, I have, nevertheless, done many kind acts to fellow labourers, both in verse and prose. Of this I am sure that I never did an unbrotherly act to any one. I may also add without much fear of contradiction, that while I have lived to see the works of many well-educated men make a stir for a time and then perish quietly, the humble name which I have acquired in literature has risen rather than sunk, in spite of all the disadvantages under which I laboured.

Why do I mention all this? I do it because I am pestered daily with the condolences of friends on my having incurred your displeasure, which they argue is visible enough from the brief and slighting way in which you mentioned my *Lives of the Architects*. If you really are displeased with me you are man enough to say so, and I am man enough to make you the necessary reparation, if such be needed. I have never given you the least cause of offence, and I have often spoken well of you when some were not disposed to show your name any favour. Finally, if your slighting notice of the book has arisen from some sudden dislike which you have taken up against me, then I say you are my enemy without cause. If it proceeds from your unfavourable opinion of the volume, I have nothing to say but to bow to your decision, and live in hope of doing better another time.

I remain, my dear friend,
Yours ever,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Dear Jerdan," and "my dear friend," had evaporated, and the *irritable genus vatum* could only recognise a formal "dearsir" to lacerate. On the subject suffice it to say that my *honest* opinion was not so favourable to the work as, for the author's sake, I heartily wished it to have been; and with a candid explanation, the "better time" hoped for very speedily arrived. The "friendship dear" on both sides was soon restored, and the affectionate "dear Willie" crowned the whole, and lasted to the last. Witness the following interesting account of the writer's poetical aspirations:—

27, Belgrave Place, 22 March, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have written a poem, "*The Maid of Eivar*" by name, in twelve parts, and have sent it to the press. The scene is laid on the Border, the time is the early part of the reign of Queen Mary, and my wish has been to give an image of pastoral and domestic life during those stirring times when a reformation of religion on one hand, and hostility with England on the other, brought much sorrow to the land. I have endeavoured to work up the whole story from my own feelings and observation, and have hopes that it will do me a good turn. I have not published any poetry, save now and

then a song, for these twelve years, and trust to have a few listeners, though my name in literature is not high. I have mentioned this to you with the hope that you will notice my undertaking, so that I may have the benefit of publicity at least before I come from Moxon's Press.

Yours very truly,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

To William Jerdan, Esq.

I need hardly refer to Cunningham's previous poetical productions. His happy tinkering of several ancient ballads, and his capital imitation of others, together with his pieces of an entirely original kind, had laid a foundation of fame, which, in truth, was not much enlarged by this new effort, though replete with many beauties which ought not to be forgotten. But to proceed: in the ensuing year he commenced his separate biographies; he got ready and published his "Life of Burns," which reached a second edition, which he thus describes—

27, Belgrave Place, 15 August, 1833.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—Will you have the goodness to say to the world, in your own time and way, that I have a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. His works have been heretofore ill arranged; the natural order of composition has been neglected; poems have been printed as his which he never wrote, and his letters have had the accompaniment of epistles which were not necessary, and were the work of other hands. Poems, letters, and anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, are in my possession, and will appear in the course of the work. My desire is to arrange the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda of the bard, in a natural and intelligible order; to illustrate and explain them with introductions and notes, and to write a full and ample memoir such as shall show his character as a man, and his merits as a poet, and give freely and faithfully the history of his short and bright career. The whole will extend to six volumes; the first will contain the life, the others the letters, poems, songs, &c., and each volume will be embellished with two landscape vignettes from scenes made memorable in his works, both in Ayrshire and Dumfries. The work is in great forwardness, and will be published in monthly volumes.

Yours ever,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[The letter ends with news of family good fortune, and with some compliments in the warmest strain of the writer's warm heart.]

With this assurance I close the examples of our correspondence as completing the portrait I have endeavoured to make up out of these traits; but it was four years later, viz. in 1837, that in writing of a work by Sir Andrew Halliday, he arrived at "my dear Willie," and evinced the *perferendum Scotorum ingenium*, by saying, "Sir Andrew is a warm-hearted, true-hearted Scot, and surely another, with a heart equally warm and true, will find some kindly words for him." O, flattering "honest Allan"!

I now hasten to conclude. His "Life of Wilkie" followed his "Life of Burns," and he pursued a persevering literary occupation, till relieved from all his labours in 1842—sinking, as it seemed prematurely, the strong, athletic, powerful man, before he had attained more than fifty-seven years. For all the later division of his life (as will be seen from the dates of his letters), he resided near the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, in relation to whom he occupied a position most suitable to his pursuits and habits, and congenial to his taste. As factotum to the famous sculptor he superintended his works at home, and was his active friend on all occasions abroad, where his interests were concerned. In this capacity he rendered him very important services, and I may whisper that his connection with the press did not diminish their efficiency. Founded on the basis of admiration of his genius, and personal and grateful

esteem, there was nothing but honourable action in the conduct on both sides; and I will state it as it appeared to me, that no selfish motives overruled the independence either of the employer or the employed.

Looking at the two it amused me to fancy that if the principal fitted Leslie for his Sancho Panza, in the capital picture with the Duchess, the second on the scene might (with such modifications as the artist could make) have stood, not sat, for the Don; for though too stout and good-looking for the chivalrous knight of La Mancha, he was at any rate tall enough, and could have been painted gaunt to realize the transformation!

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

IX.—BARCELONA.

BARCELONA should have been the capital of the nation, and I think it the only city in Spain where the stranger may be reconciled to take up his abode for any length of time. There is more life and more activity, and desire for "radical reform" and progress here than I have witnessed in any other part of Spain. The city has been called the Manchester of Spain, but this is scarcely a compliment to either city. The cloth and cotton manufactories here are on a comparatively small scale, and protected by a high tariff, at the general expense of the community, who have to pay a high price for an inferior article, while native productions, which would give healthy labour, and be profitable to the nation and to individuals, are comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the air and climate refuse to acknowledge the black chimneys, and humming, busy, dingy mills of Manchester, the towers and spires standing out like marble in the clear atmosphere.

Barcelona has its east and west end, divided by a broad avenue called "the Rambla." The word has nothing to do with our rambles, but is the Arab *raml*, which means a river bed, and is often used in Spain for a road which traverses the dried bed of an old river. This broad street is not unlike the Unter der Linden at Berlin. It intersects the town from north to south, and is carried out one and a half miles beyond the town to Gracia on the north, where it is called the Paseo de Gracia; and to the south, along the harbour, the line is continued on a broad raised terrace or rampart leading to the citadel, and terminating in the public garden and evening drive and promenade—about as like Manchester as our November fogs and smoky atmosphere are to their light air and blue sky.

The sea wall that skirts the harbour is the favourite promenade, and after a sultry day, the cool sea breeze, and the beautiful scenery around makes this terrace a most delightful lounge. On the one side is a succession of palatial buildings, public and private, including the Casa Lonja, or Exchange, a curious mixture of architecture and art, most interesting to the stranger, while on the other hand is the fine harbour, protected by a semicircular mole and filled with vessels, while beyond white sails are seen studded along the bright blue Mediterranean.

The town is protected—I should say awed—by a large and powerful citadel, not unlike that of Fort William on the river Hooghly, and in the best style of Vauban, the celebrated French engineer. On the opposite side of the harbour, to the S.E., crowning an abrupt hill of 500 feet above the sea, stands the Castle of Monjuich, strongly fortified, and looking almost impregnable. Both this and the citadel are strongly garrisoned, to curb the *pronunciamientos* of the restless

reforming Catalonians. Ascending this hill by a zigzag road, we get a commanding view over the Mediterranean, and the town, bay, and surrounding country. The town was formerly surrounded from sea to citadel by a strong wall, bastions, and gates. A great part of these have been pulled down and built upon, and the great reformer of the 19th century has spread his iron arms over the foundations of the walls, and the great bastions have become railway stations. I have my room on the second floor of the hotel "Cuarto Naciones," on the Rambla, adjoining the theatres, post-office, and principal public buildings of the city. This broad and magnificent avenue, planted with rows of acacia, laburnum, and pepper trees, is one of the most animated scenes it is possible to imagine. At the moment of which I write it is Christmas day: the women have been at mass in their black dresses and lace scarfs; the men have come out to have a holiday, and enjoy their cigaretts in the open air; the booths and gambling tables are still active with excited purchasers and "operators"—a living panorama, moving up and down in every variety of colour and costume. The inhabitants are estimated at 160,000, but one would fancy there were nearly that number now in the streets.

With regard to national costumes, I may here remark that the upper classes are rapidly assimilating in dress to those of Paris. Among the peasants the old costumes still prevail, giving picturesqueness to their gatherings at fairs and festas. There is great variety in the dress of the different provinces. Contrast, for instance, the red cap and long pantaloons of the Catalan, with the close suit and jaunty hat of the Andalusian. Among all classes, however, the long cloth cloaks of the men, and the mantillas of the women, are still characteristic. Our illustrations give specimens of some of the peculiarities which mark the national costume. Since the suppression of the religious orders the usual clerical dress of the secular clergy is alone conspicuous. The military uniforms seem of wonderful variety.

The old town of Barcelona to the east of the Rambla forms an intricate maze of narrow winding streets; the houses are generally five stories, and many of them of very fine semi-Moorish architecture. These are intersected by a few broader streets, which the municipality is endeavouring to carry out still farther, as the old houses can be cleared away. The cathedral and all the principal churches are in this part of the town. On the west, or the new town, is one of those great markets which play so conspicuous a part in all Spanish cities, two large universities (civil and military), and several fine theatres. I am told it is a disputed question whether the principal theatre here, the Liceo (Lyceum), or La Scala, of Milan, is the largest and finest. The Barcelonese strongly claim the superiority for their house, and affirm that there never was a building where comfort, convenience, and the principles of light and acoustics have been so well and carefully carried out. This is the only city in Spain, with rare exceptions at Madrid, where the great stars of the opera condescend to appear. I should have given the churches precedence of the theatres, but they were so dark and gloomy that I could scarcely find my way through them: many of them are so rich and beautiful that one wishes they could be turned inside out under the bright clear sky. The Cathedral is one of the most magnificent specimens of the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century that I have seen. The exterior, like many of the churches in Spain, has never been finished, and we must enter the building to

see its beautiful and elaborate decorations. It is in the form of a cross, 180 by 70 feet. The choir is placed in the centre, and this, with the stalls around, is one mass of wood carving and ornament, so beautiful in detail, and so grand and harmonious in the mass, that the eye is ever discovering some new object for admiration. The clusters of light and delicate columns that support the high pointed arches and lofty groined roof, and the rich painted windows, lighting up with their varied tints the dim interior, are all in the perfection of Gothic art. This Cathedral, like that of Cordova, has its fine patio, or open court, with orange, lemon, and other trees, with marble fountains and sparkling waters.

I have but slightly touched on ecclesiastical matters in these brief articles. I am not prone to "pluck the mote from my brother's eye." I know that there are good and virtuous Roman Catholics, who can find underneath and notwithstanding the mass of superstition and error, the faith and hope of the Gospel. It is not the opinion of individual Christians that I would question, but everyone must condemn the policy of the dominant Church, which, protected by the arm of the civil power, keeps the people wilfully in ignorance.

I remember being on a jury in Calcutta, some thirty-five years ago, in a case of murder, by some British soldiers. Fifteen young recruits, chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk, were examined, of whom only four could write their names, and about eight could read imperfectly. Having been accustomed to a different state of matters among the Scottish peasantry, I was surprised, on inquiry, to learn that throughout these rich English counties not half the adult population could read and write. Those were days when "the school-master was not abroad." It is difficult to say what nation may "throw the first stone." We have much to be thankful for, if we are now tardily improving our national education. It is the misfortune of Spain that the spirit of the Inquisition so long prevailed to pervert the minds of men, or crush them, soul and body, under its iron hoof. It is this usurped authority that has made so many indifferentists and infidels in Spain and Italy, and perhaps elsewhere.

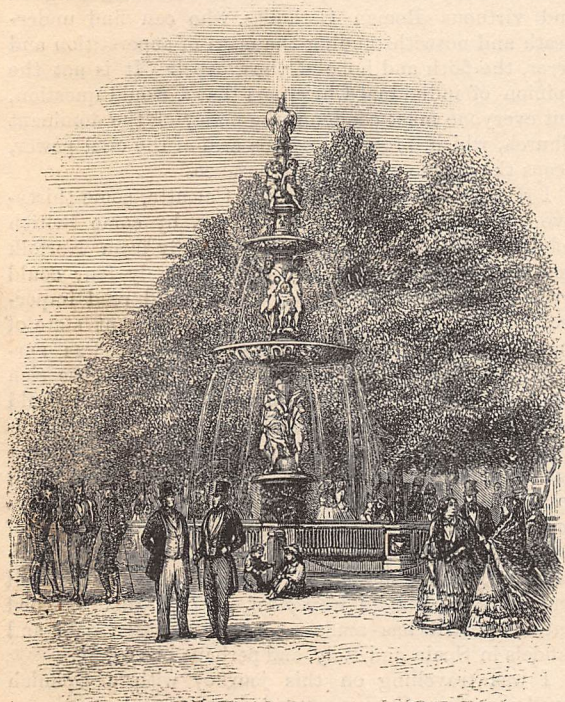
I was travelling on this journey with a Spanish gentleman from Cuba, a man of education and experience, and, I believe, a sincere Roman Catholic. He had his family at Madrid, under Roman Catholic teachers, and one of his sons was being educated for the church. He complained grievously of the Government of Spain, and made some favourable criticisms on the state of political and religious freedom in England and America. I asked him how it was that Spain, having confiscated most of the convents and religious houses, banished the Jesuits, and swept the monks and other religious orders out of the land, was still more Roman than the Romans; while indifference, and almost disrespect, were shown to the clergy, and the absence of men at the religious services, unless there was some musical attraction, was most marked? With the professions of liberality I so often heard from Spaniards, how was it the Pope's concordats were still in full force, and the people going hand in hand with the priest in excluding all Christianity that was not filtered through the Vatican, and the many books of instruction that would improve and enlighten their minds. "Your experience in England and America," I said, "must have shown you that this exclusive system is no security against infidelity. I, too, have been in America, and you must admit that there is no country in Christendom where there is more true piety, and charity, and every Christian virtue, than in the Northern States of America." His reply was short,

and, I think, conclusive. "You have not been long enough in Spain to understand the power and influence of the Church; three-fourths of the people are uneducated, and dependent on the advice of the priest, and even those who have some education, have been taught from their youth that there is no Christianity out of the Church of Rome—that to question the authority of the Church would entail eternal damnation, and that those persons calling themselves Protestants, with no end of annexes, do not believe in the divine mission of our Saviour, entirely ignore the Mother of God, and, in short, are in a worse position than Pagans. With this training and these impressions, they are ready at all times to co-operate with the clergy in excluding

some days he brought it back, saying that he had read it through with great surprise, and some shame for the injustice he had been taught to do us. He had no idea that Protestants believed what was in that book, which seemed to him to contain as much Christianity as their own Missal; but for family considerations he would not refer to the subject again.

For some years past the Government has allowed Protestant worship in the private apartments of the British Consuls. I had the privilege of hearing the English service at Madrid, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, from able and worthy representatives of our Protestant Church. The Sunday I passed at Seville we had no service. I learned that the privilege was withdrawn there in consequence of a complaint from the priests that some tracts had been distributed, or some attempt made to proselytize. The argument used for this measure we should scarcely understand in our free and happy country, but this extract from a noted Ultramontane paper may help to show the usual defence of the "right of the civil power to subserve the purposes of the Divine Will":—

"In countries unfortunately no longer exclusively Christian, religious, or rather irreligious, liberty must run riot, since it would be manifestly unwise or inexpedient to punish religious error, or unjust as affecting such as are wholly ignorant that they are guilty of heresy. But fortunately in Rome a state exists where the civil law subserves, as we maintain it ought to do, the purposes of the Divine Will, and where, in consequence, the liberty to offend God and to scandalise Christians by introducing false worship, is accorded to none. A Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, however, is not of our opinion, and feels exceedingly vexed in spirit that he is not allowed to assert in a Christian State, and



IN THE ALAMEDA AT MALAGA.

what they believe would contaminate their children, and bring punishment on the nation." Curiously enough these sentiments were confirmed afterwards by the chaplain of one of our consulates. A Spanish gentleman of good position was in communication with him, and learning that the chaplain was a married man, said, "What, a priest, and married? You cannot be a Christian priest." "Why not?" was the reply; "we can see nothing against marriage, nor was it forbidden to the priesthood till some centuries after the establishment of Christianity." Still the Spaniard insisted that we were not Christians, and that we denied all the doctrines that were essential to salvation. To cut the argument short my friend said, "If you will give me your word that you will not bring me into trouble with the priest or your family, I will lend you a copy of our Prayer-book in your own language, and if you will take the trouble to read it, you will find the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, and even some of the prayers from your own Missal in this book." The Spaniard took the Prayer-book under a promise that he would keep it concealed, and after



SPANISH PRIEST.

proclaim from the centre of Christendom itself, in the teeth of Divine and human law, the abominable error that man has a right to teach false doctrine and to practise what false worship he chooses. But since Pius IX. will not tolerate in favour of a score or so of

Scotch Presbyterians a breach of divine and human laws, the *Times* takes up its cudgels in behalf of this Protestant chaplain. It is exceedingly wroth that the poor Romans, when sorely tempted, should not at least have a convenient opportunity at hand of committing the sin of heresy. In somewhat the same fashion Fagin, we suppose, could he have written a leader in the *Times*, would have given vent to his indignation that the jewellers at night put shutters on their windows and



THE CACHUCHA DANCE.

thus took away from such as were unwillingly honest a tempting opportunity of enriching their scanty store. This last act of the Papal Government brings out in bold relief the unworldliness of the Papacy, and its steadfast adherence to the doctrine peculiar to Christianity, that public heresy is a moral offence to be punished by law. As long as the scandal of a false worship in a Christian country is not obtruded on public notice, it may haply escape the arm of the law."

You have only to change the name of Rome for that of Spain, and the article will apply exactly to our present subject. I have dwelt longer on this point than I intended, but I wished to show, from the mouths of Spaniards themselves, or from Britons that had been long among them, the delusions under which this unhappy nation is kept by its guides and teachers.

The political position is equally sad; there is "no appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." "Our elections," said a Spaniard to me, "are a mockery; our legislative chamber a sham; our public debt has been a fraud on the nation; the Bourbons have filled up their cup of iniquity in Spain as they did in Italy; no intelligence or progress can exist where Crown and Church are determined to crush out every attempt at progress and liberal opinions." We know the result of all such governments, and when the deluge comes, and an uneducated people feel the weight of their oppression, how fearful may be the retribution. When I recall the lively scene before me, as I sat at my window that Christmas day, and think of this noble race of people, how very little

makes them happy, and how comparatively few are their wants, the unequalled beauty of their country with all its luxuriant productions, I feel inclined to draw my pen through any depreciatory remarks, and leave my readers to contemplate only the sunny side of Spanish life. But as these are the opinions of Spaniards themselves, and others who have resided long amongst them, I hope I may be pardoned if I give them a place in my record.

I feel it, however, an act of justice to Spaniards, as well as to my own countrymen who may visit this romantic and interesting land, to say that I have never travelled through any country with more confidence and safety. I had not once during my two months occasion to complain of rudeness or incivility. Few people appreciate the courtesies and amenities of life so fully as the Spaniards, and if the stranger will only exercise a little patience and forbearance, and reciprocate these amenities, he will have little to complain of. I have had many opportunities of studying, in a rapid way, the social, political and religious aspects of the country, and have conversed fully with well-informed Spaniards and English residents on these subjects. I see many noble qualities in the people, and a country of unbounded resources, if they had a fair chance in it. But the Spaniards are a conquered people, as much as the Hindoos and Javanese are, and conquered like them by ignorance, priestcraft, and superstition. Like the natives of South Italy they have been so long under an ecclesiastico-military despotism, that it will require a new generation to understand or appreciate the meaning of free institutions. Like the Italians also they are too apt to dream of the past, and forget the necessities of the present. If they would but humble their pride and condescend to "become as



BULL FIGHTERS.

little children," and take their lesson from other nations so far in advance of them, they might still form a great and influential people.

When I was at Madrid I heard a curious piece of scandal connected with our preparations for the Abyssinian war. I should have passed it over in silence as a "foreign canard," but I had it confirmed on my journey south. When the order was issued to purchase some thousands of

Spanish mules, two or three inexperienced officers were sent to make the purchases. These gentlemen were quite unacquainted with the language and the country, and it is a question if they knew an indifferent mule from a "high-caste donkey." At any rate they fell into the hands of some sharp Spaniards, or half-caste Gibraltar men, and a general raid was made on the mules. It was understood that "they were to be purchased at any price," and the Spaniards, always greedy, "improved the occasion." Every rip that could be found with a hide on its back was brought down to the coast at the average price of 120 dols., twice the value of a good mule. And when they came to be inspected it was found that scarcely half of them were fit for service. I witnessed the re-sale of some of these rejected animals which had been purchased at 130 dollars, and were sold for—how much do you think?—their full value, 20 dollars! Did any of our proceedings at the commencement of the Crimean war beat this? We may hear more of this when "the butcher's bill comes in," but in the satisfaction at the speedy and successful termination of the war, all blunders of administration will probably be condoned.

It was rather a trial for me on reading in the French and English papers that the winter had set in very severely, to pack and prepare to leave this mild and delightful climate, but there was no help for it, there were other duties and obligations before me. I could have run across the Gulf of Lyons, and been in Marseilles in sixteen or eighteen hours, and thence have hastened in a warm first-class carriage to Paris, without much trouble; but I wished to see the passes of the Pyrenees and the central line of France, and I have been gratified and amply rewarded for any little trouble or inconvenience I may have suffered.

There is a line of railway from Barcelona to Gerona, and diligences from thence cross the Pyrenees to Perpignon, where we join the French "Chemins de fer du Midi." I took my ticket out for the whole journey at the charge of 108 francs. We started at 6 A.M. The railway journey along this coast line, through hill and dale, afforded peeps at every opening over the clear blue sea, at vineyards, mansions, gardens of oranges and lemons, surrounded with cactus and aloe hedges; and there was more active life than we had been accustomed to see in the interior of Spain, which, with the most glorious weather, made the scene lively, and cheered us on our way. At Tordera we struck inland, when the country became less interesting. We got to Gerona at 10 A.M., and had a very comfortable breakfast. Three of us, a German scholar, a young Spanish-American, and myself, had engaged the coupé, and about 11 A.M. the diligence was yoked with six small high-boned horses, three abreast, in very tattered gear. Our conductor was a fair, red-bearded Frenchman, one of the best type of our lively neighbours, obliging and communicative, and was at once at home with us. We commenced the ascent of the mountains at Figueres. The day was still, clear, and delightful, with a light bright sky, and buoyant air. The scenery round this city may be compared to some of the passes into the Grampians: the stone pine and olive trees taking the place of our larch, and birch, and mountain ash. As we continue to ascend, the whole outline of the mountains appears rising ridge over ridge, with the distant snowy peaks skirting the horizon, and lights and shades of every tint. This range of mountain is not to be compared with the wild and lofty grandeur of the Alps, but is far more pleasing and beautiful to the eye, and easier for the mind to grasp. I referred in a former letter to the barren and uninterest-

ing passes on the west, by the way of Irun and St. Sebastian, and my disappointment at the scenery. This passage far exceeded my expectations in picturesque beauty and variety: now winding round the face of a mountain, clothed with every variety of green; and now descending into a fertile valley, or passing a mountain stream foaming over its rough bed and jagged walls, or meandering through vineyards and orange groves—a constant change of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. At dusk we reached Junquera, the last Spanish town, and the highest point of our journey, and in a short time after arrived at Boulon, the French frontier town, where our luggage was examined, and our passports called for. This was the first time on this journey that my passport had been asked for. I had fortunately put an old one in my bag, but before showing it I had a little chaff with the gentleman in plain clothes, and a bit of ribbon in his button-hole. I told him I was not prepared to be called upon for a passport, that I had traversed France for some years without one, and would like to know on what authority he made so unusual a demand on a British subject? "First by this authority," opening his coat and showing me the ribbon of the Legion of Honour; "and next, we have instructions to examine all persons coming from Spain, on account of the troubled state of Italy." What the troubled state of Italy had to do with the Pyrenees frontier was not for me to question, and I rolled out the royal arms of England on a scroll, with the "bold Roman hand" of my Lord Malmesbury, 1858, the sight of which elicited a low bow and gracious thanks. My companions, not being British subjects, were prepared with their passports *en regle*.

Our driver and conductor seemed now to have snuffed their mountain air, "and their foot was on their native heath." A team of five splendid Normandy horses, in gaudy trapping—two in yoke and three leading—dashed along in the dim light up the sides of the mountains, down the steep precipice and over narrow bridges, the driver cracking his whip and jerking out the "She-e-e yo-o-o-o" of the good old times before the locomotive banished all the romance of travel. Out with the horses and in with a fresh team!—what a change from the slow action of the Spaniard—and on we go as before, till we reach Perpignon at 7 P.M., an hour and a-half before our time, which procured our lively conductor a willing *bono mano*. We agreed to remain here for the night, and had an excellent dinner and comfortable apartments at the principal hotel, and so pleasant and agreeable had the journey been, that we sat chatting over its incidents till it was nearly midnight, though we had to be up early next morning for the 5.30 A.M. train. We travelled together as far as Narbonne, where we parted, much to my regret. My travelling companions turned off for Marseilles, and I for Paris, by Toulouse and the mid line. Those acquainted with the eastern and western route through France, to Bordeaux or Marseilles, will form rather an unfavourable opinion of the scenery of that country. One must take this centre route to see all the most interesting and picturesque beauty of the country. The quaint old villages and towns rising on the hill sides, amidst extensive vineyards, are scarcely altered in appearance since the days of Sterne and his little hostelry, where even now, if two travellers were arriving together, they might have to make a compromise on the subject of accommodation. The journey from Toulouse, Agen, and thence to Perigueux, is one continued change of hill and dale and richly wooded undulations. This long journey involved a night in the train—and such a night, with eight to ten degs. of frost; with all the warm clothing

we could muster, it was a sore trial after the delights of the Mediterranean coast. We got to Paris at 5 A.M., twenty-four hours from Perpignon; started again by the mail train at 7 A.M., and were in London by 5.30 P.M., just fifty-eight hours from Barcelona, including the eight hours' rest at Perpignon.

THE BANK OF HEALTH.

WHOEVER takes a railway run from London to Matlock will travel during the last hour of his route through some of the most striking and fascinating scenery in England; and arriving at Matlock Bridge, will find himself at the foot of Matlock Bank, which for reasons that may presently appear we have designated the Bank of Health. The site has been well chosen for hydropathic purposes—the air and the water being both of remarkable purity, and the Bank, or steep hill side, being a capital centre or starting point, from whence may be visited all the picturesque wonders of Derbyshire. But we are not going to sing the praises of these agreeable resorts on the present occasion; we are going, for reasons with which we shall not trouble the reader, to try the experiment of the water cure, and see if any good will come of it. We are strangers to the place, and have no introduction; but fortunately that is of no consequence, the whole of the precipitous Bank, which runs up sharply to the height of some seven hundred feet, and, facing the south, stretches some two miles east and west, being a complete colony of hydropaths, whose hospitable doors stand open at all times ready to receive the stranger and wash his ailments out of him. Having no choice beyond a preference for high ground, we select one establishment standing near the summit of the hill, and thither accordingly we are driven along some winding roads of the most abominable description, which at length land us at our destination, just at the moment when the inmates, some three to four score in number, and of various social grades, are sitting down to dinner. We join the company as a matter of course, without the least inkling of ceremony, and the meal over, as we shall not be under regimen till to-morrow, have time to look about us.

Down in the valley beneath us runs the Derwent, sparkling and flashing in places, but not much seen, owing to the trees on its banks, and the intervention of the high grounds among which it winds. Below, a little to the left, is the village of Matlock, and beyond it, in the same direction, we catch sight of a portion of Matlock Bath, the rival of Buxton, and of the old city of Bladud, owing to the possession of certain hot mineral springs. Right opposite to us are the Heights of Abraham, said to be the highest of the Matlock hills, and to the left of them rises the huge mass of Riber, dominated by a heavy castellated building, as yet unfinished. To the right stretches the valley of the Derwent, and in this direction only is there any marked change in the colour or general green tone of the landscape, the distance westward allowing of the introduction of purple and grey. But before we have half examined the landscape we are captured by a press-gang, and find ourselves one of a party driving in an open carriage to Darley Dale, some three miles off, where there is a flower-show this afternoon, and prizes to be distributed to the winners of them by a noble lord. The show is in the grounds of Mr. Whitworth, of rifle reputation; and there we are confronted by some monster products in the way of garden vegetables, reared by cottagers, contrasted by a choice selection of hot-house fruit contributed by the gentry. About five o'clock the prizes are distri-

buted, being heralded by an appropriate speech from an old gentleman, *vice* the noble lord, who forgot to put in an appearance. They consist of very small sums of money, and of sundry articles of cottage furniture and kitchen wares, such as a rush-bottom chair, a couple of flat-irons, or a gridiron—but "*honi soit*," etc., the measure of a man's deserts is not the value of the prize he wins or loses.

We are back again to tea, and after tea we take a stroll among the winding roads, cross-roads, and foot-paths, which intersect the bank-side in every direction. One thing that strikes us is the abundance and clearness of the water: trickling down the hill in small rivulets, it is caught here and there in large cisterns of stone, which, although brimming over and shedding their contents on the road, seem to contain nothing, so absolutely colourless and transparent is the crystal fluid. The village, if Matlock Bank may be called a village, seems to have no centre, but to straggle in the most arbitrary way over the whole hill side—here a single cottage, here two; here a single row of houses, and here a double row—and here a pretentious hydropathic establishment, the property of some company of shareholders, and almost close to it what seems a private villa, but is really another hydropathic speculation, the property of a private individual. We tire of the steep roads and footways, and in search of more practicable ground, mount to the brow of the hill, where an unfrequented lane winds along for a mile or so, and comes to an end in a stubble field, where a few sheaves of wheat are yet standing. The sun is getting low, and the breeze blowing over the distant moors comes laden with the fragrance of the heath; at the same time it comes laden with something else, for dense showers of the honey-laden bees come swarming over the brow of the hill and plunging in mad haste down the steep towards their hives. So thick are the swarms, and so wild in their flight that they dash against one's head and face, and we have to take shelter under a wall until the mass of the multitude has passed on. The Matlock honey is most delicious, and the yield would appear to be abundant—a lump of comb nearly as big as a man's head being taken from the top of a single hive, which top had been fairly emptied twenty-one days before. Not a bee is ever sacrificed when the honey is taken, the hives being so constructed as to render that unnecessary.

We are early to bed and very soon to sleep, and are awoken before six in the morning by the persistent clamour of a bell, which calls us to commence our experience in hydropathy. We find the first essay more novel than gratifying, as we cannot at first relish the icy drenching which concludes the ceremony of the "tepid sheet"; but after it is over the effect is capital, manifesting itself in a feeling of freshness, and vigour, and a craving appetite. We find it impossible to wait an hour or two for breakfast, and, following the example of others, make for the kitchen, where cook compassionately helps us to hunches of bread and butter.

"Dun you like it well o' the butther?" she asks, and distributes her favours to suit our several likings.

There is time for a brisk walk before breakfast, and walking just now seems everyone's business—some promenading the saloon at the quick step, others marching up and down the platform outside, and others again starting off for their morning constitutional. Breakfast comes at eight, followed by the reading of a chapter, singing and prayer. Then comes the postman's interesting wallet and the general delivery of letters and newspapers; after which the company disperse, singly or in groups, in search of such enjoyment as may be

found. Walking seems the order of the day—the strong and convalescent undertaking long distances, and others suiting their excursions to their capacity. But we are warned by a notice on the wall of the saloon not to extend our excursions so far as to interfere with the course of bathing which all have to undergo. At eleven comes the second bath of the day, which may be a parboiling with steam or hot air at a temperature of 170° , a sitz, a mustard fubz, a pocking, a spinal rubbing, a shallow, a douche, or something or anything else, according to the nature of one's ailments, or the hydropath's view of one's case. At this second, or mid-day bath, it is that there is most activity and bustle, because there are no laggards indulging in "a little more sleep," and no very early birds eager to be finished off before the crowding begins; but all being present, or close at hand, all would like to be "put through" at once if that were possible. It is well on towards one before the entire ceremony is finished, and glad enough we are by this time to escape from the bath-house, where the stinging odour of the mustard, the escaping steam, the burning spirits, and the abounding hot and cold spray, make up a composite bath of themselves not over-gratifying to the sense. There is not much time for walking between the midday-bath and dinner, which is laid at two, and over at half-past, and but few care to walk after dinner. The two hours that follow before the afternoon bath are spent in lounging on the easy chairs and sofas, in reading or playing chess, or in answering letters, or perhaps in a quiet stroll about the grounds or the adjoining district. The bath-house has been well aired and ventilated before we enter it again for the concluding ceremony of the day, with regard to which we note that it is of a less heroic and more soothing character than the two previous ones. By the time we have gone through this triple wash, we are heartily sick of the routine of taking off one's clothes and putting them on again, and to say the truth, it is not until some days have elapsed that we are reconciled to the indispensable but tyrannous necessity.

With the afternoon bath the business of the day comes to an end, and its more agreeable recreations begin. About halfway down the hill, on an open plot of ground, is the fly-stand, where a number of open carriages, accommodating four or five persons, may be hired at any time. It is the custom to club together for the hire of these, and to be driven off in parties to some picturesque spot, there to picnic or wander about for an hour or two, and to return home about sun-down. This is by far the most pleasant of all the institutions of the water cure, and, if we are to judge by our own experience, it is the most invigorating and curative. There is abundant variety in the scenery of the neighbourhood, so that one is never tired of viewing it; and indeed, one never returns from one of these expeditions without the desire, at least, if not the intention, of repeating it. The most favoured of these short excursions are the run through Matlock Bath to the Black Rock, whence we have a view over the Matlock valley, looking down upon the High Tor, affording one of the grandest landscapes in England; and the somewhat toilsome and circuitous ascent to the Ribber, whence the view is of a totally different kind, but hardly less striking.

In wet weather—and wet weather at Matlock has a special signification—of course there are no excursions, and then the company are driven to their own resources. As no smoking is allowed, and such a thing as a bottle of wine must not even be mentioned, the attempt to inaugurate anything like conviviality on the usual plan cannot be made. There is a certain class of both sexes

that can tide over any emergency of this kind by going to sleep, and this class seems to gravitate, as if by some mysterious natural law, towards hydropathic establishments; at any rate, no sooner does the sky blacken and the rain begin to patter on the skylights, than down they go on the sofa slabs, the railway rugs, the shawls, the top-coats or dressing-gowns are drawn over them, some courteous passer-by volunteers to tuck them in, and off they go at the double-quick to the land of dreams, announcing their arrival in that blissful region by a flourish of trumpets more persistently sonorous than musically clear. Others, who have not this happy faculty, will betake themselves to the discussion of some theological topic, or some political question of the day, in which, if they are at all earnest, they are sure to be joined by more, until at length the friendly discussion grows into something very like a hostile dispute, voices wax high, the gentlemen use "words of heat," as parliamentarians say, and for a minute or two there is something like a row, which, in a minute or two more, has to subside under the ridicule which such an exhibition is sure to excite. When the wet weather is continuous, and the indispensable exercise cannot be taken out of doors—though a trifling shower is not regarded as any hindrance to walking—it has to be taken within, and the dining-saloon becomes the promenade ground, where we march up and down at a vigorous pace until we have had enough of it. Then the chess-boards and draught-boards are brought out, and friendly duels fought over the black and white squares; or perhaps one party will sit down to the game of "twenty questions;" or another will begin romping at "puss in the corner," or "catch who can." For those who prefer to be quiet there are retiring-rooms, whither they can retire to read or write, or enjoy a quiet tête-à-tête. Music is, of course, a favourite recreation when it is to be had, and if there be good voices or skilled performers available their services are gladly accepted; but to bang the piano into fits, or squall a ballad out of tune, is not voted music in mixed assemblies where the polite euphemisms of society are unappreciated, and the very wholesome result is, that at the water establishment we do not get dinned and deafened by too much of that queer product which passes for music in the family circle. After supper we manage to sing a hymn together as part of the family-worship, which winds up the proceedings of the day. Promenading after supper, in the starlight or moonlight, on the platform in front of the saloon, is a very general practice, but it cannot be kept up late, as we have all to be in bed by half-past ten, at which hour the gas is turned off and the lower region of the house left in darkness. The view from the platform on a starlight and moonless night is a singular one. Of the whole of the wide outspread landscape below, we see nothing but the black boundary line which cuts the clear azure above; but in a manner corresponding to the thousand stars glimmering in the upper concave of blue, are almost as many small, red lights gleaming in the lower concave of black. The native of the Bank can read off these nether constellations with ease; to his eye they map out the valley below just as the stars map out the heavens to the eye of the astronomer.

One of the surprises of hydropathic treatment is the course of diet. The following is something like the average routine:—Breakfast begins with a pretty solid mess of oatmeal porridge, and ends with tea or cocoa, and bread and butter, *ad libitum*. If the tea and cocoa are so much alike that one is not to be distinguished from the other, that may be due to the drinker's want of discrimination, and a little inquiry will remove the

doubt. Instead of butter, you can, if you like, season the bread with molasses, or preserved fruits, and you may imbibe any quantity of milk you choose. Dinner consists of mutton, almost invariably roasted, and limited, by recommendation at least, if not by rule, to one serving of about six ounces—of potatoes, with occasionally some green vegetable—and of puddings of a light and digestible kind, made of bread, rice, tapioca, sago, &c. Tea is the same as the breakfast, minus the porridge, but in fine weather this meal is only partaken by a part of the inmates, the majority being at this hour enjoying their distant excursions. Supper is a mere *nominis umbra*, being represented by some small sections of bread and a few cans of milk placed on a table at which no one sits down, but where whoever chooses may help himself. The chief variation in the above simple dietary takes place on the Sunday, when the dinner is a little more generous, and the tea really is distinguishable from the cocoa.

There being no baths administered on the Sunday, we feel it to be a special holiday, and enjoy it accordingly. The peal of the church bell comes sounding along the valley about ten, and we file off in different directions to our several places of worship. All denominations are represented in the Bank, from Episcopalians down (or up, which you will) to Primitive Methodists. If you are an invalid or only half convalescent, you can attend service in the crypt or underground chapel of the chief hydropather's establishment, where you will sit, not on a hard bench made of a nine-inch plank, as in a London chapel, but in a luxurious settee of ample cushioned area, affording ease and repose to every limb.

The dinner table on Sunday is usually the most frequented of the week, and offers a good opportunity of reckoning up the inmates. Our family circle numbers in all between sixty and seventy, about two-thirds being males, and includes all ages, from twenty to threescore and ten. Though they are all here avowedly in search of health, they may yet be divided into three classes—those who have nothing the matter with them; those who are but slightly indisposed either from overwork or free or careless living; and those more or less sadly afflicted with serious and chronic complaints. The first class is made up chiefly of young or more mature men in the middle rank of life, who are out for their annual summer holiday, and who make the bath-house their hotel and temporary home. Many of them are teetotallers by profession, so that the dietary, simple as it is, is just that which they prefer, and they amuse themselves with the baths as much as they like, and no more. The second class are those who really reap a substantial benefit from the institution; they come here prostrated in strength by hard work—or congested and feeble from free living—or nervously depressed through the intricacies of business—or dizzy and giddy through prolonged business excitement; and because they come here in time before any fatal mischief has been done, we see them growing better day by day, and almost hour by hour. It may be that what the system of treatment does for them it does in a negative rather than a positive way—that it acts beneficially rather in removing the causes of disease than in supplying real remedies; but the man who is restored to health does not care a straw about that—the health he had lost is restored, or at least it is so far restored as to invigorate him again for work, and he goes back to his business after a few weeks' experience at the water-cure, endowed with new energies and capacities. Next year he will probably return to the Bank to be recruited once more, and will repeat his visits from year to year, as many

are in the habit of doing, to their manifest advantage. Of the third class one cannot speak so hopefully: many of them are the victims of confirmed disease for which medical aid has been already tried in vain, and which the use of the baths will avail at best to mitigate in a greater or less degree; some have the incurable disorder of old age; some are tortured with rheumatism; some have been stricken with paralysis; and some are manifestly wasting away in decline. One thing is noticeable with regard to all the inmates, and that is that whatever their ailments, whether trifling or serious, they manage to put on a cheerful countenance before company, each one setting an example as it were to the rest in bearing complacently what has to be borne. It is impossible not to be struck at times with the sound pluck and heroism of men, and women too, who, while suffering sadly, will force a good-natured laugh in place of a groan, or translate the complaint that rises naturally to their lips into the language of a joke. Even those who are inwardly sustained by the highest source of strength, by this cheerful outward bearing help one another to put the best possible face on their common affliction.

The result of my short experience at the Bank of Health may be summed up briefly as follows: We who lead a town life, or a business life anywhere, lead an artificial life—we neither eat, drink, breathe, nor sleep in a regular and natural way, and we get out of order through violating the laws of nature. Now the hydropathic doctor will not allow us to commit such violation; he takes the means of self-indulgence from us, compels us to eat simple food, to drink water, to breathe pure air, and to retire early to rest; and to all these restoratives he superadds the invigorating processes of the baths: in other words, he puts his patients back into a natural way of living, and assists nature by the application of her own best remedy. As a curative agent hydropathy need not be expected to work miracles. When disease has not got the upper hand it may, and often does, by strengthening the general health of the patient, enable him to fight with it successfully, and in the end to shake it off. But in order to reap this benefit the patient should resort to it in good time—should, in short, consider it as a first—not a last resource, as too many seem to do.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

VI.

BOOKS, WRITING, ETC.

JAPANESE books are printed from wooden blocks, metal type being unknown, on thin paper, one side of the sheet only being used. The leaf is doubled and the edges uncut; and the letters are arranged in vertical columns, beginning like Hebrew at the right-hand side of the page, and, as we should call it, at the end of the book. The covers are generally very plain, made of dark coloured paper, somewhat thicker than the interior sheets; and the gilding which is put on the outside on the edges of our books, generally adorns the inside of the cover, and what may be termed the fly-leaves, in irregular patches. The origin of the art of printing is lost in the obscurity of distant ages: it has been handed down from one generation to another without any trustworthy record of its discoverer being preserved.

Cheap common books are often badly printed, the characters being indistinct and blurred, a defect frequently arising unless special care is taken when printing from wooden blocks. Mind your stops, an injunction so often enforced on English juveniles, can-

not be needed in Japan where punctuation is but rarely used. A simple alphabet is also wanting, various systems being in use according to the style of literature. For instance, ordinary works, romances, histories, etc., are written in characters of a comparatively easy nature, representing syllables. Songs and popular poems have these easy syllabic characters mingled with others of a more complex kind. Works of science, religious treatises, some dictionaries and prefaces are written in ideographic characters, *i.e.* characters representing ideas not sounds, derived from the Chinese alphabet; and in many cases, these are easily read and understood by educated Chinamen. In others only the roots of the words are given in ideographic signs, the Japanese inflections being written in the syllabic character and the Japanese arrangement of words followed, which renders such sentences almost unintelligible to one who has studied Chinese only. When the pure Chinese character or a modification of it is made use of, this has often a running commentary at the side in Japanese cursive writing as an explanation of the text. There is also a system made use of only by the priests called *Bou-zi*. Inscriptions on tombs and altars are engraved in these characters. Signatures and seal inscriptions are frequently written in a peculiar style of Chinese writing. All these diversities of method create great difficulty and confusion, and render the printed literature very puzzling to a learner, whether native or foreign. They result chiefly from the adoption of a foreign system adapted to a language that admits of few changes or inflections, and the incorporation of it with one which possesses many grammatical variations.

The Japanese dictionaries contain more than 38,000 characters, each of which has a name derived from the corrupted pronunciation of the original Chinese; this is of one syllable, in accordance with the spirit of the Chinese language, and to this is added several words of Japanese origin which translate it into the vernacular.

Pictures cut in wood have been also used to illustrate the text for many centuries; and printing in colours, an art of late development in Europe, has been practised in Japan during many ages. Specimens of printing in colours have been brought to England. The colours are brilliant without being gaudy, the drawing is somewhat rude and conventional, and the perspective imperfect; but there is a certain life and animation in the figures and scenes which redeems them from being mere caricatures.

Periodicals are issued at certain intervals giving tales and narratives in parts. As yet this system has not been extended to works of instruction or to newspapers.* The power of the press is entirely undeveloped, public opinion being formed only by the interchange of ideas at the baths and other places frequented by the common people. Books and pictures are inexpensive, and booksellers' shops numerous: they appear to have plenty of customers.

Of late the habits and manners of foreigners have afforded a fertile topic for the native artist and author. Pictures of ladies in bright coloured dresses, with largely developed crinolines, carrying parasols, may be seen in

the shop windows; and naval captains in bright blue uniforms and gilt buttons are favourite subjects for representation. Sewing machines and pianos, christening, wedding, and dinner parties, children playing at tip-cat and hoop, and everything European at all strange or new, are seized upon and depicted with sufficient accuracy to render them recognisable.

Japanese writing is very free and flowing, and well deserves the term "cursive," which is usually applied to it. Like printing, it is in vertical columns, commencing at the right-hand side of the page. Although this method of writing does not appear to admit of so much variety in the shape of the letters as the horizontal system, it is very rapidly done, and looks very characteristic. It is difficult for a student to decipher, as a very curious style is adopted, and the variations of handwriting always cause written characters to be less easily intelligible than printed matter. Pens and ink are of course not used: a brush consisting of a nicely arranged bunch of hair, finely pointed, in a bamboo handle, is passed along a stone, on which some Indian ink has been rubbed down with water. The writing paper is porous, and easily receives and retains the characters lightly and rapidly painted on it by the writer.

That which renders it difficult to speak and write Japanese correctly is, that the phraseology varies according to the position in life and relationship of the person addressed. A Japanese lady, when conversing with her female relatives, uses a different choice of words from what she would do were she speaking either to her male relatives or to her servants. To fail or to misplace these expressions betrays a want of refinement and education which is instantly discoverable by the practised ear; and thus one may be well acquainted with the colloquial language of the common people, and yet be unable to address those of higher rank.

In reference to writing, it may be mentioned that post-offices exist in all Japanese towns and cities, except "Jeddo," the capital of the Tycoon. The postage of a letter from "Simonosaki" to Jeddo (for letters are received there, though there is no public office whence they can be despatched) is five *tempos* (about sevenpence-halfpenny). The distance is over 200 miles, therefore the tariff is not much higher than what our fathers used to pay. In a country where money is worth so much as it is in Japan, it is sufficiently high to prevent a very large correspondence being carried on, but this means of communication is always available.

MUSIC.

It is strange that the sense of colour or the harmony of sight should be strong in nations where the harmony of sound is defective, if not entirely absent. A horizontal thirteen-stringed harp is the instrument most played upon by the Japanese ladies, but the sounds produced from it are lacking in sweetness and fulness. The strings are caused to vibrate by being struck with a piece of ivory or horn about four or five inches long, the handle of which is shaped like the handle of a table knife, while the part which comes in contact with the strings is widened out and thinned. The strings are stretched on a frame of lacquer work, which is often highly decorated and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A kind of guitar somewhat similar to the banjo is also considered as a musical instrument, though it produces but a few tinkling sounds.

The drum and fife are represented by small *tomtoms* and flutes, the latter played always in a melancholy minor key like that to which the voices are attuned.

The Japanese do not understand the modulations of

* An attempt has been made to supply this want as far as European news is concerned, by the issue of a periodical called the "Flying Dragon," edited by James Summers, Esq., Professor of Chinese at King's College, containing a summary of news and information in Chinese characters, illustrated by woodcuts. It circulates at the various ports both of China and Japan, and may be regarded as an important step towards a mutual understanding between Europe and these distant communities. It is also a useful medium for advertisements, of which many manufacturers avail themselves, and thus serves to introduce European productions to the notice of these large populations.

the voice requisite for the production of the sweet harmonious sounds of which the human throat is capable. Singing with them is merely sustaining a series of monotonous high-toned falsetto notes resembling the sad howling of the wind on a stormy night, or the wail of a banshee, rather than the rich flow of song to which our western training has accustomed us. This melancholy music is, however, introduced on all festive occasions, and itinerant musicians are constantly met with in the streets. Every group of jugglers or actors has one or two male or female performers on the guitar and flute accompanying it, and at the picnics in the temple and tea gardens musicians are constantly to be found who entertain the pleasure-seekers with their dismal strains.

At some of the feasts in the spring, evening water parties are made up, that row about on the smooth land-locked bays in large boats ornamented with coloured lanterns. There is generally a musician on board, and at a distance the melancholy sounds wafted over the calm surface possess a wild melody, in keeping with the lofty hills and the deep unruffled waters.

The Bikuni, daughters of one of the sectarian priest-hoods, wander over the country begging alms, and carrying in their hands various kinds of musical instruments, such as the guitar before alluded to, or a small flute, with which they attract attention to their wants.

In wedding processions, when the bride goes to her husband's home, musicians herald her progress with loud-sounding horns and drums and a kind of shrill clarionet. In China also we find this custom prevalent, of singers and musicians performing upon miserable flutes and tinkling guitars, proceeding at the head of all bridal processions, as well as others of an entirely religious nature. A system of musical notation exists, but it is not elaborated; in fact, music, as a science, is unknown in these vast countries. It is curious to find nations, highly civilised in many respects, possessing the same organisation as that of their more musical fellow-creatures, yet with all these faculties of harmony undeveloped, not from want of power—for the Chinese at our missionary schools can be taught to sing quite melodiously, and the Jesuits instruct their neophytes to intone the various chants of the Romanist service with singular sweetness—but simply from want of skill. And so with the Japanese: there is no physical incapacity to prevent them producing good music, but a want of knowledge of the art. We have before alluded to the absence of singing birds in the Japanese islands, and it is a singular coincidence, that the inhabitants of these countries, where the sweet song of the lark and the rich notes of the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush are unknown, should in their music imitate the harsh melancholy cry of the gull and the hawk, instead of developing the numberless sweet sounds, the most varied and melodious of all of which the human voice is capable. Such music as is known is imparted to Japanese ladies and forms part of their education, and to women of the lower classes it also furnishes a means of employment. ●

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THE tidings of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, after his long disappearance in the interior of Africa, spread a thrill of thankful gladness through all civilized lands. None of the detailed accounts since made known approach in interest the first letters which reached England. They were addressed to his trusty friend Sir Roderick Murchison, who persevered in his confident expectation of the traveller's return, even after the event had been given up as hopeless by almost all "African authorities."

The first letters read before the Royal Geographical Society are worthy of being recorded:—

"Bemba, Feb. 2, 1867.

"My dear Sir Roderick,—This is the first opportunity I have had of sending a letter to the coast, and it is by a party of black Arab slave-traders from Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar. They had penetrated here for the first time, and came by a shorter way than we did. In my despatch to Lord Clarendon I gave but a meagre geographical report because the traders would not stay more than half a day; but having written that through the night, I persuaded them to give me an hour or two this morning, and if yours is fuller than his lordship's, you will know how to manage. I mentioned to him that I could not go round the northern end of Lake Nyassa, because the Johanna men would have fled at first sight of danger; and they did actually flee, on the mere report of the acts of the terrible Mazitu, at its southern extremity. Had I got them fairly beyond the lake they would have stuck to me; but so long as we had Arab slave parties passing us they were not to be depended on, and they were such inveterate thieves it was quite a relief to get rid of them, though my following was reduced thereby to nine African boys, freed ones, from a school at Nassick, Bombay. I intended to cross at the middle of the lake, but all the Arabs (at the crossing station) fled as soon as they heard that the English were coming, and the owners of two dhowes now on the lake kept them out of sight lest I should burn them as slavers. I remained at the town of Mataka, which is on the watershed between the seacoast and the lake, and about fifty miles from the latter. There are at least a thousand houses in the town, and Mataka is the most powerful chief in the country. I was in his district, which extends to the lake, from the middle of July to the end of September. He was anxious that some of the liberated boys should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them, but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture; I promised to try and get some other boys acquainted with Indian agriculture for him. That is the best point I have seen for an influential station, and Mataka showed some sense of right when his people going without his knowledge to plunder at a part of the lake, he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and thirty head of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph.

"Leaving the shores of the lake we endeavoured to ascend Kirk's Range; but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa or Kiemasura, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact, they had driven away a lot of Arab slave traders a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosa is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau. The Chipeta live more on the plains there. The Echewa still farther north. We went west among a very hospitable people till we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but walked into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zig-zag course we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 20' west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa in 12° 45' south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and, after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa at the southern limit of 11° south. The hills on one part of it rise up to 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicine, the sorest loss of goods I ever sustained, so I am hoping, if fever comes on, to fend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a higher Power.

"I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either; some letters I had written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader, but they all 'skedaddled' as soon as they heard that the English were coming. I could not get any information as to the route followed by the Portuguese in going to Cazembe till we were on the Babisa plateau. It was then pointed out that they had gone to the westward of that which from the Loangwa Valley seems a range of mountains. The makers

of maps have placed it (the Portuguese route) much too far east. The repetition of names of rivers, which is common in this country, probably misled them. There are four Loangwas flowing into Lake Nyassa."

The following letter from Dr. Kirk, dated Zanzibar, the 1st of March, was also read:—

"I am glad to announce that a letter has just been received from Miramuezi confirming the news brought three weeks ago. Livingstone has been in Ujiji in the middle of October last, where he would meet the agent in charge of stores and letters sent to him from Zanzibar. This letter reached us in fifty days. It was bought by slaves in advance. The Arabs of the caravan will be here in fifteen or twenty days hence; probably they will be bearers of Dr. Livingstone's letters from Ujiji. He has, no doubt, long ago gone forward to Albert Nyanza. I sent him Sir Samuel Baker's map, together with an account of all I know of the geographical problems involved, for it must be remembered that when Dr. Livingstone left England Sir Samuel Baker's discoveries had not yet been made known. With this map in his hand he will be able to apply himself to ascertaining the missing links in the chain of lakes. The Sultan of Johanna has been addressed on the subject of Mooss and his companions, and I trust he will take measures to have them punished, not simply for having fled, but for having given a false tale in their defence, and thus caused so much grief as well as no little expense."

First and last, in all his travels, the suppression of the slave trade and the permanent amelioration of the poor African races, have been the ruling motives of the good missionary traveller. In the recent volume of another missionary of African fame, the Rev William Ellis, "Madagascar Revisited," there is an interesting letter from Dr. Livingstone, written while Mr. Ellis was at the Court of King Radama II. Dr. Livingstone says—

Apart from all consideration of justice and mercy, it is impolitic to allow a traffic which tends to render labour unpopular. The Malagasee will rise in the scale of nations only by hard work. You may tell the king, if you think proper, that while labouring to put a stop to this horrid traffic by pacific means, it will be a joy to my heart in Africa if he will co-operate in the same noble work in Madagascar. I got out a steamer at the beginning of this year for Lake Zanzibar alone. She is in pieces, and when we get up to the cataracts of the Shire we shall unscrew her, and carry her past; but we had to put her together first in the low Zambesi delta, and had great sickness in consequence. My dear wife, who I never intended for that exposure, was the only victim of the fever, and I now feel lonelier in the world than before. Much reduced by sickness; and having a Johanna crew who wished to return home, we came away in the Pioneer."

On this letter Mr. Ellis remarks—

"The king was interested, and deeply affected by Dr. Livingstone's statement of the frightful number of slaves exported *vid* Zanzibar. In reference to Madagascar, he said it was contrary to his wishes and orders that any should be imported to the country, and he did not think there could be many brought in. He had sent orders to the authorities to prevent slaves from another country being landed, or sold. To myself Dr. Livingstone's letter was welcome and refreshing. It was just the kind of letter which one Christian labourer might be expected to write to another so circumstanced. I had been near him abroad, some years before in Mauritius: we had been long acquainted, and I had last met him in London, and when I found that he had sailed along the west coast of Madagascar, it did not seem to me that we were so far apart as before. I had always honoured his noble self-devotion, and steadfastness of purpose in pursuit of the great objects at which he aimed. I had always believed that the end of the geographical was to be, in his aim, the beginning of the missionary enterprise, and that in whatever direction his steps might tend, he would carry with him a true missionary heart. I believed also that he was, to his own apprehension, furthering the great missionary work by opening up new fields to Christian effort, and by endeavouring to substitute, for the misery, and the murderous barbarism of the slave trade, honourable and lawful commerce as a means of preparing the way for the entrance of the Gospel of freedom and of peace. I have sympathised deeply with him in the heroic patience he manifested under the suffering and disappointment recorded in his last volume, and most earnestly desire for him an easier path, and happier results, in the arduous enterprise in which he is now engaged."

Varieties.

POLICE IN TOWNS.—The last annual return of the numbers of the police shows that in 1866 the police in the city of London, officers and men, were 699, being one to every 147 of resident population. In the metropolitan police district the number was 6,839, being one to every 500 of resident population, not reckoning the 739 dockyard police. The cost of the city police for the year was £60,123, and of the metropolitan police, £574,457. In Liverpool the police force was 1,100 in number, or one to every 440 inhabitants; the cost for the year was £76,844. In Manchester the number was 674, or one to 532 inhabitants, and the cost, £41,936; in Salford, 112, or one to 1,008 inhabitants, and the cost, £7,820. In Birmingham the force was 377 strong, or one to 891; and the cost, £26,119. In Leeds, 270, or one to 845; the cost, £17,675. In Sheffield, 245, or one to 891; the cost, £14,875. In Bristol, 303, or one to 540; the cost, £19,854. In Newcastle, 154, or one to 794; the cost, £12,362. In Hull, 152, or one to 692; the cost, £10,546. In many of the smaller towns, which maintain a separate force, the police are not one to 1,000 of population, and the total number is, therefore, inconsiderable. Some of the small boroughs present in the return almost the caricature of a force; Bodmin is returned as having a police force of three for its 4,500 inhabitants; Berwick five for its 13,000. The average for all England, town and country, is one to 894 of the estimated population. In these calculations the number of the police "establishment" is taken, and not the actual number on any particular day; and therefore where there were any vacancies the force is to that extent over-estimated. By the number of inhabitants is meant the number of persons sleeping in the town; persons resident during the business hours of the day, but sleeping out of the town, are not counted. In the city of London the resident population in the day is more than double that of the night; and the police force is only one to every 406 of the resident population in the daytime.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—"He was a prince and a Bourbon; he was born and educated in the bosom of the old French monarchy, at the court of its kings; he was not a stranger to the maxims and traditions of the monarchies of Henry IV and of Louis XIV; he knew and comprehended them, not as a history we study, but as we know and comprehend facts we have witnessed. Very enlightened as to the vices and weaknesses of the old system, he was also well aware of the principles of government which long duration had introduced into it, and he judged it without animosity as without ignorance. Associated, on the other hand, from his youth with the ideas and events of the Revolution, he was sincerely attached to its cause, but also strongly impressed with its wanderings, faults, griefs, and reverses, and greatly mistrustful of the revolutionary passions and practices which he had seen in full play. All these spectacles, all these reminiscences, so many impressions and observations so variously heaped together in the short space of his life, had left him sadly perplexed as to the issue of such a great social crisis and the success of his personal efforts to put an end to it. He believed at the same time in the necessity of free government and in the difficulty of its establishment. We were talking one day alone in a small drawing-room at Neuilly; the king was in one of his moments of doubt and discouragement—I in my usual habit of optimism and hope. We were arguing with animation. He took me by the hand. 'Listen, my dear minister,' said he; 'I wish with all my heart you may be right, but do not deceive yourself. A Liberal Government in face of absolute traditions and the spirit of revolution is very difficult; we want Liberal Conservatives, and we have not enough. You are the last of the Romans.'"—*Gruyot.*

VALUE OF REAL PROPERTY IN AMERICA.—The marvellous rise in real property in the metropolis of America is shown by the following from the "New York Times":—"The south corner of Broadway and Bond-street has been valued within a lifetime at ten dollars; it was sold once for 250 dollars, then offered for 500 dollars, then for 2800 dollars, and in 1839 was again sold for 18,000 dollars. Recently an enterprising Sewing Machine Company offered 200,000 dollars for it, which being declined they have leased the premises for a long term, and are about to open the most magnificent sewing-machine establishment in the world. During the past forty years the property has doubled in value every seven years. The whole of New York Island was once sold for ten dollars."

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PORT LOUIS, ISLE OF FRANCE.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER V.

O'CARROLL's alarm increased as he saw the privateer approaching. "We shall all have our throats cut to a certainty," he cried out. "They will not leave one of us alive to go home to our disconsolate widows to tell them all that has happened. I know them too well, the villains. Arrah! it was an unfortunate moment that ever I was brought to tumble twice into the hands of such gentry."

"We are not in their hands yet, and if we make a

good fight of it, may be we never shall," exclaimed Captain Hassall. "My lads, if you'll stand by me, I'll hold out as long as the craft can float. We beat off this same fellow once before, let's try if we can't beat him off again."

This brief address inspirited our crew, and almost worn out with fatigue as they were, they promised to defend themselves to the last. My sensations, as we saw the enemy approach, were not altogether pleasant. We might beat him off in the end; but even that, in our present condition, was not likely; and how many of our number might not be struck down in the struggle! In

the meantime, the men armed themselves with pistols and cutlasses, powder and shot was got up, and every preparation made for the fight. The enemy approached, but as he had run to leeward, it was some time before he could work up to pass us to windward. We had carried a stay from the mainmast to the bowsprit, and on this we managed to set a sail, so that the ship was tolerably under control. When the enemy, therefore, at last passed under our stern, we were able to luff up and avoid the raking fire he poured in. No damage was done to any of our people, but a shot struck the mainmast, and wounded it so badly that it was evident that, with any additional strain, it would be carried away altogether. Putting up the helm we again run off before the wind. The enemy was soon after us, but though he came up abeam in the heavy sea still running, his aim was of necessity uncertain, and for some time not a shot struck us, while several of ours struck him. This encouraged our men, who gave vent to their satisfaction whenever he was hulled, or a shot went through his sails. Our hopes of success were, however, soon brought to an end, for, as we were compelled to luff up suddenly, to avoid being raked, as he was about to cross our bows, the heavy strain on our wounded mast carried it away, and with it the mizen topmast, and there we lay a helpless wreck in the trough of the sea, at the mercy of the enemy. Still, as we could work our guns we would not give in, but hoisting our flag on the mizenmast we continued firing as long as we could bring our guns to bear. A loud cheer burst from the throats of our crew; the Frenchman was standing away. This exultation was rather too precipitate. As soon as he got out of range of our guns, he hove to and began firing away from a long gun, the shot from which occasionally hit us. One poor fellow was killed, and two wounded. It was clear that the privateer was merely waiting till the sea should go down, when he would run alongside and capture us without difficulty.

Captain Hassall at last, seeing what must inevitably occur, called the officers round him, and proposed surrendering. "The villains will cut all our throats if we do, that's all," observed O'Carroll. "I would rather hold out to the last and sell our lives dearly." Most of us were of O'Carroll's opinion.

"Very well, gentlemen, so let it be," said the captain. "I have done my duty in offering to surrender, when I consider that successful resistance is hopeless; still I agree with you that it would be better to die fighting than to be murdered in cold blood."

When our guns became useless, the crew had been set to work to clear the wreck of the mainmast, and to prepare sheers for a jury foremast. "And this is to be the termination of our enterprise," I thought. I must own I gave way to some bitter reflection. While all hands were busily employed, I turned my eyes westward, and there, in the very place where the *Mignonne* had appeared, I saw another white sail. I pointed her out to the captain. "She may be a friend, and turn the tables," he observed. "If a foe we shall not be worse off than at present."

It soon became known that a sail was in sight. The crew came to the conclusion that she was a friend. The Frenchmen at last saw her. Whatever opinion they formed, they judged that it would be wise to finish the fight and take possession of us. Once more the enemy drew near. The firing became hotter than ever. I turned many an anxious glance at the approaching sail. I felt sure that in spite of the staunchness of our men we must inevitably be overpowered. The stranger was getting closer and closer.

"She is a frigate," cried the captain. "She shows English colours! hurrah! hurrah!" The enemy saw that the chance of capturing us was gone. Sweeping round us with diabolical malice he gave a parting broadside, which killed one man and wounded another, and then under all the sail he could set ran off before the wind. The frigate had now also made more sail and closed as rapidly. She came close to us. "Are you in a sinking state?" asked a voice from the frigate. "I hope not," answered Captain Hassall. "Then hold on and we'll come back to you," said the voice which we took to be that of the captain. As I was watching the frigate through my glass, as she rushed by us, who should I see standing in the main rigging but my own midshipman brother William! I waved heartily to him, but he did not make me out. From my usual sedate manners, my shipmates seeing my gestures thought that I had gone mad, and was waving to be taken on board the frigate. "She is the *Phœbe* frigate," I exclaimed, jumping out of the rigging on deck. "No fear that we shall be deserted now." I then explained how I came to know the name of the frigate. All hands were now set to work to get the ship to rights.

The chase, meantime, became very exciting. "The captain does not know what a fast pair of heels that privateering scoundrel possesses, or he would not have much hopes of catching him," observed Captain Hassall, as he watched the two vessels. The topsails of the Frenchman soon disappeared beneath the horizon, and the shades of evening at length closing down, we were left alone on the world of waters, into which the heavy swell made us roll our sides till we almost dipped our bulwarks under—each time showers of spray being sent dripping off them. The enemy had made several shot holes in our sides, and those were now, we found, taking in the water faster than was altogether agreeable. The carpenter and his mates had indeed hard work to stop them. I have heard of people's hair turning white in a single night. I felt as if mine would, for it became doubtful if after all the ship would swim, from the quantity of water she was taking in. We, indeed, had reason to regret that we had allowed the frigate to leave us. At last the morning broke. We eagerly looked round the horizon. No sail was in sight. Would the ship float another day? The shot holes had been stopped, but should bad weather again come on it would be impossible to say what would be the effect on the vessel. Noon came, but no sail was in sight. We were afraid that the cunning privateer had led the frigate a long chase, perhaps among shoals and reefs, and that she had got on shore, and that we might not see the foe again.

"More likely that she was only the Flying Dutchman, taking a longer cruise than usual," muttered Stubbs. "There's no saying what tricks that fellow is not up to."

"What, not got the Dutchman out of your head yet, Stubbs?" said Randolph, "Why Biddulph saw his brother on board, and two or three of our people know the *Phœbe*, and recognized her."

"Yes, I know that's what often happens. The Dutchman can make his ship look like any vessel he chooses," persisted Stubbs; "naturally—that is to say as she generally appears—she is a curious old-fashioned rigged craft—you may depend on that."

While we were speaking—taking a breath between our labours, for all hands had been working hard—"A sail, a sail!" was shouted by one of the seamen. We all looked in the direction in which he pointed, and there appeared the upper sails of a ship. Our

hopes made us believe that it was the frigate. "As likely the Frenchman come to finish us off, or may be only the Flying Dutchman again," said Stubbs. I thought that I detected a gleam of humour in his eye, as if he was not quite so credulous as he pretended to be. As the stranger approached, the belief that she was the Phoebe gained ground. At length those who knew her best said that there was no doubt about the matter. They were right. Before dark she hove to close to us, and a boat with a midshipman in her boarded us. The midshipman was my brother William. He almost tumbled back with surprise at seeing me, for he did not even know that I was coming out.

"Why, James, where have you sprung from?" he exclaimed. "I am thankful to see you unhurt, for we have been anxious about you all day. Couldn't tell how much damage the rascal might have done you. Well, he escaped after all. He has a fast pair of heels, indeed, and he led us a pretty chase, till he got in among some reefs, on which we were nearly leaving our bones. We saw our danger, however, and by the time we were clear he was out of sight."

The boat's crew were directed to remain on board to put the ship to right. When, however, Captain Young found that this would occupy some time, he offered to take us in tow. A hawser was accordingly passed on board, and away we went in the wake of the frigate. Our course was for the Isle of Bourbon, lately captured from the French. At the end of a week we anchored in the Bay of St. Paul in that island. On our way there we had done our best to get the ship in order. Our crew were now set to work in earnest, aided by some of the men of the Phoebe, who were kindly spared to us by her captain. I took the opportunity of seeing something of the island. My brother William and some of the other midshipmen of the Phoebe got leave to accompany me, and merry parties we had.

Bourbon is about one hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and rises rapidly from the sea, forming one huge blunt-topped mountain in the centre; indeed, the whole island is not unlike a big tea-cup in the middle of the ocean, with some rather large cracks, however, in it. It is generally fertile, coffee and cotton being grown on it. On the south side, a few miles from the sea, there is a volcano which grumbled and growled, but seldom did more than send forth a little smoke. The inhabitants did not appear to be at all soured at having been placed under British rule. Probably, indeed, it was a matter of indifference to them, for they have themselves sprung from a mixture of half the races under the sun. Many of the inhabitants are descended from some of those English pirates whose head quarters were, for nearly a hundred years, on the island of Madagascar, but who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, growing weary of their lawless calling, settled here. As their wives were mostly from Madagascar they are somewhat darkish, but not bad looking. They are a lively, merry race, fond of dancing, and their climate is delightful. The names of some of the families belonging to the island are derived from the English, as are those of several places. I remember a bay in Madagascar, Antongil Bay, which clearly takes its name from the well-known pirate leader, Antony Gill, who robbed and murdered on the high seas early in the seventeenth century.

A squadron and troops were collecting here, the latter under General Abercrombie, for an expedition to the Mauritius. We were greatly disappointed, I must own, that our ship was not in a condition to proceed to sea, or we should have been chartered to convey troops and

been witnesses of the triumphs we hoped they would achieve. My object is, however, to describe my own adventures in the pursuit of pacific commerce. I will thus only briefly say that the expedition arrived speedily off the Mauritius, the troops were landed, and that after some sharp fighting by which we lost 150 men killed and wounded, the French General, De Caen, capitulated. We had several sepoy regiments, and the French general, in order to inspire the colonial troops with contempt for them, publicly promised that whoever should capture a sepoy should have him for a slave, but the militia appear to have thought that by so doing they might possibly catch a Tartar, for not a sepoy was made prisoner.

I made some satisfactory sales at Bourbon, and as soon as the ship was repaired she followed the men-of-war to the Isle of France. The island is about 35 miles long and 115 in circumference, with a surface greatly diversified by hill and plain, wood and plantation, with several considerable mountains, the chief of which, Le Pouce and Pieter Botte, in the neighbourhood of Port Louis, are well known. The harbour was a complete forest of masts, filled with vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the huge line-of-battle ship to the humble canoe, not unlike a butcher's tray, scooped out of a single log. The British flag waved triumphantly on all the batteries; and Indianmen, transport prizes, merchant craft of all descriptions displayed English colours, in most cases flying over the French. Numerous boats, too, were plying to and fro filled with naval and military officers, captains of Indianmen, sailors, lascars, negroes, and Frenchmen, some on business, some on pleasure, but all seeming to be in a hurry. I looked out with no little curiosity for any craft which might answer the description of our late antagonist, the Mignonne. If she had entered the harbour, she had again escaped before the capture of the place, for she was nowhere to be seen. It would have been satisfactory to have seen our friend caged, but it was too probable that he was still roving over the ocean, on the watch to plunder any English craft he could venture to attack.

The scene on shore was even more animated than on the water. The streets were crowded with people of many nations: naval and military officers, English and French Government civilians, merchants and other traders, Asiatics and negroes, almost naked slaves dragging along horse-loads in carts, with mongrels of every shade of colour. The town, though in a bustle, was perfectly orderly; the shops were all open, and their owners seemed to be driving a thriving trade, as were also the keepers of taverns, which were full of visitors from fleet and camp. We fortunately had several articles among the cargo of the Barbara, of which our countrymen were much in want, not to be found in the stores of the place. They were, however, quickly disposed of, and I was then at leisure to amuse myself as I thought fit. I made several excursions on shore with my brother when he could get leave, and I had thus an opportunity of learning the productions of the island. The chief food of the lower orders and slaves are yams and the *jatropha*, or cassada, of which there are two species commonly known, the *jatropha janipha*, and the *jatropha manihot*. The former contains a strong vegetable poison, which is destroyed by boiling; the latter is merely slightly narcotic in its effects, and both are easily converted into wholesome food. The root, after being well washed and dried in the sun, is usually scraped into a coarse powder, from which the juice is expressed; it is then dried a second time and formed into thin cakes, very similar in appear-

ance to Scotch barley-cakes. The bread thus made is called manioc. Tapioca is also a preparation of the root. Plantains, bananas, melons, and mangoes abound, and the last are especially fine. The climate is healthy, but the Mauritius is occasionally visited by terrific hurricanes, which commit great damage both afloat and on shore.

We soon made friends among the French residents, and one of them with whom I had had some transactions, invited William and me, and a military acquaintance, Captain Mason, to his house in the country. We were most hospitably entertained by our worthy host. The house was large and airy, with a verandah running round it on one side sufficiently broad to enable us to sit out and enjoy the cool breeze, while we smoked our cigars and sipped our coffee. We had proposed returning that evening, but the wind got up, it rained heavily, and became very dark. Our host pressed us to stay, and as William's leave extended to the next morning we accepted his invitation, he undertaking to put my brother on board in time. Our companion, Captain Mason, was a quiet, amiable man. He was married, and as he expected to remain on the island, he had, he told us, sent for his wife from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had left her. I cannot now describe the incidents of our visit.

The next morning, soon after day-break, having taken an early breakfast of a lighter character than suited our English appetites, we drove back to Port Louis. The weather had grown worse instead of improving, and as we drew near the town, we saw in the distance two vessels with English colours approaching the harbour. William had to hurry on board his ship, but Mason and I drove on to a spot where we could see them enter. One gained an anchorage in safety, but the other still continued outside, steering wildly as if uncertain what course to take. It was soon evident that she was in great danger. While we were looking on, Captain Hassall joined us. There were a number of naval officers, masters of merchantmen, and others collected on the shore. "She is said to have a pilot on board, and an ignorant fellow he must be, or he would have anchored outside ere this if he could not get in," observed Captain Hassall. While he was speaking, the vessel got into the swell of the sea which was dashing on the rocks close at hand. Rapidly she came drifting towards them. Probably the master then asserted his authority, for two anchors were let go.

The fate of the ship, and probably of all on board, depended on the anchors holding. With deep anxiety we watched her as the huge swells came rolling in towards the rocks. A cry arose from the collected crowd. "The cables have parted—the cables have parted!" The hapless craft was lifted by the next surge, and hurried on amid the foaming breakers towards the rocks. At that instant the foresail was set in the hopes of its helping to force her over them. It was useless; down she came with a tremendous crash on the black rocks. For a few minutes she continued beating on them, rocking to and fro in the wildest agitation; then a huge surge, which appeared to have been for some time collecting its strength, struck her on the side, and rolled her over, as if she had been merely a child's plaything, towards the shore, to all appearance overwhelmed, so as never to rise again. The wild breakers dashed triumphantly over her, but she was not conquered, though it seemed a wonder that wood and iron should hold together under the tremendous shocks she was receiving. Once more she rose to an erect position, and it was seen that her daunt-

less crew were endeavouring to cut away her masts. "It is the only thing they can do to save their lives," observed Hassall, watching them through his glass. "And see,—yes—there is a woman on board—a lady by her dress. She is clinging to the windlass—probably secured to it." As he was speaking, the mizenmast came down, followed quickly by the mainmast, which happily fell towards the shore. Again a surge covered the vessel. We feared that all on board would be swept from the decks; but when again the surge receded, the people were seen clinging fast as before. A boat from one of the men of war now approached the wreck, but the officer in command soon saw that he should only throw away his own life and the lives of those with him, if he should attempt to go near enough to receive any one on board. The foremast now fell, and still the stout ship hung together. Other boats came up and got as near as it was possible to go. That those on board thought she would not do so much longer was evident by the efforts they began to make to escape.

First we observed a man descend the foremast as if with the intention of swimming ashore. His courage however forsook him, he paused and returned. Again he climbed along the mast, but hesitated—it was indeed a desperate undertaking. At length he cast himself into the water: immediately he was overwhelmed. Would he ever again reach the surface? "Yes! yes! there he is," cried out several. For a moment he was seen struggling bravely. A groan escaped from the spectators: "He's gone! he's gone!" "No, no, he is still floating," many shouted out. So he was; but whirled here and there, blinded and confused, he was unable to guide himself. He was seen, happily, from one of the boats: she dashed forward, and he was hauled on board without apparently having struck a rock. All this time the people on the wreck had been watching him with intense anxiety, especially the poor lady: "If a strong and bold swimmer could scarcely be saved, what chance had she?" Hassall made the remark. "Not one would have a prospect of being saved if trusting only to his own strength; but there is a Ruler above," said Captain Mason, who had hitherto been watching the wreck without speaking; "He may save that poor woman on the wreck as easily as the strongest seaman." I have often since thought of my friend's remark. It is not our own right arm, but God in heaven, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, who preserves us in many dangers. Captain Mason begged for the use of Hassall's glass and looked steadfastly through it at the wreck. "It is impossible, yet the figure is like—I cannot make it out," I heard him say. The success of the first man induced another to attempt reaching the shore. He hurried along to the end of the mast and threw himself into the water. The boiling surges whirled him round and round—now he was concealed by the foam—now he appeared struggling onward—still it seemed scarcely possible that he could escape from the boiling cauldron—just then a broken spar floated near him. Had the end struck him he must have been lost, but it came on so that he could clutch the middle. Tightly he grasped it till like his shipmate he was floated near one of the boats and taken on board. Two other men, encouraged by the success of the first, attempted to reach the boats by the same means, but, scarcely had they committed themselves to the water, than a huge roller came roaring on dashing over the ship, and as it receded swept them off far away to sea; for a moment their forms were seen struggling amidst the foam, and then they were hid for ever from human eye. The lives of the remainder on board seemed more than

ever in danger. Should the storm increase, of which there seemed every probability, the ship must go to pieces, even if they were not first washed off the deck, and then what effort could save them? I was more than ever interested in their fate, when suddenly the idea occurred to me that the lady on board might be the wife of my friend Mason. I thought that he had the same idea, though he would not allow himself to entertain it, by the agitation he exhibited, and which he in vain tried to control. As yet the men who had been saved had not been brought on shore. More boats were coming down the harbour. At length a fine whale-boat was brought down not far from where we were standing. A naval officer, whose name I regret that I did not note, volunteered to take the command, and to go alongside the wreck, if volunteers could be found to man her. Hassall at once offered his services, as did several other masters of merchantmen standing by, and they were accepted. Mason and I also volunteered. "Not unless you are seamen," was the answer. "This work requires firm nerves and skilful hands."

I must observe here that I have ever found the officers of the mercantile marine ready to go forth, in spite of all dangers, to save the lives of their fellow creatures. Though there are exceptions, the greater number are as gallant fellows as any of those who have fought the battles of our country.

The boat was manned and ready to go off, but it became a question whether it would be wise to wait on the prospect of the sea going down, or to risk all and to go off at once on the possibility of the gale increasing. The men who had been rescued were brought on shore. Mason hurried to them, and eagerly enquired who was the woman on board. They were common seamen and did not know her name. She was a lady, and had come on board at Cape Town just as the ship was sailing. That was all they knew. The naval officer had earnestly been watching the huge rollers as they came tumbling on towards the shore. Suddenly he cried out, "Now, gentlemen, we'll be off." Away went the boat amid the foaming seas towards the hapless wreck.

CAST-OFF SKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

EARLY in May the thought occurred to me, which is labelled by this somewhat strange title; strange it may seem at least to those of my readers who have failed to notice in themselves the phenomenon to which it alludes. And yet from vegetable, through insect, reptile, even up to the highest animal—the human—life, you shall find this episode of casting skins one of constant recurrence. It may interest some to have their attention drawn to a state of things so remarkable. For very many people do not observe, do not mark and study life. It is a book of deepest and most abstruse philosophy, over which they are content to skim; perhaps indeed idly or busily to turn page after page, reading with thought only of each block of words, but, with little or none of the purpose, the sustained plan, the systematic whole which underlies them. So they fall asleep when the last page is reached without ever having mastered, or tried to master, the plan of the book. They have but a confused, dim, often utterly erroneous idea of its intention and meaning; they have been occupied merely with the parts; they never set themselves to consider it as a whole. Some pages were interesting, some feverishly exciting; some were dull; a

good many were sad; but they read on superficially, never finding out, perhaps never inquiring for, the plot of the poem, the scheme of the treatise. And so when they come to the end of life, the fact is, in short, that they know nothing about it. Hence it comes that they call themselves shrewd, and prosperous, and far-seeing, and happy, and in need of nothing; and know not that in fact they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; and this just because they do not understand life, nor its plan, nor its purpose, nor its grand object. I have a small dog, very eager after stones. Not seldom, if I have unbent so far as to throw one for him down a grassy slope, he waits not to see it leave my hand, but turns off in quite another direction from that in which the stone is flying. He runs hard:—but there is nothing to show for the running at the end. This seems to me a quaint parallel with the life of many an energetic worker. There is a hasty setting out to run the race, with no thought to seek the Master's guiding as to the really profitable course; but when life ends, lo! the running has been all in the wrong direction: there is nothing attained. So much for men's little observance of life: its inner meaning, its whole plan, its object and end. So much for men's disregard of the phenomena which nevertheless meet them and act on them as they pass through this life.

And now for these cast-off skins.

I think the notion first came into my mind, or was, at least, fixed there and assisted, by a walk that I had in those sweet summer days which opened May this year. I was walking with my wife in a quiet lane, leading only to fields, under a canopy of beech leaves. The long, slender, lady-like branches slanted upwards over the palings, and quite across the lane, and the clean glad shiny leaves, all just new from God's hand, refreshed and rejoiced us by their cool shade, by their shimmering green, glinted through here with sunlight and darkened here with segments and patterns of leaves above them. But my wife drew my attention from the roof to the pavement of our cloister walk. This was quite over-strewn with a sienna carpet, lying thicker in the cart ruts, but thinly over all. And we perceived at once that this was composed of the numberless sheaths of the liberated beech-leaves above us. They were cast-off skins.

Soon afterwards, there came, at the evening of one sultry day, a grand gloom over the heated misty blue; and a jagged gleam or two stabbed the sight, and after a pause, a great cataract of sound poured down upon the silent earth. Then a close, continuous, steady, heavy rain.

How far into the night this lasted, I cannot say. But there were some broad majestic rounded chestnut masses at the bottom of the garden, all prepared with thousands of, till lately, unlit tapers. Methought they had been preparing for a grand white decoration for Whitsuntide; but if this were their intention, the sudden summer heat overruled it, and they had glorified themselves to the full some weeks before the time. Then came this heavy, windless, rushing rain. And next morning I sauntered round the garden according to my wont, to enjoy the dark, refreshed mould, and the developed grass, and the moist, hot-house atmosphere, and in my saunterings I came within the domain of those resplendent domes. And I found a strange fairy transformation of the black bald ground with the few thin hairs of long weak grass, that I had, as by instinct, expected to find under them. A wide white sheet, all made of tiny mosaic bits, with spots,—soft and faint-edged, like porcelain-painting,—

of rose:—what a very lovely pavement it was! Showering down still; and each piece so fresh and clean, settling without defilement upon the dark drenched ground. I lamented the despoiling of the domes; but truly their wealth seemed well disposed, and the costliest tessellated work would have looked dim and mean indeed, alongside of those myriad patines of rose-stained white. But meanwhile the young nut left behind on the boughs was swelling and developing; it was passing on into another stage, and could afford to cast off even all that fragile loveliness which had once clothed and assisted it.

I must play with some more instances, before I come to the slight human parallel, which seems to me to run side by side with them. There are myriad cases (I do not intend a pun) of these cast-off skins, which it is pleasant to watch, possibly even to read about. And if my moral be of the feeblest, the way by which we walk to it may be made interesting,—especially to those who dwell far from English flowers and trees,—by our pauses to study those silent sympathisers.

There is the *eschscholtzia* with the pretty fringe of its pale, bluish leaves, scattered all over our flower-beds, self-sown; almost a weed. You shall see divers little stalks with peaked heads rising between the fringe; gradually growing larger, and developing: standing up bravely at last, with a goodly full pike-head of green. Next you shall see a split widen towards the base of this head, and a golden yolk of yellow gleam through:—widen more and more, until something of an absurd effect is perceivable. For a tall pointed nightcap, sometimes stuck rakishly on one side, crests the petals, and keeps them close folded like an umbrella; staying in some instances quite provokingly long; so long that, however unwise it be to interfere, you can scarce help giving an aiding hand. But at last the green case falls on one side, and the broad yellow banner is unrolled and flaunts out in wide freedom.

There is the *narcissus*; of course I mean the pheasant-eyed kind, not those with dingier white, and with no scarlet. The tall narrow leaves droop gracefully on this side and on that, and out of them the queen-flower rises, a pure-petalled star of a blossom, about whose frilled cup-centre runs the scarlet-threaded edge. How white, how dazzling, looking up out of that wet-brown bed! Did it fall from the sky, and poise upon that slender stem, new made, complete, perfect, at once? Must it not be amaranthine? and had it ever an infancy? Can we imagine that at any time baby-wraps swathed undeveloped petals, in this royal instance? I know not what we can imagine: but if we examine the flower (descending from our rhapsodies), we find the garment of infancy, the cast-off skin, still clinging to the long olive tube out of which the petals dawned; out of that pale-brown, dry, shrivelled skin (which mars not, but enhances the beauty of the flower), out of this discarded wrapper the closed bud escaped; and, making use of its liberty, threw open this starry loveliness above the dark earth.

There is the poppy. Upon a dry dusty way-side bank through which the chalk shows here and there; a little apart from the sulphur snapdragons, and the white or yellow masses of bed-straw, and the orange shoes-and-stockings; and the azure, fringed succory flowers,—a little away from these, you shall find a settlement of vivid poppies. Up from the hairy drooping leaves rises the thin hairy stem that bears the bud. Many a one may be seen, bending earthward, and clad in dull downy green. Across this, however, a mouth splits, from ear to ear, and a hint is given of the concealed

splendour within that sober case. And so gradually it pushes forth, the resplendent scarlet, forcing its way all sideways and awry, like a sleek shining silk dress, but crumpled sadly, you would think, past remedy. But it squeezes its exit more and more, and now you think it more like a doctor's scarlet hood, as it bulges and develops, not yet enfranchised. At last, out it flares, vivid, glowing, magnificent, and then you change your mind again, and settle that it is—well—a scarlet poppy. And the two sober discarded cups slink humbly out of sight behind the broad, black-enhanced glare.

Then there are lords and ladies, too often—yet no, I remember my own childish delights—often, then, untimely, brought from the seclusion of their pale-green tent. If left alone, however, lo! in time, the tent's folds are solemnly drawn aside, and there sits, upon the cunning ivory throne, the lord in his purple or the lady in her gold, until the tent is quite struck, and the proud inhabitant departs, and the bright orange berries burn out of the long grass, no trace being left of the case out of which they rose. There is the sycamore seed, pushing out of the rich leaf-mould, a little black cap on one side of its head, escaping from which, with some amount of effort, two green streamers unroll themselves, and spread out in triumph this way and that. There is the beautiful corn family, brothers and sisters; the wheat bursting its sheath and standing up erect and proud above its leaves on its tall stalk; the silky silver-green threads of the barley squeezing out, all bent and tumbled, but straightening themselves and stiffening into a martial bristling array; the straggling oats slipping out one by one, and scattering themselves, spike after spike on its thread stem, in an ever-falling, never fallen rain; the bold maize, with its many tiers of squared, dull-yellow grains, showing themselves through the side of the great buff envelope, dry and withered, and needed no more. There are—well, a plenty more instances of cast-off skins, in flower and grass land, with which I need not weary the reader. Only it must be said of the brave petals, white, scarlet, orange,—over which we have rhapsodized, that even these are in turn cast aside as were their calyxes, for further developments. The corn, too; further husks have to be, with much pain and *tribulation*, removed from the grains, before the white final condition is attained.

Snakes and newts and toads: these are all frequent casters of skins; but none of these develop in the way which we at present want to consider, so we pass on to the caterpillar. You find these, first, in writhing heaps; naked tumultuous bodies, exaggerated black heads; and so they remain awhile, cast their skins, and separate. Somewhat bigger now, but not beautiful, nevertheless you are amused to watch the little creature on its leaf, cutting segments of circles on the edge: body quiescent, black head moving with busy fangs, going regularly on, round after round, to widen the neatly-cut gap. And so it casts its skin again; and again; and again. And now it bustles on with long undulating body, over its nettle or across the path, or up its stem; and at last it creeps up a wall or behind a shutter, or into the mould; or slings a hammock from some forked twig:—and grows sick;—and dies?—no;—casts its skin again. And under this last caterpillar skin is found a ready-made coffin,—sometimes yellow-grey, prickly, speckled: sometimes red-brown, smooth, armadilloed (but always able to wag its tail)—in which coffin for the present we will leave it lying. Especially may we select for our purpose the chrysalis of the sphinx-moths. These we leave lying in their coffin, buried many (caterpillar) feet deep under the ground.

No doubt we men and women have our share literally in this skin-casting process; you gradually peel, as your coat or black dress will tell you, in little flaky bits. After a fever, the process is observable enough. All this, however, has little to do with my present thought. I am not concerned now with your physical, but rather with your metaphysical skin. Let us see how, at the end, say, of each seven years, this is cast.

A little writhing baby, with top-heavy head and leg-of-mutton arms, your ideal of happiness, at first, to swill milk from certain convenient lactucts; to stare vacantly and to be sick, to be bounced at by energetic mother and nurse, and have all sorts of fearful sounds made at you; to be tossed up and down, and to subside into tranquillity with your thumb in your mouth, like Noel Paton's "Changeling." Later, to grab at everything near you, father's nose, your own pink ribbons; especially anything breakable on the table or mantel-piece: and, when at all possible, to ram the article into your mouth. You develop, no doubt, into higher and nobler pursuits: into an appreciation of yellow woolly birds, of rattles, of sodden crusts in net; even aspiring (raised by the help of chairs, and sidling along them to the table) to land the table-cloth (with the ink) upon the floor. And thus you progress, and cast your first skin.

A boy now: turning (with something of a Colenso spirit) in contempt even from Noah's arks, bricks, large particoloured balls (that shrivel so deliciously for the moment, within their net, when pricked), carts for timber, and donkeys with nodding heads. You despise these; are impatient with your little brothers, who (not having cast their skin) still care for them; you are a cricketer now; a ship-builder, and (to your mother's much anxiety, and your nurse's deep disgust) a ship-sailer also; you have bow and arrows and a small target; and become a very Esau, in trouble with every one. Your mother (at least your father) does not like your legs on the table at meals; the washerwoman cannot see the wit of your shooting with dirty arrows (however blunt) at the white linen that swings from her lines in the wind; the gardener does not sympathise with your raids after these same arrows, or after your ball, among his potatoes, or across his fresh-raked beds; your sisters think you a tease; your brothers, a bully; the servants, *unbearable*. In fact, perhaps there is little lamentation and some relief, when the second skin is cast, and (after a short period of nakedness and rawness, in which you of course feel uncomfortable enough) you merge the young man.

Other playthings now; human playthings, edgetools. 'Tis sentiment now; and love, and fierce hunting after shy, elusive, vexing, fair-skinned game. Two or three hunts generally before the right one is run down, and time has come for casting the next skin. Fire and energy, and a look abroad, as of Moses, from your hill, into a promised land of perfection, nobility, loveliness,—that you shall not enter until a certain river be passed. And through all, you chafe and weary to quit this skin (though it be beautiful) for the next. I suppose an instinct within whispers that this is still imperfect; that the perfect state lies somewhere and somewhen beyond. And so you are impatient; unsatisfied with the abundant leaves about you; always wandering off to the edge of one, and rearing on your hind legs and staring and swaying, and weaving pictures and dreams to yourself of the unknown;—of what may underlie the next skin, in fact.

And so this skin is slipped; and manhood comes,

and you are married and settled down in life. Some bright hues are lost; you are a little sobered; but (often) looking downward, rather than upward, you find on a sudden how many leaves surround you, how much good practical, substantial eating has to be done in life.

"'Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy."

But you think not so; you care more for cabbage leaves than for spinning dreams in the air with restless head; and certainly, if we look at the thing from a business point of view, it may be more useful. Still,—still,—what shall I say? There grows upon you what I call a loss; yes, certainly I shall venture to call it a loss. An increasing forgetfulness of that old restless instinct: a lower satisfaction with the present:—an absorbed thought of that on which you stand and which you eat:—a lack of that (now and then) going to the edge of it all;—and staring, and rearing, and twisting, and wondering, and longing,—after what? beyond. Life's purpose seems too much merged in the present; too much bounded by the evanescent and limited sphere in which you are living; in many that divine instinct dies out; they perceive no more those hints of how this state is still imperfect: of how there are other skins yet to be cast: of how there is a strange, unfathomed future beyond the buried chrysalis,—eyes fixed intently on the leaf, unconscious of, or unheeding, the wide wings that flash above them on the flower.

Now the flowers which we stopped to examine on our way to these thoughts reached their acme of perfection at the point at which we left them, and they then fell, the fair petals, without a future.

"No second life have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more."

This teaching, however, they have for us: that their life is one of development through each stage; one of increase in loveliness, in spirituality. They do not deteriorate, each change adds a beauty, they go on to perfection. At least they do so, unless some egg, implanted by an enemy in the earliest bud, and not removed, shall develop, and grow to an ugly grub, and so eat out the heart of the flower, insomuch that, if the case be opened, a black vile maggot writhes out of the ruin, instead of the loveliness that should have been disclosed.

We need not go on with our version of the seven ages, or (as we put it) skins, of man. Remembering that the skin is metaphysical, you will perceive that he also may (as he should) go on developing, improving, to the end; also that he may be advancing backwards, developing downwards, losing, with no corresponding or compensating gain. And so on to the chrysalis condition, and the burial in the mould. You will then agree that, metaphysically, we do cast our skins periodically; swelling, developing, growing too large for the last, which tightens, shrinks, splits,—and is left behind in life. One's self every seven years; what a series of different beings! What we were, and what we are! Some preserve their old skins; some, on the other hand, put them out of sight and remembrance as effectually as does the toad, which (you know) pats its cast skin with hands and feet into a comfortable ball,—and takes it like a Norton's camomile pill! But this lesson of *development* all through life's different stages, this intended growth (metaphysical) towards something more perfect, more beautiful, as skin after skin is cast off;—men lose sight of this. And many have a hazy notion that they shall somehow be able to cast half-a-dozen skins all at once, at life's end, and so come out that perfect thing which all life's

years were meant to lead to. The process is one not patent to the eye; thus they do not perceive how that inner thing, the Self, is shrinking and dwindling, instead of plumping out and shedding skin after skin *towards* perfection of character. They eat busily at the leaf they are on, and miss the purpose and intention of life.

Such men would, I doubt not, sneer at my vagaries and (they might think) impertinent analogies. It does not occur to them that there is any need of study to understand this mysterious thing, this mortal life of immortal beings; nor that to the intent heart and the observant eye it is surrounded by parables, hints, and indistinct, yet grand suggestions. They take it in a matter-of-fact way,—dealing with it as though there were nothing below the surface. Yet, in truth,

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

And many a poem is being wrought out, in the processes and existences around and beneath us,—poems full of solemn sweetness, profound meaning, echoes of revelation. And as to the present theme, I need not do more than hint at the well-worn, but ever-new and beautiful analogy, joined with the last skin-casting of our friend the caterpillar whom we left in his coffin, and under the mould. Ah, how much of glorious anticipation seems offered to those who will accept it, when we behold the last change of the creeping insect!—the transfiguration, the radiancy and beauty, the power to soar! In what variety of loveliness, out of so many hiding-places; nor only from the earth, but out of the waters, springs that new and glorious life. I must remind those who need such reminding of one famous description of this latter resurrection:

“To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.”

But I must just note down a curious and even startling counter analogy, described by Archbishop Whately in his annotated edition of “Bacon’s Essays.” I must quote from memory, as I have not the book by me. He describes there how an egg may be deposited in the earliest stage in the body of the caterpillar by an enemy fly; how this egg shall hatch into a parasite, which shall live on in the grub through all its growth and changes, not at all interfering with the outward present life; so that the creature eats and grows, and goes through its existence much, to all appearance, like its fellows; even, like them, passing into the last stage but one, and sleeping in its coffin. But here an end. The hidden enemy had been all through its life feasting on the inner self, the spiritual thing within the creeping grub;—and the dark coffin lies silent, unopened. *There is no butterfly within!*

HIGH TEESDALE.

ANOTHER link in the railway system means “fresh woods and pastures new” to the inland tourist. The iron road which crosses England from Middlesborough by Darlington, to Tebay for Windermere, follows the Tees from the German ocean to Barnard Castle, and then swerves to the south and crosses the Pennine chain

into Westmoreland. A branch of nine miles from Barnard Castle, recently opened, leads to Middleton in Teesdale, the village metropolis of Lead Mining.

On landing at the station the sides of the open valley are seen to be sparingly sprinkled for miles with glistening white houses, an external coat of whitewash being the territorial sign of the Dukedom of Cleveland, the successor of the Baliols. A small cluster of these tenements four miles off, just distinguishable in the neck of the valley, is the High Force Inn. Beyond this, the slopes rise on both sides, up to the horizon of the fell-country which forms the water-shed of the rivers, and is termed the Pennine chain. About the sources of the Tees, the five counties of York, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland unite. But we have something to say before we get to Middleton. After crossing the Tees near Barnard Castle by a magnificent viaduct, and leaving the main line, we pass over a gorge bearing a name dear to Antiquaries, Balderdale.

The names hereabouts, Balder-dale, Odins Croft, Bail-hill and Thorsgill, have impressed antiquaries with the notion that we are passing a seat of primitive Scandinavian occupation, and that the heathen invaders have left us at least their names as the marks of their dominion. The rival rendering is *Bald-dur*, the strong stream. We will not enter into the vexed question of etymologies: the dale, with its rocky wooded sides, and a few ruined walls at its entrance (remains of a stronghold destroyed by a raid of Scots), is worthy of exploration, whether we people it in imagination with the shadows of old Pagans or not. At Bail-hill are traces of a British earth-work whereat coins of Edward the First and of Alexander of Scotland were found, as though it had been a station in former warfare.

Romaldkirk is distinguished by a fair tower standing up nobly on the hill-side. Its church is early English (about Edward the Third), and has a recumbent effigy of a crusader, supposed to represent Sir Fitzhugh who died in 1304 at Cotherstone Castle. Romald was a local saint whose virtues did not reach Rome.

Cotherstone, once renowned for the castle of the Fitzhughs at Hall Castle, is now of wide fame for its coveted cheeses, into the value of which the tourist will do well to make experimental enquiry at his noon-day quarters. Romaldkirk and Cotherstone are both rich in school endowments. The opposite bank of the river is Egglestone. The highest summit of the wooded bank is Foxgill, the view from which excites the most animated descriptive powers of the county historian.*

We now come to the Lune, a favourite dale for artists and scientific folk, and shortly after passing by Mickleton, the Fells are fuller in sight, and we are at the terminus opposite Middleton.

There is no point in all the Dale so advantageous as Middleton for viewing the Fells. A peculiar sense of loneliness, at times almost unbearable, is induced by the vast silent valleys and rough round hills; and though there are few effects of rock and ravine such as Poussin delighted to paint, yet the dread and awe which are induced by his pictures are equally felt under the influence of Fell scenery. Not that the rock and ravine are wanting, but only that the first impression produced on a stranger by this country owes its distinctive character to its general aspect of loneliness and breadth.

The geologist will see a fine example of split and contorted rock in Skears valley, which runs up behind

* Hutchinson’s Durham, vol. iii. p. 276. 1794.

Middleton and at right angles with the Tees. Here a little stream, often clouded by the mine-washings, dashes down from the shoulders of a distant fell, and forces its way between the rocks of a ravine where the ivy mantles the precipice, and the daring rowan hangs its scarlet berries

lead from their treasure-house. Where this insult has been shown them there is a brown gash in the hill-side, but the heather and stunted herbage soon recover their lost ground, and nothing else relieves the solemn monotony of their reign.



HIGH FORCE FALLS.

on many an imminent deadly breach. On the right of this rivulet nearer to the village there is a huge boulder of stalactite like petrified moss. The spring bubbles up just above it, and is the favourite haunt and wonderment of the children, whose eagerness in the pursuit of science even leads them to sacrifice the immediate enjoyment of the hazel nut and apple for the sake of receiving them back after a lapse of time coated with calcareous sediment.

From any spot above Middleton a grand view presents itself of the surrounding country. Looking down the valley the river winds in and out round knolls covered with fir trees, under scarped out banks, beneath the black pine-clad shoulders of Egglestone, and is then lost to the eye, but its course is distinctly traceable to Barnard Castle. On the horizon it is almost a relief to have the black and barren incline broken by one clump of trees that rises near Richmond. On a clear day it is just possible beyond the rolling smoke of Darlington, and the furnaces of Middlesborough, to catch a silver gleam of the sea at Redcar.

Turning to the other view we lose the last trace of verdure, no single corn field gladdens the eye; seasons come and go, seed time and harvest pass, but the wild fells hold their own as "monarchs of all they survey." Their majesty has only been disturbed when the adventurous miner has rent their royal robe to "hush" the

Above the Tees, on the opposite side to the Force, there nestles the little hamlet of Holwick, wilder and more savage than any in all the district. The houses lie under a lofty cliff, not unlike the scenery around the Giant Causeway in Ireland, and few of the thatched roofs but have suffered from the wildness of the winds sweeping down the valley. The Primitive Methodist chapel can only be distinguished from a cow-byre by the inscription over the door. A few years ago a traveller was murdered on the heights of Holwick Scar, and the suspected murderer when charged with the crime denied it vehemently—wishing that his right hand might wither and decay if he were guilty. The terrible legend, which rests, indeed, on more than a legendary basis, affirms that the fearful curse fell on him, and that he died not long after in great agony.

From such a dreary recollection it is pleasant to find relief, such as is presented in Fairy Dell. This is an exquisite little glen, a mile or so nearer Middleton, on the right side of the Tees. Two of the streams, which have their rise in the heather marsh above, join their waters, and come tumbling widely down a ravine quite secluded from sight until the visitor is close upon it. The cataract is broken midway on a ledge of rock, and then "falls like a broken purpose" into a black basin beneath, fringed with fern and heather.

Half-way between the High Force and Middleton

the river is crossed by Wynch Bridge; which has the local reputation of being the first wire suspension bridge put up in England. There is no more beautiful point in all the Tees than this. The waters, chafed into rage against the rock, swirl round a little island midway in the stream, and then fling themselves in a hundred cataracts down into the part under the bridge. This is a favourite haunt of the fisherman, and is sometimes the scene of another "sport" not altogether so harmless as the gentle craft. The mischievous village lads from Holwick and Bowlees, the hamlets on either side the river, amuse themselves by occupying each party one end of the bridge and keeping it in a perpetual state of vibration with their heavy clogged feet, much to the imperilment of the peace of mind and body of passengers.

The turbid mass of waters foaming under the suspension bridge gives the first preparation-note for the grander effects which are to be found two miles higher up the river. Here the Tees, after receiving the tributaries of two or three small streams, flows on with glassy smoothness to the verge of a precipice seventy feet deep, over which the whole river is hurled into a black basin beneath. Nothing can exceed the glowing grandeur of this scene, high rocky barriers shut in the waters—the wild fells stretch away and away beyond—above Cronkly Scar crowns the height. All the approaches to the Fall are through dark masses of pine trees, and the grey clouds overhead completed the sombre effect of the whole.

The constant pressure of so great a volume of water is said in the judgment of that indisputable authority, "the oldest inhabitant," to be wearing away the channel of the river, and slowly, but surely, diminishing the height of the fall; but whatever old eyes may see of lessened grandeur, to a stranger's, Tees High Force will seem to stand alone amongst English waterfalls, in the breadth of the fall, the passion of the swirling waters fretted and chafed by the rocks in the bed of the stream, the deep sullen roar which all the year round greets the ear as one approaches the scene, and above all the sombre gloom of its surroundings. To see the Force, however, in perfection it should be visited in the sudden thaw of early spring, when the ice beds are broken up in the Weal and Cauldron Snout, and masses of rock bedded in ice are swept down over the cataract and on to Wynch Bridge in the flood. Of course the Fall suffers (as all our falls do) in seasons of drought, but we know no other that suffers so little. The glories of Lodore at its fullest are unworthy to compare with those of Tees High Force, even when it is in very low water indeed; and even the ducal pride of the Cleveland in their favourite shooting box has not given to the Teesdale line that diletante guide-book air which mars our enjoyment in the English Lake falls.

Above the High Force there is a delicious pastoral vale, fertile in rare plants, and whose sides are formed of the fells in many forms and colours. The landscape becoming wilder, the Blae Beck comes down in a series of most picturesque cascades from the small tarns on the summit; next we see the rugged basaltic cliffs of Cronkly, green with juniper, and abundant in botanical curiosities; then, after another wind among very rugged rocks, or a walk over enamelled meadows and rough bog, we reach the crowning waterfall, as regards height, Cauldron Snout, where the Tees flings itself over a staircase of two hundred feet torn out of the solid barrier of a whin.

Then there is the long silent level of the Weal, and above this the fells of the summit—the sources of the

great rivers which give names to the industry of the north of England, the Tyne, Wear, and Tees.

The highest of the Yorkshire fells, Mickelfell, is not picturesque on the Teesdale side, but the far-off summit of Cross-fell is quite worthy to close the landscape. A short traverse through High-cup Nick, or one or two other passes, leads into the basin of the Eden, or of the Tyne or Wear.

The general character of the landscape is that of an upland pastoral district, surmounted by heather-covered hills, gullied by ravines with rushing streams.

The population is principally engaged in mining, but in a manner which does not interfere with the landscape. The lead is contained in narrow veins which are worked on the slopes of the hills by an adit level driven at the foot of the hill, and then the vein is taken down, the ore extracted, and the rubble used to fill up the vein again; so that there is little refuse at the mouth of the level, and no machinery for drawing, no engine, no buildings, save at the dressing floors. The miners live for the most part in Middleton, or on small farms, which they cultivate during their turn to be at surface. The effect of the latter on their health is favourable, though even with this advantage lead mining cannot be called a healthy occupation. The frequent cases of consumption, and the sallow looks of the regular miners, testify to the contrary. The overmen, who are less underground than the ordinary miners, are healthy looking and live to attain full age.

The people are, as a whole, unusually intelligent, a fact which is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the lead company devote much attention to the education of the children, and that Methodism has in one or other of its divisions obtained a firm hold in the village life of the Dale. Living remote from the fluctuation of trade, under constant average of prosperity, the demoralising influences of want have not been felt so fully as elsewhere in England. This has had an effect on the general tone of the people, has made them kindly and hearty, whilst education and religious influences have added the elements of thoughtfulness and shrewdness.

Lead mining has been carried on in this district ever since the days of Queen Philippa, and probably long before. The shallow pits on the course of some of the principal veins are the traces of the "old men." The old system of mining by extracting the vein stuff from the surface and washing it to extract the lead, is locally termed hushing, whence the term "hush" for a work of this kind. It has made the remarkable ravines crossing the crest of the hill above Newbiggin and elsewhere, which now form a curious feature in the landscape, and furnish an artificial valley, which rain and rivers slowly widen. The old system appears to have occupied a considerable number of persons; and when the time arrived, that it could no longer be pursued with mere labour, but required capital, poverty and distress appeared. Then came a royal and noble company, set on foot by the nobility, and worked with an enormous apparatus of cost, which failed almost immediately, and the condition of the country became worse than ever. An Act was passed in the days of Queen Anne for winding up the concern. The sad condition of the population struggling against natural difficulties, sunk in indigence, obtaining only casual and uncertain profits whereon to subsist, attracted the attention of a benevolent Quaker lady who was travelling through these parts. On reaching London she suggested the application of capital, and the result was the formation of the Company of Mine-adventurers of

England, the oldest mining, perhaps now the oldest trading, association in England, principally composed of members of the Society of Friends. The career of the company, which is now in greater vigour than ever, is perhaps the most signal instance in the world of a great enterprise based on varying profits, conducted for centuries on enlightened principles of commerce, and at the same time on principles of sound philanthropy. The schools, libraries, and places of religious worship, the public provision for education, the compulsory attendance required in schools, the method of letting the work, whereby the men are partners in the gains, have resulted in a state of things extending over upwards of 100 square miles, which, for the benefit it has conferred and is conferring, is worthy the attention and study of all who desire the knowledge of great social problems.

The effect of compulsory education, both in Sunday and day schools, is to interest all the dalesmen in the celebrations connected with the schools. The Sunday school anniversary is the occasion for a display of histrionic talent on the part of the boys and girls, who personate "Cain and Abel," "The Three Hebrew Children," or some other well-known Scripture piece, in a dialect that is sufficiently startling to the chance visitors. Along with their annual displays of course goes the irrepressible "tea." How religious fellowship could be maintained without this institution it is difficult to imagine. At the annual tea-drinking of the Baptist chapel in the new school-room at Middleton, which is held on Christmas Day, all the country side flocks to the scene, regardless of the pelting hail or heavy snow-fall; a brass band is engaged for the occasion, and the voice of "all kinds of music" alternates with the addresses of the speakers through the after-meeting. The undisputed rule of tea has, however, of late been threatened by its rival, coffee, as we saw in the shop windows at Middleton an invitation to a "coffee supper!"

High Teesdale is scarped out of one geological formation only, but this one consists of a series of layers of hard unfossiliferous grit-stone, alternating with layers of thin shales, and fossiliferous limestones. The whole series is called mountain limestone, and forms the lower portion of the coal measures. There are scanty traces of coal and coalplants in the grits, with traces of large marine worms (crassopodia) on some of the surfaces, and abundant corals and shells in the limestones. The shales decay faster than the limestone, and the limestones wear away faster than the grit; hence the terraced-like form of the hill sides, the slopes being shale, the platforms grit, and the bold cliffs or scars limestone. But the chief geological notabilia in the dale are, first—the great Teesdale Fault, a disturbance which has split the rocks in the direction of the valley and raised one side or depressed the other by a throw of several hundreds of feet; so that limestone, which is in the bed of the river on one side, is raised on the other side into a cliff 300 feet high. This great dislocation occurred since the consolidation of the strata, and, probably, gave rise to the first outline of the valley. Second—the great whin-sill, or volcanic outburst, which is first discoverable on the Foggerthwaite bank of the Tees, opposite Mickleton. Crossing the river we next find it on a higher level, kept up by the fault under Laithkirk chapel, where it is about ten or twelve feet thick. Thence it extends up to Holwick and helps to form the picturesque scars and sides of the fairy glen. Through Holwick we trace it to the river below Wynch Bridge, and here it becomes thicker and more fully developed at

surface. It forms the rugged bed of the river, rises with the strata, and is the uppermost bed at the High Force. It is now seen in the beautiful mural crags of the White Force, in the beck which rushes over the forehead of the mountain, and thence crowning the magnificent precipices of Cronkly, which form a grand amphitheatre of rock. Here it is rudely prismatic and columnar. At Cauldron Snout it is the bed of the waterfall which owes its character to the jagged and hard masses which here present a vain barrier to the waters.

There are ample opportunities of observing the structure of the country, the little becks cutting into the rocks, the scars and even the "hushes" of the mines, all display in an interesting manner the geological features. If fossils are scarce, and in ill-condition, the collector may make up for his disappointment by collecting minerals, of which some specimens may be got from the vein stuff at the mines.

The floral beauties of Teesdale are, as might be expected from its sub-alpine character, somewhat minute, but yet its rarities are very considerable. So much so that it is probable the banks of the river above the High Force yield to no district in England in botanical interest. The pretty little primrose, *primula farinosa*, follows the river almost from its source to the sea, but it is specially abundant in the enamelled meads about Widdybank. Some of the rarer orchids are also abundant here.

The "coffee supper," of which notice has been taken, reminds us naturally enough of the first planting of Methodism in the Dale, for it was in a farm house on the same spot that the itinerant preachers received their earliest welcome from a farmer whose descendants still occupy the same place, and still show hospitality to the ministers. Somewhere about 1750, having been driven out of a house where they had at first found shelter, the preachers were received into Low-Houses, a long white farm house easily to be distinguished between Newbiggin and the river Tees. At Newbiggin the pulpit is still reverently preserved, from which John Wesley himself preached. The names of the first converts to Methodism—Allinson, Bainbridge, Richardson, Coatsworth—are household words in Teesdale to this day. The first preaching of the Gospel was much opposed. Wesley was played upon by the fire engine in the streets of Barnard Castle. Matthew Rowell was flung by a drunken mob over the battlement of a house into the street below, at a preaching place on the site where Middleton House now stands.

William Richardson—Willy Ritson as he was familiarly called—was once the hero of an amusing incident which very well illustrates the wild life of the dalesmen a century ago. "Arrangements had been made amongst the miners for a great cock-fighting match to take place at Middleton, between the Weardale and Teesdale main. Some of the combatants had to be sent from Manor Gill shop to engage in the bloody scene, but it became a question amongst the men as to the most proper person to be entrusted with such a commission, no little jealousy of each other being entertained. A thought however darted into the mind of some individual more penetrating than his fellows, that if Willy Ritson could be got to take charge of them, they could not have a better man. They obtained his consent to deliver a bag, in which they had deposited the cocks, at a certain house in Middleton, without acquainting him with the contents. As he trudged along over the fell, the secret was betrayed by one of the chanticlers popping his head through a hole in the poke, and setting up a loud

crow. Willy was no doubt at first a little startled, and indulging his soliloquising reflections, began to ruminate on the evils which his innocent companions would occasion; the cursing, swearing, gaming, &c., all presented themselves to his glowing imagination. But could it not be prevented by destroying the cause? The thought was father to the deed: he took them out one by one, wrung off their necks, replaced them in the bag, and delivered it at the appointed house: As may be easily conceived the fury of the cock-fighters was unbounded, and in the first transport of their rage, his life was in no small peril."—(History of Methodism in Barnard Castle, by Anthony Steele.)

All opposition notwithstanding, the preaching of the Gospel, earnest, hearty, simple, by Wesley and his band, began to tell on the district. Each little hamlet and village had its one or two families who were obedient to the truth; then the room got too small for the members, the chapel took its place; and soon, from Barnard Castle to the Tees High Force, there was a chain of preaching stations which continue still. Wesley's words are descriptive of the triumphs of the Gospel over wild and savage hearts: "I have not found so deep and lively a work in any part of the kingdom as runs through the whole circuit, particularly in the dales that wind between these horrid mountains."

Other religious bodies have planted themselves in the valley following in the wake of Methodism, but none of them have become so thoroughly identified with the spirit and disposition of the people. In the village of Cotherstone there is an old chapel and chapel-house with a rough coat of arms over the door, which carries us back to the times of the great restoration of the Established Church in 1662. The thatched roof of the dwelling house was burnt down lately, and now presents rather a desolate appearance, leading no doubt to a restoration which will probably issue in a new Gothic chapel, more favourable for worship, but stripped of all the pleasures of memory which cling about the old sanctuary in which for two centuries service has been sustained. Nor should we omit to mention the picturesque cottage and chapel belonging to the Baptists in Middleton, where apple and pear and cherry ripen on the wall, and cluster round the windows. To the same body belongs the little ivy-matted sanctuary perched on a rock not far from the High Force Fall, sufficiently near for the preacher's voice to be disturbed by the roar of the waters, and howl of the storm in times of flood and tempest.

P.

BROUGHAM AND CANNING, IN 1823.

THE announcement of the death of Lord Brougham carried us back to times far beyond the present generation. Born at Edinburgh in September, 1778, he died at Cannes on the 8th of May, 1868, when within four months of ninety years. An outline of his extraordinary life has already appeared in our pages, with a portrait of "the old man eloquent" ("Leisure Hour," No. 460). Leaving to formal biographers the fuller record of his career, we present to our readers a graphic sketch, by a cotemporary of forty-five years ago, of Brougham and his great parliamentary rival, Canning:—

The men who, during the session of 1823, were foremost in eloquence, if not in influence, in the hostile ranks of the Opposition and the Administration, were Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and to them not only their respective parties, but all those who took an in-

terest in the proceedings of the House of Commons looked for some great trial of strength.

So much was this the case, that it is important to show wherein they were alike, and how they differed. They had this in common, that their wealth and their ancestry stood them in little stead, and they had not been remarkable for political consistency; yet each was, in his party and his style of eloquence, not only absolutely without peer, but almost without a follower. Yet, though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed, as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This distance extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing: Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gaiety: the features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes, seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel, which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained his cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men, by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham, angular, bony, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit, and the glow of spirit,—something showy and elegant: Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery,—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race, merely to make it tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouth-

able the better. Canning arranged his words, like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice: Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding: the modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear tract,—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful;—it was all felt, and it was felt at once: Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session for 1823:—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskinson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully, first toward the orator, and then towards the Secretary.

There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that undertone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the house; and the voting members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as at the blast of a trumpet. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the house in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric. It was as when the thunder cloud descends upon giant peak—one flash—one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation.*

In another sketch, entitled "St. Stephens," the same writer gives a scene where more justice is done to Canning, rising after one of Brougham's fierce onslaughts. Brougham is described as "dropping upon his seat exhausted, giving the House time to cheer, and leaving you confounded":—

While you are wondering what can come after this, and in your wonder glance your eye to the other side of the Speaker's chair, you perceive a figure somewhat obese, but exceedingly elegant and prepossessing, beaming like the sun from under the dark cloud which has so astounded with its thunders and pierced by its lightning. If you be an admirer of fine heads, you lose the first sentence of the right honourable Secretary, in scanning his appearance; but you are soon compelled to listen to him, and the more so perhaps that his matter and manner are so very unlike those of him, the edge of whose eloquence the Secretary has to turn. You can perceive by the glance which he sends across, a manly admiration of the powers of his antagonist, and perchance the expression of a lingering wish somewhat analogous to "would he were one of us!" But the smitten small ones have gathered themselves under the wing of the protecting hen, and therefore he must exert himself and drive away the kite. He does it, however, not so much by disproving what has been advanced, or bringing discredit upon the averments of his opponent, as by winning your admiration of himself. What he utters is so elegant in its form, and so bespangled with wit, that you care not much, and indeed have no time to care, for the material of which it is made. Whatever be your political opinions, you are pleased to escape from the agony which you feel the invective of Brougham must have occasioned; and if your watchfulness of yourself be not all the closer, you detect a

* "Attic Fragments," 1825. Mr. Jerdan, author of "Men I Have Known," has some interesting personal reminiscences of Canning and Brougham, illustrating their rivalry at this period. On one occasion Mr. Canning asked Mr. Jerdan to be present in the House, as he was going to speak. At night returning together to Brompton, where they were neighbours, Mr. Jerdan asked why he had not spoken. "I did not give Brougham opportunity for reply," said Mr. Canning; "I was not afraid of him, but didn't want to let him have the last word."

voluntary "Hear" stealing out of your own lips, while the reiterated cheers of the House follow the eloquence of the Secretary.

A CHAPTER OF UNNATURAL HISTORY.

I HAVE always been fond of animals, and have from my youth up made them my companions as much as possible, treating them not merely with humanity—every man who is a man does that—but with kindness and as much indulgence as was good for them. Perhaps I have gone too far in that way at times, seeing that I must confess to having released an imprisoned mouse now and then from Betty's trap, when she was out of the way, and giving the poor sleek little captive one more chance. I have not been without my return for gentleness towards living things—for, by a kind of instinct for which I cannot account, all animals take kindly to me, and most of the domestic pets of friends and acquaintances will not only come at my call, but without calling, generally making up to me if they can, as if to claim a caress. Of course I have dabbled in natural history (as who has not that loves his four-footed, his feathered, or his finny fellow-creatures?) and found it an interesting study. But latterly my researches in this direction have led me out of the beaten track, and in consequence my ideas of the animal kingdom have suffered a shock which has unsettled them somewhat, and set me a pondering over the systems and theories of the naturalists, not without misgivings as to the value and truthfulness of their darling science. The reader must be informed that I have discovered in a work of undoubted authority not only several new races of animals which are not down in the compendiums of Mr. Rymer Jones, or the all-embracing catalogues of Baron Cuvier; but also counterparts of many of the old and well-known races, which are addicted to habits and modes of living differing altogether from anything and everything related concerning them by their scientific biographers, and quite opposed, moreover, to the doings of such of their brethren and congeners as our daily experience makes us familiar with.

I shall say something here, first, concerning some of the novelties which have puzzled me—of those strange creatures, I mean, never met with in books or in museums or collections of any kind; and then I shall conclude with some remarks on the singular perversities of habit characterising those better-known animals with which most of us are more or less acquainted.

The first specimen I shall introduce to the reader's notice is called the Wyvern. What, in the language of science, is his normal habitat (which means, Where does he live when he is at home?) I have not yet been able to discover. He is a most singular-looking fellow, having the head of an hound—and a very hungry-looking hound too—the body of a bird, and the legs and claws of a bird of prey. He has formidable wings, too; but they are not the wings of a bird or bat—they rather resemble the spiky back fin of a monster perch, horrent with lacerating weapons on the upper ridge, and stiff and strong with a bony frame-work all featherless and ghastly to look at. His breast bears shining scales instead of feathers, and his back is armour-plated like the sides of a man-of-war of the last Admiralty pattern. His tail is a standing wonder, being longer than his whole body and armed at the end with a ferocious-looking barb; its terrors are, however, somewhat mitigated by its being gracefully curled and looped inward, as if waiting to be tucked out of sight under the wing when

that member closes. What this rather alarming creature feeds on is nowhere stated, so far as I can find: my authority, which is very sparing, and still more mysterious in matters of detail, says something about "cross-lets fitchee"—if crosslets is another name for pikelets, then the food of the Wyvern may be a kind of a muffin and is of course farinaceous; but this is only a guess, and certainly is not corroborated by the presence of the formidable incisors seen in the creature's expanded jaws.

The next I shall mention is the Griffin. This is even a more uncouth-looking specimen than the Wyvern, to which at a casual view it bears some general resemblance. The head, however, is clearly that of a bird of prey; the fierce eye of the vulture flashes down over the curved beak of the eagle, and above them both bristles an angry-looking crest of stiffish feathers. A huge pair of wings—their "mighty pens" erect—spring from his shoulders and seem to lift him from the ground: his forefeet terminate in fearful claws, like those of the vulture. Below the breast his form is that of the tiger, and the feet are a tiger's feet. Add to this, that he wears a pair of longish ears cocked in that knowing way which is the delight of Whitechapel dog-fanciers—and that he carries his extensive mouth open and thrusts out his long undulating tongue for an airing—and you have a tolerably good notion of the Griffin.

The Pegasus comes next. I had imagined hitherto that this was a fabulous animal, typical of the lofty and untiring flights of the epic muse; but I must have been mistaken. Here he is in the flesh, the identical winged horse as painters have drawn and sculptors chiselled him. What is remarkable about him is, that though he is repeatedly brought forward by my authority with his wings grandly outspread and fanning the air, he yet does not fly, but insists on standing still on his hind legs, while he seems to be feeling about with his fore feet for something shut up in a kind of box. On mentioning this peculiarity to my friend Mr. R. Jones, that accomplished naturalist tells me it is quite right—that Pegasus does not fly now-a-days, it being quite as much as he can do to get upon his hind legs; and that what he is feeling about for is probably the cash, of which just now he is sadly in want.

The next specimen is called the Sea Lion. He is a lion to all appearance as to his head and mane and fore legs and feet; but below the waist he is indubitably a fish, and is covered with big scales from the breast right down to the tail; the tail, however, does not finish off with the ordinary piscine appendage to that member, but with a composite bunch of something not unlike the Pope's-head of the housemaid, and intended, it may be imagined, to sweep the cobwebs from the sea-caves.

There are several samples of the Dragon and the demi-Dragon: some of them have the terrible heads and jaws of the pre-Adamite lizards, while others are content with the rounded beak of the parrot. That a good many of them are given to vomiting fire, does not say much for the pleasure of their company. Whether this peculiarity may be accounted for by the nature of their food—which, for ought I know, may be Wallsend washed down with paraffin—I must leave others to determine. The dragon is always rampant and bent on mischief to somebody, but the demi-dragon, albeit evidently a chip of the old block, is seen nestling in the cup of a flower, his fiery eye and fateful jaw showing in grim contrast to the tender calyx.

The last which I shall mention of these strange unaccountable creatures is the Cockatrice. The body of this fellow is neither that of bird nor dragon, but a kind of mixture of the two, being what is called "wattled" in

front and armour-plated at the back; he has a pair of vampire wings springing, not from his shoulders, but from the centre of his plump paunch. His head resembles that of the dunghill cock in the act of uttering a challenge, and he carries his crest erect, while his ample gills hang down and serve as a defence to the throat. But his tail—as the Yankees say, his tail is a caution; longer by far than the rest of his body; it is too extensive to be displayed *in toto*, as, were it fully drawn out, it must gravitate in an unseemly dragging manner towards the ground; it is, therefore, tied in a knot—or rather, I presume, it ties itself; for, *horresco referens*, the tail of the cockatrice is a separate entity, doing business on its own account, and *terminating in a head*, to all appearance the head of a serpent, with widely gaping mouth and protruding poison-fangs, “willing to wound,” and not by any means “afraid to strike.” I confess this terrible specimen puzzles me most of all, and all my attempts at classifying him have proved abortive. According to the received systems the bird end ought to swallow up the serpent end, or the serpent end the bird end; though it is not at all easy to see how either could manage the business, and if it were managed there would be nothing left, a consummation which would, at any rate, save me the trouble of classifying the cockatrice.

Now as to the other animals which my authority treats of, the common *feræ naturæ*, their singularity consists not in their conformation, with which most people are familiar, but in the strange habits and antics attributed to them. I cannot, from want of space, describe them all, but enough of them may be briefly cited to satisfy the reader. Among the wild animals are elephants, lions, tigers, wolves, bears, antelopes, stags, lynxes, porcupines, foxes, and wild boars, not to mention hogs and pigs and piglings innumerable, long-tailed, short-tailed, and curly-tailed. Concerning all these denizens of the forest the most remarkable thing is the unanimity that reigns among them in regard to one particular matter; what I mean is, that, with an occasional exception in favour of the pigs and piglings, one and all of them stand on their hind legs. Whatever else they may do, they are sure to do that; with their fore-feet and paws they may push against some shield or hatchment, they may grasp as they best can a dagger or a battle-axe, or flourish their tails aloft and expand their nostrils as if eager for the fight; but under any circumstances they decline to settle down on all-fours, so that I am forced to conclude that the position which is natural to their congeners is foreign to them. With regard to some of them there are certain cabalistic expressions used which it is possible, if one could get at their signification, would throw some light on their history. Thus, concerning a leopard with spots on his body as big as pancakes, it is gravely stated that he is “countercompony of the first and second.” If the reader can solve the mystery involved in that expression he is a much cleverer fellow than I am, and I shall be glad to receive a communication from him on the subject, which communication he may address to me under cover to the editor. Again, a porcupine pousetting, who has had his quills combed down smooth and sleek as the glossy hair of a Sunday-morning school girl, is described as “gyronny of eight,” which expression is also too crabbed for my powers of penetration. A lion, who seems to stand ill at ease, as though on one leg rather than two, presents an enigma somewhat less difficult; concerning him it is said, “lion’s gamb erased in bend within a boudure,” by which I understand some accident or other to the animal’s leg; *gamb* means leg, of course, and the

erasure, which must be an injury of some kind, may have been consequent on the brute’s having put his foot into chancery somehow or other, as seems to me to be intimated by the term “within a boudure.” In the case of one of the lynxes I find the expressions made use of to describe him, or it may be something belonging to him, are “a bend cotised sa,” the purport and propriety of which, I am sorry to say, I am not lynx-eyed enough to discover.

With regard to the domestic animals and the birds, it may be said that although they are not so universally given to standing in unnatural positions, they yet sometimes behave in a manner not at all to be expected of them, and quite opposed to the habits attributed to them by the naturalists. Thus dogs and horses go about bedizened with stars and crosses; owls stand on one leg and with staring eyes look out on mankind in broad day. Swans make their nests in coronets, and pelicans do the same. Goats and lambs are not afraid of wolves and tigers, but take part in the same occupations with them, each lending a helping paw to the other. There is no explanation given of these irregularities of conduct, unless what may be shut up in such strange terms as “chequy, or, a fesse,” “vert, gules, armed and langued,” “cross patée fitchée,” etc., etc., all of which are about as intelligible to me as the Chippewaw Indian’s dialect. I thought I had some glimpse of a meaning in one instance where it is stated, in reference to some deer, that they were “ducally gouged,” imagining for a moment that they might have been cooked, served up at table, and swallowed by a duke; but I was disabused of that notion when I found that unclean animals were also ducally gouged, and I discovered afterwards that to be ducally gouged is to wear a duke’s gougel, or armour for the throat.

The birds in the list comprise the largest and strongest, such as the eagle, vulture, stork, ostrich, pelican, hawk, falcon, swan, heron and raven; but though they all take evident delight in making a grand display of wings and legs, and covering as much space as possible, they never by any chance mount into the air and try their powers of flight. The reason of this we cannot say, and if we are told that it is because they are “colised sa in a bend,” we are no wiser than we were before. When an eagle soars aloft above the clouds, or a swan sails the stream majestically, we know what to make of them; but when the royal bird scowls at us through something very like a horse-collar, or a swan sits hatching her cygnets in a coronet, or when an ostrich goes strutting about with the key of the cellar in his mouth, we are completely abroad. It is no use to tell us, in such anomalous cases, that the creatures are engrailed, or gyronny, or escalloped, or nowed, or fitchettée, we want some simpler explanation in terms “understanded of the common people.”

All the animals noticed above, and indeed a good many which have not been mentioned, are the pets and darlings of the English aristocracy, and are held in the highest estimation by people of *bon ton*. What use is made of the creatures is not very clear, nor is it apparent how their accommodation is provided for in the town or country residences of the nobility and gentry. The only knowledge we can arrive at concerning them, beyond what is set down above, is, that wherever they are they are thoroughly well guarded and shut up from the prying eyes of the curious public. I should have known nothing of them myself, with all my regard for living creatures, if it had not been for Mr. Ulster, of the King’s Arms, who has published a big red book about them, which book accidentally fell in my way.

Varieties.

LEEDS ART EXHIBITION.—Comparison with the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures in 1857 is hardly fair, either as regards the works shown or the conditions of display. The mere priority of the Manchester Exhibition gave it a vast advantage. It was the first great art exhibition in England, and the example set by the northern manufacturing capital has since been followed both in the metropolis and the provinces, and abroad as well as at home, till the possessors of masterpieces have become wearied of the often-renewed demand upon their galleries, some of them from unwillingness to deprive themselves of the enjoyment of their choicest treasures for long periods, others from apprehensions of injury to their pictures not altogether unjustified. Again, the art treasures at Manchester were arranged in a building constructed expressly for their display, and so successfully planned as to have settled decisively some of the most difficult questions connected with the hanging and lighting of pictures. In Leeds the pictures are displayed in the wards and corridors of a permanent building, erected for an infirmary, the special conditions of which are in the all-important particular of lighting, about as ill-adapted as possible for pictures. After making fair allowance for both these drawbacks, our conclusion is that the organizers of the Leeds Exhibition deserve credit for having got together a collection only second as a whole in interest, extent, and variety to that of Manchester, in some departments equal, in some superior, to that wonderful gathering of treasures of fine and ornamental art.—*Times*.

HOSPITAL CARRIAGES.—Special conveyances are at length being provided for patients taken to the Fever and Small-pox hospitals. The use of common cabs for this purpose has been a frequent cause of spreading infection. The public are indebted to Dr. Horace Jeaffreson and the Committee of the Hospital Carriage Fund for their exertions in this matter. But the evil will not be diminished till the provisions of the Public Health Act of 1866 are stringently carried out, by which heavy penalties are attached to the conveyance of persons suffering from infectious diseases in ordinary street cabs. The vestries of the Metropolitan districts are required by the same Act to provide hospital ambulances.

THE CAPTURE OF MAGDALA.—Lieutenant Stumm, the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* in Abyssinia, thus describes the taking of Magdala:—"About nine o'clock on the morning of the 13th of April the 'storming companies,' as they triumphantly called themselves, began to advance, and after an hour and a quarter's difficult climbing we reached the ridge which connects Fala with Selassieh. We suddenly found ourselves, without meeting the slightest resistance, in the midst of Theodore's camp, surrounded by thousands of men, women, and children, who have been living here for months in the innumerable straw huts which cover the plateaux and rocks. Eleven chiefs, with 1,500 men, at once gave up their arms and hastened to show us the way to Magdala, which now for the first time, like an inaccessible eagle's nest, lay before our eyes. . . . Before the fortress is a level space about one English mile long, which connects Magdala with the two other hills, and here was the head-quarters of the Emperor. At our approach the inhabitants fled in all directions. Only at the foot of the fortress there was a body of horse, by whom a shot was fired at us from time to time. When our vanguard, consisting of forty cavalry, halted, four horsemen suddenly sprang forward from the side of the enemy. The first was distinguished by the shining metal ornaments on his shield and saddle, and when the brave warriors approached us the natives hurried, with cries of 'Negus! negus!' behind the rocks for shelter. It was the Emperor himself, who, with three companions, was performing his last military achievement, and encouraging his hesitating followers to fight. At a distance of 200 paces from us they halted, fired their guns, and galloped back as quickly as they had come. . . . Meanwhile Sir Robert Napier came up with the artillery. A reconnaissance was carefully begun, and about two our fire was opened on Magdala from four different points, chiefly in the direction of the western side of the fortress. The Armstrong guns, the conveyance of which had given so much trouble, came into use at last, though, doubtless owing to the unfavourable manner in which they were placed, they did not produce so much effect as the small mountain guns. When the fire had lasted two hours, and the smoke of the bursting shells became visible between the houses of

Magdala, the troops, with the 45th regiment in front, advanced to storm the place. The Emperor had succeeded, with only nineteen followers, in occupying us the whole day, and with them he defended the entrance to the fortress up to the last moment. I joined the storming column, which, protected by a steady fire of small arms, began to climb up the steep path. The gate, about five feet wide, was not penetrated by our fire, and there was no powder to blow it up. A company of soldiers found an entrance by climbing up the rocks on the right, while others tried to get over the thorn hedges with ladders. There was a desperate resistance, and ten of our men were wounded. The brave defenders of the gate were shot down by the troops as they climbed over, and the gate was then opened from the inside. A second gate was passed without resistance, and here we suddenly found ourselves before the body of the Emperor, who had just shot himself with a pistol. . . . We leave the body and hurry on, a dropping fire showing us that the resistance was not yet over. . . . We reach some large round huts, which are carefully covered with black cloths and skins. This was the Emperor's treasury. . . . Silvery and golden mitres, swords with richly jewelled handles, English guns, valuable vases, and utensils of every kind, photographs, silken stuffs, illustrated books, church ornaments, and even a case of champagne, lay here in the greatest confusion. . . . Our commander now appeared with numerous troops, and all congratulated him on the brilliant close of the expedition."

WHERE ARE HIS FRIENDS?—A lecture was lately delivered at Liverpool by the Rev. Dr. Littledale, who is reported to have described the leading English and Scotch Reformers as "a set of miscreants," and to have said "that Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, and Couthon, merit quite as much admiration and respect as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Hooper." He even apologised for ranking these heroes of the French Revolution with the Reformers, "as standing on a higher moral level than the base traitors who were deservedly executed by Mary I." This reminds us of the Spanish Jesuit Molina, who, referring to the falling off in pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Jago de Compostella after the Reformation, says, "the damned doctrines of the accursed Luther diminished the number of Germans and of wealthy English."

CALCRAFT, THE LAST PUBLIC HANGMAN.—In reply to some severe remarks in a morning paper, the following curious letter appeared:—"Sir,—Much has been said to prejudice the public mind against poor Calcrafft, whose only crime is that he is the minister of justice and the dread executor of the rigour of the law. I happen to know the man, as the minister of the church in which he worships, and a more worthy creature does not exist. To stigmatise him as a hardhearted, cruel, low-lived, crawling, crouching, fawning wretch, which some of the papers, in connection with his duty as public executioner, have done, is utterly wide of the fact. He is a good and tender-hearted man, an habitual frequenter of a Church of England place of worship, where his white head and venerable appearance is pleasingly conspicuous, though his identity is not generally known among the congregation. The execution of his duty is no pleasing topic of conversation with him; he takes no delight in gratifying curiosity by enlarging on the dismal scenes in which he takes so necessary a part; he is modest and unassuming. He is by trade a shoemaker, and you might deal with him all your life, and have no more idea that he was the common hangman than that he was the Grand Lama of Thibet. He is a very devout attendant upon public worship, and a man of very simple and straightforward mind, fulfilling all the relations of domestic and social life in a kindly and affectionate manner. Calcrafft is no monster, and no one, I am persuaded, will be better pleased than he, that he has no longer to perform his unenviable duty in the face of an excited and oftentimes exasperated mob." The last execution in public was that of Michael Barrett, the Fenian conspirator, engaged in the Clerkenwell outrage.

SPANIARDS DESCRIBED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Spain at the end was as helpless as she had been at the beginning, and all through the war, and quite unequal to her own deliverance either by arms or policy. It is impossible to imagine the ignorance and incapacity, the vanity, cowardice, hopeless imbecility, insane arrogance, and restless, intriguing, false and treacherous spirit of our Peninsula allies.—*Wellington's Despatches*.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BHOOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



DRIFTING ASHORE.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER VI.

HASSALL had left me his telescope. I could see the people on board the wreck stretching out their hands towards the boat as she left the shore on her errand of mercy. Mason every now and then asked for the glass and looked towards the wreck. He seemed more and more convinced that the lady on board was his wife. Yet could he do nothing? Yes, he could. Though he could not exert his body I saw that he was doing all that man in his utmost extremity can do. His lips

were moving, his head was bent forward, his eyes glancing at times at the boat and the ship, his hands were clasped tightly in prayer, forgetful of the crowds surrounding him. The boat, impelled by lusty strokes, darted on. She reached the wreck. The lady was lifted in. No one seemed inclined to follow. The danger was fearful. Not before, since she struck, had one of the huge rollers failed at much shorter intervals to dash over and over the ship. Should one of them overtake the boat her fate would be sealed. On came the boat towards the beach. A number of seamen rushed down into the surf to receive her and haul her

up as soon as she should touch the sand. The excitement among the crowd was tremendous. Far off I saw one of these huge billows rushing onwards. If it broke before the boat could reach the beach it would overwhelm her. The least excited of the crowd, to all appearance, was my friend Captain Mason. He advanced slowly towards the spot which it seemed probable the boat would reach, then he stopped for a moment. On she came, her keel grated on the sand, sturdy shoulders bore her along upwards, and ere the coming roller burst she was safe beyond its reach. The lady lay almost overcome in the stern sheets. Mason uttered his wife's name, she looked up, and in another moment she was placed in his arms. A communication was afterwards established between the wreck and the shore, and most of the crew landed before the gale again came down with redoubled fury. By the morning scarce a vestige of the ship remained. I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Mason completely recovered two days afterwards, and thankful for her providential escape.

My brother William got leave of absence for three or four days, and he was anxious to spend the time in a cruise along the coast, and to get me to accompany him. I had wound up my mercantile business at the place, but as the Barbara would be detained a few days longer to complete her repairs, in a weak moment I consented to his proposal, as if we had not enough knocking about on salt water in the pursuit of our professional duties. It is difficult to put old heads on young shoulders. We did not remember that it was still the stormy season, and that the natives might not be so inclined to be civil to us, their late conquerors, coming in a half-decked boat with fowling-pieces, as they would had we appeared under the protection of the frigate's guns.

We agreed that it would be as well to have companions. I asked O'Carroll, who was very ready to come, and William brought a friend, whom he introduced as "My messmate, Toby Trundle." His name was a curious one—at first I did not suppose that it was anything but a nickname—and he himself was one of the oddest little fellows I ever met. From the first glance I had of him, I fancied that he was rather a young companion for my brother, but a second look showed me that he was fully his age. We had hired a craft, a schooner-rigged, half-decked boat, about five-and-twenty feet long, with a well aft in which we could sit comfortably enough. She was not a bad boat for smooth water, but if caught in a heavy sea, very likely to drown all on board.

Our crew consisted of a Frenchman, Paul Jacotot, the owner of the *Doré*, as our craft was called, his son Auguste, a boy of thirteen, and Jack Nobs, a boy I brought from the *Barbara*. The Frenchman was to act as pilot and cook. The boys were to scrape the potatoes—or rather prepare the yams, for we had none of the former root—and tend the head-sheets. A boatswain's mate, Sam Kelson, who had been in hospital, had been allowed to accompany the midshipmen before returning on board. The two midshipmen were to act as officers. O'Carroll, who they did not know was a sailor, and I, were to be passengers, and the rest of the party were rated as crew. We had laid in all sorts of provisions, an ample supply for the few days we were to be away. Port Louis, it must be remembered, is on the north side of the island, and we had agreed to make our cruise to the eastward, where there are some small islands—Gunners Coin and Flat Island. If the wind should prove favourable we hoped to circumnavigate the island. With a fair breeze off the land, and Le Ponce seen standing up astern beyond the town, we sailed out of the harbour, the weather being as fine as heart could

desire. William and Toby Trundle took it by turns to steer, Jacotot pointing out the dangers to be avoided, for we kept close in shore for the sake of the scenery. Toby Trundle sat perched up aft steering, with a cigar in his mouth, looking, in a broad-brimmed straw hat, a white jacket and trousers, contrasting with his sun-burnt complexion, more like a monkey than a midshipman. Jacotot, when not engaged in any culinary matter below, was jabbering away at a rapid rate to us, if we would listen; if not, he was addressing his son, whom he kept constantly on the move, now scolding, now praising with terms of tender endearment. The moment he had done one thing he called him to do another, and frequently two or three things at a time. Fortunately for Auguste, he was of an active, volatile disposition, or he would have had an uneasy life of it.

We enjoyed ourselves, and lunched and dined with great contentment, voting Jacotot a first-rate *chef*, which he undoubtedly was. He was, however, a better cook than seaman we before long discovered. "The next prize we take I hope that we shall find some cooks on board; we must secure one for our mess," observed Toby, helping himself to one of the dishes Jacotot had sent aft. I had not been long on board before I found out, what seemed to have escaped the midshipmen's observation when they hired the boat, that the rigging was sadly rotten, and that she herself was in a somewhat leaky condition. They, however, only laughed at the leaking: "It will keep the boat sweet, and give Jack Nobs and Auguste something to do," observed Master Trundle, cocking his eye at me. Notwithstanding this, we stood on, the breeze shifting conveniently in our favour till nightfall, when we put into a small harbour, the entrance to which our pilot for a wonder knew. The next day we continued our course, landing in a bay, up which we ran to have a look at the country, and to get some goat's milk and fruit. We found a small farm, the only white people being an old-fashioned Frenchman, with a somewhat dingy wife, and two grown-up daughters. All the rest of the people were either brown Orientals or black Africans. The old Frenchman was very civil, merely shrugged his shoulders when he saw our flag, and observed that it was the fortune of war, and that, as we were the most numerous, France had lost no honour, though she lost the dependency. He supplied us for a trifle with a bottle of goat's milk, and as many melons, pines, and mangoes as we could manage to eat. He politely assisted in taking them down to the boat. As he did so he looked round the horizon seaward, and up at the sky. "Messieurs will do well to remain at anchor for a few hours longer," he observed. "We are going to have a change of weather. It may be slight, or it may be very great, and you will be more content on shore than at sea." We thanked him for his advice, but the midshipmen, asserting that if we stopped they might not be able to rejoin their ship at the right time, it was disregarded. On standing out again, however, we saw that the hope of getting round the island was vain, and that our surest course would be to return by the way we had come. The weather soon changed; ugly black clouds collected and came sweeping up from the west and south, though as yet but little wind filled our sails.

"I am afraid that we are going to have a storm," I observed.

"Oh, no fear; I don't think that there will be anything in it," answered Toby Trundle.

"I think that there'll be a great deal in it, and I would advise you gentlemen to make the best of your way back to the bay we have just left," said O'Carroll.

The midshipmen looked at him as much as to say, "What do you know about the matter?" Jacotot was too busy cooking an omelette to attend to the weather, or he should have warned us. The question was settled by a sudden gust which came off the land, and laid the boat on her beam-ends. I thought we were going to capsize, and so we should, but crack away went both our masts, and the boat righted, one-third full of water. We all looked at each other for a moment aghast. It was a mercy that no one was washed overboard. A second and stronger gust followed the first, and on drove the boat helplessly before it. "You'll pump and bale out the water, and get on board the wreck of the masts," said O'Carroll, quietly. We followed his advice, as best we could. Jacotot, who was attending to his little cooking-stove below, when the squall struck us, popped up his head with his white nightcap on, his countenance so ludicrously expressive of dismay that, in spite of the danger we were in, Trundle burst into a fit of laughter. The Frenchman had not time to get out before the vessel righted. He now emerged completely, and frantically seizing his cap, tore it off his head, and threw it into the boiling water. He then joined in hauling on board the wreck of the rigging. "If we are to save our lives, we must forthwith rig a juremast, so as to keep the boat before the gale," observed O'Carroll. With the aid of a wood-axe we knocked out the stump of the foremast, and, making a fresh heel to the broken spar, managed, in spite of the rolling of the boat, to slip it into its place. This was done not a moment too soon: the wind increased so rapidly, and blew with such fearful violence, that we should have been unable to accomplish the task, though as yet there was not much sea. O'Carroll showed that he was a man for an emergency. "This will be more than a gale," he observed; "it will be a regular hurricane—we may expect that; but still, if we manage properly, we may save our lives." Close-reefing the foresail, we got it ready to hoist as a square sail; the rest of the spars we lashed fore and aft on either side, while we cut up the mainsail and raised the gunwale a foot or more all round to help keep out the water. We also, as far as we could, covered in the after-part of the little craft. While we were thus engaged, the boys were pumping and baling. This task was scarcely accomplished before the wind had blown us helplessly so far off the land that we became exposed to the full violence of the sea, which had rapidly risen. The water was leaping on every side tumultuously—the foam flying in thick masses off it—each sea, as it rose high above our heads, threatening to overwhelm us.

We gazed wistfully at the land which we had so unwisely left, but we had no power of returning there. Our only prospect of passing amidst the heavy seas now rolling around us, was to hoist our sail and scud before the wind wherever it might drive us. O'Carroll now took the helm. "I have had more experience in these seas than you, young gentlemen, and the slightest want of care may send such a craft as this to the bottom," he observed. Without a word, they set to work to pump and bale. Even Trundle grew serious. Jacotot every now and then stopped pumping or baling, or whatever he was about, and pulled his hair, and made a hideous face, scolded Auguste, telling him to *depechez vites*, and then set to work himself harder than ever. The English seaman worked away without saying a word beyond what was absolutely necessary. Jack Nobs behaved very well, but cried in sympathy when Auguste was scolded. The latter always blubbered on till his father ceased speaking. I could not help remarking what I have described, notwithstanding the

fearful danger we were running. The sky was of an almost inky hue, while the sea was of the colour of lead frosted over with the driving spray torn off from the summits of the tossing seas by the fury of the wind. Our stump of a mast, as well as our sail, had been well secured, though I dreaded every instant to see the ring-bolts, to which the ropes had been made fast, dragged out of the sides, and the rotten boat torn to pieces. Thus on we flew right into the Indian Ocean, though in what direction we could only guess, for our compass, like everything belonging to the craft, was defective. Intending only to make a coasting trip, we had no chart, except one of the island from which we were now being driven rapidly away. To be in a gale of wind, on board a stout ship in the open sea, is a fine thing once in one's life; but to have to sit in a rotten boat, with a hurricane driving her, one knows not where, across the ocean, is a very different matter. Our only prospect of saving our lives, humanly speaking, was to keep the boat dead before the wind,—a moment's careless steering might have caused our destruction.

We were all so busy in pumping or baling that we had no time to watch each other's countenances, or we might have seen alarm and anxiety depicted on them as the rising seas came following up astern, threatening to engulf us. I felt for the young brother who was with me, so lighthearted and merry, and yet so little prepared for the eternity into which any moment we might be plunged. After fervent inward prayer, my own mind was comforted, so much so that I was able to speak earnest words, not only to my young brother, but to the others. Trundle and Jack looked very serious, but rather bewildered, as if they could not comprehend what was said. Such is, I fear, too often the case under such circumstances. I remembered how, a few days before, I had seen Mason praying at a time of the utmost extremity, and I urged my companions to pray for themselves. Jacotot was the only person who seemed averse to listen to the word of truth. Though he had raged and pulled his hair with grief at the injury done to his vessel, he could not bring himself to care for anything beyond the passing moment. But while the rest grew calm and resigned, he became more and more agitated and alarmed. In each sea which rolled up after us in the distance he saw the messenger which was to summon him to destruction. Poor little Auguste could only cry with fear of the undefined. He had never been taught to believe in anything, and thus he could not even believe in the reality of death till he was in its grasp. O'Carroll was nominally a Romanist, but I had reason to hope from a remark he made, that he knew where alone to look for safety. No idle cry to Virgin or saint came from his lips.

Under the circumstances in which we were placed, people can talk but little, though the thoughts crowd through the mind with frightful rapidity. Unless when occupied, we for most of the time sat silent, watching the ocean. Night was coming on and the fury of the tempest had in no way decreased. It was difficult to steer in the day time—it was doubly difficult and dangerous at night. After O'Carroll had been steering for some time, Trundle begged that he might again take the helm.

"Trust me," he said, "I have been in a gale of wind in an open boat before now, and know how to steer carefully."

"But you've not steered in a hurricane in the Indian seas, Mr. Trundle," answered O'Carroll. "Any moment the wind may shift round, and if we were to be taken aback, it would be all over with us. As long as I can

keep my eyes open I'll stay where I am, if you please." And O'Carroll was as good as his word: hour after hour he sat there, as we rushed on up and down the watery hills through the pitchy darkness—it was indeed a long, long night. Though we had eaten nothing since the hurricane came on, we were all of us rather weary than hungry. As for sleepiness, that was very far from any one. When compelled to rest, we could employ our thoughts in little else than wishing for daylight, and hoping that the storm would soon cease. It was a relief to be called on to pump or bale, for the increasing leaks required three of us at a time to be actively engaged in both operations. But I am wrong in saying that I could think of nothing except my own fearful peril. Frequently I thought of my dear mother and other loved ones at home. The thought gave me comfort and courage, and cheered me up through the horrors of the night. Daylight came at last, and revealed the tumultuous ocean on every side, but not a speck of land was visible. Trundle was the first to exclaim that he was hungry; but to light a fire was almost impossible, and even Jacotot could not have cooked by it had it been lighted. We managed, however, to serve out some bread and the old Frenchman's fruit to all hands, and then we had to turn to and clear the craft of water, which was finding its way in through every seam. It seemed scarcely possible that she could float much longer, should the hurricane continue, with the violent working to which we were exposed. Had we been stationary, the tempest would have passed over us; but driven along with it, we had for a much longer time to endure its fury. It seemed, indeed, surprising that the boat should have floated so long. As far as we depended, indeed, on our own exertions, the most careful steering could alone have saved us. We had been longing for daylight; now that it had come, the dangers of our condition appeared more evident, and we almost wished again for night. We could not calculate, either, in what direction we were being driven, but we feared it might be where rocks and coral banks and islets abound, and that at any moment we might be hurled on one of them. O'Carroll still sat at his post. I asked if he did not feel tired. "May be, but till the gale is over, here I'll stick," he answered. "And sure it's as pretty a sample of a hurricane as any of you'll be after wishing to see for many a day to come."

At length, towards noon, the wind began to fall, and in a very short time, though it still blew hard, and the sea ran almost as high as before, and was consequently as dangerous, it was evident that the hurricane was over. Our hopes revived. Still we were obliged to run on before the wind; and to avoid the danger of being pooped by the quickly-following sea, we had to hoist more of our sail: indeed, we now dreaded not having wind enough to avoid the sea. Thus passed the day, and before nightfall we were rolling on a tolerably smooth swell with a moderate breeze. Still we had to exert ourselves as before to keep the boat afloat. The moment, however, that one of us was relieved at the pump or baling bucket, he dropped off to sleep. I was afraid, indeed, at first, that we should all go to sleep together. Nothing, indeed, for some hours could rouse up the two boys. My young brother and Trundle were, however, after a short snooze, as lively as ever, and as merry too. Midshipmen-like, they did not seem to trouble themselves about the future. I, however, still felt very anxious about it. The Southern Cross and many another bright constellation not long familiar to my eyes were shining forth in the clear sky. Had we

known our position, even though we had no compass, we might have shaped a course for the Mauritius. We calculated that we had been driven two hundred miles away from it in the direction of the equator. Should we steer south we were as likely to miss as to find it. We proposed, therefore, to steer to the west, knowing that we must thus reach some part of the coast of Madagascar, where the English had at that time a fort and a garrison. "But we must have our craft rigged before we talk of the course we'll steer," observed O'Carroll, who at that moment awoke from a long sleep. With the morning light we set to work to fit a mainmast, and to rig the boat as best we could. There was a light breeze, but as it was from the west we lay without any canvas set.

While all hands were busily employed fitting the rigging, I looked up and saw a brig under all sail approaching us at no great distance. Beyond her was another vessel, a ship—I pointed her out. O'Carroll took the telescope.

"She's an English vessel chased by an enemy," he observed. "She'll not stop to help us, so the closer we lie the better." He kept after this continually taking up the glass for some time, when suddenly he exclaimed, "As I'm an Irishman, it's that villain La Roche again."

His countenance fell as he spoke. He handed me the glass—I took a steady look at the ship and had little doubt that it was our old antagonist the Mignonne in sight.

AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.*

THE protracted wars which terminated with the Battle of Waterloo closed almost the whole continent of Europe against international communication. Especially had Englishmen been shut out from countries that were known only by report to almost the whole of one generation. But with the return of peace they rushed to the continent to visit the cities, towns, and plains which the records of the war had rendered famous, or to make the personal acquaintance of those places whose names are associated with the histories of past ages or with art in its various phases. The commercial spirit of our countrymen, long restrained within comparatively narrow limits by the belligerent state of Europe, was roused by degrees into unwonted activity, and as the wealth of England increased, so in proportion did the desire to possess those acquisitions which are considered to be the evidences of affluence and refined taste. Men who had visited the picture-galleries, both public and private, of France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium, were eager to emulate the owners of these, so far as their means would allow them, however little they knew of the value of pictures, and how incapable soever they were to estimate the true merits of art.

It is an axiom of trade and commerce that the supply of an article is generally regulated by the demand for it, and the remark has been found to apply to art-matters equally as to others. Artists have multiplied wonderfully during the last quarter of a century, or longer, because their works have been demanded; but at the time to which allusion has just been made, the British

* At one of the recent meetings of the British Association in the Midland Counties, there was an exhibition of pictures lent by the various proprietors in the district. The number of works by "the old masters" in that collection was astounding! Suffice it to say that the catalogue was not prepared by Mr. Scharf or Dr. Waagen. Having no wish to disturb the satisfaction of the rich manufacturers who think they possess such treasures of art, we do not refer in detail to that exhibition, but, as a warning to others, we allow one who is well known in art-circles to reveal some of the mysteries of picture-dealing.

School of Painting found comparatively little favour among collectors, the *prestige* of the "old masters" far outweighing any merits our own artists possessed. Hence arose the desire of acquiring specimens of those painters which Italy, Spain, France, and the Low Countries had produced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the early part of the eighteenth century in particular. But genuine examples of Raffaele, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Rubens, Teniers, and other great painters, were not readily procurable; their owners, as a rule, kept them safely in their own galleries or cabinets, and so continental dealers employed artists to copy such original pictures as they could gain access to, and to imitate the style and subject where they could not copy.

To give new work all the appearance of old is not a difficult process to the initiated; age and "mellowness," to adopt an artistic term, are easily produced by submitting the face of the picture to the action of smoke and the application of stained varnishes; and even the new canvas, where such has been used, has been made to undergo such transformation as to defy the investigation of an inexperienced eye. The safest plan, however, and that most frequently adopted, was to employ old canvas; that is, canvas on which some miserable daub had been painted in years long gone by, over which the copyist painted another picture after one of the great masters.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the traffic in foreign pictures when I state that from the year 1833 to 1850, both inclusive, more than 188,000 of these works were imported into England from various parts of the continent. This statement is made from the returns given by the Custom House authorities of pictures entered for the payment of duty. The average of these eighteen years gives about 10,400 annually brought into England.

One naturally inquires—"What was done with them all?" The majority found their way into the hands of dealers, and into those of auctioneers in large provincial towns, whence they finally found a resting-place, as "furniture pictures"—so the real *cognoscenti* termed them—in the houses of wealthy merchants and prosperous tradesmen. Not a few, however, "adorned" the galleries of noblemen and country gentlemen, under the impression that they possessed genuine specimens. In process of time, when the press had opened the eyes of the public to the impositions practised, and a taste for collecting English pictures had superseded that for the acquisition of "old masters," the owners of the latter discarded to a great extent their once coveted treasures, which were exported by thousands to America and the colonies of Great Britain. A Californian paper that came into my hands very recently, contained an advertisement of an exhibition opened there, among which figured conspicuously works by the most honoured names known in ancient art.

I have stated that a very large number of imported pictures get into the possession of dealers and auctioneers; there were many, however, which were purchased abroad by our travelling fellow-countrymen, who, aspiring to a knowledge of art and professing connoisseurship, were constantly on the look-out for bargains, with which the foreign dealer, who had learned in time to know what suited the taste of English amateurs, was able to supply them. I will relate an anecdote by way of illustration. A wealthy gentleman, who had expended thousands of pounds on the continent in the purchase of paintings, was showing his collection to an artist who had recently returned from Italy. Having examined together a considerable number of pictures, the eye of the painter

rested on a rich "old" canvas, much to the delight of his host, who exclaimed with glee, "Yes, you are quite right, that's a beautiful work; the gem of my collection." The artist continued his examination, and his companion observed, "I'm glad you like it; a most beautiful work." The painter bowed. "It is the best I have;" followed by another bow. "But what do you mean by this?" exclaimed the owner in some surprise. "I only thank you for the compliments you pay me," was the reply. "I painted that picture, and only wonder to find it here, and so well disguised. I left it with my landlady at Rome; and if you can get at the back of the canvas, you will find my name legibly in red paint at the top, on the right-hand corner." The countenance of the collector immediately fell; search was made at once for the signature, and it was found as described.

A young artist with whom I was acquainted some years ago, related to me a very similar incident. A nobleman well known in the art-world for his extensive picture gallery, conducted him through the rooms, and in so doing stopped before a canvas and expatiated on the merits of the work bearing the name of an old painter of high repute, and which his lordship said he had just bought of a dealer for a large sum. The young man uttered some commonplace eulogistic phrase, "for I was afraid to say much about it," he remarked, when relating the anecdote to me, "the fact being," he continued, "that I painted the picture for the very man who sold it to Lord —. He had the original in his own possession, and asked me to make a copy of it for himself; this copy he sold as the original, and the latter he retained, to dispose of, in all probability, to some other dupe, titled or untitled."

A case has been reported in the *Times* newspaper very recently, which shows the worthlessness of many a picture-gallery assumed to be of great value. An English merchant, named Gower, died lately at Marseilles, bequeathing his paintings, which numbered 400, and numerous assumed ancient bronzes, to the Corporation of Liverpool, on condition that a suitable building should be erected for their reception. But the merchants and wealthy traders of that great place of commerce have been made wise by bitter experience in matters relating to art; and, before committing themselves to the acceptance of the gift, they sent a competent deputation to examine the works, the result of which was the entire rejection of the whole as not worth the cost of removal to Liverpool. The average value set on each painting was less than five pounds; and the bronzes were pronounced to be modern imitations, of the most ordinary manufacture.

The enormous profits made by unprincipled dealers, when the trade of forgeries was at its zenith, require an illustration, as in the following. One of these gentlemen, who lived in good style, and kept his carriage and livery-servants, bought for £40 a good picture, by C. Decker, a clever Dutch landscape-painter, who lived in the seventeenth century, and whose style bore some resemblance to that of Jacob Ruysdael, one of the greatest landscape painters of the Low Countries. The dealer procured the assistance of an artist then in comparative obscurity, but whose works have since realised large prices, to "touch it up," and to introduce into it two figures copied from one of Ruysdael's pictures, whose monogram was inserted on the canvas instead of Decker's, which it had previously borne. The painting was then sold as an original of Ruysdael, to a friend of the late Lord Farnborough, and on his recommendation, for his lordship was a distinguished collector. The price paid by the purchaser for his acquisition was 480 guineas;

the abettor of the fraud receiving 12 guineas for his labour of retouching and altering.

The works of Canaletto, of Venice, have always been favourite pictures of English collectors. He lived, it is stated, some time in England, and died exactly a century ago, leaving behind an immense number of paintings, chiefly views in Venice and Rome, as the fruits of his industry. No collection, however small, was considered complete without a pair, at least, of Canalettos, and the demand for them was so extensive that to supply it was a difficulty not readily surmountable. It did not, however, prove beyond the reach of ingenuity. There was a house standing not many years since—it probably still exists—near the bridge at Richmond, which I and others who were acquainted with the secret knew as the “Canaletto Manufactory,” the name it had received from the initiated. There “Canalettos” were produced by hundreds, figuring in picture-sales for years all over the country.

Cuyp, the famous Dutch painter of cattle, is another whose works have always been coveted in England, and, consequently, have been extensively forged. An artist, who was much employed by a dealer in this kind of work, was waited upon by another dealer for the purpose of giving him a commission to copy some pictures of a different kind. On his entering the studio he noticed on an easel a beautiful little picture, an original by Cuyp, of some cattle in a meadow. “Will you sell me that picture?” inquires the visitor. “Which?” replied the painter, who at the moment was looking another way, and did not observe to which painting allusion had been made. “This, that stands on the easel.” “Oh, no,” was the rejoinder, “it does not belong to me; and, besides, I call that my ‘milch cow.’” “Milch cow! why, what do you mean? there are cows and a bull in it.” “Just so; yet it has proved my milch cow, for I have drawn abundant sustenance from it, and you will understand this when I tell you I have copied it and recopied it till I almost know it by heart.”

One of the most ingenious and remarkable instances of picture-forging I ever heard of was told me some years ago by a person on whose veracity I always placed the utmost dependence, and who was well known by dealers and restorers. A gentleman in Amsterdam was in possession of a valuable painting by one of the great Dutch masters. It had been in his family almost, if not altogether, from the time it had left the artist's studio; and the seals of its successive owners were affixed to the back of the panel on which it was painted. The picture had become much discoloured from age and accumulated dirt. The owner, though often pressed to submit it to the cleaning process, for a long time steadily refused to let it go out of his hands, as he had often heard of the tricks practised in the trade. He was at length persuaded by a dealer, who had considerable influence with him, and in whose honesty he had perfect faith, to send it to London for restoration. When this was effected, a picture was returned to the proprietor, who expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the improved appearance of the painting. About a year afterwards a gentleman from London was in Amsterdam, and, for some purpose or other, paid a visit to the Dutchman. While in conversation with him, his attention was arrested by the picture in question; and, addressing the owner, he remarked,—“Pardon me; you have a fine painting there: bought very recently in London, I presume?” “Oh, no; it has been in my family for more than a century and a-half.” “Impossible,” said the other, examining it attentively; “I have seen it more than once within the last few weeks at the house

of Mr. —, only it appears to be much brighter than when I saw it.” The Dutchman's suspicions were immediately aroused, and without delay he set on foot an inquiry into the whole matter, the result of which was the discovery that the painting returned to him was only a copy of his own. The fraud had been effected in the following manner. While the original was in the restorer's hands, he had it copied by a skilful artist. The next thing was to get over the difficulty of the sealed panel; this was accomplished by the aid of a clever mechanic, who neatly sawed off the painted surface of the old panel which he transferred to another for his employer, and fixed the copy to the sealed panel of the Amsterdam collector; who, recognising the heraldic bearings of the family as usual, had no idea of the deception practised on him. Of course, the “restorer” had to make “restoration,” and, to avoid public exposure, sent the copy without delay to the gentleman on whom he had imposed.

The rage in England for collecting “old masters” ceased comparatively about twenty years ago; and those who could afford to buy pictures sought for them in the works of British artists. It will naturally be assumed that frauds are not easily perpetrated in the country where the painters are living, or but recently deceased; yet forgeries of such kind are constantly finding their way into the market. Several living artists I could name whose works have been extensively copied, and the copies disposed of as originals. It happened that on two separate occasions which occur to me at this moment, I was present when two artists, both of them Royal Academicians, were asked to identify certain pictures as their own productions. In one case a water-colour drawing was submitted to the artist to whom it was attributed: he looked at it for some time very carefully, and then declared himself totally unable to determine its genuineness. The other instance was that of an oil picture of rather large dimensions; the subject historical. The painter, whose monogram was upon the work, examined it very closely, and decided that it was a true picture. The person in whose possession it was had great doubts as to its authenticity, and entreated the artist to give it further attention. After another careful scrutiny, he suddenly exclaimed, “No! it is not mine,” and pointing to a certain part of the costume of one of the figures, continued, “I never could have painted a bit of drapery in that style.”

The subject of picture-forgeries is one upon which I could dilate till, possibly, the reader would become wearied. The story of picture auctions, too, is one full of amusing incidents, though of worse than questionable commercial morality. Buyers of pictures should, to avoid counterfeits, either purchase from the various public galleries which are open annually with new works—that is, works not previously exhibited—or they should apply to the first-class dealers, of whom there are in London and elsewhere several whose names are a guarantee against imposition.

Sculpture, from the cost of material, and the difficulties attending its execution, is less exposed to frauds than painting; yet the records of art supply instances of such imitative productions, though not always with a dishonest intent. Michael Angelo is said to have executed, when about twenty-one years of age, for a gentleman of Milan, named Balthasar, a statue of Cupid, sculptured with such grace and finish that it was suggested it would readily pass for an antique, if a slight appearance of age were imparted to its surface. Balthasar, it is added by Vasari, the biographer of the

old Italian painters, who was Michael Angelo's contemporary, "acted on the hint, and then sent the statue to Rome, where it was sold as an antique work to the Cardinal Giorgio di Riario, who valued himself on his connoisseurship. His eminence had not long rejoiced in his acquisition, when rumours of the real truth became current; and, impelled by curiosity and mortified vanity, he employed an agent at Florence, where the sculptor resided, to see the reputed artist, and not only to inquire into the facts, but to ascertain, by an inspection of his works, whether he "was capable of producing so beautiful a figure."* The issue of the inquiry resulted in Michael Angelo being invited to Rome as the Cardinal's guest, especially when the latter found the sculptor had been no party to the fraud practised on him. This incident laid the foundation of Angelo's future fortunes.

At the commencement of the present year some of the Paris journals which take art into consideration, found materials for discussion in the subject of a bust, recently acquired by the French Government at a cost of £540, and now in the Louvre. It was presumed to be that of the Florentine poet, Benivieni, and executed in the fifteenth century, but by whom no one could even guess. The Italians claimed it as the work of one of their countrymen, the sculptor Bastianini, of Florence, who is still alive. He executed it, they allege, for a Signor Freppa, a dealer in antiquities and objects of *vertù*, who sold it to M. de Nolivos, through whom it passed into the hands of the French Government. The investigation into the matter which has been instituted, leaves the authenticity of the work still doubtful, though the French authorities will not, as might be expected, admit that they have been deceived in mistaking a modern work of art for one of ancient date.

The practice of artists, painters more especially, repeating their pictures is to be deprecated. It opens the door to fraud by throwing into the hands of the public duplicates, which after a time may be multiplied. And when it is known that an artist has produced more than one picture of the same subject, the difficulty of identification in the future is greatly increased.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

AUGUST.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

No one can view the heavens with the naked eye for any length of time, without noticing that the colour of the principal stars is not the same, but that many are white, or bluish white, some yellowish, and others red. These different tints arise most probably from the materials of which the envelopes, or photospheres, of the various stars are composed. If, however, we wish to examine this subject minutely, the telescopic observation of double stars will enable us to view, in the highest perfection, the brilliant contrasting colours exhibited by several of these interesting and popular objects. With the unassisted eye, the variation in colour of the brightest stars is very distinctly marked, especially in the white stars Sirius, Alpherat, Vega, Deneb, and Regulus; the yellow, or pale orange stars, Rigel, Procyon, Polaris, Kocab, and Altair; the orange-red Betelgeuse and Pollux; and the red stars Aldebaran, Antares, Arcturus, and Fomalhaut. The only colours mentioned by the ancients, whose experience in stellar observation was solely derived from unaided vision, were white and red. Some of these anciently-recorded

colours of the stars do not, however, agree with the colours of the same stars at the present day, which leads us to suppose that some physical change has taken place in the constitution of their external envelopes. We alluded in February to the probable change of the colour of Sirius from red to white since the days of Ptolemy, who also included Pollux and Betelgeuse among his list of fiery-red stars. The change of colour has, however, not been so decided in Pollux and Betelgeuse as in Sirius, for Pollux and Betelgeuse have still a rosy tint, although it is too faint to take them out of the class of orange-coloured objects. Mariotte, in 1686, in his treatise on "Colours," was the first person who made any mention of blue stars. He considered that the origin of blue stars was owing to "their freedom from exhalations as well as from their less intrinsic brightness." True blue single stars are not, however, common, but bluish white are plentiful enough. Mr. Dunlop, observer at the late Sir Thomas Brisbane's Observatory, Parramatta, New South Wales, noticed a stellar mass, in which every member was blue, and also a bluish nebula. Nothing of a similar kind has been seen in the northern hemisphere. But several of the components of the double stars are blue, and in a few cases both have a bluish tinge. Small stars of different colours are occasionally massed together in multiple stars, as in that beautiful stellar group near Kappa Crucis (the Southern Cross), in which are congregated more than a hundred stars of various colours, red, green, blue, and bluish green, giving the appearance, when viewed through a powerful telescope, of a superb collection of fancy jewellery.

But notwithstanding the brilliancy of colour in these magnificently variegated minute objects, scattered here and there in both hemispheres, the principal observations on the colour of stars have been made on the various tints exhibited by double stars, in which the colours are generally complementary. Usually, the larger star is of a yellow, or orange colour, and the smaller one green, or bluish white, but among these objects there is no shade of colour contained in the solar spectrum, which is not also represented in some one of these double stars. Admiral Smyth, in his "Sidereal Chromatics," has given a list of 109 double stars, with the colours of each pair, as observed by himself at two epochs, separated by several years, and also by M. Sestini, an Italian astronomer. The estimations in different years generally agree with each other, but in a few cases an actual change of colour has been suspected, especially in 95 Herculis, in which both components are of the fifth magnitude. The change in the colours of this double star is so very curious, that it may be interesting to record here the details of the observed variations in the colours of the two components, A and B, as exhibited by Professor C. P. Smyth. The observations were made by different observers between the years 1828 and 1862. In 1828 the component A was yellow; from that it passed to greyish, then successively to yellowish, with a blue tinge, greenish, light green, light apple green, "astonishing yellow green," and, finally, to yellow again. B in the same time passed from yellow to greyish, then successively to yellowish with a reddish tinge, reddish, cherry red, "egregious red," and, finally, to yellow again. It was the opinion of Admiral Smyth, whose experience was very great in this class of amateur astronomical work, that this star is a decided instance of sidereal colour-changing. It is proper, however, to remark that the Astronomer Royal has suggested, with good reason, that the simultaneous change in the colours

* Harford's "Life of Michael Angelo."

of the two stars is suspicious, and he considers that these apparent changes might have arisen by using different telescopes. Other stars viewed with the same telescopes as 95 Herculis, however, exhibited no sensible change. From Admiral Smyth's latest observations we give two or three examples of the complementary colours. In Eta Cassiopeie the large star is a dull white, and the smaller one lilac; in Gamma Andro-



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, AUGUST 15.]

medæ, a deep yellow and sea-green; in Iota Cancri, a dusky orange and a sapphire blue; in Delta Corvi, a bright yellow and purple; and in Albiero, or Beta Cygni, yellow and blue. In most of the remaining stars of the list the contrasting colours are equally marked, and also in many others which are not included in it. What the effect of this variety of colour would be to the inhabitants of a satellite belonging to such a cosmical system, we have the opinion of Sir John Herschel. "It is by no means intended to say that in these cases one of the colours is a mere effect of contrast, and it may be easier suggested in words than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and 'grateful vicissitudes'—



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, AUGUST 15.

a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness—might arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, above the horizon."

The principal stars inserted in the lower diagram are Vega, Deneb, Altair, and Ras Alague, west of the meri-

dian, and Fomalhaut, Markab, and Alpherat, east of the meridian. Confining ourselves at present to this diagram, we will commence our survey of the heavens by directing our attention as usual to the zenith, which is now occupied by the north-east corner of the constellation Cygnus. Lacerta and Cepheus join Cygnus in the zenith, which at this time is nearly the point where these three constellations meet. Looking about due west, Deneb will strike the eye about twelve degrees from the zenith, and, farther on, the brilliant Vega shines very conspicuously. South of Vega, but very near to it, Beta and Gamma Lyrae may be distinguished, and a little farther south, Albiero. In the diagrams for next month, most of these stars will have passed our imaginary line from due east to west, and will consequently appear in the upper view. Below Vega, towards the west, there are still a few stars belonging to Hercules, including Rasalgeti, which, with Ras Alague, is visible about twenty degrees above the western horizon. Most of the preceding stars can be identified in the upper part of the right-hand side of the lower diagram. From the zenith to the western horizon we pass through three constellations only, Cygnus, Lyra, and Hercules, excepting a very small portion of Serpens in the horizon. In a south-westerly direction, below Cygnus, the stars in Aquila are the only objects of fair magnitude, although the constellations, Vulpecula, Sagitta, Equuleus, Delphinus, and Sagittarius are passed over. On the exact south meridian we have, in order from the zenith, Cygnus, Lacerta, Pegasus, Aquarius, Capricornus, and Piscis Australis, but none of the principal stars are at present on the meridian, excepting those in Aquarius, which may be found rather more than half-way between the zenith and horizon.

Now let us examine that division of the sky represented on the left-hand side of the lower diagram. We see here many new stars and constellations which have scarcely come under our notice before. Those due east are Andromeda, Triangulum, Aries, and Cetus. In the south-east, the four stars composing the square of Pegasus, Alpha, Beta, and Gamma Pegasi, and Alpha Andromedæ, can now be distinctly seen. Alpha Pegasi, or Markab, and Beta Pegasi, or Scheat, form the south-western and north-western corners of the square. Skirting the horizon from east to south several stars in Cetus and Piscis Australis are visible, including Menkar, or Alpha Ceti in the east, Diphda, or Beta Ceti in the south-east, and the bright star Fomalhaut, a little east of south. The signs of the zodiac above the horizon at midnight in the middle of August are Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, Aries, and parts of Taurus and Gemini, the last being near the horizon in the north-east.

That part of the sky immediately below Algenib, or Gamma Pegasi, is singularly devoid of large stars. It is principally occupied by the constellation Pisces, which, though of no great breadth, extends from the south near the meridian to almost due east. Pisces separates Pegasus and Andromeda from Cetus and Aries. There is no star below Gamma Pegasi, for some distance, greater than the fourth magnitude. Pisces can be identified in the diagram by several small stars east of Alpherat, or Alpha Andromedæ, and below Gamma Pegasi. The small asterism, Piscis Australis, is near the south horizon below Aquarius and Capricornus. Its position is pointed out by its principal star Fomalhaut, which is a very conspicuous object in the south on clear nights. In August, 1868, the planet Jupiter shines brilliantly among the stars in Pisces, below the

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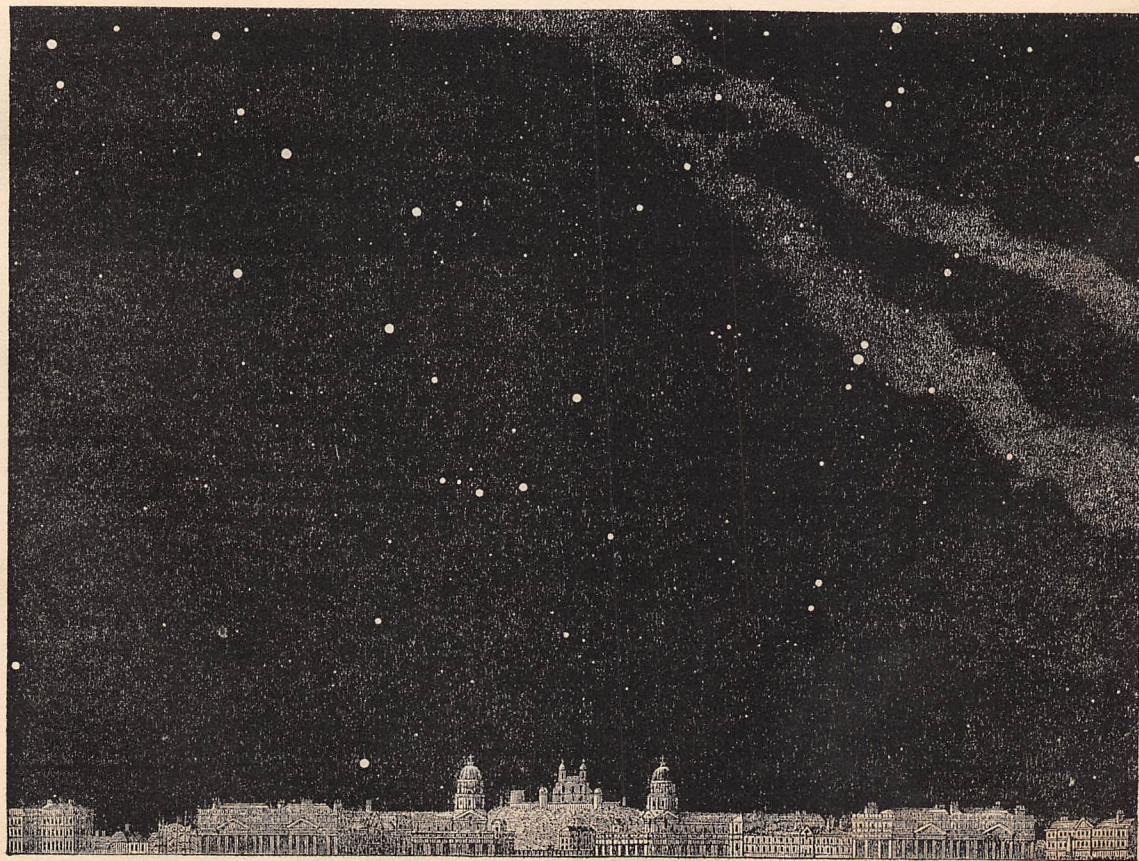
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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, AUGUST 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, AUGUST 15.

square of Pegasus, and gives additional interest to this quarter of the sky. At present this allusion to the position of Jupiter will be sufficient for the detection of the planet, but in our descriptions for the month of September, we hope to give a small diagram illustrating the apparent path of Jupiter in the heavens for the present year. In the index-map for that month, the position of the planet with respect to the stars will be also indicated.

Delphinus, the Dolphin, although a small constellation, is one of the ancient forty-eight asterisms. The chief stars can be seen in the diagram as a group between the three stars in Aquila and the meridian. It is bounded on the north by Vulpecula, on the west by Aquila, on the east by Pegasus, and on the south by Aquarius. According to Ptolemy, Delphinus contained ten stars, but Hevelius in the seventeenth century increased the number to fourteen. Bode, with telescopic aid, registered fifty-one. Seven of the stars are above the sixth magnitude. Kaswini relates that the lowest star of the group is called the dolphin's tail, and the four in the middle, the necklace or sometimes the cross, that in the tail being the stem of the cross. These stars can be found easily as above, or by the following alignment. Draw a line from Beta and Gamma Lyrae, below Vega, through Albiero, or Beta Cygni, when if continued twice that distance, it will pass through the centre of the group. Or according to the "Celestial Cycle" it can be pointed out by the following rhymes:—

"To heaven's grand arch from deepest seas,
Behold the Dolphin rise,
The grace, as old Manilius saith,
Of ocean and the skies:
'Tis placed between that space wherein
The eagle's wings are spread,
And those few stars unto the east
Which mark the horse's head."

Cygnus, the Swan, is an important constellation between Lyra and Cepheus, and also one of the ancient asterisms. It is situated in the Milky Way, having Draco and Cepheus on the north, Lacerta and Pegasus on the east, Lyra on the west, and Vulpecula on the south. Its principal star, Deneb, or Alpha Cygni, at the root of the Swan's tail, is of the first magnitude. With Vega and Altair, it forms a well-known stellar triangle, visible in the summer and autumn months. The second star in Cygnus, Albiero, is a double star, celebrated, as we have before observed, for the brilliant contrasting colours of its components, which are respectively of the third and seventh magnitudes. Sir William Herschel made a careful comparison of the relative brightness of the stars in Cygnus, the results of which are to be found in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1796 and 1797. The ancient catalogue of Ptolemy contained only nineteen stars in Cygnus, but Bode's atlas has 360. Cygnus has been noted as the locality of two new stars. The first was observed in 1600 by Jansen, Kepler, and others, and continued visible till 1621, when it became too faint to be seen by the naked eye. Cassini, however, saw the star again in 1655, when it was of the third magnitude, but it soon became again invisible. This object is now known to be a periodically variable star, with an interval of eighteen years between its maximum and minimum brightness. The second new star was discovered by Kirch in 1686, in the neck of the Swan. When at its minimum lustre, this object is too faint to be seen with the most powerful telescope.

A small double star, 61 Cygni, the components of which are of nearly equal magnitude, is one of the most

interesting objects in this constellation. It is a carefully observed binary system. Its interest, however, principally consists in the large proper motion in the heavens of the two components, from which they have been unitedly regarded as one of the nearest of the fixed stars to our solar system. From some delicate researches of M. Bessel, a German astronomer, this comparatively near star to us has been found to be at a distance of about 650,000 times greater than that between the earth and the sun.* Such immense celestial distances are almost beyond the power of the human mind to form a proper conception of their magnitude. Light is known to travel at the rate of about 185,000 miles a second, but with this great velocity, it would take more than ten years to pass over the space between 61 Cygni and the earth. When we, therefore, view this star, we are seeing it as it existed ten years ago, and were any sudden conflagration to take place on its surface to-day, we should only be cognizant of it on our globe in ten years from this date. But this is one of the nearest of the fixed stars, others are supposed to be a thousand times more distant, or even so far that their light has not reached us since their creation. The large and equal proper motion in space of the two stars composing 61 Cygni is a convincing proof of their physical connection, independent of any change in their relative positions.

Deneb is such a prominent object south of the zenith in the summer night-sky, that it seems scarcely necessary to give any special rule for finding this constellation. But if we look at the square of Pegasus, or rather at Alpherat, in the north-east corner of the square, a line from that star to Vega will nearly pass through Deneb.

"From the wing's tip, Alpherat through,
Now skim aslant the skies,
And lo! bedeck'd with glorious stars,
The soaring Cygnus flies:
Or, from the westward should you wish
The same to gaze upon,
Arcturus, Gemma, Vega, join
To lead you to the Swan."

The position of Aquila, the Eagle, can be found by its three principal stars situated west of the meridian, at midnight in August about midway between the zenith and horizon. The middle star of the three is Altair, the upper one Gamma, or Tarazed, and the lower one Beta, or Alshain. This constellation is really composed of two, Aquila proper and Antinous, but in modern catalogues all the stars are included in one asterism. Aquila is in that part of the Milky Way just below Lyra, and is bounded chiefly by Sagitta on the north, Delphinus and Aquarius on the east, Sagittarius on the south, and Ophiuchus on the west. The three principal stars have frequently been taken by young observers for those in Orion's belt, to which, however, they bear but a slight resemblance. Altair is a small first magnitude, and is of a pale yellow colour, Gamma is of the third magnitude, and Beta is about a half-magnitude smaller than Gamma. A line drawn through these stars will point in a northerly direction nearly to Vega, and southerly to the stars in Capricornus. If we now examine the lower diagram carefully, some of the objects in this district can be easily pointed out. Below Vega, which is so conspicuous in the upper part, on the point of entering into the northern half of the sky, the two first stars we reach are Beta and Gamma Lyrae. That slightly to the left, but one-third of the distance towards the three stars in Aquila, is Albiero. The two stars above Gamma Aquilæ, but a little to the right, are

* The distance between the Sun and the Earth, from the most recent determinations, is, in round numbers, ninety-two millions of miles.

Epsilon and Zeta Aquilæ, and those to the west and south also belong to that constellation, which also contains several double stars and nebulae. In the catalogue of Ptolemy, Aquila contains fifteen stars; Hevelius increased the number to forty-two, Flamsteed to seventy-one, and Bode in his atlas includes two hundred and seventy-six.

Vulpecula et Anser, the Fox and the Goose, between Aquila and Cygnus, is a modern constellation introduced by Hevelius in the seventeenth century. "I wished," said he, "to place a fox with a goose in the space of a sky well fitted to it; because such an animal is very cunning, voracious, and fierce. Aquila and Vultur are of the same nature, rapacious and greedy." The small stars below Albiero belong to Vulpecula. Hevelius registered twenty-seven stars in this small asterism, and Bode as many as one hundred and twenty-six.

Sagittarius is the third of the southern signs, and the ninth in the order of the zodiac. It can be recognised by eight stars forming two similar quadrangles, one of which is in the Milky Way. From their low altitude, however, they can only be seen on very clear evenings, about 9 p.m. in August, near the south horizon. At midnight most of the stars in Sagittarius have set in the S.S.W. In the middle ages, when the influence of astrologers was so great, and when no important undertaking was commenced without a previous consultation with the aspect of the stars, Sagittarius was generally considered a lucky sign. One of these old astrological doctors, by name Arcandum, who published a book in 1542 which was "ryght pleasaunte to reade," has declared that a person born under the sign Sagittarius "is to be thrice wedded, to be very fond of vegetables, to become a matchless tailor, and to have three special illnesses;" but as the last attack of sickness is to befall the patient at eighty years of age, it is not of paramount moment. Some of our readers will probably question the value of these peculiar advantages so carefully chronicled by the old astrologer. Ptolemy's catalogue contains thirty-one stars in Sagittarius, that of Flamsteed sixty-nine, and the Atlas of Bode three hundred and thirty-nine. The locality of Sagittarius in the heavens can be discovered by drawing a line from Deneb through Altair, which when produced will pass through the centre of the constellation.

"From Deneb in the stately Swan, describe a line south-west,
Through bright Altair in Aquila 'twill strike the Archer's breast."

In our explanation of the northern midnight sky for August, we will commence as usual at the zenith, which is now scarcely in any constellation, for Cepheus, Lacerta, and Cygnus meet at that point. The true zenith is, however, just within the boundaries of Cygnus. First, let us look towards Polaris, and follow the constellations now on the meridian above and below the Pole. The space between the zenith and Polaris is very nearly occupied by Cepheus, whose two principal stars, Alpha and Beta Cephei, are not far distant from the meridian. They can be easily distinguished from other stars near by their superior magnitude, Alpha being the nearest to the zenith. Gamma, the third star in Cepheus, is slightly east of the meridian between Beta and Polaris. Passing over an unprolific part of Draco below Polaris, the sky as far as the horizon is occupied by a portion of Ursa Major. The seven large stars in Charles's Wain are approaching the lower meridian, the two leading stars, Dubhe and Merak, being a little to the west of north. Below Eta Ursæ Majoris, at the end of the tail of the Great Bear, Cor Caroli can be perceived on very clear nights. Eta Ursæ Majoris is

occasionally designated Alkaid, or Benetnasch, the Arabic denomination for the governor of the mourners, in allusion to the fanciful form of a bier and attendants, produced by the seven stars. All the stars in Ursa Minor are now west of the meridian, surrounded principally by the sinuous Dragon, whose chief stars can be recognised between Ursa Minor and Vega, the two bright stars Beta and Gamma Draconis being at the south-western extremity of Draco. About midway between Beta Draconis and Kocab, in Ursa Minor, is Zeta Draconis, of the third magnitude, the nearest large star to the Pole of the ecliptic. Low down in the west, most of the stars in Hercules can be noticed, and also the semicircular group of the Northern Crown. In the north-west, below Draco, a few stars in Boötes are still above the horizon, and also the greater part of Canes Venatici. The quarter of the heavens east of the meridian contains the whole of Cassiopeia, Perseus, Auriga, Camelopardus, and large portions of Cepheus, Ursa Major, Lynx, and Taurus. Cassiopeia is now very high in the heavens, approaching the meridian. Perseus is below Cassiopeia, and is easily distinguished by its principal stars Alpha Persei and Algol. Camelopardus is east of Polaris and above Auriga. Capella and Beta Aurigæ, the two chief objects in Auriga, can be distinguished in the north-east.

According to the ancients, the constellation Cepheus was placed in the heavens in memory of a king of Ethiopia, or India, husband of Cassiopeia, and father of Andromeda. The old Ethiopic name of this asterism was Hyk, a king. Cepheus is bounded on the north by Ursa Minor and Camelopardus, on the west by Draco, on the east by Cassiopeia, and on the south by Lacerta and Cygnus. The stars Alpha, Beta, and Gamma Cephei, form an arc, of which Beta Cassiopeia is nearly the centre. The head of Cepheus is situated in the Milky Way, and can be identified in the diagram near the zenith, by three stars of the fourth magnitude forming a small triangle. The chief objects in Cepheus are Alderamin in the right shoulder, Beta or Alphirk, in the waist, and Gamma, according to Ptolemy, in the left foot. Cepheus was one of the old forty-eight asterisms, and of considerable note among the wandering shepherds of Arabia. It contains several choice and remarkable double stars, nebulae, and clusters, which have afforded ample subjects for the scrutinizing eyes of modern astronomers. The position of Cepheus and its principal stars can be clearly recognised between Polaris and the zenith, having the bright group of Cassiopeia on the east, and the chief stars of Draco on the west. We can almost imagine the exact form of this circumpolar constellation from the following lines:—

"Near to his wife and daughter, see aloft where Cepheus shines.
The wife, the Little Bear, and Swan, with Draco bound his lines;
Above Polaris, twelve degrees, two stars the eye will meet,
Gamma, the nomade shepherd's gem, and Kappa—mark his feet:
Alphirk, the Hindu's Kalpeny, points out the monarch's waist;
While Alderamin, beaming bright, is on the shoulder placed:
And where, o'er regions rich and vast, the Via Lactea's led,
Three stars, of magnitude the fourth, adorn the Ethiop's head."

Our description of the midnight sky of August will, with the diagrams, be available for earlier and later hours at other seasons of the year. For example, the appearance of the heavens at midnight, on August 15, is the same as that at 10 p.m. on September 15, at 8 p.m. on October 15, at 6 p.m. on November 15, and at 2 a.m. on July 15. The July midnight map will serve for August at 10 o'clock.

In 1868, the moon will be near Jupiter on August 8th, Aldebaran on the morning of the 13th, Mars on the 14th, Venus on the 15th, Mercury on the 17th,

and Saturn on the 24th. During the first week of the month the moon will pass through the signs Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces. A day or two after new moon she will be visible as a narrow crescent in the constellation Leo, and afterwards in Virgo. At this time the moon is a very interesting object near the western horizon. On the morning of the 18th a total eclipse of the sun by the moon will take place, commencing on the earth generally at 2.35 A.M. Greenwich mean time, and ending at 7.49 A.M. The sun will be partially obscured in southern Europe, but in the British Isles the eclipse will be invisible. It will, however, be one of the most important solar eclipses which have occurred for a considerable period, as in some districts the time of total darkness will be almost at its greatest possible length, nearly seven minutes. This long interval of darkness will enable observers to note with great advantage the numerous curious phenomena only visible on these occasions. The narrow zone on the earth's surface, where the total obscuration is visible, extends from the entrance of the Red Sea to Torres Straits. It enters India south of Bombay, near Vizian-droog, and crosses the Peninsula, passing near Kollapoore, Muktul, Guntoor, and Musulipitam, from whence it traverses the Bay of Bengal, Tenasserim, and the Gulf of Siam, where the greatest duration of total darkness takes place. The central line then passes through the north of Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas, to Torres Straits. The route of the mail-steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company between Bombay and Aden will be a favourable position for the observation of the eclipse. Valuable astronomical observations are expected to be made in different Indian localities on the central line of shadow, for which extensive preparations have been made in England, under the auspices of the Indian Government, assisted by the advice of the Councils of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies. Two well-equipped expeditions have been, therefore, sent to Central India, one in charge of Major Tennant, R.E., and the other under the care of Capt. Herschel, R.E., son of the veteran astronomer Sir John Herschel.

The phases, or times of change, of the moon are as follows:—Full moon on the 3rd at 11.52 A.M.; first quarter on the 11th at 0.28 P.M.; new moon on the 18th at 5.12 A.M.; and last quarter on the 25th at 0.47 A.M. The moon is at her greatest distance from the earth on the 3rd, and again on the 31st, and at her least distance on the 17th. No star above the fifth magnitude is occulted this month.

Mercury is a morning star, visible near the north-east horizon in the beginning of August, about an hour before sunrise. On the 28th he is in conjunction with the sun, when his light is too much absorbed in the solar rays to be seen even with a telescope.—Venus is now a brilliant morning star, rising in the north-east at 2.56 A.M. on the 1st, and at 1.34 A.M. on the 31st. On the morning of the 7th she is apparently stationary among the stars; on the afternoon of the 15th she is in conjunction with the moon, and on the 21st at her greatest brilliancy.—Mars is a morning star in Gemini. He rises on the 1st at 0.26 A.M., and a few minutes before midnight on the 31st. Mars and Venus are therefore conspicuous objects before sunrise.—Jupiter rises on the 1st at 9.48 P.M., on the 15th at 8.50 P.M., and on the 31st at 7.45 P.M., and sets after sunrise. He is, consequently, both an evening and a morning star, south-east of the well-known square of Pegasus. On the morning of the 15th he is due south at 3.19 A.M.—Saturn is an evening star throughout the month, and

is still near Beta Scorpii. There can be no fear of confusing Saturn with Antares, as the contrast is very evident between the white and steady light of the planet and the reddish twinkling light of the star several degrees nearer the horizon. Saturn sets on the 1st at 11.34 P.M., and on the 31st at 9.37 P.M.—Uranus rises several hours before the sun in the north-east, but a telescope is required to see this planet with advantage.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT REDE.

" 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

NO. VIII.—HOLIDAY HUMOURS; OR, THE WORLD ON THE WING.

WITH August, the world is on the wing. No sooner has the harvest-month arrived with its rich gifts of golden grain, and those manifold mercies displayed in the ripening fruits of the earth, and in what the American poet Lowell has quaintly called, the "four months' sunshine bound in sheaves," than the exuberance of Nature seems to influence mankind with a wondrous sympathetic feeling of gladness and rejoicing. Although the Almighty Framer of the universe has never left himself without a witness, and, although his power and goodness may be seen and felt in the most sterile scenes and barren wastes, yet, to poor human nature, more readily impressed through the senses of sight and hearing, it seems as though we are shown a greater manifestation of God's works at one season of the year than at another. The seed buried in the earth out of our sight appeals less forcibly to the sluggish mind than the sight of the full ear of corn ripe for the reaper. And so, when the season comes, when the year has attained its maturity of vigour and beauty, the very dullest eyes can see its charms, and the most lukewarm heart beat one bound the quicker, in recognition of the loveliness that is so lavishly displayed to view, and in harmony with all the good impressions that then pour in upon us.

It is then, when the grain-gathering harvest-month shines upon us, that the world seems desirous to make holiday. For some time it has brooded upon this subject; and, during "the month of roses," and its successor, the summer-smitten July, when St. Swithun's oracle is consulted with much forecast and foreboding, it has seemed to poise itself, as says Hamlet, on

"wings as swift
As meditation;"

the theme of its meditation being that important annually-recurring domestic question, "Where shall we go?" And this question, after much anxious debating amid select family committees of each house, is carried, with more or less unanimity—the decisive vote sometimes being given for Scarborough against Switzerland, or for Broadstairs in preference to Baden. When the knotty point has been definitely unravelled, all that Paterfamilias has to do, is to examine into the state of the financial exchequer, and to grant the supplies with a liberal hand. When once the anxiety of the domestic debate has been removed from his mind, and he has duly arranged to his satisfaction the working of those various wheels that are to maintain the due progress of his calling or profession during his temporary absence from his accustomed seat of business, then there is no one more ready than Paterfamilias himself to recognise the forcible truth of that grand old maxim, "All work and

no play makes Jack a dull boy;" a wise saw, in comparison with which, in his eyes, and at that special time, the celebrated sayings of the Grecian sages must pale their splendour. Well, it is in the month of August that all the world is on the wing. Very rarely can the real Parliament of the nation be found to prolong its sittings after the grouse-shooting date of the 12th of August; and the scattering of the Commons and Lords in the Upper and Lower Houses of the Legislature is the signal—if any signal were needed—for the simultaneous migration of the members of other houses through the length and breadth of the land.

It is as though a touring epidemic possessed the entire population, and that every one was smitten by an overpowering feeling to obtain a change of scene and make a brief holiday. Shakspeare's Orlando, when he tells Rosalind that thoughts are winged and go before actions, is told by her that she is in "a holiday humour," and this is the humour in which August finds us. We are filled with what Charles Lamb calls "the holiday-rejoicing spirit," which begets a longing to be free from the tethers of work and the yoke of daily business. The holidays—of which the clerks in the Government offices so feelingly complain as being too few and far between—are the leisure hours of the work-a-day year—a grateful rest snatched from the noontide heat of labour, a brief breathing-time in the hurry and worry of life. They brace the overwrought muscles or overtaxed brain to renewed exertions; they release us for a time from the roar of the great Babel, changing it, perchance, for the more pleasant roaring of the sea; they take us from the smoke-covered city to the purer air of rural scenes—from the din of wheels and hammers to the tinkling chime of the sheep-bells or the thousand melodies of the wood-birds—from the engrossing cares of the man-made town to the holiday delights of the God-made country.

Such a change of scene is not only a luxury, but it is felt to be an occasional necessity; and the poet of "The Task" has well described its expediency in these lines:—

"The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes."

And Cowper proceeds to show that, when we thus temporarily renounce a scene that we love, it is not because we are senseless of its charms, but "that such short absence may endear it more." The younger Pliny had come to a similar conclusion when he spoke of the pleasure that attends upon a change of air and scene; and the truth of the observation is fully recognised by every one who has the genuine holiday humour and holiday-rejoicing spirit, whether he be one whose circumstances will only permit him to take a return-ticket to Margate, or a more fortunate person who is able to extend his tour as far as Switzerland or Norway. They who, month after month, are in populous cities pent, and whose profession or business compels them to pass their days amid the distracting scenes of earthly toil, yearn for a brief summer's holiday amid rural sights and sounds, and long to be brought for a time in close communion, face to face, with Nature. And, is not such a feeling, implanted so strongly in the human breast, an evidence of that innate craving for the Better Land to which we each hope to go when the fever and the fret of this life are over? The old poets sought to convey to heathen minds the idea of perfected happiness in

figuring it as a summer-drowse on beds of amaranth and asphodel, in the ever-blooming elysian meads; and this thought is repeated in Tennyson's "Iotos eaters" reclining on similar "beds of asphodel," in the country where it "seemed always afternoon." This fancy is so grateful to the natural sense, that the Christian poets have not disdained to use it, as, for example, in that world-known hymn of Watts, "There is a land of pure delight," where the pleasant country is represented as one where "everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers."

It is not wonderful that the holiday-rejoicing spirit should abound in the harvest-month, and that the world should be on the wing; but it would be indeed wonderful if, at such a glorious season, the Creator's widespread book of nature were not closely and carefully studied and its lessons brought home to the heart. Its lore can be read alike by the learned and unlearned; for the knowledge that is needful for its perusal comes of a loving heart for the Divine Author, and a docile spirit to be taught of him. Man's inextinguishable love of nature has never been better expressed than by the poet Cowper, in a long passage, of which the following lines form a brief portion:—

"'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound Man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet, this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them; minds that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmow'd."

It is no purposeless perusal of the great book of nature in which we may indulge during our August holidays; for it will supply us with much food for reflection, and with ample store for intellectual improvement. The tonic of a holiday is most grateful and invigorating; and the harder and more closely a man is kept at his business, or, as the expressive phrase runs, is "nailed to his desk," the greater is the need for his annual relaxation. Even the poor horse in the mill does not grind all the year round; and brain-taxed workers must also have their brief season when they may get "out of harness." This is the very title of that pleasant book on continental travels which Dr. Guthrie wrote when out for a holiday; Judge Talfourd produced two volumes of "Recollections of Three Continental Tours," under the title of "Vacation Rambles and Thoughts;" Dr. Forbes gave the public an account of a month in Switzerland, under the title of "The Physician's Holiday;" and we are indebted for very many amusing and instructive works to those rare holidays when hard-worked men of business find themselves "out of harness." The phrase applies even to costume. The wig, gown, and bands are doffed for wide-awake, easy suit of tweed, or rough pea-jacket; the doctor's gold-headed cane is thrown aside for a fly-rod; members of Parliament and members of the press are girt with knapsacks or game-bags; the baited Prime Minister baits his fishing-tackle in a Highland loch; the worried editor drops his steel-pen for the steel-tipped Alpenstock, well pleased to find a "staff" which gives him no trouble; and even pulpits get a change, for it is a remarkable statistical fact, that the affection of the larynx, known as the *dysphonia clericorum*, or "clergyman's sore-throat," becomes almost an epidemic in August, and necessitates a temporary removal of the sufferer to Torquay, or the mild air of the Undercliff. If any one

is in doubt where to make his holiday, and cannot satisfy himself with a perusal of the guide-books of Murray, Black, Nelson, Bradshaw, and others, he has only to turn to the advertising columns of the "Times," and glance over its columns of holiday announcements, the steamers, the trains, the tourists' tickets, the lodgings to let, the hotels, the shooting and fishing boxes, the paraphernalia deemed by the advertisers to be indispensable to the tourist, from telescopes to waterproof boots, from a sandwich-case to a portable tent.

The harvest-month of August is also the harvest-time for many others than those who are engaged in agriculture. Not only is it the harvest-time of the lodging-house keepers—the Mesdames Pipchin, Lirriper, and Todgers of the British watering-places—but it is also the harvest-time of that widespread class, the Guide—whether he be the Swiss guide, who risks his neck as a recognised part of his professional duties; or the Scotch guide, who shows you the cleanly ruins of Melrose the magnificent; or the Irish guide, whose key-bugle, as you face him in the boat, wakes the echoes of Killarney; or those diverse-charactered English guides, from the village sexton, who unlocks for you the little Norman church, to the stately housekeeper or butler, who shows you my lord's mansion, with the family pictures by famous artists, infamously named by them Slavater Rosy, Georgie Hony, and Horrible Scratchy. Guide and lodging-house keeper alike must regard August as their special harvest-time; and so general is the rush to the seaside at this season, that statisticians might make a curious calculation as to the relative population within gun-shot of the tidal beach in the months of August and January, and also as to what may be the probable extent of the flow of money in August from the centres to the extremities of the country. At such a time, the well-to-do shopkeepers change their characters; and, instead of soliciting custom, are, in their turn, customers and patrons, and freely part with a portion of their yearly gains to those sea-coast traders who live by letting lodgings and purveying necessities and luxuries to holiday tourists. For every one is on the wing in August; not the upper ten thousand only, nor even the upper portion of the great middle class; but tradesmen, shopkeepers, and clerks—all alike can give the reins to their holiday-rejoicing spirit, however brief may be the leisure in which they may be able to indulge. Times are altered, and men with them. The immense and sudden impetus given to a diffusion of knowledge by a cheap press has happened (for good, as it would seem) to take place simultaneously with the remarkable facilities afforded by the railways to procuring a change of scene and air in the quickest manner and at the cheapest price. It is but a trite remark to say, that the poor London clerk or tradesman can do what the mighty Queen Bess, or even the good George III. could not do; and that, within the day, they can readily compass a trip to Margate, Ramsgate, or Brighton, and make that day to yield at least a full eight hours by the seaside. And yet such a remark, trite as it may be, recalls to our minds the tremendous advancement that we have made in this respect since that not remote day when the throne was occupied by the grandfather of our present gracious Queen. But it is reserved for us in the latter half of the nineteenth century to observe emphatically in August that the world is on the wing.

It wings its way hither and thither, near and far. To some, the holiday humour must be compressed in the day; to others, it may be represented by the return-ticket, extending over three, four, or even seven days; to others, again, it may come in the pleasant guise of a

tourist-ticket for a month, and may convey them—perchance as "Cook's Excursionists"—to continental countries, and enable them, on their return, to say with Dr. Johnson:—"All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own." It has, in fact, frequently been found that one of the great pleasures of going from home is to get back home again; and that any discomforts that may attend our holiday trip do but enhance the domestic comforts to which we return with a fresh zest when our holiday is ended. Yet, so long as the holiday humour is upon us, and the holiday-rejoicing spirit thrills us with pleasure, we may gladly seize upon our vacation, though it should not find us with vacant minds. For if a man only looks around him upon the prevailing colour of the woods, the fields, and the ocean, he would find that—

"These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear :"

and such a hint ought to be taken and used to a good purpose. Of course, much will depend upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual observer as to the impressions that he receives from the scenes that he passes in review. Carlyle, for example, draws a picture of Frederick the Great travelling through Saxon Switzerland and regarding its scenery with a military eye, calculating how one hill would be stormed and another defended. Messrs. Blondin Brown, Leotard Smith, and other esteemed members of the Alpine Club, also regard those hills with calculations how they may best be stormed; but they would attack them with bâton, axe, and rope, and, surmounting the difficulties of glacier and crevasse, would celebrate their triumph by a picnic on the Matterhorn, or a small and early party to view the sunrise from the Righi. And if we would watch the artists in the August holidays, we might see Mr. Sniggle, a painter of the most pronounced pre-Raphaelite school, spending days in the representation of a little patch of ground where the earth's green carpet is "powdered" (as Chaucer expressively says) with daisies; while, not far from him, is his friend, Mr. Splotch, dashing in effects with a broad touch and bold pencil. Each sees Nature in his own peculiar way, and each represents her, as the phrase now is, "loyally." If it is work, it is the pleasant labour of the holiday-taker, who has escaped for awhile from his studio, and who, even if he cannot, as Mr. Hamerton did, pitch his "Painter's Camp in the Highlands," can yet hoist his canvas umbrella, and, under its protecting shade, place upon his drawing-block such subjects as "Highland Girls at the Burn," or the lovely scenery of a West-Highland loch, girt with mountains.

They who would regard the out-of-door painter in the Highlands or elsewhere as a worker, would probably be of that class of holiday-makers thus described by Dr. Mackay as saying:—

"Let me alone to my idle pleasure,
What do I care for toil or treasure?
To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave;
But not to-day, no! nor to-morrow,
If from my drowsy ease I borrow
No health and strength to bear my boat
Through the great life-ocean where we float."

When the world is on the wing, the majority of holiday-makers are like the moor-born sea-gulls, and unerringly direct their flight seawards. The minority follow the fashion set during the two last seasons, and advocated by many eminent "fashionable doctors," of taking their families to rural and "farmhouse" apartments, and

thereby avoiding the real as well as fancied perils of contagious diseases from which children frequently suffer in much-used marine lodging-houses. Others are more erratic, or fly further afield. Mr. Walton goes to Norway for the salmon-fishing; Mr. Skooner sails his yacht to Crete; Mr. Punter pays a professional visit to Baden; the volunteers who have shot for the ten thousand pounds' worth of prizes at Wimbledon in July, and who have handled Enfields and small-bores even in their dreams, are found before the end of August, up to their knees in heather, dealing destruction to the winged denizens of the moors with the choicest specimens of Purday and Westley Richards; or else they are scattered over the touring districts of the continent. Some make trial of the newly-opened railway route over Mont Cenis, and jokingly contrast its five hours' easy journey with the painful twelve hours drive that had to be taken *summa diligentia*, to quote the oft-repeated schoolboy joke. Others go to Chamouni or to Zermatt, "the young Chamouni," or to Vevay, or Interlachen, or Geneva, or those many other pleasant haunts for tourists which have been so well described in these pages in "The Regular Swiss Round" and "A Trip through the Tyrol," while others, tempted by that "Lady's Glimpse of Bohemia" that was given to the public last year by Miss Eden, find their way to lovely Bodenbach, in the valley of the Elbe, to drink the Güsselghen water and take the Russian baths of iron-water wherewith to cure the mysterious malady known as hay-fever. Other home tourists content themselves with the rival attractions of the various watering-places on the British and Irish coasts—the Dublin Kingstown, the Cork Queenstown, the Ayrshire Ardrossan—Dunoon, Helensburg, and those other charming resorts that cluster round the Clyde—Portobello, the Margate of Edinburgh; the Welsh watering-places, Aberystwyth, Abergele, Llandudao, Penmaen-mawr, Tenby, Beaumaris, Rhyll; the rival English claimants for the holiday-takers, Scarborough, St. Leonards, Ryde, Tynemouth, Weston-super-Mare, Ilfracombe, Whitby, Lowestoft, Hunstanton, Dover, Blackpool, Clevedon, Freshwater, Worthing, Brighton.

And the mention of this London-super-Mare reminds us that the seaside-going mania has only been developed in very recent times. Fifty years since it was comparatively unknown, and the pleasant game of "going to the coast" could only be played by those who had long purses and abundant leisure. Even the Trossachs were undiscovered, or, at any rate, unappreciated and unknown, until the Wizard of the North, in May, 1810, first revealed their beauties in the "Lady of the Lake," and by the wave of his magic wand created those hotels, railways, coaches, and steam-boats, that now enable the tens of thousands of tourists to enjoy the romantic country in the neighbourhood of Lochs Lomond and Katrine. Ventnor was a little fishing village at the beginning of the present century, until Sir James Clarke found it out and called it "The British Madeira," and raised it to be "the capital of the Undercliff." Weymouth was in obscurity, until Mr. Allen (Fielding's "Mr. Allworthy") recognised its value, and the Duke of Gloucester built a lodge there in 1780; yet it was not until nine years after that George the Third set the seal of fashion to Weymouth. What his son did for Brighton is now a matter of history; but, when Dr. Johnson visited the locality, the modern Brighton, with its three-mile seaward range of palatial houses, was the fishing-town of Brighthelmstone. It had its society, it is true; and, notably, the doctor's hosts, the Thrals, in whose hospitable house in West Street, just opposite to the King's Head Inn, where Charles the Second passed the night before he escaped from England,

were given those dinners and evening parties of which we read such graphic accounts in Madame D'Arblay's "Diary," Mrs. Piozzi's "Letters," and Boswell's "Life." There was a promenade on the Steyne, and meetings at the two fashionable booksellers', Thomas and Bowen, and assemblies at "the rooms" at Hick's and the Ship.

But, although Brighthelmstone was very far indeed from being Brighton, yet it was a gay place and the resort of fashion. The Rev. William Unwin paid it a visit in 1781, and his friend the poet Cowper writes to him on his safe return, and makes these remarks on the worldly gaiety of a watering-place: "You did not discern many signs of sobriety, or true wisdom, among the people of Brighthelmstone, but it is not possible to observe the manners of a multitude, of whatever rank, without learning something. If he sees nothing to imitate, he is sure to see something to avoid; if nothing to congratulate his fellow-creatures upon, at least much to excite his compassion. There is not, I think, so melancholy a sight in the world (a hospital is not to be compared with it) as that of a thousand persons distinguished by the name of gentry, who, gentle perhaps by nature, and made more gentle by education, have the appearance of being innocent and inoffensive, yet, being destitute of all religion, or not at all governed by the religion they profess, are none of them at any great distance from an eternal state where self-deception will be impossible, and where amusements cannot enter. Some of them, we may say, will be reclaimed; it is most probable, indeed, that some of them will, because mercy, if one may be allowed the expression, is fond of distinguishing itself by seeking its objects among the most desperate class; but the Scripture gives no encouragement to the warmest charity to hope for deliverance for them all. When I see an afflicted and unhappy man, I say to myself, there is, perhaps, a man whom the world would envy, if they knew the value of his sorrows, which are possibly intended only to soften his heart and to turn his affections towards their proper centre. But, when I see or hear of a crowd of voluptuaries, who have no ears but for music, no eyes but for splendour, and no tongue but for impertinence and folly, I say, or at least I see occasion to say, this is madness. This persisted in, must have a tragical conclusion. It will condemn you not only as Christians unworthy of the name, but as intelligent creatures." These may not be palatable words to many of the butterfly visitors who merely seek a watering-place because of its gaiety or fashion; but, as the best tonics are bitter to the taste, so these strictures of the gentle-hearted poet might be profitably laid to heart by those who would make the very best use of their holidays at the season of the year when the world is on the wing.

One parting word on behalf of those who cannot take wing unless the wings are given to them. At this season many of those who work hard and gratuitously all through the year, in day-schools, Sunday-schools, ragged-schools, city missions, and other similar benevolent and charitable institutions, plead through the advertising columns of the press for a little aid to enable them to take the destitute children and poor scholars for a day's treat into the country—to Epping Forest, Greenwich Park, the Crystal Palace, or, perhaps, even to the seaside. And let them not plead in vain. Even a London Arab and "town sparrow" can recognise the truth of Cowper's words—

"A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer."

And a day in the country, spent in a holiday-rejoicing and a thankful spirit, may prove not only a time of present gladness, but an event from which may spring the most humanising feelings and lasting benefits.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



TIMELY RELIEF.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR chief hope of escaping an unpleasant examination by the pirate existed in the possibility that we had not been observed from her deck. Had we had any sail set we could not fail to have been so. Not, we knew, that so small a craft as ours would be considered worth overhauling; but in case we might give information of the pirate's whereabouts, it might be thought expedient to put us out of the way. So we feared. We therefore watched the progress of the Mignonne and the brig with

intense interest, earnestly hoping that the latter would lead the pirate a long chase before she was captured, if she could not escape altogether, which of course we hoped she would. La Roche had certainly managed to inspire O'Carroll with an extraordinary dread and hatred of him, for brave and calm in danger as our friend had lately shown himself to be, he was now completely unnerved, and I saw him crouching down in the boat as if, even had she been seen, he could have been distinguished. On sailed the brig, gradually her sails began to disappear below the horizon. The pirate still continued the chase. For some time no one in the boat

thought of working. We were roused up by finding that the water was rapidly gaining on us, and we all had to turn to and pump and bale harder than ever. We were in hopes that after all the brig might escape, when the boom of a gun came over the water, followed by another and another. It was too probable that the pirate had got her within range. Both vessels had now disappeared below the horizon, at the same time the wind where we were had completely died away. As far as the pirate was concerned, we began to breathe more freely: it was not likely that he would again pass near us. But the sun shone forth from the clear sky with intense heat, roasting our heads and the brains within them, and making whatever pitch remained between the planks of our deck bubble up as if it had been boiling. There we lay, our boat rolling from side to side, without a particle of shade to shelter us. Our little cabin was like an oven. When we were to rest it became simply a question whether in making the attempt we should be roasted on deck or baked below. We had not much time for idleness yet: though we worked very hard, it was not till nightfall that our rigging was set up sufficiently to enable us to make sail.

When the sun set there was not a breath of air, while the surface of the ocean was as smooth as a sheet of glass, though every now and then a swell rose under the boat's keel, making her roll for ten minutes afterwards, while it glided slowly away in the distance. The only sounds were the clank of the pump and the dash of water from the scuppers or buckets, and an occasional snort of some huge fish, or the splash it made when plunging down into its liquid home. Thus the hours of the night passed away. We were so weary and sleepy that the instant we were relieved from the pump we lay down and were lost in forgetfulness. The day broke, the sun rose higher and higher, and beat hotter and hotter, and all around us was the same smooth, glassy ocean. Now and then the surface was broken by a flight of flying fish as they rose out of it and darted along through the air, glittering bright in the sunbeams, like a covey of silver birds.

"Ah, now; if some of you would just have the goodness to come aboard here, you would serve us nicely for breakfast," exclaimed Trundle, as he observed them.

He had scarcely spoken when upwards of a dozen out of a large shoal leaped, or flew rather, right in among us, while as many more passed clean over the boat. It was a curious coincidence, and at all events afforded us not only a substantial, but a very delicious meal, cooked by the skilful hands of Monsieur Jacotot. It put us all in good spirits, and we began to look at the future in a tolerably hopeful spirit, till my midshipman brother exclaimed—

"I say, if this fun lasts much longer, what shall we do for grub? The sea-pie we have brought has gone bad, and I am afraid that the beef and pork won't keep good many hours out of the brine."

"You may put them in the past instead of the future tense, my boy," observed Trundle, who had been examining the lockers; "I doubt if any stomach with less powers than a shark's could swallow a bit of the meat we have got on board."

"Then on what have we got to exist till we can reach the shore?" I asked, with a feeling of serious anxiety.

"Why," answered William, "we have biscuits and half a cheese—at least we had half when we sailed, but it is rather gone—and a few mangoes and bananas and plantains, and a melon or two, and some tea and coffee and sugar. I am afraid we haven't much else, except

a cask of water, and that was rather leaky, like this precious craft."

"Then let us look to the cask, gentlemen," said O'Carroll. "And don't throw the meat away, putrid though it may be. The Frenchman may cook it so as to make it go down, and we don't know how hard we may be pressed for food."

The water-cask was examined, happily not altogether too late, but a third of the precious liquid had run out. I said nothing, but sad forebodings filled my mind. Even with a compass to steer by and a good breeze to carry us along, we might be several days reaching Port Louis, or indeed any habitable coast we could make. We might be kept out much longer, and then how could we exist? We could scarcely hope that another covey of flying fish would come on board, though we might catch some others if we could manufacture hooks, for I was afraid we had none on board. This calm might continue for a week, and then we might have another gale, for we were in the hurricane season. I advised that we should at once go on an allowance of food and water, a suggestion which was of course adopted. We had no fishing lines or hooks on board: a bit of an old file was, however, discovered, and with it and a hammer Jacotot undertook to make some hooks, while Kelson spun some fine yarn for lines. "I shall have plenty of time," observed the Frenchman, with a wan smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "for without the fish I shall have nothing to cook." Two days passed, and though the hooks were in use we caught nothing, and some of the party began to wish that the pirate had picked us up. Two days more passed: matters had become very serious. Hunger was gnawing at our insides, and what seemed even worse, thirst was parching our lips and throats. With the intense heat we were enduring, gallons of water would scarcely have satisfied us, and we each had but a small wineglass full three times a day. When that was gone, as long as our fuel lasted we could get a little water by condensing the steam from our kettle. Our thirst became intolerable; yet the few drops we did get kept us, I believe, alive. I do not wish to dwell on that time. My own sufferings were great, but they were increased by seeing those of my young brother and his lighthearted companion, both of them about, as I feared, to pass away from the world they had found so enjoyable. The sun rose, and set, and rose again, and each day it appeared to send down its heat with an increased intensity of strength as we grew weaker and weaker. A new danger threatened us: we could even now scarcely keep the boat clear of water; should our strength fail altogether, as seemed but too probable, she would sink below us. Our lot was that which many poor seamen have endured, but that did not make it more supportable to us.

Our last particle of food had been eaten, the last drop of water nearly exhausted. The strongest might endure for a day or two, the weakest ones must sink within a few hours. Even O'Carroll, strong as he seemed, was giving way. He sat dull and unconscious, his eyes meaningless, only arousing himself by a great effort. My brother's head rested on my arm, and I was moistening his lips with the few drops obtained from the cask. Suddenly Kelson, who had been gazing round the horizon, started up, crying out, "A breeze! a breeze! I see it coming over the water." I turned my eyes to the west, the direction to which he pointed. There I saw a dark blue line quickly advancing towards us. Even already on either side cat's-paws were to be seen just touching the surface, then vanishing again, once

more to appear in a different direction as the light currents of air, precursors of the main body of the wind, touched the surface. The effect on our fainting party was magical: even the poor boys tried to lift up their languid eyes to look around. Another shout from Kelson a few minutes afterwards roused us all still more. "A sail! a sail! she's standing this way too." Even Jacotot, who had completely given way to despair, started to his feet at the sound, and weak though he was, performed such strange antics expressive of his joy on the little deck that I thought he would have gone overboard. "If you've got all that life in you, Mounseer, just turn to at the pump again, and make some use of it, instead of jiggling away like an overgrown jackanapes," growled out Kelson, who held the poor Frenchman in great contempt for having knocked under, as he called it, so soon. Jacotot gave another skip or two, and then seizing the pump-handle, or break, as it is called, burst into tears. The two midshipmen and boys soon relapsed into their former state, while O'Carroll seemed to forget that relief was approaching, till on a sudden the idea seized him that the stranger which was now rapidly nearing us was no other than the *Mignonne*, though she had been last seen in an opposite direction, and there had been a dead calm ever since. "Arrah, we'll all be murdered entirely, by that thief of the world La Roche, bad luck to him!" he cried out, wringing his hands. "It was an unlucky day that I ever cast eyes on his ugly face for the first time; and now he's after coming back again to pick me up in the middle of the Indian Ocean, just as a big black crow does a worm out of a turnip field."

In vain I tried to argue him out of the absurdity of his notion. He turned sharply round on me.

"It's desaving me now, ye are, and that isn't the part of a true friend, Mr. James Braithwaite," he exclaimed. "Just try how he'll treat you, and then tell me how you like his company."

I saw that there was not the slightest use reasoning with him, but that it would be necessary to watch him, lest in his frenzy he should jump overboard. As the dreadful idea came on me that he might do so, I saw the black fin of the seaman's sworn foe, a shark, gliding towards us, and a pair of sharp eyes looking wistfully up towards me, so I fancied, as if the creature considered the leaky boat and its contents a dainty dish prepared for his benefit. It made me set to work to bale with all the strength I could muster. Seeing me so employed, O'Carroll for a moment forgot his mad idea, and followed my example. Often and often I turned my gaze towards the approaching ship. It seemed even still open to doubt whether she would pass near enough to observe us.

At length the breeze reached us, and hoisting our sails as well as our strength would allow, we stood in a direction to come across the course the stranger was steering. I told Kelson, in a whisper, to assist me in keeping a watch on O'Carroll, for as we drew nearer the stranger, so did his uneasiness increase, and he was evidently still under the impression that she was the dreaded *Mignonne*. William and Trundle looked at her with lack-lustre eyes. I asked Kelson what he thought she was? "A small Chinaman, or a storeship, may be, sir," he answered. "She's English, certainly, by the cut of her sails."

"You hear what he says," I observed to O'Carroll. "I think the same myself. We shall be treated as friends when we get on board."

"Ye are after desaving me, I know ye are," cried the poor fellow, turning round and giving a reproachful

glance at me. "Don't ye see the ugly villain La Roche himself standing on the cathead ready to order his crew of imps to fire as soon as we get within range of their guns?"

This notion so tickled Kelson's fancy that he fairly burst into a fit of laughter, in which I and the rest of the party faintly joined, from very weakness, for most of them had not heard what was said. Even O'Carroll himself imitated us. Suddenly he stopped. "It's no laughing matter, though, let me tell you," he observed gravely, after some time had elapsed, and the stranger had neared us so that we could see the people on deck. "But where's La Roche? Oh, I see, he's aft there, grinning at us as usual." He pointed to a most respectable looking old gentleman who was, I supposed, the master of the ship.

"You are mistaken in that," said I, feeling the importance of keeping him quiet till he could be got on board. "If that is the *Mignonne*, she has been captured, and is in possession of a British crew. You'll see that I am right directly."

The ship was shortening sail as I spoke. We were soon alongside. Even at a distance our pitiable condition had been observed. We were one after the other hoisted on deck, for even Kelson could scarcely get up without help. I gave a hint to the doctor to look after O'Carroll. "I am right," I remarked to my friend. "If La Roche is on board, he is safe under hatches; so the best thing you can do is to turn in, and go to sleep. You want rest more than any of us."

Led by the surgeon, he went quietly below, and I hoped with soothing medicine and sleep would be soon all to rights again.

The ship proved to be, not what Kelson had supposed, but a vessel with free emigrants bound out to the rising town of Sydney, in New South Wales—a colony generally called Botany Bay, established some few years before, by Captain Phillips of the navy, chiefly with convicts and the necessary soldiers to look after them. We had just told our tale, and the passengers had expressed their sympathy for us, when I heard Jacotot give a loud cry of dismay. On looking over the side the cause was explained—the masts of our unhappy little craft were just disappearing under the surface. This was the natural consequence of our neglecting to pump her out, and the ship, which was going ahead, dragging her through the water, when of course it rushed in through her open seams with redoubled speed. Poor Jacotot tore his hair and wrung his hands, and wept tears of grief for his wretched craft; but, he did not gain as much sympathy as would have been shown him had he been more quiet, though new friends congratulated us the more warmly in having got out of her before she met her fate. Food and rest quickly set most of us to rights, and the following day William and Trundle and I were able to take our places at the cabin table with the rest of the passengers. O'Carroll was kept in bed with fever, though he had got over his idea that La Roche was on board. The old gentleman he had mistaken for him proved to be a minister of the gospel, who had been invited to accompany a party of the emigrants.

We found that things were not going on in at all a satisfactory way on board. The master had died before the ship reached the Cape; the first officer, Mr. Gregson, who had now charge, was obstinate and self-opinated when sober, and he was very frequently intoxicated; the second was a stupid fellow and no navigator; and both were jealous of the third, who was a superior, intelligent young man, and in numerous ways they did their utmost to annoy him. This accounted for the good ship, the

Kangaroo, being very much out of her proper course, which was far to the southward of where she picked us up. Most disastrous consequences were to occur. William and Trundle told me that they had been making their observations; that they wondered how the ship had got thus far, and that they should be much surprised if she got much farther. A very large proportion of the ships cast away and lives sacrificed are so in consequence of the habitual intoxication of the masters and their officers. I venture to make this distinct assertion from the very numerous instances I have known and heard of. We did not wish to alarm the passengers, none of whom had been at sea before, and were not aware of the danger they were running. Had our schooner still floated, I should have proposed taking her to the first island we could make and there repairing her. We asked Mr. Gregson if he would undertake to land us at Port Louis, offering him at the same time payment if he would do so; but he positively refused, declaring that nothing should induce him to go out of his course, and that we must stick to the ship and work our passage till she reached her destination.

Believing that, as he was short-handed, his object in detaining us was to get more hands to work the ship, this we positively refused to do. "Very well, then, we'll see who is master on board the Kangaroo," he replied, with an oath. "You tell me that three of you belong to a man-of-war; but I find you in a French boat, and how do I know that you are not deserters or convicts? and I'll treat you as such if you don't look out." This conduct was so unexpected, and so different from the kind way in which we had been treated by the passengers, that we did not know what to say. We agreed to wait till we could consult O'Carroll; and Trundle undertook to get a look at the chart the captain was using, and to try and find out where he had placed the ship. The wind had hitherto continued very light, so that we had made but little way since we came on board. The day following the unpleasant conversation I have described, O'Carroll was so much recovered that he was able to come on deck. Though Irishmen have not the character in general of being good seamen, I considered from what I had seen of him that he was an exception to the general rule. I told him what we had remarked.

"When the time comes I'll see what I can do," he answered; "but it is ticklish work interfering with such fellows as the present master of this ship, unless one advises the very thing one does not want done."

"We may soon require the exercise of your skill," I remarked. "It appears to me that there will speedily be a change in the weather."

"Little doubt about that, and we shall have it hot and strong again soon," he answered, looking round the horizon.

"Not another hurricane, I hope," said I.

"Not quite sure about that," he answered. "Were I master of this ship, I should make all snug for it; but if I were to advise Gregson to do so, he'd only crack on more sail to show his superior seamanship. I've had a talk with the surgeon, M'Dow, a very decent sort of young fellow, and so I know the man we have to deal with."

An hour or two after this, the wind had increased to half a gale, and the Kangaroo was tearing away through the sea with a great deal more sail than a prudent seaman would have carried. Unfortunately, William or Trundle had remarked that it was much more important to shorten sail on the appearance of bad weather on board a short-handed merchantman, than on board a man-of-

war with a strong crew. I saw O'Carroll looking anxiously aloft, and then again to windward. At last he could stand it no longer.

"You'll let the wind take the topmasts out of the ship if you don't look out, Captain Gregson," he remarked.

"What business have you to come aboard this ship and to pretend to teach me?" answered the master, who was more than half drunk. "If you do, take care. I'll turn you out of her, and let you find your own way ashore."

While he was speaking a loud crack was heard, and the mizen-topmast was carried over the side. This made him order the crew aloft to shorten sail. "You go too, you lazy youngsters," he exclaimed, seeing William and Trundle on deck.

They sprang up the rigging without a word of reply. I watched them with great anxiety, for the masts bent like whips, and I was afraid every moment to see the main share the fate of the mizen-mast, to the destruction of all on the yards. Still the master, as if indifferent to what might happen, was not even looking aloft. The two midshipmen had just reached the top, and were about to lie along the yard, when O'Carroll shouted: "Down, all of you; down, for your lives!"

His voice arrested their progress, and two of the men already on the yards sprang back into the top; but the warning came too late for the rest. A tremendous squall struck the ship. Over she heeled, till the lee bulwarks were under water. A loud crash followed. Away went the main-topmast, and yard, and struggling sail, carrying six human beings with it. Five were hurled off into the now foaming sea. We saw them for an instant stretching out their arms, as if imploring that help which it was beyond our power to give. The ship dashed onward, leaving them far astern. One still clung to the rigging towing with the spar alongside. The ship still lay almost on her beam-ends.

O'Carroll saw the possibility of saving the poor fellow. Calling out to me to lay hold of a rope, one end of which he fastened round his waist, he plunged overboard. I could scarcely have held it, had not William and Trundle with Kelson come to my assistance. O'Carroll grasped the man. "Haul away!" he shouted. In another instant he was on board again with the man in his arms. The helm was put up, the ship righted, the men had got off the fore-yard, and away the ship flew, with the foretop-sail wildly bulging out right before the wind. In a few minutes it was blown from the bolt-ropes in strips, twisted and knotted together. The mainsail, not without difficulty, was handed, and we continued to run on under the foresail, the only other sail which remained entire, and it seemed very probable that that would soon be blown away.

All this time the terror of the unfortunate passengers was very great—the more so that it was undefined. They saw the captain, however, every now and then come into the cabin and toss off a tumbler of strong rum-and-water, and then return on deck, and shout out with oaths often contradictory orders. The gale all this time was increasing, until it threatened to become as violent as the hurricane from which we had escaped. I could not help wishing that we had not left our leaky little schooner. We might have reached some land in her. Now we did not know where we were going, except towards a region of rocks and sandbanks on which any moment the ship might be hurled. For ourselves it would be bad enough; but hard indeed for the poor women and children, of whom there were a dozen or more on board, several of them helpless infants.

As I looked on the man, who was thus perilling the lives of his fellow-creatures by his senseless brutality, I could not help thinking what a load of guilt rested on his head. His face was flushed, his features distorted, his eyes rolling wildly, as he walked with irregular steps up and down the deck, or ever and anon descended to the cabin to gaze stupidly at his chart, which was utterly useless, and to take a fresh draught of the liquor which had brought him to that state. Yet he was a fine, good-looking fellow, and pleasant mannered enough when sober and not opposed. I have known several such, who have for years deceived their owners and others on shore, led by outward appearance, till some fearful catastrophe has been the result of their pernicious habits.

Night came. The ship continued her mad career through the darkness; the wind howling and whistling, the loose ropes lashing furiously against the masts, and the sea roaring around. Below all was confusion. Numerous articles had broken adrift and were rolling about, the passengers crouched huddled together in the cabin, endeavouring to avoid them. Mothers pressed their children to their bosoms; the men were asking each other what was next to happen. The answer came with fearful import. "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!" There was a tremendous crash, every timber in the ship shook. She was on the rocks.

PRE-HISTORICAL MAN.

BY S. R. PATTISON, F.G.S.

I.

LORD BACON begins his preface to "The Wisdom of the Ancients," by the statement that "the antiquities of the first age (except those we find in Sacred Writ) are buried in oblivion and silence." This is no longer true, for it is one of the paradoxes of modern days that we get better acquainted with antiquity as we reach farther from it. The printing-press has made all discoveries cumulative. Especially is this the case with regard to recent attainments in pre-historic lore. A new territory is as permanently added to our knowledge as if it were a newly-found planet. All our museums have a fresh case of objects; all our curiosity-lovers have a fresh set of uncouth relics. The miscellaneous contents of barrows and caves, long huddled into obscure corners of collections, are now brought into neatness and order by their classification into stone, bronze, and iron, and each of these is again subdivided by more minute divisions. Our flint implements and barrow-finds are increasing so fast, and quoted so frequently, that it will not be amiss to collect some of the leading facts.

It may startle some of our readers who have not personally examined the relics, to learn that it is now established as a fact, that the first inhabitants of our islands, and of the adjacent continent, were Esquimaux, at least in their mode of life, their implements, and their condition. The barbarous tribes occupying the Arctic regions, are now, save in the use of metals and foreign acquisitions, in a state of non-civilization exactly corresponding to that of our predecessors. Indeed, it would appear that the former are the actual descendants, driven northward, of our "oldest inhabitants." Any collection of implements from the lake-dwellings of Ireland, or from the refuse-heaps of the old Scandinavian folks in Denmark or Scotland, or from the cave-shelters of England, Germany, or France, or from the barrows and cairns of our own fields and fells, shows that

the people of whom these are the relics knew the use of fire, built huts, felled timber, cultivated grain, domesticated animals, hunted, boated, fished, and fought. For awhile they were ignorant of metals, and made tools of native stone; then of imported stone, next of bronze, and last of iron; but, as may be expected, the implements of the first age continued to be used down to the last, and, indeed, are not yet extinct. To them belong the cromlechs and gallery-graves, and those grand monuments of the absolutely dark ages, Stonehenge and Carnac. The term Celtic, applied to these people and their works, only denotes that the period was characterised by a Celtic immigration. Not that the Celts destroyed the Fins, or were destroyed by Belgæ, nor that any total difference existed in the habits or implements of the three races. Doubtless, there were differences, but not such as enable us to assign to each their own share in works which appear to have been continuous and common, with minor variations, to all. We have, undoubtedly, first a Finnish or pre-Celtic age, then a Celtic, then a Belgian admixture, then a Roman invasion. Anterior to the last, we get three stages overlapping each other.

But whilst the historical end of this sequence can be plainly seen, coming down amidst recognised landmarks, and whilst even its middle age, the reindeer period, can also be clearly made out, the beginning eludes our vision. We correlate it with the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, but can give no positive dates. The level of the valleys was different, as the gravel and silt which has subsequently filled them testifies. The coast line, which was in its present average condition when the Danish rovers landed, was then somewhat less elevated. The climate was more rigorous, the rivers more powerful, and the ice more extended. The 3,000 cutting or digging tools found in the gravels of the Somme and the Thames, show that man was here, but we have no other token of his presence. Undoubtedly time must have flown by, in the succession of very many centuries, between the date of the rude stone tool and that of the bronze urn. But if we find that from the one to the other there is a regular gradation, interrupted, too, by the occasional introduction of foreign materials, we may safely infer that there has been but one series, however disturbed by the occurrence of physical changes, or varied by the occurrence of adventitious relics. The first flint implements indicate a hunter's wants amidst a hunter's field. They tell of the pursuit of game more vast than the sportsman can now follow or find. The practice of his art of tool-making on the shoals of the chalk gravel rivers, or of the mammalia in the scanty thickets, was suspended by the occurrence of a long-continued series of floods, until the ice-bound table-land of the water-sheds yielded to the influences of milder temperature, until the mammoth and its associates had died out. After a while, we know not how long, the Finlike tribes again visited and now remained on the lakes and river banks, and, in due time, reared their hovels and built their sepulchres, their temples, and their camps on the uplands. Chronology is quite at fault in attempting to assign any positive dates to these transactions; nor do the other sciences attempt to construct anything more than the faintest relative record; nor does the Bible deal with these occurrences or these localities: it refers neither to the people nor to the places, save by its general statement of the degeneracy and misery of the masses of mankind which had departed from the knowledge of God. We have all the ages before the advent of our Lord on earth, all the years before the Roman invasion of Gaul and Britain, in which to place the historic end

of that sad story which perhaps commenced long before the flood.

We shall get a more definite and accurate view of this curious subject, by classifying some leading types among the pre-historic relics. The following list is compiled chiefly from Mons. Mortillet's catalogue of the pre-historic industrial works in the Paris Exhibition, supplemented by Nilsson's beautiful work on "The Primitive Inhabitants of Denmark," edited by Sir John Lubbock, and by the ample collection in Mr. Christy's Museum, Victoria Street, Westminster.* The attempt at chronological classification is our own.

FIRST PERIOD.—MAMMOTH EPOCH.—Rough flint tools from the gravel of the Somme Valley, Allier Valley, Thames Valley, Bedford, Suffolk, associated with remains of extinct races of animals.

Flint flakes and barbs, slightly dressed as knives, and scrapers, found near Amiens. Mammoth, rhinoceros, &c., abounded in Europe.

TRANSITION.—Tools of former type, with arrow-heads more carefully dressed, and flint scrapers. Moustier, in Dordogne, France. See Christy Collection.

Tools of former type, mingled with piercers and arrow-heads of finer workmanship, at Pontlevy, also with well-polished foreign stones.

Tools of former type, with flint flakes, at Clichy.

The same mixture, with more advanced art, in caves of La Vienne.

Objects of rude type mixed with bone ornaments and bone arrow-heads, and remains of hyena, rhinoceros, and elk, in the sepulchre at Anrignac.

In other caves in south of France, the bone-relics of extinct races of animals, mingled with dressed flint tools.

In the Grotto d'Arcy are two floors. In the lower one are found flint scrapers, with remains of the extinct fauna; in the upper one (of course consolidated long afterwards) are polished stone implements.

At Charente.—Tools of St. Acheul type, with abundant stone implements of polished period.

At Bruniquet.—Tools of first type, with harpoons and other implements of the reindeer period; some ornamented with figures. One having the distinct representation of the extinct mammoth.

La Chaise.—Flint flakes, with bone tools and reindeer horns.

Imola.—Somme Valley tools with arrow-points of second period.

Langerie.—Remains of extinct animals, with fish-hooks, barbs, and polished stone tools, pierced shells for ornament. Sculpture of Aurochs on bone.

SECOND PERIOD.—Reindeer epoch. Mammoth not found. Manufactories of flint tools more fully dressed than preceding, stones for grinding and polishing. See remains from Pressigny in Christy Collection. Remains of reindeer, shell necklaces, and still finer flint tools and bones of domesticated animals.

Swiss bone tools and abundant relics of industry and art of lake-dwellers, also polished foreign stone tools.

Refuse heaps of Denmark.

Irish flint tools and net sinkers, fishing implements, &c.

Numerous caves in south of France with remains of reindeer.

TRANSITION II.—Gallery tombs, with rude piercers of flint and drilled stone implements. Nilsson.

Caves in Arriege.—Bones of horse, pig, dog, and beaver, with polished stone tools and pottery.

Somersetshire and Devonshire cave remains.

Yorkshire barrows, with flint tools and scrapers; pottery, but no metal.

The Cromlech era, with burials of stone age. See "Leisure Hour," May, 1866; particularly note the method of attaching the common flint implement represented on the inner surface of a cromlech cover in Brittany, p. 316.

Lake dwellings in Switzerland.

Contents of British barrows of the stone age.

THIRD PERIOD.—Introduction of Metal. Flint and stone tools still used, but with finer pottery, more polished stones, more marks of domestication, bronze weapons, and ornaments. No relics either of extinct races of animals or of reindeer period.

FOURTH PERIOD.—Iron and History.—To this class belong the bulk of our barrow interments, and of the lake remains. Thirty lake-villages or forts, built on piles, with causeways of wood, have been discovered in Scotland, and more still in Ireland, where they are called crannoges, and were in use from the ninth down to the sixteenth centuries.*

A lively and popular summary of our existing knowledge on the whole subject of this class of relics, appeared in the *Times'* report of the Great French Exhibition of 1867:—

"As might be expected, France has produced a collection of extraordinary completeness and interest, although in some respects, other countries have special objects of considerable value. The French galleries show how many local antiquarian societies exist in the country, and the number of persons who take an interest in the contents of ancient kitchen heaps, and in the relics of past ages, while they demonstrate the enormous difficulty of joining on, as it were, one age to another, by a complete series of developments in their works. The chronological succession of the progress of national arts is not easily exhibited when there is no record of long periods of transition, and it is probable, nay, certain, that there must have been periods in which the age of unpolished stone implements, for instance, ran into the polished stone age, and when the polished stone age was mixed up with the age of bronze, and when bronze and iron were used together.

"'La Gaule' 'before the use of metals,' was a very different country from that in which the legions had to contend with the Allobroges and other tribes, with leaders of quite unintelligible names under the great Consul. Long before their time there lived a race of men whose life, if truly illustrated by the result of researches, must have been miserable indeed. The remains before us, scratched up from the upper crusts of the earth, are supposed to represent all these races knew of the various appliances by which human existence is distinguished from that of the beasts of the field. There is something almost ironical in calling these pieces of bone and stone, *produits d'art et d'industrie*. The age of stone was, as we have said, a terrible time for man. As he was most helpless, so was he most exposed to the assaults of dreadful enemies. When he had only hatchets of stone and arrow and spear-heads of bone, the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the great cave bear, the great cave cat, the hyæna, the aurochs, etc., flourished over and about him. As he got on to polish the stones which before had been simply cut, he associated with himself, under conditions we can never know, the horse, the ox, the goat, the sheep, and the dog.

"In the first case of wedges, hatchets, lance-heads, knives, etc., of flint, picked up in the drift of the bed of the Seine, the Somme, and other rivers, there is an attempt to mark the chronological order. The next series consists of similar implements found in caves and similar places, on which there are traces of human work, showing, as the enthusiastic author of the catalogue thinks, that '*le travail semble avoir sensiblement progressé*.' These relate to the first epoch of the cavern age. The reindeer seems to have had the worst of it in the second epoch of the caverns. His horns and his bones were found to make capital spears, arrows, and fishing-lances, and the dashing antiquary who drew up the catalogue declares they were '*fabriqués avec une grande perfection, et quelquefois ornés de gravures ou sculptures disposées avec goût*!'

"These cave-men were singular in that they did not care much to carve likenesses of their own sort, which

* This unrivalled collection may be seen on Fridays, by ticket obtainable from the curator, A. W. Franks, Esq., British Museum.

* "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," vol. vi. p. 340.

is much to be regretted, as a good *gravure* of an indigenous Gaul would be invaluable. These clever fellows got at last to polishing their hatchets of flint and spear-heads, and there are numbers of very fine specimens of such work, the interest in which is somehow not so great as that excited by the sight of the very stones on which the celts were grooved and polished, with the fissures and grooves as plain in them as they were the very day when the needy celt grinder was disturbed at his labour by the propinquity of an auroch or the sudden onslaught of a cave bear. In spite of their polished manners in hatchets and the like, the *genus homo* had such hard times of it that he took to a beaver sort of life, and at last fled to locustine habitations, which give to the antiquarian the Third Period of these stirring times, when it was a fight between him and the creatures he would have probably hesitated to call "the inferior animals." He now achieved pottery, and made bodkins and needles of bones, and had horses, cattle, goats, dogs, and sheep, about him, as their bones are found in his dwellings, but there is no trace there of the animals which are called extinct or *émigrés*, and which characterised the first and second epochs of the Stone age. Why they became extinct it is not easy to imagine. They might have emigrated *en masse* as soon as they found their food had gone off to become the prey to rheumatics in lacustrine lodgings, but even that point requires faith or elucidation. We next come to the age of transition, when a lucky fellow got a piece of metal and flourished it about in triumph among the pure and simple lapidarians.

"The articles got out of 'dolmens,' in France and Savoy, which it may not be remembered by us all is now part of France, furnish most remarkable shelves. The names of the proprietors are affixed to the articles, and we are enabled to see that many persons in France are interested in such collections. There is a whole armoury of flint implements in the first and second halls; and it speaks well for the honesty or want of fraudulent enterprise on the part of the people that there are comparatively few specimens of uncut and unpolished hatchet-heads of the Stone period, when it is considered how easy it would be to fabricate them, and how difficult to decide whether a tool of that sort was ten thousand years or a few days old.

"In the second age of cavern life, the reindeer played, as we have said, an important part, and his bones and horns were turned to good account, but the *elephas primigenius* still held on—or is supposed to have done so, though it might be argued that the discovery of his molars here and there in the remains of the period proves nothing. In this epoch we have a human jaw-bone, and there is a whistle made of the phalanx of a reindeer, with a hole bored through it, which it would be hardy to say was ever played upon by the jaw in question, because it was found with it at 'Lagerie Basse.' The luxurious tastes of *homo* now become apparent in barbed arrows and harpoons—he was getting a taste for fowl and fish, and had learnt to grind up grain in a mortar, and had invented a marrow spoon! at least, say Messrs. Lartet and Christy of an instrument, that in it "*on a cru reconnaître une cuillère d'extraire la moelle des os*" (but they add two notes of interrogation), and had taken to using fire rather liberally, and to immense carving on reindeer horns. It is curious, indeed, to find in one of the cases of relics from the Dordogne caves two pieces of bone exactly the same as those which the natives of the Marquesas Isles wear in their nostrils at the present day, along with teeth of animals pierced for ornaments, and the bones of horses, foxes, wolves, wild boars, belonging to a

period when man, in spite of marrow-spoons and ruffles, must have looked on hunting as a very serious occupation.

"From sepultures, dolmens, and caves of the third epoch in the second age of stone, we get granite mallets, polishing blocks of sandstone, hatchets of diorite, ophite, aphanite, jadeite, fragments of earthenware, carved deer and other bones, bones of pigs and dogs, along with those of the animals already spoken of in the former epoch, except the reindeer, which suddenly goes off to Norway, and we lose sight of Lartet and Christy completely at this period. M. M. Pommerol shows a case which, in addition to eight blades and scrapers of flint and a hatchet of fibrolithe, contains some carbonized or half-burnt barley; and one human jaw-bone is exhibited by M. de Lavaud; but there is a good deal of uniformity in the objects of this epoch, in spite of the introduction of the dog. We move on to the next, which is that of transition—the first appearance of metal. Although the collections are meagre enough, there are some interesting specimens in this period. Bronze blades appear, and the use of it is seen in the facility with which teeth and bones are cut and pierced, and the number of ornaments for the neck."

The context of this dark riddle concerning man's first appearance in western Europe, shows him not as a resident, but a visitor, working and using rough flint tools, amidst an assemblage of great and fierce animals no longer existing, and amidst conditions now only existing near the Arctic regions. We next see the remains of the long-continued action of land-waters which accompanied the lowering of the temperature, throwing down deep beds of gravel and loam. With this amelioration we come to a reindeer period, and man as a resident without the use of metals. Next comes a race bringing foreign stones and more art, but with similar habits, mingling with the former people, raising lofty tombs and temples, soon obtaining bronze instruments, and living on to the era of history.

The most recent discoveries on this subject are, first, of flint implements, precisely similar in form to those from the Somme Valley, spread for hundreds of miles along the Madras coast, and up to a height of 300 feet on the slopes, in a formation called *laterite*, the equivalent of our gravel bed. No other remains have yet been found. Second, a whole village of the polished stone period, without trace of metal, but with gracefully-shaped pottery, mortared walls, carpentry in olive-wood, elegant art in flint and volcanic stone tools and utensils, found under pre-historic ash-beds at Santorin, amidst the successive volcanic emissions which have destroyed a once-flourishing group of islands.

DR. JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, F.R.S.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

WITHIN four days of his lamented death, on the 12th of August, 1865, Sir William J. Hooker was superintending improvements in the Royal Gardens at Kew, of which he was the director; and which in so many respects he had enriched and adorned by his fine taste, his scientific knowledge, and his untiring energy. His son, Dr. Joseph D. Hooker, a botanist not less distinguished, and who was already assistant-director at Kew, was appointed to the vacant post of director on the 12th of November following. In his first report addressed to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, dated 1st January, 1866, Dr. Hooker thus speaks of his eminent father: "This is not the place, nor would it be fitting

in me to dwell on the merits of my father; I must, however, claim the privilege of paying such a tribute to the memory of my predecessor as has been unanimously felt to be due to him, viz., that whether as the restorer of these gardens, who, by his sagacity and energy, raised them above all others in excellence, beauty, and utility, or as the originator and founder of museums of economic botany; or as the projector and able assistant of those efforts on the part of our home and colonial governments that have led to the formation of botanical and horticultural establishments in so many of our colonies, in India, and in our foreign possessions; or as the liberal and disinterested patron of private scientific enterprise everywhere, and especially amongst the officers of the army, navy, and civil services, the late Director of Kew has won the esteem and gratitude of his countrymen, and left a name that will ever occupy one of the most prominent positions in the history of botanical science." The present Director of Kew is sprung from a race of botanists. His paternal grandfather, a citizen of Norwich, devoted his leisure time to the cultivation of curious plants. This circumstance, doubtless, helped to create that taste for botany which, in the career of his illustrious father, has borne such ripe fruits. On the maternal side—the grandfather of Dr. Hooker was Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth. The eldest daughter of this gentleman became the wife of Sir William J. Hooker, in 1814. Mr. Turner's is a well-known name in the annals of British botany; he is the author of various botanical publications, and it was at his suggestion that a narrative of a visit made to Iceland in 1809 by his future son-in-law was given to the world, a work which first brought prominently to the notice of scientific men the name of William Jackson Hooker. So descended, Joseph D. Hooker was born at Halesworth on the 30th of June, 1817. Although thus by birth a native of Suffolk, by association and descent the subject of our notice is a Norfolk man. No county of England has produced an array of such distinguished botanists as Norfolk—Smith, Turner, Lindley, the elder Hooker, are all natives of Norfolk. It is, therefore, befitting on the first meeting of the British Association in the capital of that county that a botanist, and especially that Dr. Joseph Hooker, should occupy the position of president.

Consequent on the appointment of his father to the chair of Botany in the University of Glasgow in 1820, Joseph Hooker at a very early age was removed to the metropolis of the West of Scotland. There he grew up and was educated; and qualifying himself for the Medical Profession he took the degree of M.D. in the University. He did not, however, practise medicine, but devoted his attention to various branches of scientific study; and attached himself to the Royal Navy with the view of prosecuting botanical research in distant countries. An opportunity occurred in 1839; in that year Government, for the purpose of Geographical discovery and other allied investigations, fitted out an expedition to the Antarctic Regions. The ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, commanded by Sir James Clark Ross, sailed from Chatham on the 29th of September of that year. Dr. Hooker left England as assistant surgeon to the *Erebus*, and botanist to the Expedition. On the outward voyage Madeira, Teneriffe, and Cape de Verde Islands were visited. A week's stay at St. Helena was turned to account by Dr. Hooker in investigating the vegetation of the island—which he found had been almost entirely changed by the introduction of a new flora. On the 6th of April, 1840, the vessels left St. Simon's Bay. At the rugged, mountainous, and almost desolate

Kerguelen's Island, two and a half winter months were spent—and all the plants were gathered by Dr. Hooker which had been detected by Captain Cook in 1779—a remarkable proof of the uniformity of the climate in the island, and of the comparative mildness of the winter season. From Van Diemen's Land the expedition started for the South Pole on the 12th of November. Lord Auckland's Islands, reached after a week's sail, was the only place in the southward course which yielded plants. The vast extent of continent called on the map Victoria Land was discovered during the voyage, together with an active volcano, Mount Erebus, and an extinct one, Mount Terror. The vessels returned to Hobarton in April, 1841. During a second cruise, three months were spent at New Zealand, and were industriously employed by Dr. Hooker in collecting materials for a flora of these islands. A prolonged stay at the Falklands afforded ample opportunities for thoroughly investigating the flora of that interesting and highly important group. A third and last voyage to the south Polar regions was made from Berkeley Sound on the 17th of December, 1842. Owing to the vast proportion which water bears to land, the farther south the voyager penetrates, the more equable the climate becomes. "All the islands and land southward of 45°," remarks Dr. Hooker, "partake more or less of an inhospitable climate, which though eminently unfavourable to a varied growth of plants, still, from its equable nature, causes a degree of luxuriance to pervade the vegetable kingdom, such as is never seen in climates where the vegetable functions are suspended for a large portion of the year." From his extensive observations in the south Polar regions, the botanist of the expedition was led to draw the following interesting scientific inference: "The remoteness of these islands from any continent, together with their inaccessibility, preclude the idea of their being tenanted even in a single instance by plants that have migrated from other countries, and still more distinctly is forbidden the possibility of man having been the active agent in the dissemination of them; on the contrary, the remarkable fact that some of the most peculiar productions are confined to the narrowest limits, is a strong argument in favour of a general distribution of vegetable life over separate spots of the globe. Hence it will appear that islands so situated furnish the best materials for a rigid comparison of the effects of geographical position and the various meteorological phenomena on vegetation, and for acquiring a knowledge of the great laws according to which plants are distributed over the face of the globe."

Dr. Hooker makes full acknowledgment of the aid he received in his botanical labours from his shipmates—and especially from the commanding officer of the expedition—Sir James C. Ross. That officer placed at the disposal of the botanist his private cabin and library, promoted to the utmost the interests of the collections, and himself gathered many of the plants with his own hands.

The result of the researches, and of the collections made by Dr. Hooker during this the most important and interesting scientific voyage promoted by Government since the days of Cook, was a series of superb volumes on the Botany of the Antarctic Regions—embracing the flora of the Auckland Islands, New Zealand, and Tasmania. These volumes contain valuable introductory essays embodying the knowledge and philosophical views of the author on the subjects of which he treats. Her Majesty's Treasury, in aid of the publication, granted the sum of £1,000, to be expended

solely on the drawing and lithography of five hundred quarto coloured plates: These, together with the descriptive matter written by Dr. Hooker, it may be mentioned, have been given by the author free of all cost and all share of the proceeds of the undertaking

Desirous of adding to his acquaintance with the botany of the Antarctic regions, and of the temperate zones, more knowledge of the tropics than he had hitherto had the opportunity of acquiring, Dr. Hooker again resolved on travel, but hesitated between India



Joseph Dalton Hooker

From a photograph by
H. T. Whitlock, Birmingham.

to the publisher, who has thus been enabled to bring out the series at a very much more moderate price than would otherwise have been possible.

In this disinterested manner, and with much ability, did Dr. Hooker discharge the task of the preparation of these volumes, entrusted to him by the Admiralty in 1843. Numbering six volumes in all, the first two of the series were published in 1847, the last two much more recently. We may here mention that the Colonial Government of New Zealand entrusted to Dr. Hooker the preparation of a work giving a compendious account of the plants of that colony, and placed at his disposal the necessary funds, including a liberal remuneration for his services. The work was issued, in two parts, in 1864 and 1867.

and the Andes. At length he decided on India, being chiefly influenced by the late Dr. Falconer.* This gentleman drew his attention to the fact of the ignorance prevailing on the geography even of the central

* Dr. Falconer was born at Forres, in the county of Moray, in 1808, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and the University of Edinburgh. In 1829 he received an appointment in the East India Company's service, but before proceeding to India he devoted a year to the study of botany and geology. Superintendent first of the Botanic Garden at Suharunpoor and afterwards of that at Calcutta, it was mainly upon his advice that Government sanctioned the experimental trials of the growth of tea in India which were carried to a successful issue under his supervision. Dr. Falconer returned to England in 1856 or 1857, and during the rest of his life devoted himself to the study of mammalian palæontology. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and died 31st January, 1865. Two volumes of "Palæontological Memoirs and Notes" have been recently published, edited by Dr. Murchison. (Hardwicke.)

and eastern parts of the Himalayas, while all to the north was involved in a mystery equally attractive to the traveller and the naturalist.

Sikkim was the region recommended to Dr. Hooker as untrodden ground. The journey assumed the character of a Government mission. The collections were to be deposited at Kew, and the traveller was allowed by the Treasury £400 a-year during the time of his travels. "No part," he says, "of the snowy Himalaya eastward of the north-west extremity of the British possessions had been visited since Turner's embassy to Thibet, in 1789. . . The possibility of visiting Thibet, and of ascertaining particulars respecting the great mountain Chumulari, which was only known from Turner's account, were additional inducements to a student of physical geography; but it was not then known that Kinchinjunga, the loftiest known mountain on the globe, was situated on my route, and formed a principal feature in the physical geography of Sikkim." Dr. Hooker mentions the circumstance that his earliest recollections in reading were of "Turner's Travels in Thibet," and of "Cook's Voyages." The account of the Lama worship, and of Chumulari in the one, and of Kerguelen's Land in the other, took a strong hold on his youthful fancy. It was, therefore, singular that Kerguelen's Land should be the first really strange country he visited, and that too in the first king's ship which touched there since Cook's voyage, and whilst following in the track of that illustrious navigator in south-polar discovery; and that at a later period he should have been nearly the first European who approached Chumulari since Turner's embassy.

Starting on his journey, Dr. Hooker sailed to Egypt, in the same steam-vessel which conveyed the Marquis of Dalhousie, the newly-appointed Governor-General of India, on his way to Calcutta. He cordially acknowledges his obligations to that nobleman, for much personal kindness, for procuring him admission into Sikkim, and in honouring him throughout his travels with the kindest encouragement. A series of letters, written by our traveller to his private friends, and published in the "London Journal of Botany," detail the observations made in Egypt, at Aden, Ceylon, and Madras, and also give an account of an excursion among the plains and hills of Western Bengal, south of the Ganges. Dr. Hooker makes special mention, also, of the obligations he incurred to Brian H. Hodgson, Esq., during his two years' stay in Sikkim, and who was for many years British Resident at the Nepal Court.* Dr. Campbell, the

Superintendent at Darjeeling and the Governor-General's agent in communicating with the Sikkim Rajah, afforded him, likewise, much assistance in obtaining access to that country.

Dr. Hooker thus records his first impression of the Himalayas: "Much as I had heard and read of the magnificence and beauty of Himalayan scenery, my highest expectations have been surpassed. I arrived at Darjeeling on a rainy, misty day, which did not allow me to see ten yards in any direction, much less to descry the snowy range distant sixty miles in a straight line. Early next morning I caught my first view, and I literally held my breath in awe and admiration. Six or seven ranges of forest-clad mountains, as high as that whereon I stood (8,000 feet) intervened between me and a dazzling white pile of snow-clad mountains, among which the grand peak of Kinchinjunga rose 20,000 feet above the lofty point from which I gazed. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, the snow appeared to my fancy but a few miles off, and the loftiest mountain at only a day's journey. The heavenward line was projected against a pale blue sky; while little detached patches of mist clung here and there to the highest peaks, and were tinged golden yellow or rosy red by the rising sun, which touched these elevated points long ere it reached the lower position which I occupied. Such is the aspect of the Himalayan range at early morning. As the sun's rays dart into the many valleys which lie between the snowy mountains and Darjeeling, the stagnant air contained in the low recesses becomes quickly heated; heavy masses of vapour, dense, white, and keenly defined, arise from the hollows, meet over the crests of the hills, cling to the forests on their summits, enlarge, unite, and rapidly ascend to the rarefied regions above—a phenomenon so suddenly developed that the consequent withdrawal from the spectator's gaze of the stupendous scenery beyond looks like the work of magic. Such is the region of the Indian Rhododendrons." The above graphic description occurs in the preface to Dr. Hooker's magnificently illustrated volume, entitled "The Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya," which is edited by his father, Sir William J. Hooker, and dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge. These plants were discovered by Dr. Hooker, in his botanical mission, and the drawings and descriptions were made by him on the spot. Another work we may here notice, of which the descriptions and analyses were supplied by Dr. Hooker, bears the title, "Illustrations of Himalayan Plants, chiefly selected from Drawings made by the late J. F. Cathcart, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service." This publication sprung out of a desire on the part of the author to connect the name of his friend Mr. Cathcart, in consideration of the great services he had rendered to botanical research in India, with the history of the botany of that country.*

While prosecuting his labours in the territories of Sikkim, Dr. Hooker, along with Dr. Campbell, was seized, and for a number of weeks detained a prisoner by a faction of the Sikkim Court, having suffered much inconvenience and many hardships during the period

Europe. To be welcomed to the Himalaya by such a person, and to be allowed the most unreserved intercourse, and the advantage of all his information and library, exercised a material influence on the progress made in my studies and on my travels.—Extract from preface to Dr. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals."

* Mr. Cathcart was devoted to the pursuit of botany, and caused a magnificent series of drawings of Darjeeling plants to be made by native artists during his residence there. This collection is now deposited at Kew, through the liberality of his family. After the expiration of his Indian service this gentleman returned to Europe, and died at Lausanne, on his way to England.

* Mr. Hodgson's high position as a man of science requires no mention here; but the difficulties he overcame, and the sacrifices he made in attaining that position, are known to few. He entered the wilds of Nepal when very young, and in indifferent health; and finding time to spare, cast about for the best method of employing it. He had no one to recommend or direct a pursuit, no example to follow, no rival to equal or surpass; he had never been acquainted with a scientific man, and knew nothing of science except the name. The natural history of men and animals, in its most comprehensive sense, attracted his attention; he sent to Europe for books, and commenced the study of ethnology and zoology. His labours have now extended over upwards of twenty-five years' residence in the Himalaya. During this period he has seldom had a staff of less than from ten to twenty persons (often many more), of various tongues and races, employed as translators and collectors, artists, shooters, and stuffers. By unceasing exertions and a princely liberality, Mr. Hodgson has unveiled the mysteries of the Buddhist religion, chronicled the affinities, languages, customs, and faiths of the Himalayan tribes, and completed a natural history of the animals and birds of these regions. His collections of specimens are immense, and are illustrated by drawings and descriptions taken from life, and with remarks on the anatomy, habits, and localities of the animals themselves. Twenty volumes of the journals, and the Museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, teem with the proofs of his indefatigable zeal; and throughout the cabinets of the bird and quadruped departments of our National Museum Mr. Hodgson's name stands pre-eminent. A seat in the Institute of France, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, prove the estimation in which his Buddhist studies are held on the continent of

of his captivity. Such of his collections as reached Calcutta were forwarded to England, in excellent order, and placed in Kew Gardens. The Government, influenced by a number of the leading men of science, continued to Dr. Hooker the allowance of £400 annually for three years, to enable him to arrange, name, and distribute his valuable collections, and also to publish his manuscripts.

For the information of future travellers, Dr. Hooker has stated that his Indian journey cost £2,000, of which £1,200 were defrayed by the Government. This sum is, however, exclusive of £200 which he paid for books and instruments, and of the freight of the collections to England. A very ample and most interesting account of the journey was published in two volumes, with maps and illustrations, under the title, "Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains, etc."

Of Dr. Hooker's travels in the East, the late Professor Edward Forbes thus speaks: "To ramble among the mightiest monuments of the earth, to wind, as it were, in and out among the vertebræ of the old world's backbone, must be a great pleasure to any traveller. How much more to one who is thoroughly trained and experienced in research, a naturalist of the first degree. Dr. Joseph Hooker is at the present moment one of the most distinguished of European botanists. At a comparatively early age he has gained, and justly, a reputation that, great as it now is, grows daily. The author of the 'Flora Antarctica,' one of the most valuable contributions to systematic and geographical botany ever published, has gathered new laurels within the tropics, and has proved himself, if more proof were necessary, as worthy as ever of the distinguished name he inherits from his illustrious father." Edward Forbes also, in his address as president of the Geological Society, made the following further allusion: "Every student of Indian geology will be delighted at the appearance of the Himalayan Journals of Dr. Joseph Hooker, a work that will do much to sustain the reputation of the British School of Natural History. The geologist will find in it a rich store of facts of the highest interest, and for the inquirer into glacial phenomena it abounds with new and valuable data."

If still further testimony were wanted to the high merits of Dr. Hooker as a naturalist, it will be found in a letter of date 11th December, 1850, addressed by Baron Humboldt to Sir William J. Hooker, and published in the "Journal of Botany." "Six days ago," wrote that illustrious *savant*, "I received an admirable letter from your son, containing a perfect treasure of important observations relating to the mountain masses of Himalaya, their geology, meteorology, and botanical geography. What a noble traveller is Joseph Hooker! What an extent of acquired knowledge does he bring to bear on the observations he makes, and how marked with sagacity and moderation are the views that he puts forward! I can neither part with such a remarkable letter, nor keep to myself the *résumé* which it contains of his researches in Thibet and on its confines, therefore I desire that it should be published, and correctly published, in England. . . . I feel no little pride in being known to enjoy the friendship and correspondence of your son. When he returns to us in spring, he will find his own fame widely diffused and solidly based."

We should have mentioned before that Dr. Hooker lectured from the Botanical Chair in the University of Edinburgh, in 1845, for Professor Graham, and that on the death of that gentleman he became a candidate for the vacant chair. After a severe contest, his opponent,

Dr. J. H. Balfour, secured the appointment. In 1846 Dr. Hooker was appointed Botanist to the Geological Survey; and in this capacity he contributed a valuable paper to the Memoirs of the Survey, entitled, "On the Vegetation of the Carboniferous Period as Compared with that of the Present Day." This paper deserves the careful study of all fossil botanists, and will be found in the second volume of the "Memoirs."

In this sketch the interesting circumstance deserves to be noted that, after his return from his eastern travels, Dr. Hooker married the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Stevens Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge.

The materials at the command of Dr. Hooker for a work on the botany of India are very large. In conjunction with his friend Dr. Thomas Thomson, such a work was indeed undertaken, and under the title of "Flora Indica," one volume has been published. The intention of the authors to continue the work was at the time notified, the one in the Hookerian Herbarium at Kew, the other at the Calcutta Botanic Gardens; but so great is the expense attendant on the production of such a work that it will be almost impossible to proceed with it, unless under Government patronage and encouragement.

On scientific errands repeated visits have been made to the Continent by Dr. Hooker. In the autumn of 1860 he took a short tour in Syria, in company with Mr. Hanbury, F.L.S., during which he paid especial attention to the oaks of that country, in the hope of being able to throw some light on their very intricate and confused history. The result of the investigation was given to the Linnæan Society, on 20th June, 1861, in a paper on "The Three Oaks of Palestine." In compliance with the wishes of several distinguished Arctic voyagers, Dr. Hooker drew up an account of the affinities and distribution of the flowering plants of the north-polar regions, which was also communicated to the Linnæan Society. The contributions of our naturalist to the transactions of that body from time to time have been numerous and valuable. We may name the papers by him entitled, "On the Plants of the Galapagos Archipelago," "On the Structure and Affinities of Balanophoræ," and "Illustrations of the Floras of the Malayan Archipelago and Tropical Africa." Dr. Hooker has also contributed largely to the "Journal of Botany," edited by his late father, and is the author of the article "Himalaya," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is, however, impossible to enumerate all his various literary and other labours in the prosecution of natural science. As an authority, he is frequently referred to, and, as a trustworthy observer, widely quoted by other writers.

Connected with some of the first scientific societies, and constantly consulted about their administration, a juror at exhibitions, and examiner to the Apothecaries' Company, London University, and Army Medical Service, Dr. Hooker, as Director of Kew Gardens, has also to conduct a correspondence with all the public offices, with India and the colonies, on botanical and horticultural subjects, besides being answerable for the condition and management of the gardens.

His is a public position of much labour as well as of much honour. But we may safely assume that, guided by the example of his illustrious and lamented father, and with his own experience, unwearied industry, and large scientific acquisitions, neither the public interests nor the gardens at Kew will suffer in the hands of the present Director. Nor can we conceive that the British Association, in raising to the honourable post

of its president Dr. Joseph Hooker, "the eminent son of an eminent sire," shall have any cause to regret the selection which it has made.

YARMOUTH BLOATERS.

WE can trace back the history of the Yarmouth herring fishery to a date anterior to that of the Norman Conquest—there being records in existence to show that this fishery, among others, was subjected to legal supervision and regulation in the days of Edward the Confessor. A few centuries later the care of the clergy for the fishermen is evidenced by the fact that Herbert Bishop of Norwich, in the reign of William Rufus, built a church in the town of Yarmouth for their accommodation. In those old Catholic times fish was a general desideratum on fast-days, and the herring fishery flourished in consequence of the universal demand. By the time of Henry III., about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Yarmouth herring fishery was known as the "worthiest in Europe." But though we may trace the herring as an article of food to a very remote antiquity, we cannot do the same with the bloater, nor does it at all appear when bloaters first began to be eaten, or who it was that first invested the herring with those sapid and savoury qualities which make the bloater, when eaten in perfection, so delicious. We have heard enthusiastic eaters declare that the bloater is an invention beyond the reach of art, and that its discovery must have been due to some fortunate accident, as in the case of Lundy Foot's snuff or Charles Lamb's roast pig!

But before eating your bloater you must catch your herring, or somebody must catch it for you; so, with the reader's permission, we will go on a short fishing trip. It is a mild evening in the middle of September, after a day of fair weather, with a steady gentle breeze blowing from the north. The lugger which awaits us lies, with a crowd of others, a little way out; and, jumping into a boat, we are not many minutes in getting alongside and boarding her. Then it is up anchor, trim sails, and off we go towards the deep sea. We have some dozen men on board, several of whom are not sailors by profession, or fishermen either, save during the herring season; but all are active handy lads and well versed in the business that has to be got through. Looking around us, we see a whole fleet of fishing vessels bound on the same expedition as ourselves, some already far out to sea, others following in our wake, and others again just about to start. The low sunlight gleams on their rusty sails, transforming them into sheets of flame, while their fitful reflections flash in broken splendour from the restless billows. But ere long the sun dips behind the dull land-level—the crowd of sails sink out of sight in the shadows of the gloaming, the surface of the sea grows black and dark, and the wild talk of the waves waxes louder as we get farther out into the open, and the breeze freshens.

So long as there is any daylight nobody thinks of shooting the nets, experience having proved that night is the fisherman's best opportunity; but darkness has no sooner set in than preparations are made for getting the nets overboard. Herrings are caught by means of nets suspended from the surface to the depth of some thirty feet, and having meshes not less than an inch in diameter. The nets are fifty yards long each, and ten or twelve in depth; and the object being to make a wall of net in the water of as great a length as possible to intercept the fish in their progress, the nets are joined

together as they are shot, and being weighted at bottom and buoyed at the top, present one unbroken barrier for the whole of their united length, which is often a mile or more. The mesh is large enough to admit the head of an average herring, but not the body; thus fish of a small size get through and escape, while the full-grown ones are detained by the net catching in the gill. Much alacrity is shown in getting the nets into the water as soon as all is ready, and the motion of the vessel has been sufficiently retarded by taking in sail—the men paying them out with striking rapidity, while the slow track of the lugger is marked by the floating buoys designating the position of the sunken snare.

Now follows a period of leisure, and if you choose you may wrap yourself in a boat-cloak and go to sleep for an hour or two, as many of the hands are doing. The skipper, you may note, is wide awake; he is in fact on the look-out for indications of fish, the presence or the absence of which his practised eye is skilful in detecting. By-and-by he signals one or two of the hands, who, at his direction, haul up a small portion of the net, by the appearance of which he is able to judge whether he has made a fortunate cast or the reverse. If, after an hour's waiting, the net came up blank, he would probably haul the whole in again and proceed to another ground. But such is not the case now—those silvery sparkles that shone out of the dark water were a suggestive sign of what is going on below, and he is well content to await the event.

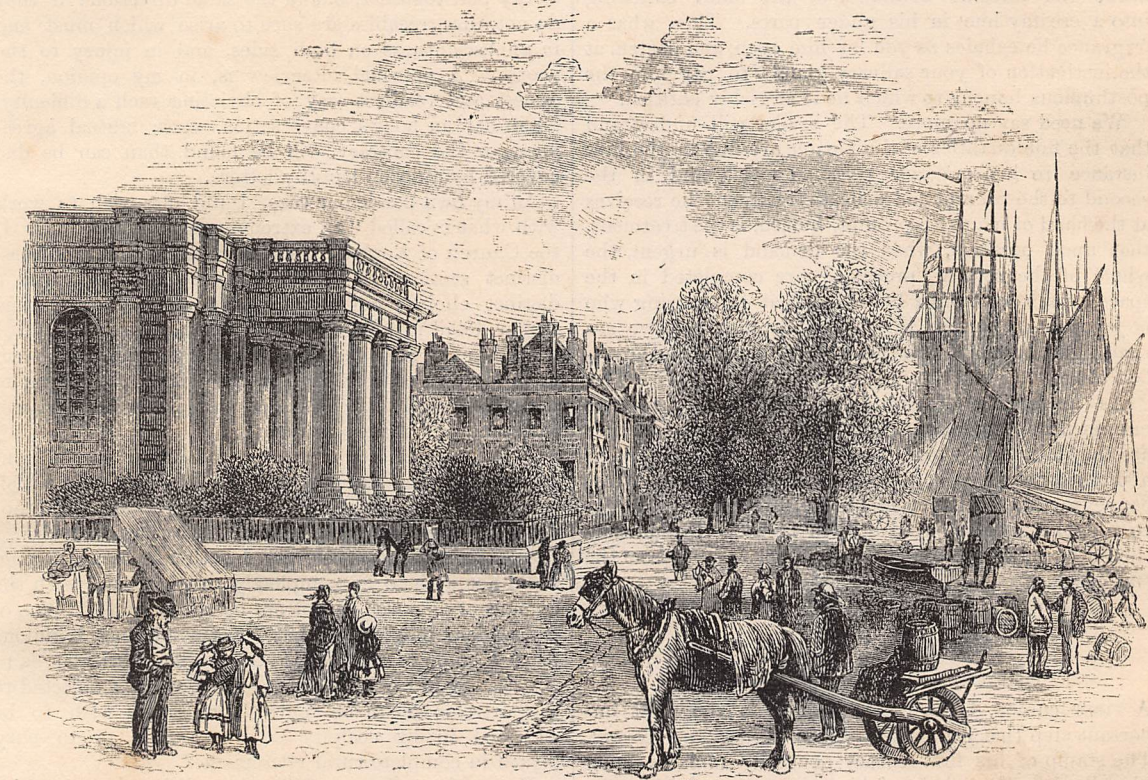
There is a faint glimmer of dawn in the east when the hauling in begins, and soon all hands are busily engaged in the work, and are moreover in high spirits at the sight of the "take," which is far beyond their expectations. Some parts of the net come up like a shimmering sheet of silver, being so crowded with fish that it seems a wonder they were not rent asunder. In other portions there are comparatively few, and in one place the net has been torn by the dog-fish, and numbers of the herrings mangled and destroyed. Such damage is too common to excite much remark, fisher Jack being little given to comments merely verbal, and contenting himself by knocking Mr. Dog-fish on the head whenever he can catch him. Hauling in a full "take," if an interesting process, is rather a slow one: every fish has to be extricated from the net as it comes over the side, and as fast as they come they are deposited in the "swills" with a plentiful sprinkling of salt, and stowed away below or on deck. It is broad daylight long before the whole of the nets are on board, and now, crowding as much sail as we can, we run for Yarmouth sands by the nearest track.

Arrived at Yarmouth, the herrings are taken on shore without loss of time, and if they are not already the property of some contractor or fish-curer, are submitted at once to public auction, the sale taking place either on the open sands or at some well-known sale-room. At the beginning of the season prices will run high, and a good proportion of the catch will be bought by the local dealers and hawkers, who will retail them for consumption while they are yet fresh. Also a certain proportion will be salted or pickled as white herrings—the cheapest form in which herrings find their way to the market. But the herring for which Yarmouth has been famous almost from time immemorial, is the "red," or smoked herring, an article known and appreciated throughout the whole civilised world, but only known in perfection by those who have eaten the Yarmouth bloater in its best condition—for as surely as "the child is father of the man," the original red herring was the father of the unrivalled bloater. Let us see how the "reds" are

manufactured, after which the preparation of the bloater will present no difficulty.

Red herrings are intended to keep good for a whole year, and are thoroughly cured with that view. As soon as the fish are brought on shore they are carried to the fish-house, where they are heaped on the stone floor to

comes the critical business of smoking: fires of wood in a green state are lighted on the floor, the wood most preferred being oak, though beach, ash, and elm are sometimes used; the fire must not be too quick or too slow, and needs to be well watched and regulated. To facilitate the smoking process the tiles of the roof are



YARMOUTH QUAY.

the number of tens or hundreds of thousands, and are plentifully salted. Here they lie for many days, until thoroughly saturated with the salt, and till all superfluous moisture has drained from them—the floor of the place being inclined for that purpose. When ready for the “hanging” process, they are shovelled with a wooden shovel into a large vat of water, and well washed, to cleanse them from the salt, scales, and dirt. As fast as they are cleansed they are taken out of the vat by women, technically called “rivers,” whose business it is to hang them on the “spits” for smoking, which operation they perform with wonderful celerity. The spits are round rods made of fir, about four feet long and a little pointed at one end; the point of the spit is inserted under the gill of the fish and comes out at the mouth, and in this way the fish are spitted at the distance of about two inches apart (so that no one fish touches another) until the spit is full. So soon as they are filled the spits are passed on from hand to hand to their proper places in the firing or smoke-house, which is a room, or series of rooms, about sixteen or eighteen feet square, and from twenty to thirty feet high, and filled up with wooden fixtures on framework supported by joists, for the reception of the spits. When the spits have been laid tier above tier, until there is no room for more, the tails of the lowest tier of fish will be about seven or eight feet above the brick floor. Now

laid so as to allow the smoke to escape, and there are ventilators under the eaves which can be opened or shut at pleasure.

The “reds” for home consumption require to be smoked for about twenty days, while those intended for exportation should be smoked for ten days longer. When the allotted time has expired the fires are extinguished, the house allowed to cool, and in a few days the cured fish are ready for packing in barrels. The packer receives from his assistant six or eight fish at a time as they are drawn from the spit, and lays them on their backs in tiers round the bottom of the barrel, the heads close to the side staves, the tails meeting in the centre of the cask. When these tiers rise above the ends of the side staves the fish are pressed down and the upper layer is put on with the backs of the herrings uppermost. In this state they are left to settle down, and in a day or two have sunk into the cask sufficiently to allow of its being headed: when this is done the “reds” are ready for the market.

Such being the genesis of the red herring, what is that of the bloater? Well, the fact is that the bloater goes through all the processes applicable to the “red,” but not being wanted to keep for a year, or even for a month, he is “put through” with much more rapidity, more careful ceremony, and with a tender regard for ultimate results. Note, if you please, that the bloater

is selected for peculiar treatment because he is the *élite* of his class—the largest, handsomest, most fleshy and corpulent, in all respects the aristocrat of the herring tribe—the only real specimen, in fact, of the “bloated aristocrat” to be found in the whole domain of natural history. Look at him as he lies in the dish tempting your morning appetite; mark his rich colouring, rivalling that of an ancient master—the deep olive tones on the back, the metallic brilliancy of the sides softening into a creamy hue in his under parts. Then what a fragrance he exhales as you lay him open, and hasten, at the instigation of your salivary glands, to pay him the posthumous honour to which he is so richly entitled.

We need say no more. The reader will understand that the fine qualities of the bloater are due in the first instance to his superior personal merit, and in the second to the prompt and delicate treatment he receives at the hand of man. So prompt, indeed, is the treatment, that upon occasion, when the demand is urgent, the whole of the several processes are completed in the space of ten or twelve hours, so that the herring who is joyously disporting himself to-day in his native sea shall figure to-morrow as the choicest viand of the breakfast table.

As an article of commerce, the bloaters are not crammed into barrels and sent across the seas. Rather are they laid loosely together in osier baskets containing a dozen or two each, and despatched by the quickest conveyance to the happy recipients. We must not forget to add, that to be enjoyed in their finest perfection they should be eaten at Yarmouth, while yet reeking from the smoke-house.

MY FIRST CURACY.*

CHAPTER I.—SEARCH AFTER A CURACY.

A FIRST curacy, I have always held, is the most important step that can be taken in a clergyman's career. The stamp of his first curacy generally remains upon him during the whole of his ministry, and his after administrations are certainly much influenced by the circumstances of his earlier ones; indeed, his whole tone is tinged through life by the associations he forms in the first years of his ministerial office. Hence, then, the great importance of a careful choice in the matter.

Sometimes a sphere of labour opens naturally; at other times it is a source of great difficulty to know which branch in the ministerial office to choose, or for what particular field of pastoral work the candidate for orders is most suited. Of course there is a certain amount of risk to be gone through, for a man can never know positively that he is qualified for any particular post until he has attempted to fulfil its duties. Having, however, some general idea of what post is most likely to suit his peculiar individual temperament, the next thing to ascertain is also a very important one, namely, the disposition and character of the rector or vicar under whom the young minister will have to work. Much of the success or failure of many a man's subsequent ministry depends upon the direction and bent given him at first starting. Men are generally totally inexperienced when they enter the ranks, and therefore, unless they have a fit and judicious officer, they are liable to commit many serious errors of judgment, to say and do inexpedient things.

But above all other considerations, should unison in matter of doctrine be carefully ascertained before a

compact is concluded between the intended vicar and curate. If diversity of opinion in vital points is afterwards found to exist, how painful to the feelings of both will be the discovery! The usefulness of both will be greatly impaired, their influence will be nullified, and the parishioners suffer, in consequence of this lamentable dead lock in doctrinal matters. It is perfectly necessary for the well-being of a parish, that not only should its clergy pull together, but in the same direction; if they do not, disagreeables are sure to arise which must end in unpleasantness on both sides, and in injury to the people. A personal interview is, in my opinion, the easiest and readiest way of obviating such a difficulty, for in half an hour's conversation, more mutual agreement, or the contrary, will be found, than can be discovered by a dozen lengthy letters.

In my own particular case, I did not wish to work with what is called “an extreme man” of any kind. If the Church of England were to be divided into several distinct sections, it might be necessary to make a distinct choice; but I cannot approve of every particular detail in any of the so-called “parties,” and I wished in my first curacy to have some liberty to act upon my own conscientious views, within the limits of what I believed to be according to the word of God and the standards of the Church.

I felt myself also obliged to be rather careful concerning the size and population of the parish in which I was to work; for while, on the one hand, I did not desire a very restricted field for what energies I possessed, on the other, my health not being strong, I did not wish to be completely overwhelmed with the amount of duty required from me all at once. Some of my readers may fancy that I am somewhat fastidious when I go on to say, that I was rather particular as to the locality of my future scene of labours: I objected to the extreme north or south, nor did I wish to be whelmed in by coalpits on every side, or to bury myself in complete rural retirement.

Yet in the end, one of these conditions was my lot for the first seven eventful years of my ministerial life.

Having then settled in my mind what I considered I wanted, and for what post I thought I was fitted, I inquired among my friends, and stated my wants to my few clerical neighbours. These all kindly promised to look out for me. Now this “looking out” generally ends in no satisfactory result—at least I found it so in my own case, and I do not think mine was a peculiar one. It is the usual way of getting rid of a troublesome consultation about any situation or office, to say, “Oh, I will look out for you.” At the moment, the intention may honestly be to “look out,” but in the multitude of other concerns the promise is forgotten, and the applicant is left to look out for himself. So at last, being tired of waiting for answers from my friends which never came, I began to take in the clerical papers. I pored over the advertisements in the “Record” and the “Guardian,” and the “Ecclesiastical Gazette.” I answered numbers of advertisements in these and other clerical papers, but they all came to nothing.

At last I resolved myself to advertise, and having procured the services of a friend who was considered a capital hand at such things, he wrote my advertisement as follows:—

“Wanted a Curacy, with title to Orders for the September Ordination. The advertiser possessing small private means, stipend required £60 a-year. Views in strict accordance with the Prayer-book. Experienced in Sunday Schools, Evening Adult Classes, &c.”

This advertisement brought me no less than thirty-

* The writer, now senior curate in a large London parish, thinks that his early experience may be useful to some of his younger brethren, as well as interesting to general readers.

three replies! I was perfectly bewildered with them. But the variety of work required, the curious questions asked, such as "Is your health good?" "Are you a gentleman?" "Do you sing?" "Are you married?" "Are you active?" "What 'private property' have you?" The replies demanded by return of post, with lists of references, completely overwhelmed me.

Now, I had only four clerical references, so I could not, of course, give them to all the thirty-three incumbents desiring them. My friends were good natured, no doubt, but I could scarcely expect them to write and post thirty-three testimonials in my favour; so the plan I fixed upon was this: I picked out six of what I considered the most likely curacies to suit me, and wrote polite answers to the remaining incumbents, thanking them for their replies to my advertisement, and stating that I was already in treaty, but that if I failed I would immediately open a correspondence with themselves. I took this trouble mainly because I think it is only due as a matter of courtesy from one gentleman to another. Now some of these answers to my advertisement were, as I have already hinted, extremely amusing. I will therefore transcribe a specimen of some of them, for I have kept the originals still by me, though it is now a good many years since I received them.

One incumbent wrote: "I require a curate to take the entire charge of two small parishes: there are two churches, they are two miles apart; there will be four schools for the curate to look after, and all the sick and poor will have to be visited. I regret to say that, owing to my living being small, and myself in indifferent health, I cannot come up to the terms required in your advertisement, but I should be happy to offer you £30 a-year!" This incumbent added in a postscript, "In bad weather in the winter season, I generally lend my curate my pony to ride between the two churches on the Sunday."

Another vicar wrote from the wild districts of Northumberland, "You are just the man I want. I think we shall get on well together. I reside in the parish and do half the work (population 2,300); but I shall want you to go over every Sunday afternoon to a distant hamlet, and take a service in a school church I have erected there: the distance is a little more than four and a-half miles. I may as well mention that I cannot give you £60 a-year, but I dare say you would accept £45."

I did not accept the £45, nor did I relish the idea of a walk of nine miles, winter and summer, in the afternoon, after taking my full share in the morning duty, and being expected, I suppose, to do the same in the evening, in the parish church, upon my return.

I have previously stated that I had reserved six of those answers to my advertisements most likely to suit me; these, from circumstances over which I had no control, dwindled down to four. I may as well mention that at this time I was residing in the south of England, and this fact decided me to write to an incumbent in Somersetshire, saying that I would come and look at his parish, it being the nearest in point of distance to my temporary home.

Having received a cordial assent to my request, I started the following morning by an early train, and in due time arrived at the indicated station. On the platform I met a farmer-like looking fellow, with high yellow skin gaiters, dressed in a rough shooting coat, carrying a stout walking-stick in his hand. "Are you Mr. C—," he shouted to me, as I got out of a second-class carriage. I replied that I was. "Well," said he, "I am the incumbent you want to see;" and then, giving me a hearty and rather heavy slap on the back, he added, "Those shoes won't do for this

country, you must get thicker ones." We soon started in a sort of dogcart of ancient build, and, after a pleasant ride through rather a flat country, we pulled up at a small but prettily situated house; at least the number and variety of the clusters of climbing roses on all sides could not fail to make it look pretty and cheerful in the summer season. This was the Parsonage; into which I was duly ushered, and soon introduced to two elderly grim-looking ladies.

"My sisters," said the vicar. I do not hastily judge persons by appearances, as the reader will allow, when I say that the non-clerical costume and manner of the incumbent had made no unfavourable first impression, but rather the reverse. The look and manner of the ladies, however, could not be mistaken. I confess my heart sank within me.

"I hope you do not care for society," said my host, as soon as he had assisted every one most bountifully at dinner. "I mention this because there is positively none for miles round." I replied, "I certainly did like a little, as I thought society enlarged one's ideas, which were very liable to grow contracted if left to feed upon themselves. The mind requires change and exercise for its health, as well as the body."

At this remark, the two old ladies looked at each other, then muttered something which sounded very ominously to my ears, and turned not the most pleasant countenances in the world upon your humble servant.

After our early dinner, to which the vicar did ample justice, he took me out to see his church, schools, and parish generally. The former was a really fine specimen of the perpendicular style of architecture; it was also in good repair, and what restorations had been done had been carefully performed. I tried my voice and found it suited the edifice.

We next went to the schools, which, being in the state of rebuilding, I could not say much about; but with the parish I was very much disappointed: it was perfectly flat, and half of the entire area, the incumbent told me, was under water nearly half the year. He also informed me, as another drawback, that Dissenters formed the majority of the inhabitants. In the evening the vicar was gaiety itself; but the conversation soon ended, and he proposed a game at long whist! My reply, I have no doubt, settled my unsuitableness with the ladies. Next morning, while thanking him for his hospitality, I declined the curacy; the water, the whist, and the ancient ladies, decided me in the negative.

The object of my second search lay in a beautiful part of the west of England. Having to remain at Gloucester for two hours, the trains not suiting, I resolved to go and see the cathedral. While looking over the splendour, I asked the attendant verger some questions about the village to which I was going, when suddenly he exclaimed, "You are not going to *that* place, surely?" These words were addressed with marked emphasis. I had scarcely time left to say that I intended doing so, when the chiming assured me I should have to run to catch my train, which I just managed to do. As I journeyed along, I ruminated upon the verger's words, and not in a very hopeful frame of mind reached the station nearest to my destination.

Here I had to wait some time, whilst a gig was being prepared to take me to the parish I was in search of, as I did not feel inclined for a very wet walk of five or six miles through unknown country roads. I was very wet and cold when I reached the parish, but the genial welcome of the rector and his wife, and a well warmed and brilliantly lighted room, soon made me feel at home and comfortable.

The rector was a true and perfect gentleman. His church was very pretty, and in perfect order, as was also the churchyard. I do not say that these outward things are proofs of similar care in regard to the living church and the spiritual vineyard; but I have found that where a church is dirty, and a churchyard in disorder, there is likelihood of carelessness or indolence in higher matters. I found that the schools were very badly attended, and though the parish itself was charmingly situated, yet, when its moral aspect was looked upon, it was most vile and depressing to one's feelings. During the course of our conversation I drew from the rector this significant fact, that, as soon as I was firmly located, he intended leaving the parish and myself to our fate.

Nearly the whole of the inhabitants had been drawn thither by some chartist, or other strange society, the idea being that everybody should possess his own acre of ground, his pig, his cow, and his cottage rent free, and that he should enjoy a life of rural contentment. Now the practical result of this scheme was not quite what its sanguine promoters anticipated, and finding it the fixed determination of the rector to leave me to fight my own battles, I declined the curacy.

I was now growing a little disheartened at this double failure in my search, but resolved to persevere. Accordingly, having received an invitation to visit the incumbent of a parish situated in one of the busiest parts of Lancashire, I went northward. I liked what I saw of the church, clergy, and schools, and was not prejudiced against what I saw of the people themselves. I had very nearly accepted the curacy, though a little distracted with the noise proceeding from no less than seven lines of railway running through the parish (indeed, the principal station was at the bottom of the parsonage garden), when I turned and asked the incumbent the extremely natural question, where I was to lodge. "Ah," answered he, "that is the difficulty: unless we can get the millowner to knock two of that row of workmen's houses into one, you will not be able to get lodgings nearer than N—," mentioning a large manufacturing town about three and a-half miles off, the only road to which was over cinder heaps, and along the side of blast furnaces.

I felt at once that I was not suited for this work. I remarked to the incumbent that it would have been but an act of justice if he had just mentioned this little fact about the difficulty of obtaining lodgings, as it would have prevented my taking a useless journey to the north, and saved me between £5 and £6, no small matter to a poor man.

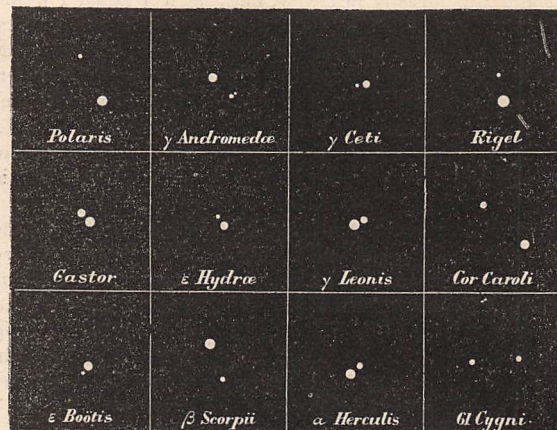
I returned to my temporary home wearied in mind and body, and with my small means much straitened. I began to fear that I should not succeed in obtaining a curacy at all, in spite of the numerous answers to my advertisement in the first instance.

Growing rather reckless as to the position of my next search, I resolved to take any one that offered. Accordingly, I wrote to one of the remaining answers I possessed, when, in reply, I received an answer by return of post, saying that the whole of the references were personally known to the gentleman with whom I was in correspondence, and that he should be happy to close with me at once, as he was in immediate want of a curate.

I accepted his offer, though I rather objected to live in the parsonage with himself and wife. There was no family; but finding that there existed no alternative, as no lodgings could at the time be obtained, I had to assent, and accepted the curacy.

Varieties.

DOUBLE STARS.—In connection with our remarks on binary systems in last number, the following diagram exhibits a selected list of double stars, as seen in an inverting astronomical telescope. Some of them are, probably, only optically double, their apparent juxtaposition being the result of the two stars being seen from the surface of the earth in the same line of direction, or, if they be binary systems, their time of revolution must extend over a lengthened period. Castor, Epsilon Hydræ, Gamma Leonis, and 61 Cygni, have been proved to belong to the latter class of objects. Gamma Andromedæ is triple, the companion being easily resolvable into two components when viewed through a good defining telescope, especially when the star is at high altitude about sunrise or sunset. The list of known binaries exceeds a hundred, without including several double stars suspected to belong to a common gravitational system.



SPANISH CHARACTER.—The people of Spain, the so-called "lower orders," are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters. This may have arisen in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of Government in Church and State, where the possessor of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions, while "the people," overlooked in their poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth, like weeds of a rich soil. They in fact have long enjoyed, under despotisms of Church and State, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing. On the masses, the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed.—*Ford's "Spain."*

TREES OF MISSOURI.—Professor Swallow, of the Missouri Geological Survey, gives the following actual measurements of large trees in South-east Missouri:—The largest is a sycamore in Mississippi County, 65 ft. high, which, two feet above the ground, measures 43 ft. in circumference. Another sycamore, in Howard County, is 38½ ft. in diameter. A cypress in Cape Girardeau County, at a distance of one foot above the ground, measures 29 ft. in circumference. A cottonwood in Mississippi County measures 30 ft. round, at a distance of six feet above the ground. A pecan in the same county is 18 ft. in circumference. A black walnut in Benton County measures 22 ft. in circumference. A white oak in Howard County is 26 ft. in circumference. A tulip tree (poplar) in Cape Girardeau County is 30 ft. in circumference. There is a tupelo in Stoddard County 30 ft. in circumference. There is a hackberry in Howard County 11 ft. in circumference. A Spanish oak in New Madrid County 26 ft. in circumference. A white ash in Mississippi County is 16 ft. in circumference. A honey locust in Howard County is 13 ft. round. There is a willow in Pemiscot County that has grown to the size of 24 ft. in circumference and 100 ft. in height. Mississippi County boasts of a sassafras that must be king of that tribe; it measures 9 ft. in circumference. There is a persimmon in the same county 9 ft. in circumference. In Pemiscot County there is a dogwood 6 ft. in circumference. In Mississippi County papaws grow to a circumference of 3 ft., and grape-vines and trumpet creepers to a circumference of 18 in. to 22 in.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



THE ESCAPE FROM THE WRECK.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Cut away the masts—the shrouds first—be smart, my men!" cried a voice.

"Who dares give that order?" shrieked out the captain; "she'll be over this in no time."

"I dare obey it," exclaimed one of the seamen. "Come, lads, it's the best chance of saving our lives."

The men listened to the advice of their messmate, and knowing where to find the axes, quickly severed the shrouds of the mizen-mast, and some attacked it, while

others went to the main-mast, in spite of the mad cries of the captain to "hold fast." Their object was thus to force the ship over the reef, if it was a reef we were on, head first, or closer to the shore if we were on an island. The seas came thundering against our sides, often dashing over the decks, so that with difficulty any of us could save ourselves from being carried away by them. Several poor people were thus swept away soon after the ship struck, and their despairing shrieks rang in our ears as they were borne away, or hurled on the rocks amid the foaming breakers. We could see nothing beyond the ship except the troubled waters. Our chief

hope rested on her not being wedged in the rocks. Now she lifted and drove on her bottom, grinding over the coral; now down she came again, and rocked to and fro in the surges. Directly the after masts were cleared away, her head paid off, and we drove on stern first. It was pitiable to hear the cries which rose from the terror-stricken passengers, but as we could as yet give them no comfort I refrained from going below. William and Trundle, O'Carroll and I, stood together holding on to the stump of the main-mast; the Frenchman and his son had gone below at the commencement of the gale. I hoped that they were still there. The ship continued alternately grinding and bumping along, but still evidently progressing over the reef. She must have been new and well built, or she would have gone to pieces with the treatment she was receiving. Our anxiety was thus prolonged, for it was impossible to say, supposing the ship should drive over the reef, whether we should find land, and if not whether she would float. It seemed as if each blow she received must be knocking a hole through her planks. Oh, how we longed for daylight, at all events to see and face the dangers which beset us! In the dark we could do nothing, but hold on for our lives, and pray that we and all with us might yet be preserved from destruction.

At length the ship was lifted by a huge wave. On she drove. It seemed that the next time she came down on the hard rocks it must be to her destruction. On, on she went—the waters roared and hissed around her. Instead of the expected catastrophe, suddenly she appeared to be floating with comparative calmness; she had been forced over the reef, but the furious wind was still driving her before it.

"We should anchor this instant," said O'Carroll, but neither the master nor his mates were on deck to give the necessary orders. "Stand by to anchor," cried O'Carroll.

The two midshipmen, with Kelson and several of the crew, hurried to carry out the order. Some delay occurred in consequence of the darkness. At length the anchor was let go, but as the ship's stern swung round, it struck heavily on a rock. Again cries of terror came up from the passengers in the cabins; I therefore, as I could be of no use on deck, went below, in the hopes of tranquillising their minds. They clung round me as I appeared, entreating to be told the truth. I assured them that there was no immediate danger, and that though the ship had again struck on the rocks, there was so much less sea inside the reef than what she had already gone through, I hoped she might continue to hold together. In all probability we were not far off land. Some, on hearing this, especially those who had been most overcome with terror, expressed their joy in all sorts of extravagant ways, and seemed to consider that there was no longer any danger to be apprehended; others, again, would scarcely credit what I told them, and inquired what the captain thought on the subject.

"The captain! what does he know about anything?" exclaimed a young man, who appeared to be superior in education to most of the passengers. "If the ship is lost and our lives sacrificed, on him will rest the blame—look there."

He threw open the door of the captain's cabin, where he and the first mate sat, both far too tipsy to move, yet still trying to pour spirits down their throats.

"What's that you say?" growled out the captain, with an indistinct utterance; "I'll have no mutiny aboard this ship."

"He endeavoured to rise, but fell forward across the table, upsetting the bottle and tumblers. The mate

was too far gone even to attempt to rise. He gazed at us with an idiotic glance for a minute or two, then his head dropped down on the little table at which he was sitting. It must be understood that all this time the ship was far from quiet: she was still grinding and striking heavily against the rocks, though the sea had not sufficient force to lift her over them. I hurried again on deck: my fear was that the ship would fill with water and drop off the rocks and sink. After hunting about we found the carpenter, and with his help sounded the well; already there were six feet of water in the hold. After waiting a short time, we found that the water was increasing; the pumps must be set to work. Some of the crew said it was of no use, and refused; others came to our summons; and to help us, we called up all the men passengers, while we set the example by labouring as hard as we could; thus the night passed. It was indeed better for everybody that we had something to do. Dawn came at last. We eagerly looked out for the prospect which daylight was to reveal, whether we were to find ourselves amidst reefs just rising from the water, or near a mere sandbank, or on an inhabited shore. At first we could only see, as before, the white foam dancing up; then dark rocks and yellow sand, and beyond it brown hills and a few trees. As the light still further increased, we discovered that the country was in a state of nature: in vain we looked for traces of inhabitants.

The passengers, hearing that we were close to land, came crowding on deck, all eager to get on shore. It was, however, no easy matter to do so. The sea came rushing round the ship, between which and the dry rocks the distance was considerable, so that anybody attempting to swim to them would have been swept away. One small boat alone remained, the rest had been knocked to pieces; in this only two rowers could sit, and a couple of passengers at the most. As far, however, as we could see on either side, the surf broke too furiously to allow her to land, so that she could, we feared, be of no use. At length, my brother cried out, "We'll go in her; there is one place just inside the ship where we can jump on shore with a line; if we can do that, we'll carry a hawser to the rocks, and all the people may land." The two mids and Kelson agreed to go in the boat, towing a light line. We watched them anxiously. The water tossed and foamed around them, and they had hard work to contend with the reflux of the sea. Earnestly I prayed that they might be protected and succeed, both for their sakes and ours. A shout of joy and thankfulness burst from the lookers on, as Kelson leaped on the rock, followed by the two midshipmen, who instantly hauled the boat up out of harm's way. A hawser had been prepared, which they at once hauled on shore and secured; a cradle was next fitted to it by the seamen, under O'Carroll's directions. It was a question who was to go forth to prove it; at that moment, Jacotot made his appearance on deck. He was told that he must go on shore. He was secured forthwith to the cradle. In vain he struggled and protested: he was quickly drawn across. His son and Jack followed. Two men then went to assist in hauling the passengers across; they were placed one after the other in the cradle, and landed in safety. I was thankful when they were all on shore. There they stood, grouped together, gazing helplessly at the ship, not knowing what to do. There was no one to guide them. Those wretches, the master and his mate, still remained utterly helpless in the cabin. Half the crew of the ship had been lost, and the young mate, who might have exercised some authority. From what I saw of the remainder of the

crew, I was afraid that they were mostly a very bad set. I dreaded their breaking into the spirit room, which seamen often do under such circumstances. To prevent this, it was necessary to keep them amply employed: we urged them, therefore, to land all the provisions that could be got out the hold.

To expedite this proceeding, we got another hawser carried on shore. Our lives might depend on the amount of provisions we could save. All day we worked on, till towards evening the water had risen so much in the hold that nothing more could be got out. The heat was intense, but so important was the work, that we scarcely stopped even to take food. No one had thought all this time of the captain and mate, the real cause of their misfortunes. Suddenly I recollected that they had been left in a side-cabin asleep. I hurried down. I was but just in time: the water was up to their heads, and in another minute would have washed over their faces and drowned them as they lay sleeping off their debauch. I shouted out their names, and called them to come on deck. They started up, their countenances exhibiting their horror and alarm, as they believed that the ship was sinking beneath them. Out into the water they tumbled. The mate slipped, and caught hold of the captain to save himself. Over they went, struggling together. I fancy that they thought themselves overboard; right under the water they dragged each other, once more to get their heads out, spluttering and shouting, and swearing most fearfully. At last, fearing that they might after all be drowned, I seized the mate, who was the smaller man of the two, and dragged him on deck, calling out to O'Carroll to assist in getting up the captain. He came to my assistance, and we hauled both the men on deck. Their sea bath and the struggle had brought them to their senses; but when, after staring around for some time, they saw that the ship was a hopeless wreck, cast away on an apparently barren island, they very nearly lost them again. To find fault with them at such a moment would have been folly. "Come, I advise you to get on shore, for very likely the ship will go to pieces during the night, if the wind rise again," I said, quietly. They were far from disposed to thank me for my advice, though, after looking about for a few minutes, they took it, and were hauled on shore. After collecting everything of value to be found in the cabin, compass, charts, and some nautical books, I followed. O'Carroll was the last man to leave the ship. William and his messmate had been very active on shore, and got a tent rigged for the poor women and children, and some food cooked for them by Jacotot.

No sooner was a fire lighted than the Frenchman was himself again, hurrying about in search of the utensils necessary for his calling. He had cooked a capital supper for them, and he now offered to cook one for us. On collecting all the sails we had landed, we were able to form a shelter for ourselves, as well as for the seamen; and at length, weary with our exertions, we lay down to rest. The captain and mate were very silent, and I hoped ashamed of themselves. During the night there was a good deal of wind and sea. I was thankful that we were on shore, and when I looked out I almost expected to find that the ship had gone to pieces. There, however, she was, still holding fast together. Seeing this, the captain declared that he would get her off, and that if trees could be found in the island suitable for new spars, he could proceed on his voyage.

"If he knew of the bumping she got he wouldn't say so," observed O'Carroll. "That ship will never float again, and strong as she is, another gale such as we had last night will break her to pieces."

As there was nothing more to be done, we started to explore the island. It seemed to be the chief of a group of rocky islets, being about six miles long and half as broad. Though we made diligent search as we walked on, we could find no water. A few small casks of the precious liquid had been landed, but sufficient only for another day or two.

"And what shall we do when that is gone?" asked William. It was a serious question.

"We must trust in God, for vain is the help of man in such a case," I answered; "at all events, we must use what we have got with the greatest economy."

On returning to the camp and reporting our want of success in finding water, what was our dismay to find that every drop in the casks had been consumed! All the poor people could say was that they were so thirsty, and the children were so constantly crying out for water, that they could not help giving it to them. We were ourselves already suffering greatly from thirst after our ramble, yet not a drop of water did we obtain. Our lips were parched, our tongues dry: without water we could not eat, we loathed food, supperless we lay down to sleep. All night long I was dreaming of sparkling fountains and running brooks. As soon as it was daylight, we again set out with a spade and pickaxe, prepared, if we could find no running stream, to dig wherever verdure showed that moisture was at hand. We walked on and on, searching in every direction round the shore, but no sign of a stream emptying itself into the sea could we discover, and when we dug we soon met the hard rock. Faint and weary we returned to the camp. We found a fire blazing, and Jacotot with several men standing round it: two were working a rough pair of bellows, others hammers and tongs. All were employed under his directions, while he was engaged in riveting a pipe into a large copper kettle.

"Why you trouble to look for water?" he asked. "There is salt water, there is wood to make fire, then we have plenty of fresh water. We make steam, steam come out and leave the salt in the kettle, and then find a cold piece of iron and drop, drop, down into this tub all fresh and good for drink." He told us that he had seen a French doctor obtain fresh water from salt in that manner.

"Most men have their merits, if we could but discover them and put them in their right places," I thought to myself. "We were inclined to laugh at Jacotot, but if he can produce fresh water out of salt, he may be the means of saving all our lives."

We watched him anxiously, all eager to help him, but he would not be hurried. At length the machine was finished, and we hastened to fill it with salt water. It was placed on the fire, and slowly the drops of fresh water were distilled from it. How eagerly were they sought for by the poor creatures who stood round with lack-lustre eyes and parched lips. Jacotot insisted that the youngest should be served first. I think he was influenced by the wish to get his boy Auguste an early draught. That was but natural. Some of the crew grumbled, and so did the captain and mate, who were, in consequence of their late debauch, suffering fearfully from thirst; but O'Carroll, William, and Trundle, Kelson, and two or three of the passengers, formed a body-guard round the Frenchman, to enable him to do as he thought right. Only half a little liqueur glass of the precious fluid was served out to each person. It was pleasant to see the eyes of the poor children brighten as the pure water touched their lips. The younger ones, however, directly their allowance was

gone, cried out for more. Several times we had to stop till more water was distilled.

While we were thus engaged, the wind had again got up, and the sea, dashing over the reef, began to burst with violence against the shore. The effect produced on the wreck was soon apparent. The remaining upper works began to give way. As the sea rolled in with increasing violence, plank after plank was torn off, then larger portions were wrenched from the hull, the deck burst up, and was soon dashed into pieces against the rocks. As soon as we had swallowed enough water somewhat to slake our burning thirst, we hastened to the beach to save what we could from the wreck. We hauled on shore all the planks and timber we could get hold of, with the vague idea that we might be able to build a raft of some sort, in which to make our escape. At all events, the wood would be useful to construct huts for the women, or to burn. As darkness set in, a large portion of the wreck had disappeared, and even the captain was convinced that her keel would never leave its present position, except to be cast up in fragments on the rocks. He and the mate had been very quiet and low-spirited. They were craving for their accustomed stimulants, and several times I heard them grumbling at us for not having landed any liquor for them. Neither they nor the larger portion of their crew had exerted themselves in the slightest degree to assist us in our labours. Most of them sauntered along the beach with their hands in their pockets, or sat coolly watching us. Fatigued with our exertions, we at last returned to the camp, where Jacotot was able to give us a glass of water, and we then, thankful even for that small supply, lay down to rest.

It was not till late that any of us awoke; we then found that the captain and mate, and several of their men, had withdrawn themselves to a distance from the camp. We were glad to be rid of their company, though why they had gone away so suddenly we could not tell. We could not help suspecting, however, that they had done so with the intention of hatching mischief. When I speak of *we*, I mean our party from the *Doré*, for we of necessity kept very much together. I have not particularly described the emigrants, for there was nothing very remarkable about them. Two or three were intelligent, enterprising men, who had made themselves acquainted with the character of the country to which they were going, and had tolerably definite plans for the employment of their capitals. The rest had mostly failed in England, and were rather driven by want into exile than attracted by the advantages the new colony had to offer. They were all married men with families, and this made them associate with each other for mutual assistance. The steerage passengers were generally small tradesmen, and had emigrated for much the same reason as the others. Three gentlemen of the first class, who were bachelors, had begged leave to join our mess. One of them had already been in New South Wales, and was able to give us much interesting information about it. So much taken was I, indeed, with what I heard, that I resolved, should I be unable to find the Barbara, to visit the colony before returning home. We thus, as I have explained, formed three chief messes. We were not as yet either very badly off. We had saved provisions from the wreck sufficient, with economy, to last us a couple of months or more; and now that we could obtain fresh water, though but in small quantities, we were not afraid of dying of thirst. We were in hopes, too, of finding turtles and turtles' eggs, and perhaps wild fowl, and we might also catch fish to add to our stock of provisions. Could we only find water, and some sort of vege-

tables, we might be able, we thought, to support existence for any length of time; and as far, indeed, as we could judge, we might not have an opportunity of escaping from the island for months, or it might be for years. This was not, however, a subject pleasant to contemplate. I thought of my merchandise, William of his promotion, and of the opportunities he might lose of distinguishing himself, while Jacotot, though not idle, was unable to make money where he was. Toby Trundle, however, took things very easily. He laughed and joked as much as ever, and declared that he never was more jolly in his life. He used to say the same thing in the midshipman's berth; he had said it on board the boat, and I believe he would have said it under nearly any circumstances in which he could have been placed. The poor emigrants, on the contrary, were very far from content. Most of them had lost all they possessed in the world, and knew that, should they even ultimately arrive at their destination, they must land as beggars, dependent on the bounty of others. They were therefore naturally very loud in their complaints of the captain and his mate, while they were continually bewailing their own hard lot. Those persons had, as I observed, removed themselves to a distance from the rest of our shipwrecked band.

We had retired to tents for the night, and had laid down to sleep, when after some time I was awoke by sounds of shouting and laughter, followed by shrieks and cries, which seemed to come up from the beach where the captain and his associates had taken up their quarters. The noises increased, and O'Carroll awoke. He got up, and we went together to the entrance of our tent. The night was very calm. The stars shone forth from the dark sky with a brilliancy I have never seen surpassed; even the restless sea was quiet, and met the shore with an almost noiseless kiss; all nature seemed tranquil and at rest. A shot was heard, and then another, and another, followed by shouts and execrations. "There will be blood shed among those madmen," exclaimed O'Carroll. "They have got hold of some liquor unknown to us, and are fighting with each other: we must try and separate them." Calling my brother and the rest of the party to come to our assistance, we hurried off in the direction whence the sounds proceeded:

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.]

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

EDWARD FORBES.

I HAVE offered my genial tribute to the memory of Edward Forbes in the volume above referred to. His "Life" has been compiled and published, and innumerable memoirs and biographical notices have appeared; but all together fail to afford an adequate idea of him. So zealous in scientific pursuits; so various as well as recondite in his acquirements; so sportive in some of his researches, as if the hard labour were sheer fun; so gifted with taste in the fine arts; so well read in general literature and antiquities; so clever with his pencil; so ready with his pen; so humorous and so good-humoured; so playful, so judicious, so instructive, so entertaining, as the occasion "ruled the hour," none but himself could be his parallel.

The most distinct and prominent feature in the character of Edward Forbes might be described in one word, only that the word has been degraded to a very different meaning—he was a thorough socialist. From his first days at school to his latest day, amid the prose-

cution of intense studies, he was always forming brotherhoods; some for useful practical purposes and improvements, and others for recreation after hard mental labour, in the enjoyment of frank and festive communion with congenial minds. Dr. Johnson would have called him a most "clubbable" man. At all events, the Institution of the Red Lions was a climax to this order of organizations; even when most playful, shooting follies as they arose, and using wit and satire on the side of sound sense and useful knowledge.

The history of the Red Lion Club may be briefly told. The formal or official entertainments at the meetings of the British Association had become prolix and wearisome, and still more disfigured by fulsome compliments, which every postprandial speaker bestowed (as is too commonly the custom of England) upon every other speaker. A chance congress of three or four of the younger savans, on a stroll, at a roadside inn, led to the establishment of the Red Lions, radiant from its sign! Instead of attending the ordinaries or grand dinners, they made occasional days of escape, and dined *en clubbe*, as the French journal translated it, in parties of ten or twelve, Edward Forbes usually presiding. The dons pooh-poohed the club for awhile, but by degrees it made itself known, and so grew that it became difficult to decide whether the B.A. was attached to the R.L., or the R.L. was an offshoot of the B.A.!

With this needful preface, I proceed to my Letters, selecting, to begin with, one or two bearing upon the subject in hand, from a mass of correspondence in which many epistles were, like these, characteristic as being half prose and half verse.

At the British Association at Birmingham, in 1839, the Friday set apart for excursions turned out as wet and stormy a day as ever tried the nerve of philosophy. Nevertheless, about three hundred members attended their leaders, Murchison and Buckland, to visit Horsley Ironworks, the Lime Caverns, Wren's Nest, and Trap formations. Forbes's notice thereon follows:—

West Lulworth, near Wareham, Dorset,
27th September.

DEAR JERDAN,—You should have had the song sooner, but the Beroe had dived so deep among my shirt collars and small clothes, in the hurry of packing up after the tenth campaign (not champagne) of the Red Lions, that there was no getting him to the surface. However, here he is, and you may press him to death, if you think him sufficiently decent and musical. (*Here follows Song of the Beroe.*)

Wandering away in these desolate and benighted parts, I have not yet received any of the accounts of the Association, but shall do so in due time, when parcels come. What you say respecting blustering and begging I quite agree to. When will the old *staggers* of the Association learn to give up the dramatic and do the scientific?

I would write a song about "Garibaldi," but with all his faults I love him, for he is a thorough right-hearted man at bottom.

By this time I hope you have got over the dreadful foreglimpse of the sulphureous cavern where I was nearly throttled.

Ever, dear Jerdan,
Very truly yours,
EDWARD FORBES.

Then follow the verses on—

THE DUDLEY EXPEDITION: A BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEDLEY.

Tune—"Going to Putney by Water."

Come, listen all as members be,
Whether of sections A, B, C,
D, or else of E, F, G,
As go to Dudley by water;
As how from Brummagen we set,
Upon one Friday very wet,
To gather stones and fossils get,
All at Dudley by water!

Skipping, dripping all the way,
Lots of swim and nothing to pay,
Every one with summit to say,
Going to Dudley by water.

Each philosopher so wise
Then set out with staring eyes,
The little fishes to surprise,
As go to Dudley by water.
Not a soul behind did lag,
But with hammer and with bag,
Smashed at dyke, slip, fault, and crag,
When they went to Dudley by water.

Skipping, dripping, all the way, etc.
Underground we then did go,
Candles round us in a row,
Such a flareup and a show,
All at Dudley by water!
Dr. Buckland then arose,
And the people there he shows
What rum beasts in stone there grows
In the caves at Dudley water!

Skipping, dripping all the way, etc.
Then at dinner sich a rush,
Sich a scramble, cram, and crush,
Lots of grub and little lush,
All at Dudley water!
And when we came back to town,
Warn't it funny that we found
All this fun for half-a-crown,
When we went to Dudley by water?

Skipping, dripping all the way, etc.

But if the going to Dudley by water was susceptible of humorous description, no description could do justice to the return of some twenty or thirty of the excursionists, including Henry Hallam among other eminences, who, in the scramble for departure, were stowed in the hold of a dirty and clumsy barge belonging to the works. Here, in order to beguile the tedious voyage, Forbes improvised and organised a Sectional Meeting, and if "roars of laughter" could show that the proceedings were of the most interesting and important nature (the usual language of the reports of meetings on shore), it would be proven that here was accomplished the greatest advance in science ever achieved by the Association. Alas! the record is lost, or was perhaps so smothered in mirth, as to have rendered it impossible ever to have been accurately reported?

The talent of our humourist, whose ridicule never inflicted a wound, while it served the cause of truth and gave rebuke to folly, took a cue in connection with the British Association from the example of one of its foremost ornaments, accomplished and agreeable and droll like himself,—need I name the much esteemed and much regretted Professor Buckland?

Passing on to more miscellaneous topics, I may remark that gastronomy and publications on cookery were favourite topics with Forbes. I have as many witty examples as would fill half a Leisure Hour. Here is one, supposed to be spoken by Professor Jerry O'Mullins, of Hedge University, Connemara, "On the Anatomy of the Oyster":—

ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

Of all the conchiferous shell-fish,
The oyster is surely the king;
Arrah, Mick, call the people who sell fish,
And tell them a dozen to bring;
For it's I that intend to demonstrate
The cratur's phenomena strange,
Its functions to set every one straight,
And exhibit their structure and range,
In sweet rhyme!

Now, boys, I beseech, be attentive,
On this Carlingford fasten your eyes,
As I spread it before you so pensive,
Its gape opened wide with surprise.
See that small purple spot in the centre,
That's its heart, which is all on the move;
For though looking as deep as a mentor,
It's tenderly beating with love
All the while.

Like a Chesterfield pea-coat, its liver,
Of fusty brown Petersham made,
It folds round its stomach to give a
Supply of fresh bile when there's need.
For though we when we swallow our oyster,
Like it raw, and by cooks undefiled,
The crature itself is much choicer,
Preferring its condiments *biled*—
It's so nice!

The fringes that circle its body,
Which epicures think should be clear'd,
Are the animal's lungs; for, 'tis odd, he,
Like a foreigner, breathes *through his beard*!
And among all its memorabilia,
Than this structure there's none half so queer,
Though Sharpey may say they are *cilia*,
A wiser contrivance to "spee,"
Let him try.

Now these are the facts in the history
Of an oyster I'd on you impress;
I've sarved them up plain without mystery—
To cook them would just make a mess.
So now, boys, we'll get in the whisky,
Since the water is hot on the hob,
Whilst we stir up our native so frisky,
By sticking the knife in his gob—
Dear ould fish!

Many letters were altogether poetical, with merely a line or two, such as "Dear J., if it please you." Here is one specimen in different strain:—

Through archipelagoes of hearts,
The bark of beauty sails,
Laden with love, for honour's marts,
Or isles where truth prevails:
Her swelling royals, snowy white,
In the bright sunshine gleam,
And from her topmast's lofty height
Untangled pennants stream.

Pilot, beware! be not too brave,
In that fair island sea;
Steer clear of every breaking wave,
Lest there a rock should be.
Look to your chart where dangers threat,
On each enchanting shore,
Whence passion's gust hath overset
A noble bark before.

The annexed are short and characteristic letters.

November 3rd, 1845.

DEAR JERDAN,—When busy with my Lycian work a day or two ago, the delicious taste of porcupine, on which we used to feed in the east, so haunted me, that I could not get rid of it until I had embalmed the dish in the accompanying unworthy rhymes, which, if not too rugged, may perhaps find a place in the Gazette with other of my (Asia) minor poems.

I have just come back from Paddies' land, which I left full of bad 'tators, both of the ordinary and the agi-tator-sort. There were a few, however, of the right kidney, perfectly sound.

Ever most sincerely,
EDWARD FORBES.

Accompanying this note was a poem, since reprinted, of which we may here give the two opening stanzas.

REMINISCENCES OF XANTHUS, BY A HISTRICOPHAGOUS TRAVELLER.

Dear Lycia! fair land of antiquities,
Which Fellowes first dared to explore.
My heart—oh! my heart, very sick it is
When I think I'm so far from thy shore!
From Xanthus, the home of my wishes,
Where we used to sup, breakfast, and dine,
On the dish of all dishes, delicious,
ON—COLD ROAST PORCUPINE!

Well I remember the cottage, where,
When the day's labour was o'er,
Hungry we hied for our pottage there,
And afterwards slept on the floor.
Though fleas in millions hopped over us,
No'er were we heard to repine—
Men making mighty discoveries
Fed upon COLD PORCUPINE!

Geological Society, Tuesday.

MY DEAR SIR,—If the enclosed squib is sufficiently dignified for the L. G., it may lighten the effect of my chemical prose of last week.

I saw you on Friday squatted among the gallipots at Faraday's extraordinary lecture. People have been enquiring here when some notice of it may come out. I tell them probably in the next L. G. I hope you mean to report it.

Here's a very mild epigram on the "matter"—

Great Faraday, a few days back,
The laws of matter did attack,
With wondrous hardihood.
In vain our notions he uproots—
When Faraday the subject moots,
The matter's always good!

Most truly yours,
E. FORBES.

With all this abundance of pleasantry, there were the solid foundations of moral rectitude, benevolent feeling, and great scientific acquirements, nor was the spirit of more touching poetic composition wanting. Gifted with such a diversity of talent as seemed almost universal, well did he merit the tribute being applied, "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

EDWARD JESSE.

At the great age of eighty-eight, Edward Jesse has lately been removed from the labours of a long life, passed with greater serenity and freedom from the ills that flesh is heir to, than is often the lot of man. To what do I ascribe this happiness? Not to a succession of official appointments, however agreeable and (latterly) congenial, so much as to his love of literary pursuits, and his taste for natural history. In his own line he never ceased from inquiry nor tired of investigation. All was done in a quiet earnest way. It might be into the identification of Herne's Oak, the gravity of the rumoured affection of George III for the fair Quakeress, or even the title of her Majesty to be the Lyrst of the lay, "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill"! A dash of credulity adds a charm to the writings of naturalists; and I may relate an amusing instance of this imputed propensity, though sceptically nipt in the bud. In the river not a mile from Windsor, there lived a noble trout—estimated at seven or eight pounds weight, and having his local haunt close by the bank, and rendered almost inaccessible to the angler by the luxuriant foliage of an apple-tree overhanging the stream. Every attempt to allure him from his excellent feeding preserve had been tried in vain; no bait the most *recherché*, or introduced with the utmost cunning, could succeed. At last, however, the catastrophe came. A boy who had noticed his habits of a summer afternoon, got a stick, to which he appended a line and hook, and thrust it through the branches of the apple-tree on the bank, and dropped it baited with an apple-blossom into the water—and he caught the big trout! I believe this was a fact, and I told the story to Mr. Jesse, then engaged on one of his justly popular publications. It was printed and passing the press when my excellent friend was persuaded at Mr. Murray's, that I was practising a hoax upon him, and the veritable history of this fine specimen of what the Thames can nourish, and how a clever angler may catch them, familiar to all the inhabitants round about, was struck out of the book!

The letter I append is, I think, as characteristic of the genial feelings of its writer, as any such document can be, where there is no very marked peculiarity. It was written when he held the official post of "Deputy-Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces." The son mentioned has recently distinguished himself in litera-

ture, and like Dillon the son of Croker, Tom junior the son of Hood, Peter the son of Allan Cunningham, Jerrold, Blanchard, Hazlitt, and others, who might be named, inherited so much of the paternal talent as to make themselves men of mark in a new generation.

DEAR JERDAN,—Thank you very much indeed for your kind present of seeds, and for your kind recollection of me. You are one of the few people in this world I should be sorry to be forgotten by, and I hope you do not think that I have forgotten you or the many agreeable hours I have passed in your company. Dickinson promised me to tell you this and much more, and I only wanted to be assured that you would be glad to see me, to have been with you long ago. I am in town every Tuesday and Friday, and upon either of those days I should be glad to call if you would like me to do so.

I hope you will see the terrace I have been making in Richmond Park. It is about a quarter of a mile in extent, leading from the Richmond Hill Gate to Lord Erroll's. In order to throw in different views, I have cut through the wood growing on the bank of the late Lord Huntingtower's property (which the Crown has purchased) at Petersham, and that property will henceforth form a part of Richmond Park.* The view from Richmond Hill (not forgetting that from the Star and Garter) is seen at once. Along the terrace I have just made a different view is seen every step you go, and at the end of the terrace the river presents itself at three different points, and the view is certainly much finer than that from Richmond Hill. You know the *locale*, and can fully appreciate fine scenery, and I shall therefore be glad to have your opinion of what has been done. I think that nothing in the kingdom can surpass it for effect and beauty.

Have you seen my son's pamphlet on the abuses of Eton School? If not, I should like to send it you. Thank you for the pleasant mention you made of the 2nd Series of Gleanings. With every kind wish, believe me,

Very truly yours,
Ed. Jesse.

Hampton Court, 22nd May, 1834.

THE CITY OF NORWICH.

SOME two centuries ago, quaint old Thomas Fuller thus wrote:—"Norwich is (as you please) either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city, so equally are houses and trees blended in it." "Yet," adds the shrewd and complimentary writer, "in this mixture, the inhabitants participate nothing of the rusticalness of the one, but altogether of the urbanity and civility of the other." The garden-like structure of the city is entirely in keeping with the marked taste of the inhabitants for the culture of flowers. "Approach the city on whichever side you may," says John Chambers, in his "General History of the County of Norfolk," "and you will see a neat little garden-plot before the door! You will see a few roses and dahlias, a jessamine, a clematis, or a vine climbing over the door. Nay, in the very heart of the city itself are to be found shows of ranunculuses and tulips, carnations and anemones; and in the most crowded parts of it you will see a little iron trellis-work before the window, guarding some humble pots of geranium and mignonette; or where this slight unexpensive protection cannot be afforded, you will often see a sweet-william, or a bunch of heart's-ease, or a marigold, peeping from within the poor weaver's garret window." This love of flowers is said to have been derived from the foreigners who found a home at Norwich in the reign of Edward the Third; and in yet greater numbers in the time of Elizabeth.

In such a city, and with a passion for flowers so strongly prevalent among the inhabitants, it was but natural to expect that attention would be given to the

study of systematic botany. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Norwich produced a set of botanists mostly of the artisan class, who prosecuted the science with very considerable success. Contemporaneous with these local florists or their successors, arose a group of Norwich men of world-wide botanical renown, of whom it is enough to name Sir James Edward Smith, Sir William Jackson Hooker, and Professor Lindley. In another paper devoted to a notice of the celebrities of Norwich, we shall touch more at length on the career of these distinguished natives of the orchard-city.

Surveyed from a distance, the prominent objects which strike the eye of the observer are the castle, the cathedral, and the towers of numerous churches. The castle, a huge structure of Norman origin, but now modernised, holds a commanding position on an eminence near the centre of the city. Once the stronghold and residence of kings, it has since the reign of Henry III been converted into a county gaol. The interior, however, still preserves the genuine features of its original character.

The cathedral was founded by Herbert, the first Bishop of Norwich, in 1096; and the churches are mostly of very considerable antiquity. St. Peter's Mancroft, the largest, is a handsome edifice, with a noble tower ninety-eight feet high, and containing a peal of twelve bells, considered one of the finest of the kingdom. Many curious monuments abound in this church. Beneath the chancel repose the remains of the famous Sir Thomas Browne. North-east rises the noble fabric of St. Andrew's: it is built in the later pointed style, and was completed in 1506. Next in importance is St. Stephen's, which was finished after the Reformation. St. Michael's, Coslany, with its square tower, may be held to rank next. St. Giles's, occupying the highest ground in the city, also with a square and yet more lofty tower, is one of the finest of the Norwich churches. St. Giles's was entirely rebuilt in the reign of Richard II.

The origin of the city may be dated from the time of the departure of the Roman forces from the island, about the year 418. Castor, three miles south-west of Norwich, was a Roman station; some suppose the *Venta Icenorum* of the Romans. The natives, and those of the Romans who remained, from a preference to the situation of Norwich removed thither, and so founded the city, hence the couplet—

"Caster was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built with Caster stone."

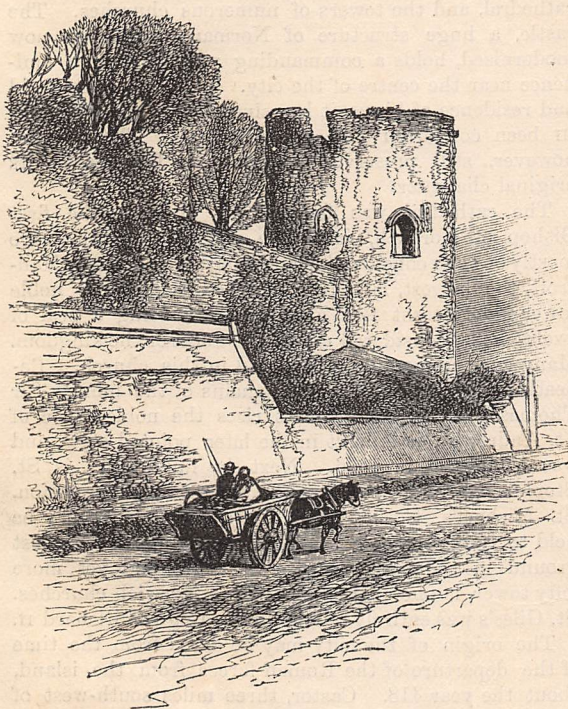
Norwich* became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia. The castle was erected on the site of an earlier fortification by Uffa, the first king of that people, in 575. Alfred the Great, it is recorded, strengthened the stronghold in 870. It was the object of frequent contests between the Saxons and the Danes. In 1004 the town was attacked by the Danish fleet, and laid in ashes. At that time it appears an arm of the sea stretched up as far as Norwich. By the middle of the tenth century, the town had for the period become both large and wealthy. The Danes settled in the county of Norfolk and town of Norwich in 1,010; and in 1021, Canute rebuilt the castle. In the time of Edward the Confessor, Norwich contained 1,320 burgesses with their families, and no less than twenty-five churches. It grew in importance until the time of the Conquest.

* The Park Terrace has been allowed to fall in some places into disorder, and well deserves restoration throughout.—[Ed. L. H., 1868.]

* North-wic in Saxon signifies a northern situation in a winding river, and because castles were usually placed at such situations the word *wic* was used for a castle. Norwich, therefore, may signify the northern castle at the winding of the river, the castle being situated near a loop of the Wensum, north of the ancient station at Castor.

William the Conqueror made Ralph de Walet governor, who having rebelled was subdued, but not without much injury to the town. Bishop Herbert de Losinga removed thither the seat of the See from Thetford in 1094, and began to build the cathedral and other ecclesiastical structures in 1096. From that time the city rapidly improved. William of Malmesbury speaks of it as famous for the number of its inhabitants and the extent of its trade.

Among the historical events which we may note in our rapid survey are the visits of royalty. Norwich was visited by Henry I, who kept Christmas there in



THE SNUFF TOWER.

1122, and conferred on the citizens a charter similar to that which had been granted to London. Almost all the English sovereigns to the time of Elizabeth were entertained in the city. Philippa of Hainault, the consort of Edward III, frequently visited Norwich, and was the patron of the colony of Flemish artisans, who, on the invitation of the king, had settled there in 1335. A great tournament was held in 1350, at which was present the Black Prince, with many of the nobility. It was on the 16th of August, 1578, that Queen Elizabeth arrived with her retinue. She was lodged in the Bishop's Palace, and stayed nearly a week. On her departure she declared that she had laid up such good will in her heart that she would never forget Norwich. On her journey, it is said, she looked back, with tears in her eyes, shook her riding-whip, and exclaimed "Farewell, Norwich!" Alas! Norwich had good cause not to forget the visit of the Queen. The roll of the town says that "the traines of Her Majesty's carriage, being many of them infected, left the plague behind them, which afterward so increased and continued, as it raged above a yer and three quarters after." Upwards of two thousand natives and a large number of the foreign refugees died during its continuance. This was not the first visitation of the plague; numbers had died in the year 1348, and again in 1479. The sweating sickness appeared in 1486; and towards the end of the 16th, and

beginning of the 17th centuries, there were repeated visitations of pestilence.

In 1422 the doctrines of the Reformation made their appearance in Norwich; and several persons were executed as Wickliffites or Lollards. Persecution continued until the accession of Edward VI, and was resumed with intensity during the reign of Mary. In 1531 the name of Thomas Bilney was added to the Norwich martyrology. Norwich was the scene of a local rebellion in 1549. The popular grievance was the enclosure of certain lands. Sixteen thousand men took up arms, led by two brothers of the name of Kett. They succeeded in obtaining possession of the city. In the conflict which ensued three thousand of the rebels were killed, and the leaders taken and executed.

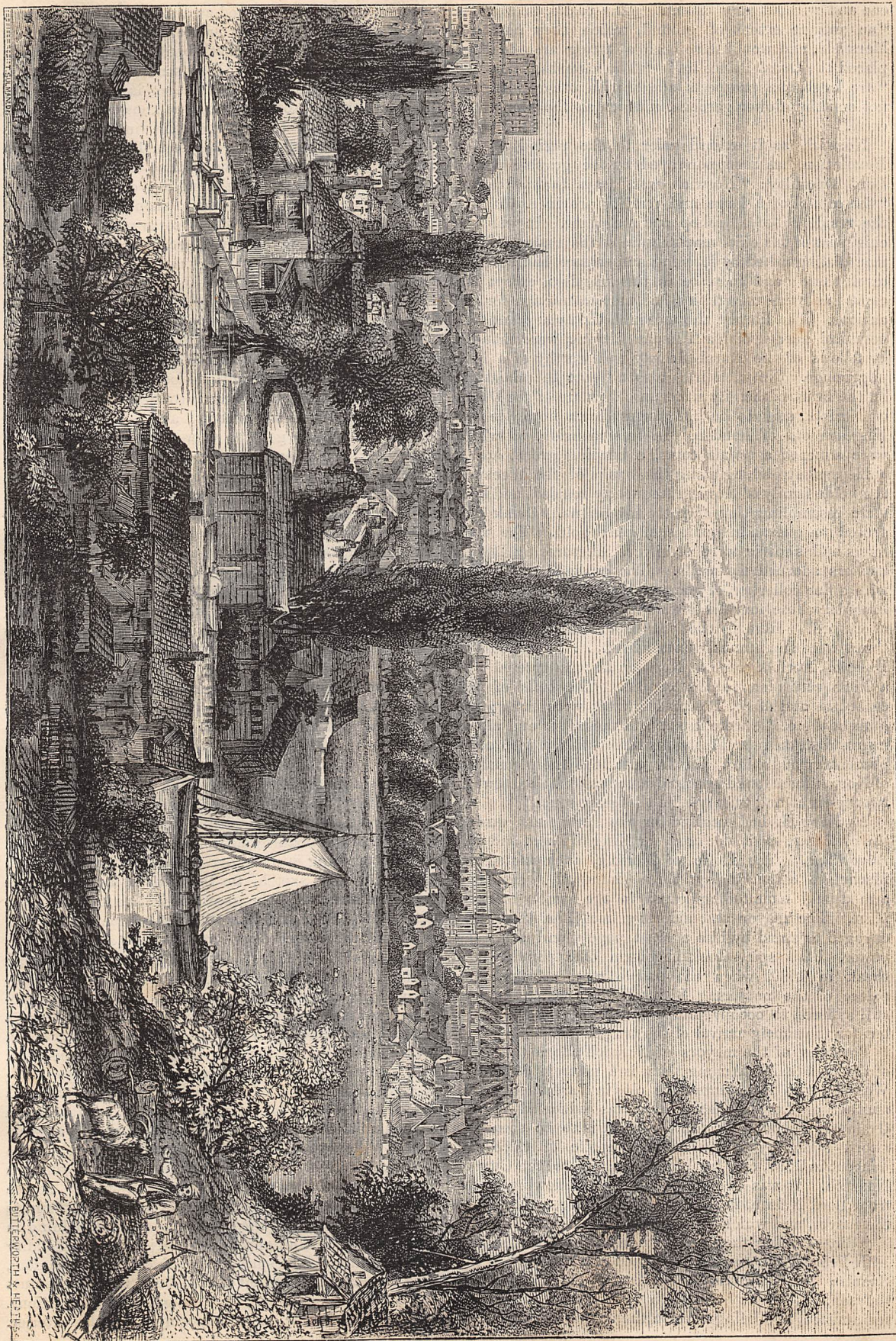
We have alluded to the foreigners who settled in Norwich; with them originated the woollen manufactures for which it became famous. Elizabeth was throughout the ardent protectress of the Protestant exiles. The native artisans of the town having become jealous of the strangers, a conspiracy was formed in 1570 to expel them. A letter of expostulation, written by the Queen from her palace at Greenwich, to the citizens, rebukes them for their jealousy of the authors of their prosperity, and entreats them to continue their favour to the "poor men of the Dutch nation, who, seeing the persecution lately begun in their country for the true religion, hath fled into this realm for succour, and be now placed in the city of Norwich." The remonstrance of Elizabeth appears to have had a good result, for some time afterwards the magistrates of Norwich wrote to the Privy Council regarding the aliens in these terms: "They live wholly of themselves, do beg of no man, and do sustain their own poor people. They obey all magistrates and all good laws. They live peaceably among themselves and towards all men; and we think our city happy to enjoy them."

During the period of the Commonwealth the cathedral was greatly injured. Bishop Hall was driven forth; and on the 25th September, 1645, the mayor and aldermen were informed by a letter from William Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, that Parliament had resolved to settle a Presbyterian Government in the kingdom, and requiring them to consider how the city of Norwich may be most conveniently divided into distinct classical presbyteries, and to certify the same to the House with all expedition. Yet Norwich, in common with the other cities of the kingdom, accepted the restoration of the monarchy with thanksgiving and rejoicing.

In 1671 Lord Henry Howard, who in the year following was created Earl of Norwich and Duke of Norfolk, entertained Charles II and his Queen, with the Dukes of York, Monmouth, and Buckingham, at his palace in Norwich. "At eight o'clock in the evening," says the historian of the event, "both their Majesties, with the whole Court, which was very numerous, were treated with a magnificent supper in a very large room beautifully illuminated with flambeaux. The next day, having visited the cathedral and Bishop's Palace, and being everywhere attended with the loud acclamations of the people, their Majesties were treated by the city with a glorious banquet at the New Hall; and before the King parted from the city he conferred the honour of knighthood upon the famous physician, Dr. Thomas Browne."

The Ducal Palace, which was the scene of the royal festivities, and which was demolished in the succeeding century, Evelyn describes as an "old wretched building, part of it newly built with brick, and standing in the very

NORWICH.



market-place, and though near a river yet a very muddy one and without any extent." The castle, he says, is "an antique extent of ground, which they now call Marsfield, and would have been a fitting area to have placed the Ducal Palace in." "The suburbs," he adds, "are large, the prospects sweet, with other amenities, not omitting flower gardens, in which all the inhabitants excel."

Norwich, as it existed prior to the period of the Revolution, has been portrayed by the graphic pen of Lord Macaulay: "Norwich was," says that historian, "the capital of a large and fruitful province. It was the residence of a bishop and a chapter. It was the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm. Some men distinguished by learning and science had recently dwelt there; and no place in the kingdom, except the capital and the universities, had more attraction for the curious. The library, the museum, the aviary, and the botanical garden of Sir Thomas Browne, were thought by fellows of the Royal Society well worthy of a long pilgrimage. Norwich had also a Court in miniature. In the heart of the city stood an old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, said to be the largest town house in the kingdom out of London. In this mansion, to which were annexed a tennis court, a bowling green, and a wilderness stretching along the banks of the Wensum, the noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept state resembling that of petty sovereigns. Drink was served to guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures by Italian masters adorned the walls. The cabinets were filled with a fine collection of gems purchased by that Earl of Arundel whose marbles are now among the ornaments of Oxford. Here in the year 1671 Charles and his Court were sumptuously entertained. . . . When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich he was greeted like a king returning to his capital. The bells of the cathedral and of St. Peter's Mancroft were rung; the guns of the castle were fired; and the mayor and aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow-citizen with complimentary addresses. In the year 1693 the population of Norwich was found by actual enumeration to be between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand souls."

As Norwich had decided for the Parliament during the civil war, so it declared for King William and the Revolution. The Duke of Norfolk, it is noted by Macaulay, attended by three hundred gentlemen armed and mounted, appeared in the stately market-place. The mayor and aldermen met him there, and engaged to stand by him against popery and arbitrary power. This spirit took the form of a popular outbreak in 1690, when the people rose, attacked the palace of the nonjuring Bishop Lloyd, which he was still suffered to occupy, and would have pulled it down but for the timely arrival of the trainbands.

Portraits of the mayors of Norwich adorn the walls of the Guildhall. Among them is a portrait of Horace Walpole, who represented the city in Parliament; and another of Lord Nelson, who was educated at the Grammar School. In the Guildhall is to be seen the sword taken by Nelson at the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797, and by him presented to the City of Norwich. It was accompanied by the following letter from Lord Nelson, in his own handwriting, addressed to the mayor, and which is also exhibited:—

"Sir,—Having the good fortune on the most glorious 14th February to become possessed of the sword of the Spanish Rear-Admiral Don Xavier Francisco Winthuysen, in the way set forth in the paper herewith transmitted, and being born in the county of Norfolk, I

beg leave to present the sword to the City of Norwich, in order to its being preserved as a memento of the event, and of my affection for my native county."

The river Wensum, on both banks of which Norwich is placed, and which, viewed at some distance, forms a picturesque object in the landscape, is, says Fuller, in his quaint way, "so wanton that it knoweth not its own mind which way to go; such the involved flexures thereof." The walls were begun in 1294, and finished in 1320, and looking at the outline of the city as enclosed, it fully bears out the notion of the old topographers, who compare it to a shoulder of venison. The walls, though still visible in some places, have been overrun by buildings which superadd a modern aspect and expression to the antique features of the garden-city. "As you stroll about Norwich," says a popular writer, "it has very much the air of an old city. A large number of the houses have many-gabled and overhanging fronts; and from the ground in which they are erected being very irregular and the streets narrow, they form picturesque antique-looking combinations; especially as some black church tower or the cathedral spire soars in the background above every prospect. But it is in these general views that the old houses show best: they have been mostly so altered—and in general no doubt necessarily—to meet the requirements of modern habits, that few retain much of their antiquity of details. Still the city looks old; and it is not difficult, in rambling about it, to realise to one's self a notion of its appearance, when a city of monks and soldiers, and soldier-like citizens: or later, when, rising into manufacturing eminence and wealth, its streets were thronged with a cheerful industrious population engaged in the ordinary duties of life, or crowding to witness some favourite pageant, a guild-day or a St. George's procession."

The market-place of Norwich, a picturesque feature, is so spacious that it ranks as one of the largest of the kingdom. St. Andrew's Hall, originally the nave of the Black Friars' Convent, is a splendid and capacious civic edifice.

There is much in the cathedral, the bishop's palace and deanery, with the Erpingham and Ethelred gates, to interest the antiquarian. The contents of the Museum will be found well worthy of examination; but without entering into further details, we may advert, in concluding our sketch, to the general aspect of the cathedral structure—the great distinctive feature of the City of Norwich; and this will best be done in the language of the writer already quoted:—"As seen from the lower slope of Mousehold Hill, the circular east-end of the cathedral, with its flying buttresses, forms a striking and majestic composition. Incongruities that somewhat mar the general effect, when looked at from a nearer point of view, do not catch the eye; but, indeed, it cannot be seen as a whole from any nearer position, owing to the lowness of the site and the various buildings which surround it. The eastern end, too, which is turned to the river, is by far the grandest. The western end, in spite of its noble window, has a meagre appearance. When examined closely, there is much to admire in the several portions of the exterior, although there is but little of that surpassing grandeur which is the characteristic of some other cathedrals. The tower is the most elevated of the Norman period remaining in England, and has an appearance of richness and solidity very pleasing. The spire is the loftiest in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Salisbury, to which it must also yield, although very fine in grace of proportions. The interior is far more imposing than the exterior.

As you enter the cathedral, the enormous Norman piers and columns in the nave, supporting the heavy circular arches and the two tiers of lighter arches above them, and the splendid stone roof spanning all, and in a long vista stretching before you, produce a feeling of awe that is not lost while you remain within the sacred walls."

PRE-HISTORICAL MAN.

II.

THERE are two opposing theories prevalent concerning the cause of man's progress in society. One is, that man being endowed with a capacity for invention, has progressed from barbarism to civilization by the exercise of this faculty alone. The rival theory, whilst it does not deny capacity or progressive improvement, affirms that there are facts in the case which neither of these circumstances will resolve or explain, and therefore maintains that some external communication has been at some time given or made to mankind, originating or aiding his development, and that barbarism is a degenerate, and not a normal, condition of humanity.

The former theory affirms that mankind were originally created in a savage and forlorn condition, left to trust to their own unaided faculties for getting on in the world.

The latter theory supposes that the first creation was accompanied by communications which helped man in religion and the arts of social life; that these were, by the bulk of mankind, subsequently lost, in part or in whole, but have been in various instances, in some form or other, preserved, and that traces of them are to be found amongst savage tribes.

We need hardly say that the latter supposition is in fact the statement of the Bible narrative. Although, with that record in our hands, we hold it to be fully proved thereby, yet we wish now to consider it quite apart from this proof; we desire, for our present purpose, to go into the domains of science and to form our opinion on its discoveries alone.

It is not an answer to the first theorist to say that there has been no uniformity in the development of civilization, the arts acquired by two distant tribes in the same duration of time are wholly different; because the conditions of the problem, the outward circumstances of climate and food, are also wholly different. Nor is it an answer to the second theorist to say, that, in spite of these differences, there is a marvellous similarity, at certain stages, in the development of people; because there are instances to the contrary, which destroy the value of the supposed evidence.

But there have been recently disinterred, or brought to notice, numberless relics of races of men who occupied western Europe before history commences. If these all indicate a natural growth and improvement, if they testify of such things only as barbarous man may discover and improve, then the first theory may be true, so far as any given locality is in question. It would therefore follow that the first theory is, to a certain extent, established as a true theory of progression.

On the other hand, if there are relics which indicate circumstances not explicable by this supposition, but demanding external communication, we infer immigration or trade; and if amongst these facts we still find phenomena insoluble by any supposition of mere natural origin, we shall be driven to the inference of a supernatural communication.

We appeal to the catalogue published in our last number, p. 518, in proof of the fact, that the intro-

duction of polished stone, of metals, and of the arts, amongst the primeval antiquities of western Europe, was not effected by educational processes of any kind, but by importation. Articles of new fashion and new material, new modes and new arts, are found all at once. So completely is this the case, that the only index-marks in this obscure chronology are those which have been found in the introduction of such foreign elements. The use made of these importations show subsequent improvement, and thus we find proofs of the scope and also of the limit of the first theory, whilst establishing the universal truth of the second.

Social science and geography attest the fact but too well known, that man is capable of individual and social degeneracy; not only capable, but liable to this downward process. The records of travel furnish very numerous cases of people who have wandered away from civilization, taken up with methods of savage life, become partially wild, and become also the progenitors of a semi-savage race which, in its successions, speedily retains nothing of civilization but some isolated habits and traditions. The South Sea voyagers and missionaries have registered many instances of the commencement and course of this decadence in the case of runaway sailors. Savage tribes and confederations have been formed by men originally wanderers from civilization.

The converse of this is also true, and has been still more frequently proved. Contrast a picture in "Cook's Voyages," representing a horrid human sacrifice there witnessed by the English navigators in the year 1777, with the present commercial, peaceful, and civilized aspect of the same place.

But how do we know that such civilization as this could not, and has not in some distant age of the world, been self-evolved? How do we know that it is not a genuine simple growth of man's nature? Simply by an appeal to facts. The world has been now well ransacked by intelligent observers, but it has only been to add proof upon proof to the tale of universal degeneracy. Mr. Ellis, author of "Polynesian Researches," speaking of the South Sea islands before a committee of the House of Commons, thus puts the case: "If civilization be viewed as consisting in exemption from temporal wants, and the possession of means of present enjoyment, the inhabitants of these islands were placed in circumstances more favourable to civilization than perhaps any other people under heaven. They have a salubrious climate, a fertile soil, and an abundance of all that could render the present life happy, so far as mere animal existence is concerned; but there was perhaps no portion of the human family in a state of wretchedness equal to that to which they were reduced before Christianity was introduced among them. They were accustomed to practise infanticide, probably more extensively than any other nation; they offered human sacrifices in greater numbers than I have read of there being offered by any other nation."*

And yet, these forlorn people possessed some relics of better days—some usages and traditions which cannot be explained by their condition at the time they were discovered by Europeans. The myths of Polynesia, attesting a common origin and a remote connection with distant civilized nations, are becoming the object of attention and the subjects of literature. To take an instance from tribes still lower in the scale, the Caffres, who were stated to have no notion of a deity: we are now told by missionaries who have studied in their midst,

* "Evidence on Aborigines," p. 178.

that they too have retained some traces of their loftier descent. Mr. Shaw, in his evidence before the Aborigines Committee, says:—"They are not idolaters, but they have the fragments of some very ancient system of religion still subsisting among them, in the form of singular observances, which they do not connect with any religious institution, though we know they must have been originally instituted for religious purposes; as, for instance, circumcision, burning incense, offering sacrifices and oblations; and the rain-makers, whom I regard as the successors of a former race of priests."*

The prevalence, at one and the same time, of barbarism in one part of the world and civilization in another, is just what would happen upon the communication of knowledge to beings capable of choice and self-improvement, or of degeneracy. This is so fully exhibited by the facts of geography that no hypothesis save this one of double action can adequately account for the phenomena. It is incredible that the enormous variations which have appeared during all our historical era could have resulted from a uniform law, although working under varying conditions.

The rude condition of man in Europe during the earliest period is quite consistent with contemporary civilization in Egypt and Assyria. [The former may well have resulted from early migration to ruder regions, and a process of gradual deterioration.

Sir John Lubbock affirms that it is inconceivable that certain arts of civilization could ever have been so totally lost as is evinced in the case of certain rude tribes. Against this we may say that it is still more incredible that tribes so rude should have invented some of the arts or usages which we find among them.

Thus we are brought to the conclusion, that whether barbarism is a natural result, or civilization a natural growth, the one may certainly have been derived from the other, and the Scripture account may be true for aught that science can show. But when we regard other considerations, language and tradition, we get a step further, and find the Scripture account supported by the highest probability of which the case admits.

Max Muller says:—"As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again."†

Archæology, too, furnishes its quota of evidence towards the same conclusion. The proposition that the arts found among barbarians have been communicated and not originated is supported by the existence among them of such contrivances as the fire-drill, the use of cooking stones, the art of smelting and working metals, and other accomplishments which, either from their nature or the mode of their performance, make it obvious that they were not the product of the mere invention of the people using them.‡ So the prevalence of particular customs that must have had an artificial origin tells the same story, such as the *needfire*. So the universality of certain traditions, *e.g.*, of a deluge, and the re-peopling of the earth by one pair. So the remarkable correspondence between popular tales or traditions of different and distant people.§ So the almost universal origin of traditions or tales apparently grounded on the

early Bible narratives.* Humboldt long since concluded that the civilization of Mexico had a common origin with that of Asia, and that both people were united either by common descent, by commerce, or by migration.†

The word *civilization*, in its popular sense, expresses a twofold idea, the progression of society and of the individuals composing it; or, in other words, the establishment of beneficial, social, and political arrangements for the community, and the promotion of personal, moral, and intellectual progress. The double process is included in the ordinary meaning of the word.

Man possesses in an elemental condition, the faculty, the germ-power of this development. He also manifests a tendency to social and individual deterioration.

Uncivilized tribes, visited at infrequent intervals, left without useful foreign communications, have been observed to be stationary, or to deteriorate.

From all these facts we conclude that there was an epoch of primary civilization; not of refined and perfected knowledge, but of acquaintance with internal power and the surrounding portion of external nature, with an appreciation of the objects of life and of the means of promoting them, and of religious duty and pleasure. The endowments which man received from God must have been accompanied by some instruction as to their use. Such instructions comprised language and the common arts of life.

The language of Archbishop Whately still expresses most clearly the warrantable deductions from the facts, so much more extensively collected now than even at the date of his "Essay on Civilization."

"It has been very commonly taken for granted, not only by writers among the ancient heathen, but by modern authors, that the savage state was the original one, and that mankind, or some portion of mankind, gradually raised themselves from it by the unaided exercise of their own faculties. I say 'taken for granted,' because one does not usually meet with any attempt to establish this by proof, or even any distinct statement of it; but it is assumed, as something about which there can be no manner of doubt. You may hear plausible descriptions given of a supposed race of savages subsisting on wild fruits, herbs, and roots, and on the precarious supplies of hunting and fishing; and then, of the supposed process by which they emerged from this state, and gradually invented the various arts of life, till they became a decidedly civilized people. One man, it has been supposed, wishing to save himself the trouble of roaming through the woods in search of wild fruits and roots, would bethink himself of collecting the seeds of these, and cultivating them in a plot of ground cleared and broken up for the purpose. And, finding that he could thus raise more than enough for himself, he might agree with some of his neighbours to exchange a part of his produce for some of the game or fish taken by them. Another man again, it has been supposed, would contrive to save himself the labour and uncertainty of hunting, by catching some kinds of wild animals alive, and keeping them in an enclosure to breed, that he might have a supply always at hand. And again others, it is supposed, might devote themselves to the occupation of dressing skins for clothing, or of building huts or canoes, or of making bows and arrows, or various kinds of tools; each exchanging his productions with his neighbours for food. And each, by devoting his attention to some one kind of manufacture, would

* "Evidence," p. 327.

† "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. ii. p. 8.

‡ See particularly Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," chapters vii., viii., ix., and p. 255 and 287.

§ *Ibid.*, chapters xi., xii.

* *Ibid.*, p. 331.

† *Ibid.*, p. 332.

acquire increased skill in that, and would strike out new inventions.

"And thus these supposed savages, having in this way become divided into *husbandmen, shepherds, and artisans* of several kinds, would begin to enjoy the various advantages of a 'division of labour,' and would advance, step by step, in all the arts of civilized life.

"Such descriptions as the above, of what it is supposed has actually taken place, or of what possibly might take place, are likely to appear plausible, at the first glance, to those who do not inquire carefully and reflect attentively. But, on examination, all these suppositions will be found to be completely at variance with all history, and inconsistent with the character of such beings as real savages actually are. Such a process of inventions and improvements as that just described is what we may safely say never did, and never possibly can, take place in any tribe of savages left wholly to themselves. . . .

"But as for savages properly so styled—that is, people sunk as low, or anything near as low, as many tribes that our voyagers have made us acquainted with—there is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilized condition, or, indeed, rising at all, without instruction and assistance from people already civilized. . . .

"Then, again, if we look to ancient historical records and traditions concerning nations that are reported to have risen from a savage to a civilized state, we find that in every instance they appear to have had the advantage of the instruction and example of civilized men living among them. They always have some tradition of some foreigner, or some being from heaven, as having first taught them the arts of life. . . .

"We have, therefore, in this case all the proof that a negative admits of. In all the few instances in which there is any record or tradition of a savage people becoming civilized, we have a corresponding record or tradition of their having been aided by instructors; and in all the (very numerous) cases we know of in which savages have been left to themselves, they appear never to have advanced one step. The experiment, as it may be called, has been going on in various regions for many ages; and it appears to have never once succeeded. . .

"Since it appears, then, a complete moral certainty that men left unassisted in what is called a state of nature,—that is, with the faculties man is born with not at all unfolded or exercised by education,—never did, and never can, raise themselves from that condition: the question next arising is, When and how did civilization first originate? How comes it that the whole world is not peopled exclusively with savages?

"Such would evidently have been the case if the human race had always from the first been left without any instruction from some superior being, and yet had been able to *subsist at all*. But there is strong reason to doubt whether even this bare subsistence would have been possible. It is most likely that the first generation would all have perished for want of that scanty knowledge, and those few rude arts which even savages possess, and which probably did not originate with them, but are remnants which they have retained from a more civilized state. If it be supposed—and this is one of the many bold conjectures that have been thrown out—that man was formerly endowed with many instincts such as those of the brute creation, which instincts were afterwards obliterated and lost through civilization, then the human race might have

subsisted in the savage state; but we should all have been savages to this day. How comes it, then, that all mankind are *not* at this day as wild as the Papuans and Hottentot-Bushmen? According to the present course of things, the first introducer of civilization among savages is, and must be, *man* in a more improved state; in the *beginning*, therefore, of the human race, this, since there was no *man* to effect it, must have been the work of *another being*. There must have been, in short, something of a REVELATION made to the first or to some subsequent generation of our species. And this miracle (for such it clearly is, being out of the present course of nature) is attested *independently* of Scripture, and consequently in *confirmation* of the Scripture accounts, by the fact that civilized man exists at the present day. Each one of us Europeans, whether Christian, Deist, or Atheist, is actually a portion of a standing *monument* of a former communication to mankind from some superhuman being. That man could not have *made* himself, is often appealed to as a proof of the agency of a divine *Creator*; and that mankind could not, in the first instance, have *civilized* themselves, is a proof of the same kind, and of precisely equal strength, of the agency of a divine *Instructor*.

"It will have occurred to you, no doubt, that the conclusions we have arrived at agree precisely with what is recorded in the oldest book extant. The Book of Genesis represents mankind as originally existing in a condition which, though far from being highly civilized, was very far removed from that of savages. It describes man as not having been, like the brutes, left to provide for himself by his innate bodily and mental faculties, but as having received at first some immediate divine communications and instructions. And so early, according to this record, was the *division of labour*, that, of the first two men who were born of woman, one is described as a tiller of ground, and the other as a keeper of cattle. But I have been careful, as you must have observed, to avoid appealing, in the outset, to the Bible as an authority, because I have thought it important to show, independently of that authority, and from a monument actually before our eyes,—the existence of civilized man,—that there is no escaping such conclusions as agree with the Bible narrative."

Archbishop Whately's arguments, although attacked by various opponents, most recently by Sir John Lubbock, still remain firm and unshaken. We may grant to Sir John all his facts, and apply to them successfully the archbishop's hypothesis; while there are admitted facts in the case which Sir John's hypothesis will not explain. The mere multiplication of *such* facts adds nothing to the evidence in the point at issue. "The important question," says Humboldt, "has not yet been resolved, whether that savage state, which even in America is found in various gradations, is to be looked upon as the dawning of a society about to rise, or whether it is not the rather fading remains of one sinking amidst storms, overthrown by overwhelming catastrophes. To me the latter seems to be nearer the truth than the former." Niebuhr also expressed his conviction that all savages are the degenerated remnants of more civilized races, who had been overpowered by enemies, and driven to seek safety in woods and waste places till they had forgotten most of the arts of settled life, and gradually sunk into the state in which they are now found. The learned researches of Professor Rawlinson all lead to the same conclusion. We have already admitted that, within certain limits, savages

are capable of some improvement, as might be expected where reason is added to instinct. But we hold that the theory of man having raised himself, by spontaneous and progressive development, from a primitive savage state, and from yet lower forms of organic life, is not supported by proof. The theory of Divine interposition is the true scientific explanation, inasmuch as it alone meets *all* the facts of the case.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER II.—MY FIRST CURACY.

WHAT a fund of lively conversation has a first curacy formed in the circle of clerical friends; how very vivid, even after a lapse of years, are the incidents of a first curacy! It seems to me that the trials, successes, failures, and cares of a first curacy, are as much and as deeply stamped upon the mind of a young clergyman, as are the lessons of early childhood themselves. How ardent are the desires, how fervent the wishes, of a young minister, who, fresh from taking the Ordination vow, enters upon his solemn engagement to work for God in his first curacy!

And who among us of the clergy, as he looks back upon that memorable day when he ascended the pulpits to deliver his first sermon, does not heave a sigh, as he thinks of the crust of worldliness which has encircled all those holy aspirations with which he was then filled, how the promises of self-devotion and single-heartedness towards God have become too much a thing of the past and of memory only? I do not say that there is no devotion remaining, no desire to do one's duty as a clergyman; but there is no longer that freshness, that heartiness, that oneness of purpose which there was when we first entered into "the Holy Order of Deacons." Happy, yea, thrice blessed, are they who, by God's grace, have been enabled to retain all the zeal and devotedness of their first love!

I will pass over the preliminary preparation, the signing of the necessary papers, the ordeal of the Bishop's examination, which, in my case, was rather below the average in scholarship questions, but with perhaps more practical parochial ones than generally falls to the lot of candidates to be examined upon. And I cannot help thinking that if a man has passed the University tests in matters of scholarship, that the Bishop's examination questions should mainly be directed to that special sphere of work in which we were about to engage—and concerning which many of us knew very little.

The final day of examination was of course an anxious one, especially when, during the morning, we saw one candidate for deacons' orders, and two for priests', called out singly and never return to finish their paper they were engaged upon. When summoned from the room, we began to look one another in the face, and our hearts beat fast, as, after a considerable pause, the verger opened the door to call out another martyr, as we supposed. However, this gentleman soon returned with a beaming countenance, and upon a second re-entering the room in like manner, we, the remaining ones, began to breathe more freely, and congratulate each other with the hope that all the rest of us had passed; and so it proved, happily, to be the case.

I shall not describe the ordination scene; it has been so often witnessed, and so frequently written upon, for who, as a simple spectator, has ever seen that solemn rite performed unmoved! But how much more solemn, how

much deeper an impression must it make upon the candidate who is about to take upon himself vows, and to receive an office which can only be shaken off by death—and after death, what a stewardship to have to render account of!

On the following morning, having received our licences and letters of orders, we were scattered to our different spheres of labour. Up to the present time I have only twice met with any of those with whom I was ordained, either deacon or priest.

My introduction to my first incumbent took place as I descended from the top of a coach on which I had been riding for the last five hours, through some of the beautiful scenery of Devonshire, among whose "Tors" my curacy lay. It was a very retired and secluded spot, far removed from any town, and with very little society, the one great event of the day being the stoppage of the coach at a little roadside inn on the extreme verge of the parish.

This want of society, however, was, as I found by experience, amply compensated by the very agreeable and cheerful disposition and manners of my vicar and his amiable wife. He possessed a great fund of anecdote and useful information, and had a great talent for describing scenery and actions which he had witnessed in his travels abroad; indeed, himself and wife had spent the greater part of seventeen years in various parts of Europe, and their conversation was most interesting and instructive. Most likely it was from the fact of his having travelled so much, that he was, if I may so speak, wider-minded than the majority of country clergy generally are found to be. He had lately been inducted into the living, and was anxious to obtain the services of a curate with whom he could be on the most intimate terms. I think we mutually agreed in this respect, for during the time that I resided with him, we never had the least disagreement. We worked most harmoniously together, and I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure to the happy years I spent in that secluded rustic-thatched Devonshire parsonage.

I believe that in sentiment and in taste, we could not have been more in unison; and further than this, with regard to my own personal comfort, my vicar and his wife both treated me as a younger brother, and not as if I belonged to a different race or of a distinct order, as alas! some curates of my acquaintance have been treated by rectors and their wives.

We both were fully employed, and had plenty of work cut out for us in the geographical position of the parish, consisting as it did in an area of eight miles in diameter, and with a population of two thousand collected into five or six separate little hamlets. One of these hamlets was much larger than the rest, and was allotted to me as my special charge. It was situated at some distance from the parish church, which by some strange freak of its founder, had been built away from the majority of the inhabitants, in order, so it was said, to try the faith of the people. I certainly wish that he had tried their faith in another way, for the natural consequence was that on wet days (and we have our full share among the Tors of Devon, where, if it is no pouring rain, it is nearly always drizzling) our faith was severely tried by seeing frequently a more than half empty church.

The occupation of the inhabitants was purely and simply agricultural. They were excessively ignorant, and consequently very superstitious; indeed, I have always found that the two go naturally together; and I may add that the inhabitants of highland districts

are invariably more so than those dwelling in the low lands. In fact, the parish had been much neglected during the last few years, as the late incumbent, a very old man, had entirely given up pastoral visitation, through his infirmities, and he was also in such needy circumstances himself, that he could not afford to procure the services of a curate.

The living was a very small one, the great tithes being swallowed up by a non-resident landlord, as is too often the case with country livings in the West of England. The roads through the parish were of course, from their locality, very hilly and uneven; they were also narrow, with high banks on either side, but the "waywardens" had kept them in much better repair than were those of the majority of Devonshire parishes. The narrowness of these roads or Devonshire lanes may be understood from a curious and useful custom existing among the farmers and their carters. Sometimes for nearly a quarter of a mile two vehicles could not pass. Waggon laden with corn, or going to market, always wore loud-sounding bells, in order that another waggon coming in a contrary direction might pull into one of the recesses made in the side of the bank in order to allow of the other passing. There were, however, frequent altercations between the drivers of the different waggons as to whose duty it was to wait for the other, and when returning from market not quite sober, these disputes often ended in blows and fights, and frequently produced ill-feeling among their respective employers.

CHAPTER III.—THE PARISHIONERS.

STRANGE as it may appear, and nearly an incredible fact to many, yet it is perfectly true that there was not a family bearing the name of Smith, Brown, or Jones, and only one Robinson, in all the two thousand people which composed the population of my first curacy.

The squire was non-resident, a most fortunate circumstance for both parson and people. The residence of a good squire is as great a blessing in a rural parish as that of a bad squire is a curse. About once a year he came to visit some of his tenants, a time of disgraceful lawlessness and of dissipation. I cannot refer to his doings without severe censure, yet of himself I must speak in sorrow rather than anger. There were good points in his character, though overborne by evil influences and evil companionship. I will dismiss him with the mention of some things to be recorded to his praise, or to the encouragement of those who, in dependence on the great Overruler of men's wills, try to influence unlikely agents to do unlikely things. He gave a new and expensive organ to the church, and handsomely restored the chancel, and beautified it by the introduction of some good stained glass, adding also a very good altar-cloth and some richly-carved communion rails. One special act of generosity I ought not to forget, especially as it was performed towards a poor curate. In the neighbouring parish lived a married curate and his wife and family, so poor that they could not afford to keep a servant of any description, and frequently were a whole week together without tasting animal food. One Christmas morning this married curate received from our squire the handsome and unexpected present of a cheque for one hundred pounds, and a nomination for his eldest son's entrance into Christ's Hospital.

The farmers of the parish were a well-to-do set of men, and, taken as a whole, were rather superior and intellectual, and the majority of them well affected towards the church. But singularly enough, while they

professed a love for literature, and those from the greatest distance came regularly at least once a day to service, they were totally indifferent as to whether their servants or their children came, and they were most vehemently opposed to any system of education. Of course there were discontented, self-opinionated men who made themselves disagreeable, but they formed, happily, but a small minority of the parishioners.

I have much more to say about our poor, the mass of our parishioners. As a whole they were extremely poor, but generally speaking contented: railways had not penetrated that part of Devonshire, and from the want of communication with the outer world, they knew nothing of the larger wages to be obtained in more thickly populated localities. And upon how little they had to be contented; a man's full wages for agricultural labour being seven shillings a week, with the exception of hay and harvest time, when they were a little higher! It is true sometimes milk was found for the family, and cider for the labourer, but this was not universally the case.

Rents were, however, cheap, one shilling and one shilling-and-sixpence a week being the usual rate, and I have positively known them as low as sixpence a week, but this was for a mere hovel. These cheap houses were not built of brick or of stone, but of "cob," a mixture of mud, stones, straw, and small-coal, and were generally thatched and white-washed. The floors were often of rough round stones, and where tiles or quarry had been laid down instead of these rough uneven stones, it was no uncommon custom for the indwellers to attempt to stain one half of the square tile to a greenish colour, with potato tops or other vegetables.

My readers may know that peat is the article commonly burnt as fuel in many parts of Devon, as coal is excessively dear on account of the expense of cartage; indeed, in the part in which I resided, we paid thirty-seven shillings a ton for it, so that it was quite beyond the reach of the poor; but in consequence of the constant burning peat in their fireplaces (grates they had none), it is a fact that the whole of their clothes, food, houses, and the people themselves, and even the air, was tainted and strongly impregnated with the smell of burning peat. This odour produces a very disagreeable effect upon strangers; and reading aloud in a cottage which is heated with a peat-fire causes great irritation to the throat, and produces a smarting pain in the eyes. The cutting of the turf, in order to make it ready for fuel, is attended by little labour or fatigue, as it lies compact and in great quantities on the moors. It is mostly prepared by the women alone, needing little help from the men.

Of drainage there was little or none in any of the hamlets; and the whole of the population were dependent upon watercourses and springs for their supply of this great necessary of life and cleanliness. The only pump in the parish was at the Vicarage, so that during the summer season not only were there great inroads made upon our supply, but there was generally a great scarcity of water throughout the parish, and much inconvenience experienced by the necessity of fetching it from a distance. Indeed, if a fire had broken out, what with the thatched roofs and want of water, the consequences must have been most fearful, and such is actually often the case in villages similarly situated.

During the declining years of the late vicar a school of rather a superior class had attempted to establish itself in the larger hamlet which fell into my share of the parish to look after. All I could ever see about the school was that an old man used to walk about and

thrash the boys, but I never found out that they really learnt anything. Over this school we had no substantial control for some few years, though I was permitted on sufferance to visit occasionally. When I went unexpectedly I found the old man in his shirt-sleeves blacking his boots, or in some equally unscholastic employment, the boys sticking pins into each other, or up to other mischief. Of course there was no order or method of teaching, except when the master, stung into rage by some more than usually flagrant misconduct, rushed up and down the school, hitting right and left innocent and guilty alike. I once caught him in the midst of such a scene; I hope I may never witness such another.

Eventually we got matters on rather a better footing, for the master falling ill, we got the permission of the persons to whom the school virtually belonged, to procure the assistance of a man from the training-school of the diocese, and he managed, in the few months in which he stayed, to impart a little knowledge, and to produce a little order and discipline.

We found that it was utterly impossible to set up a rival school to this wretched burlesque of one; the vicar's income did not allow of his paying an efficient master, and as I have already stated, the farmers, from their being opposed to all education, were only too pleased to let matters continue as they were.

I ought to say that there were three or four little dame schools in the parish, at one of which I saw the old horn primer still in use. At this little school, for the purpose of astonishing the new vicar upon his first visit, the very small children were called up by the woman in charge, to repeat the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which the little things lisped out as well as they could. What mistakes they made in pronouncing the names I shall never know, for I was completely convulsed with laughter at the supposed correction of the names by the old dame herself.

I found out subsequently that this exhibition was frequently repeated, particularly when any stranger called. I tried to take this school in hand, but failed to make much progress, for in spite of my expostulations, this dame schoolmistress would continue to teach the children solely to read the Revelation of St. John for New Testament reading; and Leviticus was the only book they were ever allowed to read in the Old Testament. Time after time, I altered the chapters, plainly pointing out to her what was most proper for them to read; but all to no purpose, for no sooner was my back turned, than Leviticus and Revelation were resumed; and if I dropped in accidentally at a later period of the day, I should be sure to see the children hard at work spelling out the ceremonial law, or else bewildered among the prophetic mysteries of the seals and vials.

Soon after my arrival among the people of my first curacy, I was much struck with the various and strange greetings with which I was welcomed. When I entered the house of one of the poorer parishioners, I was invariably politely asked, "Will you perch?" meaning would I be seated. In the farm-houses the customary form of offering hospitality was, "Will you take something to make use of?" A poor man or woman would not let you set back your chair against the wall when you rose to leave, having finished your visit, it being a sure sign that you never intended to visit him again; and for the same reason I found that in the houses of the richer parishioners you were never allowed to fold up your dinner-napkin. I thought when I often heard the expression, "Rampant with pain," that it was expressive; as also, "I did not think he would turn over so soon," meaning die so suddenly.

Varieties.

GOLD PRODUCT IN VICTORIA.—The yield of gold from the mines of Victoria for the year 1867 was 1,493,831 ounces. The average number of miners employed was 65,857, and the average earnings 35s. per week. The gold-mining companies in the colony paid in the year 1867 dividends amounting to more than £820,000, being a much larger number of pounds sterling than the number of the entire population—men, women, and children. The amount would be very largely increased if there were added the profits of private mining undertakings, and of companies who do not make public their yields and dividends.

VALUE OF HIGHLAND PROPERTIES.—Sir Thomas M. Riddell, Bart., has supplied the *Inverness Courier* with the following memorandum, which is extremely interesting as showing the great advance in the value of land in some of the most inaccessible parts of the West Highlands within a hundred years. Guisachan, the property in question, is situated on the southern or Sunart side of the head of Lochshiel:—"Guisachan: Rent in 1767, £10 10s. Sheep rent in 1867, £175; game rent in 1867, £30; rent in 1867, £205. Sold lately by Sir Thomas Riddell to Mr. Howard, of Stanley, near Perth, for £8,120, being twenty years' purchase of the game rent, and fifty years' purchase of the sheep rent."

PRESIDENTIAL LITERATURE.—Seldom is a precocious offender brought into the dock but evidence is given that, on searching him or his dwelling-place, a heap of foul fictions is found. The kind of work in question is not likely to come under the eye—or nose—of many who read this journal; nor is it necessary to annoy their senses by more than a general reference to the character of the poison. But it is well that the educated classes, and those who exert themselves to educate others, and find with dismay that their efforts are baffled by some undercurrent, should know that to the boys of the humbler class there are sold, in enormous quantities, penny stories of the most atrocious kind. These hell-broths are spiced to please the taste of the demoralised lads. The hero is a boy "of spirit," who scorns honest trade and the making "a few dull shillings" a week, and who takes to robbery, either by fraud or force. He is bold and prosperous. He has his reward in all, the pleasures he can understand, his "jovial glass," and in the means of other profligacy. The combined attraction of an exciting story and of foul morals is irresistible. The reformatories are full to overflowing, and our cities swarm with young reprobates. Now, we make—and properly—a great fuss about the sale of physical poisons, and the druggist is compelled to label his bottles with the word of warning. But, for one dose of physical, a thousand doses of moral poison are sold. We cannot even trust our theatrical audiences, though they are juries from each class, to decide what is good for them, and we have a censorship. But, unless a book is so brutally coarse as to come under Lord Campbell's Act, there is no check upon the vendor of garbage.—*Illustrated London News*.

BISHOP SELWYN ON BAZAARS.—Some time ago, Bishop Selwyn attended at the village of Curbar to consecrate a new church. In responding to his health, at a luncheon which subsequently took place, his lordship, referring to the work that had called them together that day, expressed a hope that they would not cease in their endeavours in connection with this church until school-rooms and a parsonage had been also erected. Let them on no account have a bazaar. He thought that was a very unmanly way of raising money. The meanest thing men could do was to throw work on the women. He said that advisedly, because having lived twenty-five years among savages, he recognised that their distinguishing mark was to make women do the work of men. That was the system on which bazaars were held. He hoped they would complete their endeavours by direct taxation, not indirect. When he returned from New Zealand, he hoped he should find the remainder of the money necessary for the schools and parsonage had been raised. But his last words were, "Don't have a bazaar." [Ladies are better judges than the Bishop as to the duties, drudgeries, or delights of thus taking their share in good work.]

THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN.—The despatch of Lord Stanley declaring war against Abyssinia was sent on the 16th of April, 1867, and on the 13th of April, 1868, Magdala was taken and the Emperor Theodore was no more. Sir R. Napier landed at Zoulla on the 3rd January, 1868, and in exactly 100 days the campaign was over.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*.



SAD EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN we got sufficiently near the beach to distinguish objects, we saw the captain standing with a pistol in his hand, which was pointed at the mate, who held a long knife in his hand, with which he was about, it seemed, to make a rush at his opponent, while three or four men had arranged themselves on either side, and were flourishing various weapons. The shots we heard told us that they had already fired at each other several times, but were too tipsy to take a steady aim. One

man, however, lay wounded on the ground, and from the gestures of the mate, he would in another instant plunge his knife in the bosom of the captain, unless stopped by the latter's bullet.

"You knock up the skipper's arm, while I seize the other fellow," exclaimed O'Carroll to me, springing forward.

I did as he bid me; he ran a great risk of being shot. The mate turned on O'Carroll with an oath, and the captain snapped his pistol at me, but fortunately he had already discharged it, and in another instant I brought him, as he attempted to grapple with me, to the ground.

O'Carroll had mastered the mate, and the other men stood staring at us, but offering no opposition. "Is this the way for men to behave who have just been saved from death, to make yourselves worse than the brute beasts? This—this is the cause of it!" exclaimed O'Carroll, kicking a cask from which a stream of spirit was even then running out. "It would have been no loss to us if you had killed each other, but we could not see our fellow-creatures perish without trying to save them."

The bold and determined tone in which O'Carroll spoke, aided by the arrival of the rest of our friends, had such an effect on the seamen, that those who were still able to move slunk away to a distance, while the captain and his mate, when we let them go, sat down helplessly on the sand, forgetting entirely their quarrel and its cause. There they sat, laughing stupidly at each other, as if the affair had been a good joke. While O'Carroll was emptying the rum cask, which it appeared had been washed on shore and secreted by the captain, his men went to the wounded man. He did not speak: he seemed scarcely to breathe. I took his hand: it was already cold. All this time he had been bleeding to death: an artery had been shot through. We did our best in the dark to bind up the wound and stop the bleeding; the spirit which might have kept his heart beating till nature, in her laboratory, had formed more blood, was gone; indeed, probably in his then condition it would not have had its due effect. The wretched man's breath came fainter and fainter. There was no restorative that we could think of to be procured. We lifted him up to carry him to the camp, but before we had gone many paces, we found that we were bearing a corpse.

"That man has been murdered," exclaimed O'Carroll, turning to the captain. "By whose hand the shot was fired which killed him I know not, but I do know that his blood is on the head of the man who ought to have set a good example to his inferiors, and prevented them from broaching the cask they had found."

Whether this address had any good effect we could not tell, but hoping that the men would remain quiet and sleep off the effect of their debauch, we returned to our tent, leaving the body on the ground. The next morning we returned to the beach. The captain and his drunken companions still lay on the sand asleep. They were out of the reach of the sea, but the hot rays of the rapidly rising sun, which were striking down on their unprotected heads, would, I saw, soon give them brain fever or kill them outright, if they were to be left long exposed to their influence. I therefore proposed that we should rouse them up, and advise them to go and lie down in the shade of some shrubs and rocks at a little distance.

"Before we do so, we'll take away their weapons, and at all events make it more difficult for them to do mischief to us or to themselves," said O'Carroll. Some of the men grumbled on being disturbed, as we turned them round to take away their knives. We left the unloaded pistols, which, as they had no powder, could do little harm. Having taken their arms to our tents, we returned and awoke them, not without difficulty, by shaking them and shouting in their ears. One after the other they got up, lazily rubbing their eyes and stretching themselves, and staring stupidly about them. The captain was one of the last to come to his senses. He started when he saw the dead body of his companion.

"Who killed that man?" he exclaimed, in an anxious tone.

"You did, most probably," answered O'Carroll. "We heard shots fired and found the man dead."

The captain felt in his pocket, and drew out a pistol with the hammer down: it had been discharged. "Then I am a murderer!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, his countenance expressing his feelings. "It wanted but that to make up the measure of my crimes."

"It is but too true, I fear," said O'Carroll.

"Yes, too true, too true," cried the captain, rushing off towards the sea, into which he would have thrown himself, had not O'Carroll, William, and I, held him back. It was some time before we could calm him sufficiently to leave him alone. He then went and sat down in the shade at a little distance from his companions, who looked on at him with dull apathy, while he gave way to the feelings which the prickings of his awakened conscience had produced. How he and the mate had got possessed of the pistols we could not guess, till we found the chest of one of the emigrants, a young man, broken open, and from this they had helped themselves. One of them soon after came for a spade which had been landed, and we saw them hurriedly bury the corpse, as if eager to get the silent witness of their crime out of sight. For the remainder of the day they were perfectly quiet, the mate coming humbly when the provisions were served out to ask for their share; still we could not trust them, as we knew that if they could get at more liquor, they would very quickly again be drunk. In the evening, indeed, they were seen walking along the beach, evidently watching for the chance of another cask being washed on shore. They did not find one, however, and the next morning were excessively sulky, keeping together and pretty evidently plotting mischief. They, with the rest of us, were aroused, however, soon after breakfast by the appearance of a sail in the offing. The more sanguine at once declared that she was standing towards us, and that our fears regarding a prolonged stay on the island were groundless; others thought that she would pass by and leave us to our fate. Every spy-glass was in requisition, and numerous were the surmises as to the character and nationality of the stranger.

"What if she is an enemy?" observed William:

"She will not find much plunder, at all events," answered Trundle. "There is nothing like being at the bottom of the hill, so that you cannot be kicked lower."

"Even an enemy would respect our condition," remarked O'Carroll; "we have nothing to fear from one, I should hope."

"No, but an enemy would leave us where we are: a friend would carry us away, or send us assistance," said I.

It was dinner-time, and Jacotot had prepared our messes with his usual skill; but so eager were the people watching the approaching stranger, that the food was scarcely touched, except by the children, who of course little knew how much depended on her character. At length there was no doubt that she was standing for the island, and the exhibitions of joy and satisfaction became general among the unfortunate emigrants. They would now be able to leave the island and reach their land of promise; every countenance beamed brightly, except O'Carroll's. After some time I saw his fall. It gained a more and more anxious look. He scarcely withdrew the glass from his eye.

"What do you make her out to be, O'Carroll?" I asked.

"Braithwaite, as I am a living man, she's the Mignonne," he answered, in a hoarse voice, his counten-

ance still further showing the agitation of his mind; "if that villain La Roche gets hold of me again, he'll not let me escape with my life. And these poor emigrants to have his lawless crew come among them, it will be terrible; better rather that they had all gone to the bottom in their ill-fated ship with their drunken captain."

Notwithstanding O'Carroll's opinion, I doubted whether the stranger was the Mignonne, for she was still too far off, I thought, for him to be certain on the subject. I therefore tried to tranquillize his mind, wondering that a man so brave, and cool, and collected, as he generally was, should have such a dread of the French captain.

"I tell you yonder vessel is the Mignonne, and if you had been treated as I was, and had witnessed the scenes I saw enacted on board, you would not have a less horror of La Roche and his scoundrel crew than I have. My reason does not help me; I cannot think of that man without trembling."

I understood him, for I have myself been affected in the same way with regard to one or two people who have done me some injury, or would, I have had reason to believe, do me one should they have the opportunity:

"The only way to escape the pirates is to remain concealed while they are passing," he observed. "As there is no harbour here, and there are no signs of them having been here, they will, in all probability, go to the other side of the island, and we may escape them."

As I still further examined the stranger I began to fear that O'Carroll was right in his conjectures, and I therefore agreed to assist him in trying to persuade the rest of the people to hide themselves till the privateer was out of sight. The emigrants, frightened out of their wits by the account O'Carroll gave of the privateer's men, were ready enough to do as he advised, and began running here and there, not knowing where to hide themselves. We advised them simply to pull down the tent, to put out the fire, and to sit quiet among the rocks and shrubs till the ship had passed.

We then went on to see the captain and his men. As we got in sight of where they were, we saw that they had already got up a spar, which had been washed on shore, and were in the act of hoisting a man's shirt to the top of it in order to attract the attention of the stranger. On this O'Carroll shouted out to them in no very gentle tones, "Fools, idiots! what are you about, would you bring an enemy on shore to murder us?" I then told them the character of the vessel in sight. "What's that to us?" answered one of the men. "All masters are much the same to us; they'll use us while they want us, and cast us adrift when they've done with us. Whether French or Spaniards, they'll not harm us. They'll have liquor aboard, and that is what we sha'n't have as long as we remain here."

It was useless attempting to argue with such men. I turned to the captain. He had lost all authority over his people, who treated him as an equal, or rather as an inferior. He shrugged his shoulders and walked away without speaking. I saw that it was time, therefore, to interfere, and William and I, rushing forward, hauled down the signal, which one of the men was on the point of hoisting. "If you are willing to become slaves, we are not," I exclaimed, in a determined tone, seizing the halliards and hauling down the signal. The men threatened, but as they had no arms, and we were firm, they did not attempt to prevent us from carrying off the spar.

The ship approached, and as she passed along the coast so that we had a broadside view of her, I had no

longer any doubt that she was the Mignonne. I observed that even the seamen, notwithstanding their bravado, kept so far among the rocks, that unless the privateer's men had been especially examining the shore, there was not much probability of our being discovered. We watched the vessel from the highest point of ground we could reach, and we conjectured that she must have touched at the other side of the island, concealed by an intervening ridge of elevated land. "If we are careful we shall escape all molestation from the privateer's men," I remarked, addressing the emigrants. "They are not likely to come to our part of the island."

It was curious to observe the change which had come over O'Carroll. He was no longer the bold and sagacious seaman, but an anxious, nervous, timid man. At night, I frequently heard him crying out in his sleep, thinking that the dreaded La Roche was on him, and was about to carry him on board the privateer. As we could not do without a fire to obtain fresh water, we were compelled to light one, though we thus ran the risk, should any of the privateer's men wander into the country, of being discovered. Still that was a risk which must be run. It was curious, also, to observe the humble way in which, after a few hours, the seamen came to beg for a draught of the pure liquid. I was very glad of this, as I saw that it would enable us to exert an influence over them and to keep them in order. The wretched captain held out for some time, but at last came, with parched lips and bloodshot eyes, entreating even for a few drops of the precious fluid to cool the tip of his tongue. It raised our pity to see how the wretched man suffered, physically and mentally, and all the time without hope. In vain I urged him to seek for mercy as a penitent. "Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed with a wild laugh. "You do not know what I have done, what I am doomed to do." And tearing himself away from me, he rushed off, and was hid from sight among the rocks and bushes. Day after day passed by, and we kept anxiously hoping that the privateer would take her departure. It was suggested that if she came to the island to refit, that the Frenchman might possibly have a storehouse, with boats perhaps, or means of building one, and that we might thus be assisted to make our escape. At last, so long a time had elapsed since her arrival, that we began to fancy that she had gone out of harbour during a moonlight night, and reached the offing without our perceiving her. To settle the point, William and Trundle volunteered to reconnoitre, and I, afraid that they might venture too far, resolved to go with them. We fixed on that very afternoon to start, our intention being to get as close to the harbour as we could before dark, and then to rest till the moon rose and afforded us light.

"I hope that you'll have success, but it is a dangerous work you are going on, young gentleman," observed one of the emigrants, a Mr. Peter Lacy, or Lazy, as he was generally called, for it was most difficult to arouse him to any exertion.

"Never fear, Mr. Lazy, danger is a sweet nut we midshipmen are fond of cracking to get at the kernel—honour. We shall be back all safe before morning, and able to give a satisfactory report."

In good spirits we set off, for a considerable part of the distance keeping along the shore, to avoid the tangled bush and rocks of the interior. As, however, we approached the harbour, or rather the place where we supposed the harbour to be, we left the beach and kept a more inland course, taking advantage of all the cover we could find to conceal ourselves. At last, the sun went down and it quickly grew dark, so we called a

halt, and ate some of our provisions with a good appetite. We listened attentively, but could hear no sound, so we agreed to push on directly the moon got up. As we did not speak above a whisper, a very soporiferous proceeding, I was not surprised that both Toby and William fell asleep. It was more necessary, therefore, that I should keep my eyes and ears open. At last I saw what looked like the illuminated dome of some vast cathedral slowly emerge from the dark line of the horizon; up it rose, till it assumed a globe-like form, and appeared to decrease in size, while it cast a bright silvery light over the hitherto obscured landscape. I roused up the two midshipmen, who were sleeping as soundly as if they had been in their hammocks. We worked our way onward among tangled underwood, not without sundry scratches and inconvenient rents in our clothing, till we reached a hill, up which we climbed. From the top we looked down, as we had expected to do, on the harbour. Below us lay the Mignonne, or a ship very like her; her sails were loose and bulging out with the land breeze, while from the sounds which reached us, it was evident that her crew were heaving up the anchor preparatory to sailing; boats were moving backwards and forwards over the surface of the calm water of the harbour, on which the moon shone with a refulgence which enabled us to see all that was taking place. The anchor was away, the sails were sheeted home, and the privateer slowly glided out of the harbour on her errand of mischief; two, if not more, boats returned to the shore fully manned. Farther up the harbour lay three large hulks, with their lower masts only standing; they were high out of the water, showing that they had no cargoes in them. There were also several smaller craft, but all were dismantled, and looked as if they had been there for some time. The French, then, had a settlement on the island. The inhabitants were sure to be armed, and probably were as numerous as our party. If so, it would be unwise to attempt gaining anything by force, though of course we might surprise them. We waited till the people in the boats had had time to turn in and go to sleep, and then descended to reconnoitre the place more nearly. We crept cautiously on till we reached several scattered cottages, or huts rather, built, without any regularity, as the nature of the ground seemed most suitable. There were also two or three store-houses close to the water; indeed, we saw enough to show us that there was a regular settlement made by the French for the purpose of refitting their ships. The barking of several poodles in the cottages made us afraid of moving about much, lest their inmates should look out and discover us. We therefore retraced our steps to the hill.

"A magnificent idea," exclaimed Trundle, as soon as we called a halt. "We'll surprise and capture the place and hold it for the King of England. You'll be made governor, Braithwaite, to a certainty."

"To be turned out by the first French privateer which enters the harbour—to be thrown into prison and perhaps shot. Thank you," said I, "I would rather not."

"This establishment solves a mystery," observed William. "We have often been puzzled to know what has become of vessels which have disappeared, and which, from the fineness of the weather, and for other reasons, we did not suppose had been lost. We should do good service if we could get away without being discovered, and send some of our cruisers to watch in the neighbourhood."

I agreed with William; at the same time the idea of capturing the place was very attractive. If we should

make the attempt and succeed, however, we should find liquor there, and the seamen would certainly get drunk and mutinous. No object would be gained, also, unless we could immediately send a vessel to sea, to give notice at the Mauritius of our success and obtain assistance. Discussions on these points occupied us till daylight, when we recommenced our journey to the tents. The news we brought was so far satisfactory to our companions, that we were not likely to be starved to death, and as peace would come some day or other, we might then hope to make our escape. No one, however, seemed at all desirous of attacking the French settlement: the risk was considerable, the gain problematical. It was finally agreed that we should remain quiet where we were, and only in case of extremity make ourselves known to our foreign neighbours. The more energetic of the party became, as may be supposed, very impatient of the inactive life we were compelled to lead. We could do little else than fish all day, and make expeditions in search of water. In this we were at last successful. The spring was more than a mile away, and it became a question whether we should move our camp there, the objection to our so doing being that it was so much nearer the French settlement. The next morning, on going near the spot where the captain and his companions had erected their tent, I saw no one moving. I called to them. There was no reply. I went to the tent. It was empty! It was supposed that they had gone to the newly-discovered spring, but those who had gone to bring water from it told us that they were not there. While we were wondering what had become of the men, as William happened to be sweeping the horizon with his telescope, he cried out that he saw a sail in the offing. In a short time afterwards another was descried, her topsails gradually rising out of the water. She was pronounced to be larger than the first which had appeared.

"It is that scoundrel La Roche again," exclaimed O'Carroll, after eyeing the nearest stranger for some time. "I knew that it would not be long before he would be back again, and there he comes with a big prize, depend on it."

"But suppose, instead of the big ship being his prize, he has been captured by one of our cruisers, and has been sent in first to show the way," I suggested.

"No, no, the headmost craft is the Mignonne, and the big one is an Indiaman, her prize, depend on that," said O'Carroll.

There seemed every probability that he was right, but this did not increase our satisfaction. The only thing that could be said was that we should now have companions in our misfortune. As may be supposed, however, we watched the approach of the two ships with the greatest interest, feeling assured that in some way or other they would have a considerable influence on our fate.

NORWICH SCIENTIFIC CELEBRITIES.

On the eve of the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, our readers may not deem it inappropriate that we should invite them to a rapid glance at some of the celebrities whose names are associated with the East Anglian capital, and whose scientific career have reflected a lustre upon the city of their birth or residence. In the transactions of the Linnæan Society there is an interesting account of several Norwich botanists, in the form of a letter addressed to the secretary of that society, by the late Sir James Edward Smith, himself a distinguished botanist and a native of

Norwich. "There was," says Sir James, "a school of botanists in Norwich, among whom the writings and merits of Linnæus were perhaps more early, or at least more philosophically, studied and appreciated, than in any other part of Britain. Norwich had long, indeed, been conspicuous for the love of plants. A play is extant, called 'Rhodon and Iris,' which was presented at the florists' feast in Norwich, and printed in 1637. The taste for the cultivation of flowers was probably imported from Flanders, along with our worsted manufacture, during the equally unchristian and unwise persecutions of the bloody Philip II. Such an innocent luxury and so pure a taste, were not unworthy of minds which had turned with disgust from the tyranny and foul corruption of their native country. Truth, virtuous liberty, and disinterested science, are congenial, and flourish under the influence of similar circumstances." During last century, botany began to be systematically studied. And here we may notice, before turning to other and greater names, several of those early and humble cultivators of the science connected with the city of Norwich. A portion of the Herbarium of Mr. Wilson, a tailor, fell into Sir James Smith's hands, which he found to be very scientifically named. Wilson appears to have made frequent journeys to London, and to have collected and dried many plants from the Physic-garden at Chelsea, and Gray's nursery at Fulham. Among his pupils were Mr. Christopher Smart, of the same trade; Mr. Christopher Newman, of a more elevated station in life; and Mr. William Humfrey. Sir James acknowledges his obligations to Humfrey—he was the discoverer of several plants not known out of the neighbourhood of Norwich. Mr. Joseph Fox, a weaver, was the first person who raised a *Lycopodium* from seed, and who, without much help from books, attained to a discriminative knowledge of British wild flowers, and was the original discoverer of many rare plants in the county of Norfolk.

The Rev. Henry Bryant, one of the ministers of Norwich, about the year 1764, took up the study of botany as a diversion to his mind after severe domestic affliction. In this pursuit he was associated with Mr. Hugh Rose, an apothecary of the city. Mr. Rose in 1775 published his "Elements of Botany," being a translation and epitome of many of the most useful introductory and theoretical writings of Linnæus. Sir James Smith in early life derived from Rose, books and instruction in botany. To the help thus afforded he makes the following interesting allusion: "I can never forget the kind assistance I received from this worthy man, when, having always had a passion for plants, I became desirous, at the age of eighteen, of studying botany as a science. The only book I could then procure was 'Berkenhout,' Hudson's 'Flora' having become extremely scarce. I received 'Berkenhout' on the 9th of January, 1778, and on the 11th began, with infinite delight, to examine the *ulex europæus*, the only plant then in flower. I then first comprehended the nature of systematic arrangement and the Linnæan principles, little aware that at that instant the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide, for Linnæus died in the night of January 11th, 1778. With 'Berkenhout' and a parcel of wild flowers in my hands, I had often recourse to Mr. Rose during the ensuing summer. But, alas! in the following year a gutta serena deprived him of sight."

Mr. John Pitchford, a name known to all conversant with the history of English botany, settled in Norwich in 1769, and died there in 1803. He was the last of the original Linnæan school of Norwich botanists. He had,

says Sir James, a frequent correspondence with the authors of "Flora Anglica" and "Flora Scotica." But though an admirer of Linnæus, he was always particularly partial to Ray; and though ever so well acquainted with a plant by its Linnæan name, he could never rest while it was involved in any obscurity in the works of Ray.

The celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, who had settled as a physician in Norwich in 1636, amid other learned and scientific pursuits also cultivated a knowledge of plants. He first observed the *salsola fruticosa* on the Norfolk coast. Evelyn went to Norwich, as we find it stated in his diary, during the year in which Charles II had visited the city and had conferred the honour of knighthood on the famous doctor. A great desire to meet with the author of "Religio Medici" and "Vulgar Errors," led him the morning after his arrival to seek out Sir Thomas. His house and garden Evelyn describes as "a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Among other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country, especially the promontory of Norfolk, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and a variety of waterfowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of that ancient city, being one of the largest and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared as I was much astonished at; but he told me they had lost the art of squaring the flints in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls were built." In Sir Thomas Browne's works we have several papers of a strictly scientific kind. One is entitled, "An Account of Birds found in Norfolk," and another is descriptive of the fishes found in Norfolk and on the coast. His "Repertorium," one of the very last of his productions, was drawn up with the view of preserving from oblivion, as far as possible, the monuments of the cathedral of Norwich, many of which had been sadly defaced during the civil wars. The "Religio Medici"—the religion of a physician—it is inferred was written before he came to Norwich, and was printed surreptitiously in 1642. In the following year, however, an authorised edition was issued. "The Religio Medici," says Dr. Johnson, in his life of the author, "was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the public, by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language." In 1658 the discovery of some ancient urns led Sir Thomas to write a discourse on "Sepulchral Urns," in which, with his usual learning, he treats of the funeral rites of the ancient nations, exhibits their various treatment of the dead, and examines the substances found in these Norfolk urns. This learned and famous man died at Norwich, October 19th, 1682, in his seventy-sixth year. His last words were expressions of submission to the will of God. His tomb may be seen in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, with a Latin inscription on a mural monument.

The son of Sir Thomas, Edward Browne, was born and educated at Norwich, travelled widely on the continent, and afterwards became first physician to Charles II. Botany, pharmacy, and chemistry, he knew and cultivated. King Charles said of him, "he was as learned as any of the college, and as well bred as any of

the Court." The published account of his travels is interesting to naturalists from the information it contains. His son, the second Dr. Thomas Browne, was a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Royal College of Physicians, and died in July, 1710.

One of the scientific celebrities born at Norwich in 1510, to whom some notice is due, is Dr. John Kaye, better known by his Latinized name of Caius. He was educated at Gonville Hall, Cambridge, which was subsequently, by his liberality, endowed and erected into a college under the name of Gonville and Caius College. He travelled, studied, and wrote books abroad, and formed an intimate acquaintance with the famous naturalist Conrad Gesner. Returning to England he practised his art as a physician at Norwich with great reputation. On the outbreak of the disease called the sweating sickness, which ravaged the whole kingdom, having discovered a mode of cure, Dr. Kaye generously published it to the world. In the common room of Caius College there is a portrait of Kaye. One of his principal works is a treatise on the University of Cambridge. He produced also a work entitled "De Canibus, or an Account of British Dogs." This book was undertaken at the request of his friend Gesner, and is a masterly treatise for the time in which it was written. In a visit of King James I to Cambridge, as he passed through Caius College, the master, as a compliment to the monarch's learning, presented him with a copy of "Kaye's History of the University," on which the king observed, "Give me rather 'Caius de Canibus.'" Dr. Kaye, in addition to his treatise on dogs, furnished also brief accounts of rare animals and plants for a work by Gesner, which were published separately, with corrections and additions, in 1670. He was distinguished, not only as a physician and a naturalist, but as a linguist, a critic, and an antiquary. On a variety of scientific subjects he exercised his pen. He died in 1573, and was buried in the College Chapel of Caius. In "Fuller's Worthies" will be found a further account of this learned and accomplished Norwich physician.

Passing over a number of names, among others that of Edward King, born at Norwich in 1734, who in an account of his life is styled "the most erudite antiquary of modern times," we come to that of Sir James Edward Smith, already referred to. We have seen how the taste for botany of this eminent man, one of the founders of the Linnæan Society and its first president, was first encouraged and developed at Norwich, by the aid of the botanist Rose. After having received instruction in the city school, Smith, in the year 1780, repaired to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself by obtaining the gold medal given to the best proficient in botany. Becoming acquainted in London with Sir Joseph Banks, an acquaintance which helped to confirm his attachment to botanical pursuits, Smith, through Sir Joseph's advice, became the purchaser of the library and collections of Linnæus. The ship which conveyed these precious scientific treasures to England had just sailed from Sweden, when Gustavus III, who had been absent in France, returned, and, hearing the story of the sale, sent a vessel in pursuit, but happily it was too late. This splendid acquisition decided the bent of Dr. Smith's studies. In co-operation with other naturalists, he formed the Linnæan Society, which held its first meeting on the 8th April, 1788, when, as first president, he delivered a discourse "On the Rise and Progress of Natural History." The greatest works of Dr. Smith are his "English Botany," which he brought to a successful termination in 1814, and which extends to

thirty-six volumes, and contains 2,592 figures of British plants, and his "English Flora," consisting of four volumes octavo. Dr. Smith had the honour of giving instruction in botany to Queen Charlotte and the princesses at Frogmore. On the 28th of July, 1814, he presented to the Prince Regent a set of the transactions of the Linnæan Society, and received, on the recommendation of Lord Sidmouth, the honour of knighthood. Sir James Smith's contributions to the Linnæan Society have been very numerous. To that body he presented the library and collections of the celebrated Swedish naturalist. "He was," we are told, "a man of deep religious convictions: regularly he might have been seen in his place in the Octagon Chapel in Norwich. In 1796 he had returned to his native city full of information, rich in fame, and loaded with honorary titles. Yet he came, unspoiled by honours, and uncorrupted by travel, to sit down among the friends of his youth, willing to give and to receive pleasure from the most simple and attainable objects." This eminent man died on the 15th March, 1828. A memoir of his life was published by Lady Smith in 1833, in two volumes.

Towards the close of 1865, and within a few weeks of each other, died two very distinguished natives of Norwich, Sir William Jackson Hooker, the Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, and Dr. John Lindley, Professor of Botany at University College, London. Of Lindley we shall first speak. The son of a nurseryman settled at Catton, near Norwich, he was educated at the Norwich Grammar School, under Dr. Valpy. Appointed in 1822 Garden Assistant Secretary to the Horticultural Society, he became sole Assistant Secretary in 1826, and in one form or another, throughout the whole of his working life, he remained connected with that society, and devoted himself with all his energy to the formation and development of the gardens at Chiswick. In 1829 he was made Professor of Botany in University College, an appointment he held for upwards of thirty years. Exact, clear, and impressive, as a lecturer he excelled in the lucid exposition of his subject, aided as he was by a faculty of copious illustration. Dr. Lindley was one of the most prominent advocates of the new or natural as opposed to the Linnæan system of botany. His Introduction to the Natural System appeared in 1830, it passed through a second edition in 1836, and subsequently took the form of "The Vegetable Kingdom," a third edition of which was published in 1853. In the preface to this work, dated 1845, the author says, "Fifteen years have sufficed to render the once popular but superficial and useless system of Linnæus a mere matter of history."

It was with special reference to his "Vegetable Kingdom," and other valuable writings on botany and horticulture, that the Royal Medal of the Royal Society was awarded to Dr. Lindley in 1857, of which learned body he had been since 1828 a distinguished member. He discharged the arduous duties of a juror of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and in that of 1862, much against the wish of his family, he undertook the charge of the Colonial Department; but the effort was too great, and from the effects of his exertions he never afterwards recovered. On the 1st of November, 1865, Dr. Lindley was carried off by apoplexy, in his sixty-seventh year.

William J. Hooker early showed a love for natural history, becoming the discoverer of a rare moss, which he took to Sir James E. Smith; he received from that botanist the bias which determined the direction of his studies. Hooker was the earliest scientific friend of Lindley. He introduced the unknown Norwich

youth to Sir Joseph Banks in 1819, and so commenced Lindley's successful scientific career.

In the spring of 1809, Sir Joseph Banks proposed to Hooker that he should spend the summer in Iceland. This he did, and to Banks, then president of the Royal Society, the "Journal of a Tour in Iceland" is dedicated by the author. In a sojourn for nine months on the continent, Hooker made the acquaintance of the principal botanists of Europe, with whom he maintained scientific intercourse and correspondence until the day of his death.

Possessed of independent means, having married and settled at Halesworth in Suffolk, his house became the rendezvous of British and foreign botanists. There he commenced the formation of that great Herbarium, now located at Kew, and the finest in the world. Professor of Botany at Glasgow from 1820 to 1841, in the latter year Sir William Hooker (who had been knighted by William IV in 1836) was appointed director of the Royal Gardens at Kew. For making these gardens the head-quarters of botanical science for England, and, indeed, for the empire, for raising them to their present high position, and for throwing them open to the public, the nation is mainly indebted to the administrative and scientific capacity of Sir William Hooker. The history of the Kew Gardens furnishes, indeed, the best tribute to his rare personal qualities and scientific merits. Here, however, we cannot enter upon this inviting subject, nor upon any notice of Sir William's botanical writings and varied labours. Let it suffice to transfer to our pages the following description of the appearance and habits of the late director at Kew. "Sir William was in person tall, athletic, and active, in features remarkably good-looking, animated, and cheerful; his conversation had the charm of intellectual cultivation and refinement, and he had a ready power of conveying clear information. As a scientific correspondent he was unrivalled, promptly answering every letter with his own hand, encouraging those who first addressed him, and stimulating those who flagged. Indeed, he was wont to attribute his success in the creation of the National Gardens and the accompanying museums, to his habit of thanking every contributor at once, answering all their questions at whatever trouble, naming the plants they sent, and applying personally to residents in every part of the world for such plants or their products as he desired to have in the gardens."

A name which requires a passing notice in connection with the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, is that of John Taylor, born there in 1779. This gentleman devoted his attention to the operations and processes followed in mining. His aim was to elevate the art, and to place it on a scientific basis. To his earnest and judicious representations, although he had no active share in the matter, the establishment of the present school of mines may be traced. Of the various societies to which Mr. Taylor belonged, the British Association has been the most indebted to his useful co-operation, both scientific and administrative. He was present at its birth, and the first meeting of its Council was held in his house; he was its first treasurer, and held office till September, 1861, when the infirmities of age constrained him to retire; on which occasion the Council joined in a cordial expression of respect for his character, and gratitude for his long and valued services to the cause of science. Mr. Taylor died in London in April, 1863.

Edward Stanley, before rector of Alderley, Cheshire, was Bishop of Norwich from 1837 till 1849. That he deserves a place in our enumeration of the scientific

celebrities of the city, will be evident from the following extract from a biographical memoir by his son, Dean Stanley:—

"Of all the branches of science, natural history was that to which he was most inclined. His quick eye enabled him readily to observe, and his methodical habits accurately to register, the phenomena of the animal creation, and thus to acquire, without interfering with graver pursuits, a very considerable knowledge of ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy. Ornithology in particular became his favourite study, and it was a constant source of amusement and interest to him, in his parish walks and rides, to notice the flight and habits of birds, to collect remarkable specimens of their organisation, and to gather from his parishioners stories of any peculiarities which they had themselves noticed. The result of these observations he embodied in 1836 in two small volumes, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled "A Familiar History of Birds, their Nature, Habits, and Instincts."

Bishop Stanley's work has gone through several editions. It is written in a most interesting style. We do not know any book so well suited to create on the part of the young a taste for the study of birds, and an observant eye for their peculiarities and habits.

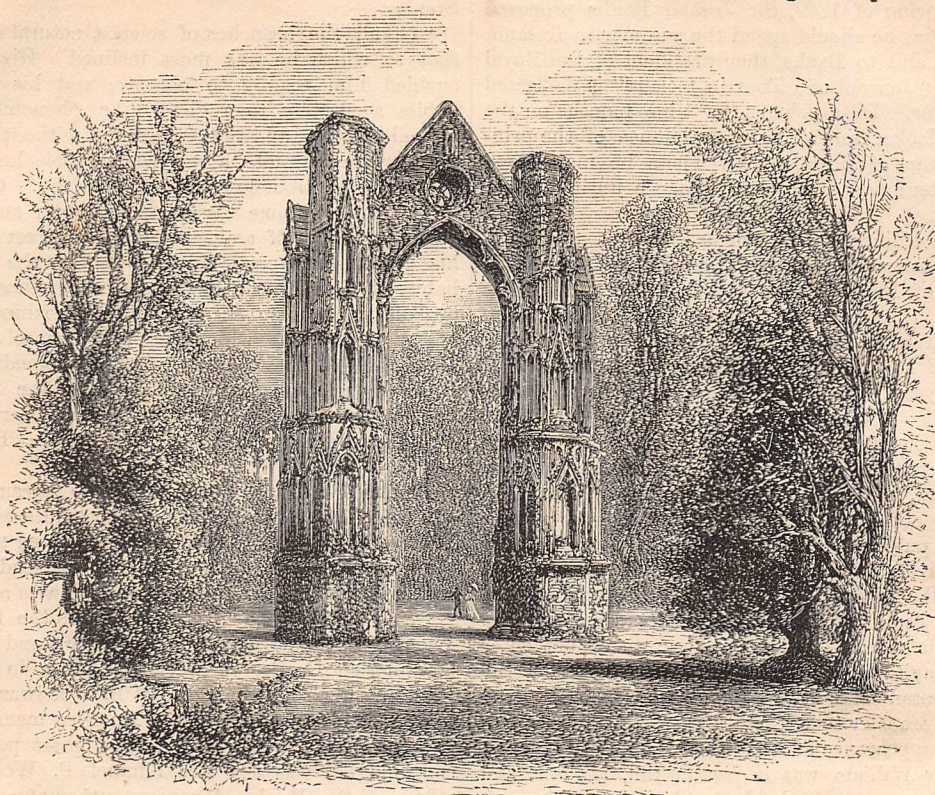
Some notice in our sketch is due to the late Samuel Woodward, the author of "The History and Antiquities of Norwich Castle," a work published in 1847, and edited by his son, Mr. Bernard B. Woodward, librarian to Her Majesty the Queen. Another member of this talented family, who attained the highest position as a conchologist, was the late Samuel P. Woodward, an officer of the British Museum, author of a treatise on recent and fossil shells, published under the title of a "Manual of Mollusca." This gentleman, on account of his scientific merits, twice received the proceeds of the Wollaston Fund from the Geological Society of London.

A GLANCE AT THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

WITH the exceptions of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Devonshire, Norfolk is the largest county in England, comprising an area of more than two thousand square miles. In an agricultural point of view it has long been foremost among English counties; and it owes its pre-eminence in this respect in part to improved systems of cultivation, said to have been borrowed originally from the Flemings, but still more to the practice of granting long leases to farmers, a practice in which Mr. Coke (the late Lord Leicester) led the way, and which, while it proved highly conducive to his own interests, gained for him the title of a benefactor to his country.

The history of Norfolk, on which we can here but barely touch, is replete with interest. Anciently it formed a part of the dominions of the Iceni, who were allies of the Romans in the time of Claudius, but rose in arms against Ostorius, who subdued them. A more terrible rising followed under Boadicea, whose calamitous defeat led to their entire submission. The relics of Roman rule throughout the county, such as the sites of towns, castles, stations, and fortifications, are abundant, and are the chief sources of interest to the antiquary. There are also many traces of Roman and other ancient roads, as the Jedder, or Pedder's Way, Stone Street, the Ikarild Street, and others which figure in the maps of the old Itineraries. There is good reason to believe that the Saxons obtained a

settlement on parts of the Norfolk coast even before the overthrow of the Roman empire. After the | than those to the shrine of St. Thomas à Beckett. Among the pilgrims were several kings and queens of England

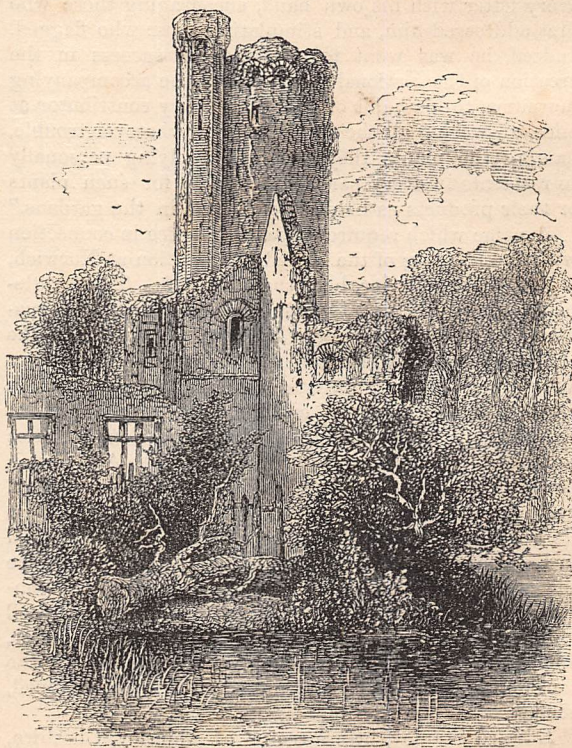


WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

conquest of England by the Saxons and their kindred tribes, Norfolk, Suffolk, and parts of some adjacent counties were formed into the kingdom of East Anglia, which became consolidated into a monarchy about A.D. 571, when Uffa is the first who is spoken of as king. Of the Saxon era the remains are as numerous in Norfolk as in any part of the country, while of the Danes who followed in the career of invasion and conquest, the chief characteristics still observable are found in the terminations of the names of places, as *by, hoe, sted*, common alike in Denmark as in Norfolk.

But we must cut short our historic survey, and direct the reader's attention to some few of the objects of interest which will probably be made the subjects of investigation by men of science during the present month. First among these comes Walsingham, a name familiar to curious readers in connection with the famous work of Sir Thomas Browne, entitled "*Hydriotaphia; or, Urn Burial*," a work which owed its existence to a discovery made more than two hundred years ago. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns containing the remains of human bones and other relics; burnt substances were found on the same spot, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, where the Druidical sacrifices were made. On this subject the author discourses—his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality being probably unsurpassed in English literature. At Walsingham (in the hundred of North Greenhoe), consisting of Great and Little Walsingham, adjoining each other, are the remains of a monastery founded in the reign of William the Conqueror, which once contained the shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham," to which shrine pilgrimages were even more frequent

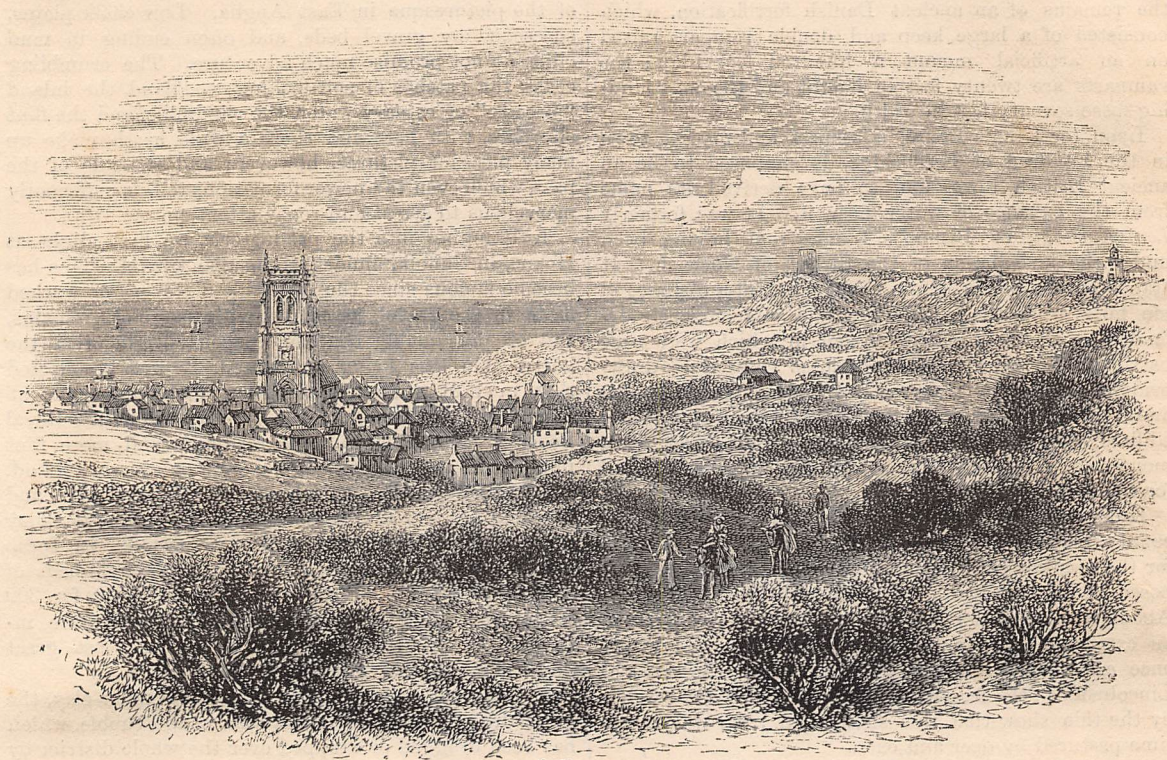
and foreigners of note. The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a



CAISTOR CASTLE.

miraculous indication of the road to this place, whence it came to be called by some "the Walsingham Way." The ruins of the old pile, which are very fine, are for the most part included in the pleasure-grounds of Walsingham Abbey, the seat of the Lee-Warner family.

(Shakespeare) about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was constructed chiefly of brick, and it is thought to be one of the oldest brick edifices in the kingdom. It stood two sieges during the wars of the Roses. The larger portion of it has long been levelled with the



CROMER.

Another ecclesiastical relic is Binham Priory (five miles south-east of Wells), founded by a nephew of the Conqueror for the Benedictines. The ruins are very considerable and most interesting, but are gradually mouldering away. Other monastic remains are those of Langley Abbey, of St. Bennet of Hulme, of Beeston Priory, of Flitcham Priory, of Brownholm Priory, and more that might be mentioned, the ruins of some of them containing rare examples of the early English style.

Castle Acre, in the hundred of Freebridge Lynn, is supposed, from the coins and tesseræ found there, to have been a Roman station. The castle was built by William Earl of Warren, or Warenne, and Surrey, and some fragments of it yet remain. The same earl founded a priory of Cluniac monks near the castle, and the remains of this religious house cover a considerable space of ground, the site of the monastery within the walled precinct having comprised originally nearly thirty acres. Castle Rising, also in the hundred of Freebridge Lynn, is a place of great antiquity, an old rhyme declaring it to have been a seaport town when Lynn was but a marsh. Tradition states that Alfred the Great built a castle here, but this tradition may have been based on the fact that the ruins of a castle built by William de Albini, some century or more after the Conquest, appear to enclose a fragment of some more ancient structure.

At Caistor, three miles from Yarmouth, stand the remains of Caistor Castle, which was built by Sir John Fastolf not to be confounded with the fat knight of

ground, but an embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls, remain, their present proprietor using every means for their preservation.

Thetford, in the hundred of Shropham, Norfolk, and the hundred of Lackford, Suffolk, is a very ancient place. It was called Theodford by the Saxons, and evidently derives its name from the Thet river, which joins the Lesser Ouse near this spot. It is considered by antiquaries to be the site of the *Sitomagus* of the Romans, who held it in 435, and it is known to have been the metropolis of East Anglia. On this account, and from its nearness to the coast, it was frequently attacked by the Danes, who, after retaining possession of it for fifty years, destroyed it by fire in the ninth century. It was burned a second time by Sweyn, on his invasion of East Anglia in 1004, and six years later suffered a like calamity at the same hands, after a signal victory obtained by the Danes over the Saxons. In the reign of Canute, Thetford began to recover from the effects of these misfortunes, and in that of Edward the Confessor had nearly regained its former importance. It continued to prosper, and its prosperity is evidenced by the fact that in the reign of Edward III it contained twenty-four good streets, twenty churches, eight monasteries, and other religious foundations. The relics of antiquity now remaining consist chiefly of fragments of the nunnery founded in the reign of Canute by Urius, abbot of St. Edmund's, of which some of the walls, buttresses, and windows, with a fine arch and cell, are still visible. The conventual church has been converted into a barn.

Of the priory or abbey founded by Roger Bigod for Cluniac monks, the gateway and part of the church alone remain. Of the monastery of St. Sepulchre, founded in 1109, the church has been converted into a barn. Of the other religious edifices no traces can be distinguished. At the eastern end of the town are the remains of an ancient Danish fortification, which consisted of a large keep and double rampart raised on an artificial mound a hundred feet high; the ramparts are twenty feet in height and the surrounding fosse seventy feet in width.

Lynn (or King's Lynn), a seaport and market town in the hundred of Freebridge, is supposed to be an ancient British town, and to have derived its name from the expanse of water near it. It was formerly *Len Episcopi*, or Bishop's Lynn, from having been under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Norwich. It stands on the banks of the Great Ouse, at a distance of ten miles from the North Sea, and was anciently defended on the east side by a wall in which were nine bastions, and by a broad deep fosse crossed by draw-bridges leading to the principal gates. In the town and its environs are some interesting vestiges of religious edifices, among which is the hexagonal tower of a monastery, which serves as a landmark to vessels bound for the harbour.

Hunstanton is situated at the north-west point of the county, on the shore of the Wash. It is remarkable for the peculiar constitution of its cliffs, which are composed of different strata, two of them being of red chalk. About two miles north of the cliffs are the remains of an extensive forest submerged by the sea, and which once extended across the Wash as far as the coast of Lincolnshire: the fragments of horns and bones cast up by the tide show that this submerged tract was at one time pastured by deer and oxen.

Hunstanton has belonged for seven centuries or more to the L'Estrange family, whose mansion, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, is worthy of note. About thirteen miles from Hunstanton is Holkham Hall, the seat of Coke, Earl of Leicester; at the same distance in another direction, is Houghton Hall, built by the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole. Near this is the Wolferton Station, about a couple of miles from which is Sandringham, the Norfolk seat of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Near the north-east limit of the county stands Cromer, in the Erpingham hundred. Near the site of Cromer formerly stood Shipden, a small town which was destroyed by the sea in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This neighbourhood is interesting from the fossil remains found on the coast, and for the general advance of the sea upon the land. Many dwellings have been destroyed in the memory of persons now living, and at very low tides large masses of mason work are visible.

Other places likely to present attractions to scientific persons are, Caistor near Norwich, Bramstone Pits, Thorpe chalk-pit, Hoxne and the flint-pits, and Burgh Castle; which last-named place, however, is not in Norfolk county, but just on the Suffolk border. At Castle Rising are the remains of the feudal fortress of Eleanor, the faithless queen of Edward II. Burgh Castle is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, having been erected in the reign of Claudius Cæsar. Its walls are more extensive than those of Richborough; they are nine feet in thickness, and are faced with flints interlacing the masonry. Many Roman coins and other articles of Roman use have been from time to time found within their enclosure.

GEOLOGICAL EXCURSIONS IN NORFOLK.

THE proverbial excellence of Norfolk farms, and the yearly consignment of 50,000 turkeys and geese during Christmas week to the railway terminus in Bishopsgate Street, prepare and console us at once for the absence of the picturesque in East Anglia. Low chalk plains, succeeded by gravel beds, and often ending in mud cliffs, do not promise much adventure. The crumbling coast, the patches of soft-looking woodland, the inland "broads" of estuary water, the windmills, and the flint churches, with here and there a wide heath, make up many pleasant pictures, however; and the tale of the past, which even the newer formations tell, is sufficiently marvellous to arrest and repay attention.

1. Plunging into the pre-historic, we first alight at Hoxne, in Suffolk, amidst mammalian gravel. This has become famous since the Abbeville discovery of worked flints in the gravel, associated with mammoth remains, and of presumably contemporaneous origin with the latter. On this being announced, it was recollected that in 1801 a similar discovery had been made at Hoxne, and registered in the proceedings of the Royal Society. Explorations were resumed, and more flint implements and bones of bygone mammals were found. The localities where this has occurred in France and England are now numerous. They are all in the valley gravels of the very latest geological period. In India similar tools have been found in consolidated beds of a kind of gravel, all along the eastern coast for 300 miles from Madras southward. Man must have inhabited or occupied the land before the last great physical changes of level in both east and west.

2. Our next excursion will be to the boulder-clay, the great drift formation of sand, stones, and rubble, which has been dragged or dropped over the whole district by glaciers and coast ice during a very long period antecedent to the mammalian gravels. It may be well studied at Happisburg, or at Cromer, or on the Suffolk coast. The lower portion is usually a dark tough clay, with fragments of all kinds of rock in it, and their fossils. It is a drag net. The explorer may collect bits of the Scottish mountains, of the Grampians, of the Cheviots, of the coal-grits, and abundant oolitic fossils, which have been forced along by the great tyrant. Occasionally there are in it sandy beds with Arctic shells, showing periods of repose. The dark cliffs south of Lowestoft, the bright yellow cliffs at Gorleston, the ruined rusty cliffs south of Cromer, the fine cornlands spread over the whole inland, are principally boulder clay, with a thin capping of alluvial recent gravel and occasional nests of the thicker mammalian gravel, and its accompaniment the brick earth.

3. At Mundesley is a post-glacial deposit, formed in a hollow of the marine drift, which will doubtless attract tourists. A valley has been worn in this, and layers of gravel, sand, and peat successively deposited in the hollow by the action of fresh water.

4. Wherever the traveller lights on the coast, from Gorleston to Weybourne, he may notice at intervals dark patches below high-water mark of dirty-looking decayed stuff. This is a land surface "Forest-bed" which preceded the glacial period. The slightest observation will show the existence of hazel-nuts, roots of trees and ferns, decayed wood, fir-cones, and wings of insects. More careful research brings to light bones and horns of animals. The remains of two kinds of elephant, of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, walrus, narwhal, whale; of the yew, sloe, the water-lily, prove that this was the beach of a low swampy territory, with

a deep sea lying off, whence were washed up the relics of marine creatures to meet the land spoils of a district abounding in game and shelter. We have shells of fresh-water ponds, forms of beautiful plants from the marshes, the beaver and deer abundant.

5. But the speciality of Norwich is its *crag*—a provincial name for gravel, but now a geological term for a mass of sand, shells, clay, and broken fragments, extending from Northern Germany to East Anglia, assigned to the *Pleiocene* period of Sir Charles Lyall, *i.e.*, to the latest tertiary, when the organic life was nearly altogether like that of the present day. The uppermost *crag*, the Norwich *crag* proper, may be seen on the banks of the Yare, below the city. It is sand and gravel mixed with sea shells. The surface of the chalk on which it lies is perforated by the drills of the pholas, the same as now found in the blocks of chalk on the shore: the creature's shells are still in the bore-holes. The shelly deposit contains 85 per cent. of present sea shells. They are principally forms of marine life indicating a lower temperature than now prevails off the coast. But the marvel is to see what kind of bones have been drifted from adjacent land on to this old beach. They tell of mammoths and of an assemblage of creatures of African aspect, though adapted to colder climates. Three species of elephant, a hippopotamus and rhinoceros, once camped on these grounds, together with horse, bear, wolf, elk, a quantity of small deer, and other creatures. About half of these belong to species now extinct. The Norwich *crag* may be seen at Cromer, rising from the beach, and gradually ascending in the cliffs towards Weybourn. It is a very local deposit.

6. The next *crag* is of wider range. It lies below the Norwich or mammalian *crag*. It is named red, or Suffolk *crag*, and is that which is so well seen in the cliffs at Walton and Felixstowe. It is a most tempting deposit for collectors. No hammer is needed, nor any scraping or washing of fossils. The shells are, save as to colour (and in some cases there are traces of this), as well preserved as in a cabinet, a little iron-stained, but wonderfully delicate in their beauty. One, the *crag* spindle shell, *fusus contrarius*, is sure to attract attention, as it uniformly has its opening on the reverse side, so that our modern whelk-eaters would have to extract the fish in a left-handed manner, had they still been presentable on the hand-barrow of the costermonger. Teeth of sharks, and ear-bones of whales, are among the common spoils of the *crag*. There are 240 species of mollusca found. About fifty of these are travellers rolled in a fossil state from previous formations, and of shells proper to the deposit, about fifty-seven per cent. are of recent well-known species. It is excellent occupation for the seaside, to collect and sort out the *crag* shells, dividing off the casuals, and then ascertaining the character of the true parishioners. The reader will easily credit the statement that this is safer work now than it would once have been, for among other creatures whose bones we handle is a great shark, computed to be sixty-five feet in length, with a jaw-gape three feet by four.

7. To see the lowest *crag*, the Coralline, we must visit Woodbridge and spend an afternoon between the rivers Alde and Stour. It is a mass of sand and shells, sometimes hardening into building stone. The greater number of the shell-animals are still to be found in our seas. There are proofs of a gradual refrigeration of temperature from the base of the *crag*s up to the boulder-clay.

At the base of each formation of *crag* there lies a bone bed—a quantity of broken animal remains, con-

taining phosphatic matter. The late Professor Henslow first noticed this material in 1843, and indicated it as a source for manure. From that time there has been a continuous resort to these bone beds for "coprolite," as it is called. It is used, like guano, for manure, and is now well known as a source of wealth and an article of manufacture and use. The geologist may sigh as he sees the heaps of fish teeth and bones daily consumed by the manure mill, but he has his compensation in boiled beef and turnips, to say nothing of wheat and clover.

8. The London clay, underlying the *crag*, will hardly afford interest enough in this county for an excursion. Its classic hunting-ground, for turtle and cinnamon-groves, is at Sheppey, in the mouth of the Thames.

9. The underlying chalk is the prevalent subsoil of the county. It is the upper chalk, with large flints and layers of flint, whence arises the characteristic flint architecture of East Anglian churches, and especially the squared flint of the towers, as at Southwold. The chalk rises into cliffs at Cromer, and is singularly furrowed and worn into pinnacles, surrounded by the upper clays, as though it had formed a furrowed coastline like that of the Needles, and then had become the bottom of the sea by tranquil subsidence, and been covered with sand and mud by gentle degrees.

10. On the edge of the county, towards the north-west, the lower cretaceous formations crop up. At the northern end of a ridge lies one of the favourite localities of the fen-folk, and one of the notabilities of cretaceous geology—Hunstanton, with its cliffs of red chalk. How the white chalk, the soft ocean-floor of the great limestone sea, became discoloured by iron-rust; how it is preceded by red clays, containing lower cretaceous fossils; and how interesting the whole deposit is—are topics which may well elicit the investigation of the assembled *savans* and of their numerous camp-followers.

S. R. P.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER III.—TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

I HAVE classed together truth and justice as elements of character. It is difficult to separate them so as to bring either under notice as a distinct quality, because truth is justice in speech, and justice is truth in action. They are also found together. Where there exists a strict regard for truth, there will be a strict regard for justice; and where justice is faithfully maintained, there will be truth. It will equally be found that laxity or carelessness about one, will manifest itself, as occasion may serve, in carelessness about the other.

Simply considered, nothing can be more positive than truth; but when carried out into action, truthfulness consists in guarding against falsehood. It is only speaking of and dealing with things as they are, and that under all inducements to speak of and deal with them as they are not. Justice also is the acting out of that which is strictly due and right, under all temptations to do otherwise.

The temptations which operate against both these methods of doing simply right, arise out of selfishness—that first principle of our common nature. It is not likely that any one would speak falsely rather than truly, unless in the first instance it should be to gain something which is desired, or to escape from something which is disliked or feared; although when the habit of being false has become established, it is an undoubted fact that persons do sometimes grow to prefer

speaking falsely, and that with them a lie is often told from choice.

In the same way, injustice is generally done because of some selfish object to be gained, some purpose carried out, or some step taken towards a desired end. Self-serving, under some plea or other, is the cause of deviation from the line of rectitude in both cases. The peculiar form taken by temptation in both will depend upon the prevailing character of the society in which a person moves.

The peculiar temptations by which truth and justice are assailed in the present day, and in ordinary life, arise chiefly out of the increased demand for luxury and indulgence in our modes of living; the great facility with which the luxuries and elegancies of life can be obtained, rendering it a kind of stigma upon individuals to live in these respects below the grade of society in which they mix.

In conversing with persons who have these matters much at heart, we not unfrequently find them proposing to lessen the temptation by beginning, as it were, at the wrong end of the stream, by attacking the flood instead of the source. They even lament over this excess of luxury and self-indulgence; while, on the other hand, we hear persons who are equally anxious to promote the welfare of their fellow-beings, rejoicing over every improvement of trade, or extension of commerce, or ingenuity of invention that will increase the facility by which luxuries are obtained. Altogether there are moral perplexities in connection with this subject sufficient in number and complication to confuse the wisest and the clearest heads amongst our philanthropists and politicians.

Let us turn again, for relief, to the nursery, the home, and the mother's holy work. Happily for her, she is not called upon to disentangle the knotty questions of the political economist. But she is called upon to prepare her child, as well as she can, for that great battle against temptation which he will have to carry on throughout his after life. As already said, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain what these temptations will be, socially considered—in other words, what will be the nature of those temptations most likely to assail him from without, as the inevitable result of mixing in society as it is. He will still go forth with his own peculiar temptations, springing from within himself, and what these will be neither mother nor child will probably know until the hour of trial.

In our day there are facilities for deception, treachery, and secret crime, which are supplied by that material prosperity in which we so often exult. To guard against these facilities, we require, year by year, a stronger moral power, a stricter integrity, a firmer hold upon the principles of truth, as well as honesty, in order to withstand the temptations by which age as well as youth is surrounded, and, with terrible frequency, is overcome. This preventive and preserving power must come from within—from the heart; and the heart is treacherous and false, not all the restraints in the world can make the actions which it dictates true, and right, and noble.

But the memory of his mother may reach the tempted one; the example of his father; the moral purity of his home; the heart-lessons of his childhood; the practical uprightness of those who suffered in that home, and bore their trial of privation as sent from God, and who would not, to save their lives, have laid their hands upon a loaf of bread that was not their own. He may not be able to recall any direct precept on the subject, because integrity of principle was rather a

part of that moral atmosphere which he lived and breathed in during childhood, than a distinct thing to be set forth in lessons or even in words.

Invaluable in amount is the weight which a strict regard to the claims of property would throw into the right scale of that balance which a wise mother has to hold in her hand. Loose, vague notions about mine and thine, about property in general, are always dangerous to youth. It is better that a child should possess little, but that little should be as truly its own as the father's property is his own. Indiscriminate taking, using, and appropriating in a family, may wear an agreeable outside appearance of unselfishness and liberality, but it is often far from being so in reality. Out of such confusion of property there will arise confusion of claims, and then will follow disputes and quarrels. Neither is there any true generosity in the giver where all is held in common; and it is most essential to the cultivation of a true and noble generosity that a child should learn to give, and should delight to give out of that which is really its own; the smaller that is in amount, the larger will be the generosity of heart with which it is freely given.

Strictness in regard to borrowing and returning, is another guard which the judicious mother may set around her child; also a scrupulous care to repair any injury which a borrowed article may have sustained, and to replace it if lost or destroyed. It is surprising how careless the children—yes, even the grown-up children of respectable homes—are sometimes found to be on these points, and how grudging they show themselves when restitution is required. Had the education of these individuals in very early life been such as to inspire within them a high sense of the *rightness* of such acts of justice, and the *wrongness* of an opposite course, they would in all probability have grown up ashamed, as they ought to be, of failing in the minutest particular as regards absolute rectitude on such points.

It is not that the merit of being just is so great as to demand much commendation, because, as already said, to be just is only to be right; it is only the avoidance of wrong. But the shame, the condemnation, should be all the greater for having deviated from the line of right so far as to appropriate another person's property, to injure it, or to fail to make restitution for its loss.

The prompt and cheerful payment of all just money demands, where made the habit of a family, has great influence in the formation of character upon a true and honest basis. Teaching a child to feel that that money is absolutely not our own which is owing to another person for anything we are using or have used, is of great help here; and I think the payment of such debts might be cultivated as a pleasure to the child, at a very early age. As, for example, it might be made a privilege to the child to go with its mother or its nurse when they pay for the new shoes it has just put on, and with which, as in most cases, it is highly delighted.

But in whatever way the strict line can be drawn between what is honest and dishonest, no opportunity should be neglected for making it a heart-work with the child to be true and honest in these matters. It is of no use setting the head to calculate upon them. Such calculation will be more likely to lead to this result than any other—that on such a day a certain thing shall be restored; that it will not be wanted earlier; that it is not worth much to anybody; or that the owner will most likely never think of it again. This is all natural, and it seems innocent enough in a child; but it is the way a child should never be trusted

to go, because it is in reality one of those little by-ways of life, by pursuing which so many find themselves upon the great high road to ruin.

"I am only borrowing this money. I shall restore it long before the day when it will be wanted," said the wretched victim of crime on the day when he first laid his hands upon the money which he had in charge. "I will pay for what I am purchasing when my next supply comes in," said another who, on that day, had not the most distant idea of ever being imprisoned as a debtor. "I will risk all that I have, and twice as much, of my father's or my friend's, on this hopeful venture," said the eager speculator on the time when a promising investment was proposed to him, little thinking that a day of ruin for those friends, as well as for himself, was at hand—a day when nothing would be left for restitution. In all these cases, and in the thousands of others of a similar nature which stain our public annals, and wreck the happiness of families, and undermine the foundations of confidence and esteem, the stern work of rectitude should have done at once; the conscientious scruple should have been at work for years before the day of temptation; the mother's influence should have been upon that heart, and her careful skill should have guarded it, as by a wall of fire, against the assaults of this enemy.

Out of the heart must come the strong impulse to avoid all dishonesty as an abominable thing. There must early be implanted in the heart of the child an absolute hatred of every species of dishonesty—a hatred of its meanness, as well as its wickedness. All children can easily be made to despise; nothing, in fact, is more easy. The little lip will curl, and the haughty head will be tossed with ineffable contempt. Here, then, we find another instrument which, in the hands of the mother, may be used with wonderful effect against whatever is touched with the least taint of dishonesty, only the instrument must be applied, not so much to the conduct of others, as to the little dishonest acts of the child itself.

When I say it is natural to speak the truth, I mean only until some inducement stronger than the love of truth itself shall come across the purpose of a child to tempt it to tell a lie; and alas! this comes too soon. I only mean that if we should ask a child if it had learned a lesson, had been out, or had seen a bird, it would be in accordance with the first impulse of nature to say yes, if it had, unless some motive should be in immediate operation to prompt a lie. And, perhaps, it is in this way that parents are lulled into security, concluding that *of course* their children will be truthful; it is so very wicked to tell lies, and they have seen no reason to consider their children wicked.

How shall we convince the fond and partial parent that this is not sufficient? It may be sufficient while the child is free from temptation; but, when the hour comes in which there will be some terrible thing to fear in consequence of speaking the truth, or some delightful thing to gain by a falsehood—when other people tell such falsehoods, and no harm is thought of them—when it seems as if some particular falsehood would prevent mischief and pain, nay, actually do good—when nobody need ever know—then will be the time for the child to be saved, humanly speaking, by its intense and habitual hatred of a lie, indeed of everything false, by its remembrance of how falsehood was regarded in the parental home as a base and abominable thing, and how truth was acted there, as well as spoken, independently of all calculation of consequences, simply because it was truth.

In the constant and habitual acting out of truth as a principle lies the great secret of influencing the character of a child, so that truth shall be loved, and falsehood hated. Perhaps few of us are aware, until we look faithfully into the subject, and examine it well, how frequently we fail in this consistent acting and speaking, and how we fail so as that a child can easily detect our failures.

I think one of the great points on which we fail is this—we too often substitute anger for sorrow in our treatment of the misconduct of children. Take, as an example, the telling of a lie, or perhaps more than one. Fearful judgment is sometimes visited upon children for this, so fearful that the next time they tell a lie, perhaps inadvertently, they become so terrified that in all probability they tell another, or a succession of lies, in order to sustain or cover the first.

It seems to me that we work with a mean instrument when we attempt to work upon the *fear* of a child, and whatever we do, we must not degrade or debase the character. There will be degrading influences enough in the world to meet him at every step; but the mother's work should be exalting, noble, always tending upward. Surely then sorrow would be better than anger in the case described; and if we ourselves are deeply impressed with the importance of truth and falsehood, there will be cause enough for grief and real sorrow in the falsehood of any child in whom we are deeply interested.

I have often thought that a solemn grief pervading a household when a child has done wrong would have more effect in preventing a recurrence of the fault than all the anger in the world, or even the severest punishment. And yet there are cases, not very rare ones either, when a child is punished, perhaps left to sit alone in the school-room, because it has told a lie, while the rest of the family may be heard making merry as usual, laughing, it may be, with their guests, and certainly evincing no sign which the culprit can detect of the least feeling of sorrow on their part. A child so treated will know so far as that it has personally offended or vexed those who inflicted the punishment which it is enduring, and this it will probably charge upon their ill-temper rather than its own fault, but it can learn very little by this mode of heartless treatment of the awful nature of falsehood as it ruins the character, and stains the life.

Opposed to this we have the beauty and the value of a truthful and upright character. We have the holiness of the law of God, in nothing more visibly pure to our perceptions than in its maintenance of truth and justice—the just man and the perfect being always placed in the clearest opposition to the liars and the father of lies. We have also the *kindness* of truth in contrast to the *cruelty* of falsehood; nor can it be difficult to show to a child how cruel falsehood really is, that having been deceived once, or twice, or three times, we cease to be able to believe when we would, and so turn a deaf ear to the cry of real suffering, or refuse the petition of the needy, or withhold our confidence from those who are really deserving of our trust.

Truth admits of no qualification. It is simple truth, as day is day, and night is night. Thence it may be made clearly intelligible to a child. Justice is more difficult, involving as it does so many relative circumstances, and so many complications arising out of social life. There are, however, cases occurring frequently—perhaps in the nursery, from which a child may be so taught as to derive useful lessons. And, after all, it is not so much the discrimination of a clear

case which the mother has to teach, as how to feel about it when clearly seen. Discrimination of cases belongs especially to the head; and, although both head and heart should be included in the great work of education as it moves on, the business to be done in early life is chiefly to work upon the heart, so that it shall love truth and justice, and hate their opposites. A desire will thus be established to follow after, and hold fast by, that which is beloved and approved, and to reject the other with dislike and contempt. According to this mode of educating, a child may be brought to love and admire justice, long before it can have attained any great amount of power in judging correctly for itself as to what is just or unjust in the general transactions of mankind.

For this reason—that a child can really be no judge in transactions of business, or in worldly matters generally—the great mistake is made of leaving all considerations about justice, as well as many other moral questions, until the mind is mature, and the character to a great extent established. This fearful and often fatal mistake is chiefly attributable to the almost universal notion that little or nothing can be done in such matters except by the education of the head, that all these things will come right if the child is sent to what is called a good school, and that if properly taught, according to the accustomed routine of scholastic teaching, that the character of the future man or woman will be as good as human instrumentality can make it.

Does the mother ever think, when she consigns her child to this method of preparing it for after life, that even if the thing was stipulated for, which it seldom is, there could be neither time nor opportunity for educating the heart of her child as she could have done that work at home? That the head will be constantly practised at school in the lessons it is learning, the learner sent back again, perhaps a hundred times, until he is thoroughly grounded in his lesson, and so on, from step to step, each lesson made the groundwork for another, but all impressed, and made as sure as incessant labour, stimulated by competition, can make them? While the heart all the while is only *told* a few uninteresting truisms, and not practised at all, or with any method in its education?

Does the mother ever think, when she walks in her garden on a fine spring morning, and watches the fair blossoms unfolding on the boughs, and calculates upon her autumn and winter fruit, that the most critical time of all the year as regards the produce of the garden is just when those blossoms are beginning to *set*, as the gardeners call it? With blossoms a thousand times more beautiful, with the promise of fruit a thousand times more precious, she has the setting-time, as it were, in her own hands. It may be long before the casual observer will see what she has done: The blossoms of the fruit-tree fade and fall, and the small germ of promise makes no show for some time after this critical period; but amongst the many secrets hid in the bosom of nature, there is none more sure than this, that unless the fruit has *set*, there will be none upon the tree.

So, deep within the mother's bosom may lie this precious, this soul-sustaining truth, that her young blossoms have been cared for, nourished, and guarded in their setting-time; that nothing has been wanting on her part to secure a rich supply of after fruit; and that amidst her toil—toil sweetened by her love—she has constantly prayed for that blessing on her work without which she could have no hope of its success. The care, the watchfulness have been hers, and hers, too, the

skilful turning to account of those ever-changing circumstances of nature which belong to shade and sunshine, storm and calm. Beyond this, there must be the breathing of the breath of life, the inspiration of God's own spirit, to complete the work, for which she can only wait, and trusting in his promises, still work, and pray.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER IV.—SUPERSTITIONS.

Now death was rather a rare visitor in these districts, for people, notwithstanding the want of drainage, and the scarcity of water, if they managed to escape death in childhood, generally lived to extreme old age. It is a positive fact that I heard one old farmer of the age of eighty-nine, speaking to my vicar and telling him that he was busily engaged in breaking in a colt for his own riding. And he did break in and ride this horse, till within a few weeks of his death, when he had attained the ripe age of ninety-six. I remember, too, another case of an old woman, Sally Camp by name. When she was ninety-two years of age she used to continue to filch sticks from the hedgerows, and would even pull up the stout stakes put round a rick to protect it; and these she would often carry away in as great a load as would be heavy for a stout strong lad. In her earlier years she had been a poacher, and a most successful one too, but now she confined her abilities to the carrying away of any firewood she could lay her hands upon. Imprisonment produced no effect upon this old dame, nor did remonstrance either, for even if she was caught in the act, and let off, she would return as soon as the owner of the property had disappeared, quite oblivious of her promise, extorted a few minutes before, not to repeat her depredations. These were of so daring a character, and so often repeated, that the farmers were accustomed, when they had lost anything, to go and search this old woman's outhouse for the missing article. I never found such an indefatigable old woman: if she ever set her mind on any particular stake, she would be sure to persevere in her efforts until she obtained it, however firmly it might be planted in the ground or otherwise fastened.

Her younger sister, upwards of eighty years of age, lived with her; I am grieved to add that neither of them possessed any mark of religion, and I am equally sorry to add that I never succeeded in impressing any. The younger sister always stopped me when she saw me about to make some observation upon what I had read to them, by this constantly-repeated observation—"How nicely you read, do have a pinch of snuff!"

As soon as I was about to recommence after this mutual snuff-taking business was accomplished, "Do have another!" stopped me effectually. I persevered a long time, but perhaps not so long as her sister did at her sticks, and consequently I failed.

This snuff-taking old dame was very superstitious. She used to tell me that she frequently heard the "pixies" or fairies dancing on the moor; indeed, pixy-worship seems really carried on still in Devonshire. I myself have seen bullocks' hearts hung up in the chimney in order to keep away the evil influence of the fairies. Concerning another superstition, I remember asking a poor woman who was attending to her sick child, as it was suffering severely from measles. "Oh," she replied, "It will soon be all right, for I have had it 'crossed.'"

Upon further inquiry, I found that it was the common belief among the lower orders, that a seventh

son or daughter in succession, was possessed of certain miraculous powers; that if he, or she (for it was quite immaterial of what sex the operator was, so that it was the seventh in direct succession), laid a certain number of knives crossways on various portions of the patient's body, the person would certainly recover; this had been done in the case of the child in question, and I am obliged, in common fairness, to add that the child recovered, thereby confirming the mother's belief in the efficacy of the remedy.

One day, as I was walking up the village—and this short story will illustrate another superstition of the hilly part of Devon—I met a woman, named Mary Gray, with her hair all disordered, and bleeding from scratches on her face, and followed by a small mob of people hooting and jeering. Upon inquiring the cause of this uproar, I found that Mary and her neighbour had had a quarrel, and that Mary, to spite the other woman, had run down her neighbour's garden and stared fixedly at the pigs in the sty. Now, it was a firmly-rooted local superstition, that if an enemy stares at any animal of yours, unless you can manage to draw blood from that enemy before a certain time, the animal which was stared at will sicken and die. Accordingly, Mary's neighbour, not liking to have her pigs stared at maliciously, ran down the garden and interrupted the charm by drawing her nails rapidly down Mary's face, in order, as she imagined, to save the lives of her pigs. Hence the cause of the uproar I witnessed.

Another superstition of the higher class came to light thus. On Christmas eve, we at the Vicarage were all alarmed and astonished by the firing of guns and the shoutings of men and women. On going out to ascertain the cause, I found that our nearest neighbouring farmer was holding high festival in his orchard. It seems that it was the custom on Christmas eve to form a procession of the friends and labourers of the farmer, who, after liberal potations of cider, carried a bowl of it, hot and spiced, and with a large slice of cake, to the orchard. Having beaten the bounds, the cake was placed on the largest and oldest apple-tree, and the cider being poured over it, the women shout, and the men fire off guns, in the fervent hope of thereby raising a large crop of apples the following year.

Finding such a vast amount of superstition existing among the parishioners, I tried at first to laugh them out of it, but in vain, for it was too deeply rooted. So I started a series of lectures, which in the end proved most successful; but at first, from their exceeding novelty—for the natives had never heard one delivered previously—they were scarcely understood. You may judge of my mortification and surprise, when about to deliver a lecture upon the Reformation in England, it was generally supposed that I was about to discuss the then forthcoming Reform Bill.

I established, with the consent of the vicar, adult classes for both men and women, the latter with the assistance of the vicar's wife, and of another lady about whom I have more to say presently. I held this class in the afternoon, and for the whole time that we conducted it the attendance was very fair; one piece of superstition came to light through it, of which I was not previously aware. One of the young women, most regular in her attendance at our afternoon class, and of cleaner exterior than many of them, was unfortunately subject to fits. She had been told by a so-called wise woman, that if she stood in the church porch the first Sunday afternoon of the full moon, and asked thirty young men as they entered the church to give her a penny a piece, and with these thirty pennies thus

obtained, was able to effect an exchange for a new half-crown, and with this latter coin had a silver ring made, which she was constantly to wear on her middle finger of the right hand, she would be perfectly free from fits. She never told us how much she gave to the wise woman for the information, but all this trouble the young woman most cheerfully undertook. But her industry was not duly rewarded, for her fits continued as badly as ever. The proposed remedy having failed, she was then advised to obtain possession of the church key, and to open the great west door, then to walk up the aisle and lay the key on the altar-table. This was to be done at midnight in the full moon. Now this ridiculous action was gravely recommended as a positive cure. The vicar was very particular about the custody of the key in question, and had not parted with it on any pretence whatever, ever since some of the ringers had surreptitiously obtained it and got tipsy in the belfry. We found subsequently that the clerk managed on this occasion to persuade the vicarage servants to get it from its accustomed place on the study mantelpiece.

About midnight, we were all awoken and alarmed by violent shrieks proceeding from the churchyard. Next morning we were informed that the young woman, accompanied by a large number of male and female friends, had herself unlocked and opened the great west door of the church, and had walked up the centre aisle towards the chancel, her friends meanwhile waiting, silent and awe-struck, in a body outside. It turned out that when she reached the altar rails her courage failed her, and screaming with fright, she rushed down the church and into the midst of her friends, falling down into a worse fit than she had ever experienced, which lasted several hours; and, indeed, from the evil effects of this fit she gradually sank into a state of imbecility.

When speaking to the vicar one day upon the superstitions of the parish, he told me he had noticed one particularly, namely, that if a person met him whom he had recently thought necessary to reprove, she immediately held down her right hand and opened the third and fourth fingers to their widest extent. This action turned out to be the remains of the ancient banning, and it was supposed that this opening of the fingers in the manner indicated, was a charm to do away with any evil that might be incurred by the reproof of the parson or priest.

One more instance of a different kind of superstition, and I must close this chapter. I could tell many more instances of Devonshire superstition, but they did not fall under my own observation, and they have already more than once been made public by careful and intelligent writers.

Among the young men who attended my male adult evening class, was one whom I had given credit for superior intelligence, perhaps from the fact that he was a farmer's son, and in partnership with his father. His bright looks and active habits also most favourably impressed me, yet I was much annoyed to find that the universal thralldom of superstition bound him as firmly as it did the members of the labouring class.

The farmer, his father, was suddenly taken ill and died. This took place a few weeks after I left the parish, but the vicar wrote to me and told me the whole of the circumstances of the case, and I know that I can rely upon the truth of the statement. Now about the same time as this farmer died, a cow on the farm premises was also taken ill and died; these two events happening at the same time, struck the son as

something unusual and ominous; accordingly, he thought it as well to consult a "white wizard" who lived at T— concerning the coincidence. The wizard, wishing to make as good a market as possible out of the young man, told him that it was quite clear that this sad affair was no accident, but that he imagined an enemy had drawn a mystic circle in the farm, and that whosoever trod within that circle would surely die; but, added the cunning wizard, the circle was not meant for your father, that I feel certain of; I think it must have been meant for yourself.

My readers may easily picture to themselves the consternation with which this credulous young farmer would receive such a dreadful piece of news, nor will they be surprised when I tell them that he eagerly promised the T— wizard a large sum of money if he would charm away the threatened mischief. This the man with seeming reluctance consented to do, for a consideration, but he added that his injunctions must be most carefully carried out. They were as follows:—The young farmer was to collect as many of his friends together as possible; they were to assemble in the best parlour, at a certain hour; they were to be all dressed in black, with not a speck of white appearing in sight—not even a shirt-collar was to be worn; the room was to be lighted only with a peculiar coloured candle, procured solely from himself; each guest was to hold it lighted in his right hand, and in the other a large nail, also to be procured from himself. I ought to say that for these articles he asked a long price, and obtained his price, too, without its fairness being questioned, for the young farmer was in such terror that he would have consented to any terms in order that the charm should be made perfect. The ceremony was duly performed and pronounced successful by the operator, but of course he did not unfold the manner by which he had been enabled to obtain this success; the outward sign was in the bending of a nail in a particular direction and certain mystic words appearing on the walls drawn with phosphorus. At the conclusion of the rites practised, when each was ordered to extinguish the candle he held burning, the curtains which darkened the room were withdrawn, and the wizard proclaimed with a loud voice that the young farmer was now enabled to walk about his farm free from danger wherever he listed.

As I said a page or two back, I only mention these things as coming in contact with them in my first curacy. Of course others who have resided years in a similar locality must have observed many more and grosser instances of superstition; but how awful it seems to the mind of any reflecting man, that such absurd ceremonies should still be carried on and believed in, in this enlightened age! It makes one blush that such practices as I have mentioned should be performed in a country boasting of its superiority among the nations of the earth, and professing more genuine Christianity than the other countries of Europe. We can only hope that, by more frequent intercourse with the neighbouring towns, and by the progress of education, in spite of the farmers' hostility, these things will cease to be recorded as facts. Interesting they may be, and amusing also, to look back upon as the superstitions of our ancestors; but to know that they are still held and practised is enough to make one believe that in many things we are not far removed from the heathen themselves, and that we of the clergy, with all our zeal and energies, are not yet able to root out such fanatical absurd belief as the existence of fairies, witches, and wizards.

Varieties.

DELITZSCH'S OPINION ON THE ARTICLE "WHAT IS THE TALMUD?"—A clever and learned Jew, named Emmanuel Deutsch, connected with the British Museum in London, has lately published an article in one of the most widely circulated and best written periodicals in England, the "Quarterly Review," in which he endeavours to make out that there is no such great difference between Judaism and Christianity as is commonly believed, inasmuch as the parables and proverbial expressions of the New Testament are almost all to be found in the Talmud, and therefore are not to be considered as the peculiar property of Christianity. The impression produced by this brilliantly written article was the deeper because it was apparently the work of a Christian: for as Judas, when he delivered up Jesus to his enemies, went up to him, saying, "Hail, Master," and kissed him, so the Jewish author of the article calls Jesus "Our Saviour"—he conceals himself behind a Christian mask. We point out a case where he has been throwing sand into the eyes of his English readers. The Talmud quotes (Kiddushin iv. 14) the saying of Rabbi Simeon, son of Eleazar, "Did you ever see a beast or bird work for their bread, yet they never want, even though they were made solely to serve me. But I was created to serve my Creator, and if those who were made my servants find food without being reduced to poverty, must I, who was made to be my Creator's servant, be only able to exist in poverty and need? Certainly, I only ruin my livelihood by a miserable conduct. On such an occasion who does not remember the words of Jesus:—Behold the birds of the air: they sow not, they reap not, neither do they gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Mr. Deutsch draws many like parallels, all the while deceiving himself and others because he leaves out the dates of these sayings. For when did this Simeon, son of Eleazar, live? In the reign of the Emperor Hadrian (Seder-Ha-Doroth 73 A), a full century at least after Christ. We would not on this account decide that he simply borrowed the expression from Matthew's Gospel which contained these words in the Hebrew—or had heard them from Christian discourse—but the expression being similar, it is here as in most other cases that the original was given by Jesus, and Simeon's was but the copy. We say, in most other cases, we might almost say all, for except Hillel, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, all the teachers in the Talmud whose sayings correspond with New Testament doctrine, lived in much more recent times than Christ and the great founders of Christianity. For the rest we readily acknowledge that the whole of Christianity may be gleaned from the Talmud, if it consist of no more than such moral teaching as exhortations to trust in God and be just in our dealings with man. But this would be a miserably diluted exposition of it to collect only such universal notions. What need was there of the heavenly wisdom taking the form of man if he only tells us commonplaces?—*Professor Delitzsch, of Erlangen.*

BEE BATTLES.—A Yorkshire farmer writes:—"Having long been a keeper of bees, I read the articles in your periodical with interest, especially the accounts of 'Bee Battles.' The theory as to the cause of these battles may or may not be correct, but my object is to mention a remedy which many years ago came to my knowledge. A neighbour had more than sixty hives standing in one paddock. Greatly to his surprise, he one day observed that there was a general war raging amongst them, which they continued from day to day so resolutely, that it became clear most of the bees would be destroyed. A garden engine was procured and vigorously worked amongst them, when they were soon driven to seek the shelter of their hives. They required watching for a day or two, and the engine was applied as soon as any disturbance arose, but they shortly settled down to their old habits, and there was no more trouble with them. If this is tried, those who work the engine as well as those who supply the water, must be well protected, as the bees are greatly irritated."

FLINT JACK.—This notorious manufacturer of flint arrows, stone celts, and other spurious relics, has again been plying a busy trade, and his lucrative art has now numerous followers, by whom the market is flooded with forged antiquities.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The Parliamentary grant this year is £99,380, being an increase of nearly £4,000. Among the special charges is £1,000 for the agent attached to the Abyssinian expedition.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



THE PICNIC.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER X.

OUR anxiety to ascertain the fate of those on board the ship which the *Mignonne* had brought in as a prize, induced me, with my brother and William Trundle, to make another expedition to the French settlement. We ventured much nearer during daylight than we had done the first time, as we were certain that the people would be watching the arrival of the privateer and her prize. We were able, indeed, to reach a spot overlooking the harbour, where, among some thick bushes,

we concealed ourselves before the ships came to an anchor. William had brought his telescope, and we could almost see the countenances of the people on the decks of the ships. The large one was, we saw at once, an Indianman outward bound. We knew that by the number of young men and the young ladies on board, and their clear ruddy complexions. Had she been homeward bound, there would be old yellow-faced generals and judges, black nurses, sickly ladies and little children.

We anxiously watched the proceedings of those on board. The passengers were walking up and down in

a very disconsolate mood; the crew were clustered forward. By their looks and gestures as they cast their eyes towards the privateer, we thought that even then they were about to attack the Frenchman, and attempt to regain their liberty.

"I hope they will. I should like to help them," exclaimed William and Trundle, starting up simultaneously.

I drew them back. "Nonsense! we could not help them, and they will not make the attempt," I said. "See, the Frenchmen are going on board armed. They know what they are about."

Two large boats with armed men were pulling from the privateer to the Indiaman to strengthen her prize crew, while Captain La Roche was going on board her in his gig. He was soon up her side, and began bowing and scraping away most politely to the passengers, especially to the ladies. We could almost fancy that we heard him apologising to them for the inconvenience and disappointment he was causing them, with a spice of mockery in his tone, suggesting that it was the fortune of war, and that another day their turn might come uppermost. The crew of the Indiaman were then sent down the side, and rowed off to one of the hulks, while the passengers were conveyed to another.

"Then those hulks are prison ships after all," observed William, when the operation was concluded. "We may get on board them and let out the prisoners some day."

In this I partly agreed with him, though I could not help seeing the difficulties in the way. Even this hope was likely to be frustrated, for as we watched the Frenchmen who came on shore, we saw that they were joined by several men whom we had little difficulty in recognising as the crew of the wrecked ship, the very people who had lately deserted us. The mate was with them, but we did not see the captain. Perhaps, drunkard as he was, he was ashamed to go over to the enemy. All the party now entered a drinking-house together, being evidently on the most friendly terms.

We had therefore no longer any doubt that our existence would be made known to the privateer's men, and that the difficulty of surprising them would consequently be much greater than we had calculated on. We found that it was time to retrace our steps, all we had gained from our expedition being the knowledge that many of our countrymen and countrywomen were in even a worse condition than we were. Our report when we got back to the tents put our companions very much out of spirits. What were we to do? was the question. Some proposed that we should go at once and deliver ourselves up to the French, petitioning for their clemency. O'Carroll strongly opposed this.

"We are at liberty now, boys: if we once get into the hands of these French they will be our masters, and make us do what they like," he observed, and his influence, supported as he was by us, carried the point.

We wondered that Jacotot did not betake himself to his countrymen; but he laughed and said that he was now an English subject, that he should then be only one among many, that he was with us not only the principal cook, but the only man worthy to be called a cook; indeed, that he was perfectly content to continue to share our fortunes.

As several days passed and we received no visit from the Frenchmen, we began to hope that the seamen had not betrayed us. So far that was satisfactory; but had they remained faithful, I think that there is little

doubt that we should have attempted the rescue of the prisoners. At last, once more we saw the Mignonne put to sea; and immediately on this with O'Carroll and Sam Kelson in company, after watching for some time we could see nothing of the English sailors, we therefore conjectured that either they had quarrelled with the French and been put in prison, or had gone on board the privateer—too probably the latter. After a consultation, we agreed that we would, at all events, pay a visit to the passengers of the Indiaman. The French could scarcely think it necessary to keep guards constantly watching them, and we might therefore easily accomplish the undertaking. We accordingly set off to move round the harbour, intending to conceal ourselves in some spot near the Indiaman, that we might watch our opportunity for getting on board. We had gone on for some distance, and were approaching the spot, concealing ourselves carefully as we advanced, when sounds of laughter reached our ears—honest English laughter. We stole on, very much inclined to join in it, considering that we had not had a good laugh for some time, when from some rocks up which we climbed we saw below us a large party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in discussing a dinner in picnic fashion on the grass. They all seemed remarkably merry and happy. The younger gentlemen were running about helping the ladies, and doing the polite in the most approved fashion. They appeared to be drinking claret, and then they produced from a hamper in the shade just below us some bottles of champagne. There was no doubt about that, for we heard the loud pops as the corks were drawn, and saw the wine fizzing and foaming in the glasses. Trundle smacked his lips so loudly at the sight that some of the party turned a hasty glance in the direction where we lay hidden, supposing probably that the noise was made by some bird in the foliage above their heads. In a short time one of the young gentlemen was called on for a song. He without hesitation complied. I forget the strain. It was a right merry one. Another followed him, and then another.

"I say, Braithwaite, the bottles will be empty, and we shall not get a drop if we sit up here like owls in a bush," whispered Toby Trundle. "Just let me go down and introduce myself, and then you know I can introduce you all, and I'm sure that they will be glad to make your acquaintance."

I was inclined to agree with Toby, and so was William, not the less so that there were several very attractive-looking young ladies of the party; at all events, there seemed to be many reasons why we should make ourselves known. I nodded therefore to Toby, and in an instant he slid down the rock, and was in the midst of the very party before any one observed where he had come from. Their looks of astonishment at finding an English midshipman among them were amusing.

"Why, where have you dropped from, youngster?" exclaimed a civilian, a judge returning from—what was more unusual in those days than at present—a visit to England. "The clouds?"

"Not exactly; 'tis but from up there where I have a number of friends who would be glad to make your acquaintance," answered Toby, promptly. "May I introduce them?"

"By all means, very happy to see them," answered the nabob, as all civil servants of the Company were called in those days if they were well up the tree, and had made money. "Bring them down at once."

"I have not a gun, sir, or I might do it; but I'll hail

them, which will answer the purpose," answered Master Toby, with a twinkle in his eye.

We scarcely waited for his call, but tumbling down one after the other, we stood before the assembled company, to whom Toby, looking as grave as a judge, introduced us formally by name, finishing off with "Sam Kelson, boatswain's mate of his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Phoebe*."

"The very ship we spoke the day before we were captured," observed our friend the judge. "She was on the look-out for Captain La Roche and his merry men, and if she falls in with them, they will have a hard matter to escape; but sit down, gentlemen, we are very glad to make your acquaintance. We are companions in misfortune, though in some respects you have the advantage over us, by being at liberty."

We found that the passengers were allowed to live as before on board the Indiaman, and were under no sort of restraint, they having given their word not to attempt to escape from the island while the French had possession of it. We were treated in the most friendly manner by all the party, and were soon hob-nobbing our glasses of champagne with all the gentlemen round, Sam Kelson finding a companion in a corporal, the servant of a military officer going out to rejoin his regiment. Trundle soon let out to our new friends the intention we had entertained of trying to release them. They thanked us, but said that the attempt would have been useless, as the mouth of the harbour was strongly guarded. There were a good many other people on board the ships, while the officers and seamen remained strictly guarded, and were not allowed to visit the shore, except when the *Mignonne* or some other privateer ship of war was in the harbour. Their only fear was that they should run short of provisions before they were released, or that at all events they should have to live on very coarse and scanty food. They advised us to keep out of the Frenchmen's sight, lest we should be pounced on and treated as seamen and belligerents; this we very readily promised to do. Altogether we had a very pleasant and merry meeting, and were sorry when our friends told us that the hour for their return on board had arrived. It was arranged that they should have another picnic party in the same spot in three days, and they kindly invited us to join them. On our way back we had, as may be supposed, plenty of subjects for conversation. Both William and Trundle were greatly taken up with two of the young ladies they had met. What a hard fate was theirs, to be thus cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world! "It is very well now, but in a short time provisions will run short, and they will get tired of their companions, only old nabobs, or married men, or stupid young griffins who know nothing of the world, but think a great deal of themselves, and they will have read all their books, and they will have no one to write to, and they will have done all their work, and their clothes will have worn out, and——"

"Not much chance of that, if their wardrobes are as liberally furnished as my sister Susan's was, for it would have lasted for a dozen years at least," observed Trundle, for it was William who had before spoken.

"But think of the change of fashions," he remarked, with assumed gravity. "What a dreadful thing for a young lady just out of her teens to know that all the rest of the world is dressing in a style of costume totally different from what she is compelled to wear."

"To be sure, I did not think of that," said Toby. "It makes it doubly incumbent on us to try and rescue them. That Miss Mary Mason is a sweetly

pretty girl. I would go through fire and water to serve her."

"And Julia Arundel is one of the most lively animated girls I have met for a long time," remarked William, with a sigh. I had observed O'Carroll in conversation with a lady who seemed to be a former acquaintance. He told me that he had known her in her younger and happier days, that she had married an officer in India, had come home with three children who had all died, and that she was now on her way to rejoin her husband.

"Her case is a very hard one," he remarked.

"So I suspect we shall find are the cases of many," I answered. "Sad indeed are the effects of war. The non-combatants suffer more even than the combatants. That is to say, a far greater number of people suffer who have nothing to do with the fighting, than those who actually carry on the murderous work. Oh, when will war cease throughout the world?"

"Not until the depraved heart of man is changed, and Satan himself is chained, unable further to hurt the human race," answered O'Carroll. "What has always struck me, besides the wickedness of war, is its utter folly. Who ever heard of a war in which both sides did not come off losers? The gain in a war can never make amends for the losses, the men slain, the physical suffering, the grief: the victorious side feel that only in a less degree than the losers."

I cordially agreed with him. Yet how many hundreds were daily falling at that time in warfare, how many thousands and tens of thousands were yet to fall, to gratify the insane ambition of a single man, permitted to be the fearful scourge that he was to the human race? We said as little about our expedition as we could, for the emigrants, as soon as they heard of so many of their countrymen being in the neighbourhood, were eager to set out to see them. We, however, persuaded them to remain where they were, for a visit of so large a party would not fail to be discovered by the French, and greatly increase the annoyances of our position. We, however, paid our second visit to the passengers of the Indiaman, and found them on shore at the place where we had first met them. Their spirits, however, had already begun to flag; their guards had been less courteous than at first, sickness had attacked two or three, gloomy apprehensions were troubling the minds of many. Still we had a pleasant dinner, and the song and the jest went round as before. The two midshipmen were the merriest of the party, and paid, as may be supposed, the most devoted attention to the two young ladies whom they thought fit to admire. Their happiness was, however, disagreeably interrupted by the appearance in our midst of half-a-dozen armed Frenchmen. They nodded familiarly at us. "Bien, messieurs; you have saved us the trouble of going to fetch you," said one of them, in a sarcastic tone. "You will not leave this, but as you are seamen, you will accompany us to the prison ship."

We soon found that they had been made acquainted by the seamen of the *Kangaroo* of our being on the island, and had only waited for leisure to go and bring us to the settlement. Another party had already been despatched to bring in the emigrants, and from the rough unmannerly way in which these treated our new friends, we could not but feel the gravest apprehensions as to the indignities to which they might be subjected. Our own existence in the hands of lawless ruffians would be very different from what it had hitherto been. The appearance of these unwelcome visitors completely broke up the picnic party, and while our friends returned to

their ship, we were marched off towards one of the hulks. We soon had evidence of the bad disposition of our captors towards us, for Toby Trundle, who was very indignant at being thus caught, beginning to saunter along as if he had no intention of hurrying himself to please them, one of them threatened to give him a prog with his bayonet. As we were walking along as slowly as Trundle could contrive to go, the sound of a shot reached our ears. It came from the sea. Our guards started and talked rapidly to each other. Several other shots followed in succession, some close together.

"There are two at it, of that I am sure," exclaimed O'Carroll.

The Frenchmen continued their gesticulations with increased animation. They were evidently eager to get to the mouth of the harbour, whence they could look seaward.

"They think that there is something in the wind, depend on that," observed Trundle.

Presently the firing became more and more rapid, seeming to our ears to come nearer and nearer. The Frenchmen could no longer restrain their eagerness to learn the cause of the firing, and totally disregarding, probably indeed forgetting us, off they set running towards the shore as fast as their legs could carry them. We waited for a few minutes to let them have a fair start, and then followed in their wake for some distance, turning off, however, after a time, to the right, so that, should they come back to look for us, we might not so easily be found. We in a short time reached a high rocky mound, whence we got a view of the sea spread out before us. Within a mile and a half of the land were two ships, both with topgallant sails set, standing in close-hauled towards the harbour. The wind was somewhat off the land, but yet if it continued steady, it was possible that they might fetch the harbour-mouth. Such, it appeared evident, was the object of the one, while to prevent her so doing was the aim of the other, which was the largest and nearest to us. As soon as the two midshipmen set eyes on the latter, they clapped their hands like children with delight, exclaiming at the top of their voices, "The Phœbe! the Phœbe! hurra! hurra!" O'Carroll took a more steady glance at the other ship, and then shouted, with no less delight, "And that's the Mignonne, and La Roche's day has come at last."

"I should hope so, indeed," cried Trundle; "depend on it, the Phœbe won't have done with him till he has made him eat a big dish of humble pie."

The frigate kept firing rapidly her foremost guns at the Frenchman, who replied to them in a spirited manner, with his aftermost ones, as they could be brought to bear. He was all the time luffing up, trying to eat into the wind as it were, but as that was scant, it gave the Phœbe, which was well to windward, a great advantage, and she was now rapidly coming up with him. As she did so, she every now and then luffed up for an instant, and let fly her whole broadside, doing considerable execution. We eagerly watched the effect of the shot. The Frenchman's sails were soon riddled, and several of his spars seemed to be wounded, many of his ropes, too, hanging in festoons. At last, directly after another broadside, down came his spanker gaff, shot away in the jaws, while the mizen topsail braces shared the same fate. In vain the crew ran aloft to repair the damage; the ship rapidly fell off, and all prospect of her fetching up to the harbour was lost, unless by a miracle the wind should suddenly shift round. The instant the sail came down, the midshipmen gave vent to their feelings of exultation in a loud "Hip, hip, hurra!" in which we could not help joining

them and the crew of the Phœbe, whom we could fancy at the moment doing the same thing.

"Don't be too sure that the Mignonne is taken, however," cried O'Carroll. "I never saw a faster craft, and see she is keeping away and going to try what her heels can do for her, dead before the wind."

The Mignonne, however, could not keep away without being raked by the Phœbe, whose shot, now delivered low, must have told with fearful effect along her decks. This done, the Phœbe instantly bore up in chase, and not having lost a spar, though her sails had several shot-holes through them, rapidly gained on her. The Frenchmen, to give themselves every chance of escape, were now busily employed in getting out studden-sail booms, in spite of the shot which went whizzing after them. In a marvellously short space of time a wide spread of canvas was exhibited on either side, showing that, though many of her men had fallen, she had a numerous and well-trained crew.

"They are smart fellows, indeed," I remarked. "Many of them fight with halters round their necks."

"That makes fellows smart in more senses than one," answered O'Carroll.

The Phœbe, of course, had to set her studden-sails, and away the two ships glided before the freshening breeze. We watched them with breathless interest. Their speed at first seemed so equal that the chase had still, it seemed, a chance of escaping.

Trust to our captain, he'll stick to her till he has made her strike, or he will chase her round the world," said the two midshipmen, in the same breath.

The Mignonne was firing away all the time with her stern chasers, while the frigate was replying in from those at her bows. They were both firing at each other's spars, the one hoping, by crippling her opponent, to escape, the other to prevent her doing so. What had become of our guards all this time we had not for a moment thought, while we hoped that they had equally forgotten us. The chase, indeed, probably absorbed their attention as it did ours. Few of us doubted that the English frigate would ultimately capture the Frenchman; but should she do so would she of necessity come back with her prize to our island, or would she sail away and, perhaps ignorant of our existence, leave us to our fate. One thing was evident, that we ought to guard ourselves against the insolence of the French garrison. The men were evidently the scum of society, and should they find themselves without restraint, it was impossible to say what atrocities they might not commit. Anxious as we were to know the result of the chase, we agreed, therefore, to go back to our friends to give them warning, and to consult with them what steps to adopt. Before leaving our look-out place we took one more anxious glance at the two ships. Both O'Carroll and the midshipmen declared that the Phœbe was positively overhauling the Mignonne, and that in a short time we should see the latter haul down her flag. I doubted it.

THE P. AND O. COMPANY.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the "Hindustan" was despatched by the company to open the line of communication between this country and the East. Previous to that, the traffic did not extend beyond the peninsula of Spain; and hence, on the extension of the line, the directors named the company "Peninsular and Oriental." It must not be supposed that this pioneer of the magni-

ficient line of steamers that now sail up the Mediterranean was at all to be compared with even the smallest of them in tonnage or horse-power. Steam navigation was at that period still in its infancy, and, twenty-five years previously, the whole United Kingdom possessed but one solitary steamboat, and that only of sixty-nine tons burden. Of the increase of this mighty power during the subsequent twenty-five years, the progress of the Peninsular and Oriental Company exhibits the most remarkable example on record. At the close of that period we find them in possession of fifty-three steamships, of an aggregate of 86,411 tons, fitted with steam machinery of 19,690 horse-power; nine steam-tugs of 864 tons and 275 horse-power; and 13,663 tons of sailing transports, store, and coal-ships, the value of which, with the other property of the company, amounted to £3,836,084; while the receipts for work performed by this fleet of steamers amounted to £2,136,076 during the year.

Here is a vast navy in itself: in fact, the P. and O. Company may rank as a great naval power. In ordinary times it is a power employed in the honourable and peaceful tasks of traffic and commerce, but also available for transport service in time of war.* They are ever adding to their fleet the finest ships which money and art can secure. The last we hear of is the *Magdala*, of 3,000 tons, with a sister ship, the *Hindustan*, and another of smaller tonnage. Losses occur sometimes, as that of the *Nippon* lately at Amoy, but the list is at once filled up, if possible, with finer ships. The tear and wear alone of such a fleet is written down at £150,000, and the company is its own underwriter.

If the company at the outset had depended upon their own resources and the ordinary patronage of the public, it is doubtful whether they would have made such rapid progress; but, in aid of their line, the Government granted them a subsidy to carry the mails for India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea, when they had previously been conveyed by the tedious passage round the Cape of Good Hope, in sailing-ships. Of course the new route required a separate service of steam-vessels from Suez, where the company have a *dépôt* for provisioning and refitting that is unequalled anywhere, besides a large establishment at Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea. At first the line was confined to Bombay, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, after which it was extended to Singapore, Hong Kong, and other China ports, and from Point de Galle, in Ceylon, to Australia. Recently the route has been extended from Shanghai to Yokohama, in Japan, and a branch service leaves Suez for Seychelles and the Mauritius.

Including the Japan and local China service, each delivery in London of the mails by the company's steamers involves the employment of eight steamships, and a voyage of 19,867 miles by sea, besides a journey of 982 miles by land, making 20,849 miles for each trip. In the performance of one of these complete trips, mails, passengers, and cargo, are delivered and received at eighteen ports, and are transferred from ship to ship five times. A fine-weather voyage throughout is rarely if ever experienced. If the India and China seas are calm during the European winter, the vessels may be subjected to the most violent weather in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean. If the Bay of Biscay

and Mediterranean are calm in the European summer, monsoons prevail in the Indian Ocean, and the dreaded typhoon sweeps the China and Japan seas; while at the same time it is winter in Australia, when the stormiest weather occurs during the year in the southern hemisphere.

The Peninsular and Oriental vessels never meet with icebergs, like those which traverse colder seas; but the circumstance which insures their freedom from this form of annoyance exposes them to another difficulty, which will be appreciated by those who understand something of the working of a steam-engine. Much of a steam-engine's efficiency depends upon the principle of condensation—condensation, of course, depends upon a constant supply of cold water. Now, the company's steamers in the East, during a great part of the year, navigate an ocean of warm water; the temperature of the sea being frequently over 90°, the working power of the machinery is consequently much impaired and decreased.

The punctuality with which these services are performed is most remarkable. The mail contract imposes a heavy penalty for not leaving a steamer ready to start to the day from the terminal and principal ports; but during the first twenty-five years of the company's contract, they never once incurred the penalty, although, since the commencement of the existing India and China contracts, their steamers have started, on those lines alone, upwards of four thousand times. The Postmaster-General, in one of his recent reports, mentioned the arrival of the combined mails from Sydney, New South Wales, a distance of 13,000 miles; from Calcutta, 8000; from Shanghai, 11,000; and from Hong Kong, upwards of 10,000 miles; these mails being due in London on 13th November, at midnight, they arrived *one hour and ten minutes before their time*. This is no unusual occurrence, for in the great majority of arrivals, eight and nine times out of twelve, the mails either arrive the day before, or the day on which they are due. When the telegram announces "The India, China, and Japan Mails" at Marseilles, the public must do justice to the extraordinary feat thus safely accomplished.* To bring all those mail-bags and boxes together, a score of seas have been traversed, from the Yellow Sea and North Pacific, through the Malacca Straits, down the Bay of Bengal, across the Southern Ocean, the Sunda Sea, the waters of Sindbad, up through Bab-el-Mandeb and the Red and Mediterranean seas, the company's keels have ploughed the billows to bring us the letters of business and friendship, of love and hate, of pleasure and sorrow, of satisfaction, disappointment, and perpetual progress.

During the first twenty-five years the company carried upwards of half a million of passengers; and not more than five or six lives have been lost by wreck or other casualty. Compared with other passenger lines to America and Australia, where the ships are thronged by the poorer class of emigrants at low passage rates, this number of passengers is not remarkable. But when we take into consideration the fact that the company convey none but first-class passengers at high rates, with steerage accommodation only for their servants, the number becomes important by reason of their position in society, and the large sum paid into the revenue of

* During the Abyssinian war the Peninsular and Oriental lent the Government six fine vessels for the Red Sea and Indian Ocean transport duties; it supplied in all about 150,000 tons of coal; and by the condenser in its ships it furnished the army with 500,000 gallons of distilled water.

* For one London Oriental mail delivery seven first-class ships of the P. and O. have to work in harmony. One has to come from Japan, a second from Hong Kong, a third from Sydney, a fourth from Calcutta and Madras—all timed nicely to meet at Point de Galle in Ceylon. Then the vessel from Point de Galle and that from Bombay join mails at Suez, and a seventh brings them from Alexandria to Marseilles.

the company. In former years the tariff of charges was £152 10s. to Calcutta, £180 to Shanghai, and £150 to Melbourne or Sydney; so that the annual average passage-money was not less than one and a quarter millions sterling, including passengers' fares for short distances along the line. When the French company started their opposition, about the year 1862, they reduced the rates of passage-money, to which the Peninsular and Oriental Company had to conform, charging £99 10s. to Calcutta, with proportionate reduction to other ports. From this date the monopoly of passenger traffic to the East was broken in upon, and the *Messageries Impériales* service carries now nearly as many passengers as the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

But the French company made another serious innovation on the stereotyped passenger system of their English rivals, in preparing separate and tolerably good accommodation for second and third-class passengers. This was a great boon to those who had not the means to travel first-class; who had either to mess with servants, or proceed by sailing-vessel round the Cape of Good Hope—where the voyage is as five months to two "Overland." The Peninsular and Oriental Company have not yet conformed to this arrangement of the rival line; but it would be a wise step on the part of the directors, while they are building a larger class of vessels to carry merchandise, if they fitted up second-class and third-class cabins in them. Passengers to the East are not now restricted to the Government officials and merchant princes, who can afford to pay high rates. There is an increasing migration of the comparatively poorer classes to India, China, and Japan, who have either gone to "push their fortune," or who have obtained situations, and to whom time is money. Consequently, while the fitting up of cheaper accommodation for passengers would meet the requirements of the increasing traffic, there would be room for both services all the year round. These remarks apply more particularly to the passenger traffic east of Suez, for the vessels from Southampton to Alexandria have tolerably good accommodation for second-class passengers.

On the other hand, it is said that the fare on board the French ships is not suited to an Englishman's palate; and therefore the voyage becomes uncomfortable, when John Bull does not get his roast beef and brown stout, which is amply served up on board the Peninsular and Oriental boats. We have travelled by both lines, and can testify to the abundance of fare in the vessels of each; and to our taste the meals on board the French boats were preferable, especially as it is principally during hot weather of a tropical character that the dishes are served up. At such a time few people can relish great joints of meat being laid on the table, and to some delicate stomachs the sight is more likely to take all appetite away. Some nice tasty dish is preferable, cooked in the French style, while a drink of claret and iced water is more refreshing than even "pale India ale." Indeed, we have often thought that the Peninsular and Oriental Company would do well not to bring the hot joints on the table at all, as they only serve to increase the temperature of the dining-saloon, when it is necessary to keep it cool by "punkas." *Apocryphos* of this: none of these steamers, French or English, have a proper system of ventilation to cool the interior. Surely there is ingenuity enough among the captains and engineers to fit up some kind of fanner to agitate the suffocating air, and set it going by the steam machinery. At present all the apparatus for this purpose is the old Indian punka, slung upon swivels, and pulled to and fro by manual labour. So intense

is the heat in sailing before the wind in the Red Sea, that the captains have now and then to veer the ship round to meet the breeze and ventilate the cabins.

It may be supposed that the consumption of provisions, and especially drinkables, is considerable on board these ships. In 1862 the consumption amounted to 14,602,514lbs. of what are termed general stores; 1,301,608 bottles of wine and spirits; 524,250 bottles of pale ale; 177,310 head of live stock; 160,130 poultry, and 13,015 sheep. The item of *ice* is of importance, and put down at 3,046,000lbs. Besides having imported ice on board the Mediterranean boats, the company have an ice-making machine at Suez, that supplies all the ships east of that port. They have also a large machine for distilling water there; but this is not required so much now, since the French cut the fresh-water canal from the Nile to that port, which supplies both the town and shipping. Altogether, the *depôt* of the company at Suez is upon a colossal scale. Besides the immense store of provisions and drinkables—larger than any single store in the docks of London or Liverpool—they have every description of marine stores, "from a needle to an anchor," piled up in the premises, for refitting the vessels. Then out of doors, in that rainless district, all the coals are piled up on the beach, for the supply of the steamers east of Suez. The company pay an average of more than half-a-million sterling every year for coals, and an average of 170 sailing-ships is engaged annually in conveying coals to their stations. The coals suffer greatly in transmission; and, notwithstanding all the expense incurred for their protection from the effects of climate, they undergo a depreciation of fully 20 per cent. from their original quality before they are burnt. In addition to that deterioration, the coals sometimes catch fire if laid down wet in the face of the hot sun; and a whole cargo will thus be consumed before the fire can be extinguished.

It will be seen from the foregoing, that if the company have a large revenue they have also a corresponding expenditure; and during the past five years since the statistics here given, the former has been diminishing, while the latter has been increasing. Without entering into details, the reader will glean from the following extract from the report read at the half-yearly meeting in June, 1867, the chief causes of the cessation of profits:—"The export of specie to the East, which has usually formed a considerable portion of the company's revenue, has, during the six months embraced in this report, almost entirely ceased. There has also been a great falling off in the revenue, owing to the contraction of mercantile operations in the East, which has followed the monetary panic of 1866, and the very active competition of the French company. To these disadvantages has been added a considerable rise in the cost of coal at the foreign *depôts*, involving an increased outlay, as compared with the corresponding six months of last year, of upwards of £40,000. It is scarcely necessary to state that the directors could exercise no control over these adverse circumstances, neither could they, by any modification or curtailment of the services, counteract the unfortunate results, as the strict conditions of the mail contract had to be fulfilled. Without, therefore, entering into detailed statements and figures, the directors regret to report that the state of the accounts to 31st March, exhibits an excess of expenditure over receipts to the extent of £36,000, without making any provision for insurance or depreciation."

These candid statements are creditable to the directors of the company, as they honestly show the state of their affairs; while, in other portions of the report, proof is

given of their solvent condition, and the prospects of increased revenue next year. That their anticipations will be realised is our hearty wish, as the collapse of such a company would be in itself a national calamity. Other associations, with monetary transactions of equal magnitude, might fail without bringing about one tithe of the effects that would accrue from such a disaster here. Including the splendid establishments in London and Southampton, no less than fourteen principal and subsidiary establishments have to be kept up, and there are employed altogether 8,250 persons afloat, and 4,351 on shore, making a total of 12,601. But this does not give the actual number of individuals dependent upon the expenditure of the company, which at a low estimate cannot be less than 40,000, and may be 50,000. And if we take into consideration those that are indirectly benefited by their monetary operations, we may double or treble these numbers. Viewing it in this light, the company is a great floating colony, administering affairs equal to some small continental state or dependency of the British Crown. But that which makes it of most importance to England, is being a practical school for seamanship, and the training of our youth in the art of navigation. The officers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam ships are gentlemen who will compare favourably with the officers of her Majesty's Navy in the details of their profession, especially as pilots for the difficult navigation of the eastern seas, which, as we have seen, they have done with an infinitesimal loss of life, and comparatively trifling loss of property. Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that the directors will continue manfully to face their difficulties, and restore the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company to its former prosperity, and their vessels command that amount of public favour which will render their line preferable to that of any foreign company, in economical charges and good accommodation. We are glad to see that they have concluded a new contract with the Government for a longer period than before, and on more favourable terms. The contract is to be for twelve years. There is to be a yearly payment of £400,000, unless the fund accruing for dividend from all sources should, *from causes not within the company's control*, fall below the amount required to pay six per cent. on their capital, in which case the subsidy is to be increased by the amount of the deficiency. On the other hand, should the profits permit the declaration of a dividend of more than eight per cent., the company undertake to pay to the Post-office one-fourth of the excess. The tender provides for a weekly service between Southampton and Alexandria, between Marseilles and Alexandria, and between Bombay and Suez; and for a service every alternate week between Suez and Hong Kong, Hong Kong and Shanghai, Shanghai and Yokohama, Bombay and Galle, and Galle and Calcutta. The rate of speed is to be ten knots an hour on the lines to and from Alexandria, and nine and a-half knots on the lines eastward of Suez. The stipulation guaranteeing a certain dividend, although an important novelty in the case of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, is not without precedent, the contract with the Kingston and Holyhead line including a similar provision. In arranging this contract her Majesty's Government have, we are glad to see, taken a broad view of a matter which is not departmental, but national in importance. The public have no wish that the company should be a loser by the services rendered, and are quite satisfied that, so far as our intercourse with the East is concerned, our communications could not be in better hands.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the subject of this memoir established the first practical result of his many investigations connected with electro-telegraphy, by laying, on the London and Blackwall Railway, the first electro-magnetic telegraph. The wires employed were of copper, enclosed in an iron tube, each wire being separated from its neighbour by some non-conducting material. A submarine electric telegraph had also been, from the commencement of Mr. Wheatstone's experiments, a prominent object in his thoughts. The laying of the Atlantic Cable, in August, 1866, was signalised by honours awarded to those who took an executive share in that great event; while Wheatstone, "but for whose marvellous following in the track of his gifted predecessors, there could as yet have been no electric telegraph at all, was left out in the cold, without being named!" Mr. Wheatstone has since received the honour of knighthood, as commonly thought, in recognition of his share in this great work of national importance—the electric telegraph. This, however, is but a portion of the labours of a series of years devoted to scientific researches, which had been rewarded by medals and other distinctions from the leading academies of the Continent, ere they were fully recognised in the country which gave our philosopher birth.

Charles Wheatstone was born in 1802, in Gloucester, a city noted as the birthplace of divines and scholars. In early life he was engaged in the manufacture of musical instruments, which led him to study the laws of Sound. In 1833, he presented to the Royal Society a paper "On Acoustic Figures;" and in 1835 he read to the Royal Institution an account of the different attempts which had been made to invent a speaking machine; and exhibited a copy of a machine from Germany, which distinctly pronounced *mamma, papa, mother, father*, and other words.

Light and Electricity were the sciences which Wheatstone was next led to investigate; and in 1834 he communicated to the Royal Society his experiments to measure the velocity of electric currents, and the duration of the electric spark. In the former it appeared that the human eye is capable of perceiving phenomena of light whose duration is limited to the millionth part of a second; and by Wheatstone's apparatus the spark was ascertained not to exceed the twenty-five thousandth part of second: a cannon-ball, if illumined in its flight by a flash of lightning, would, in consequence of the momentary duration of the light, appear to be stationary; and even the wings of an insect, that move ten thousand times in a second, would seem at rest. In the year when these interesting results were obtained, Wheatstone received the appointment of Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London.

In 1838, Professor Wheatstone submitted to the British Association at Newcastle his Stereoscope, an instrument contrived by him for illustrating the phenomena of binocular vision, the principle of which is thus simplified. When we look at any round object, first with one eye, and then with the other, we discover that with the right eye we see most of the right-hand side of the object, and with the left eye most of the left-hand side. When these two images are combined, we see an object which we know to be round. This is effected by the Stereoscope, which consists of two mirrors placed each at an angle of 45 degrees, or of two semi-lenses turned with their curved sides towards each other. To view its phenomena two pictures are

obtained by the camera on photographic paper of any object in two positions, corresponding with the conditions of viewing it with the two eyes. By the mirrors on the lenses these dissimilar pictures are combined within the eye, and the vision of an actually solid object is produced from the pictures represented on a plane surface. Hence the name of the instrument, which signifies *solid I see* (Hunt's "Poetry of Science"). Thus, when once the availability of one great primitive agent is worked out, it is easy to foresee how extensively it will assist in unravelling other secrets in natural science. The simple principle of the Stereoscope might have been discovered a century ago, for the reasoning which led to it was independent of all the properties of light; but it could never have been illustrated, far less multiplied as it now is, without Photography; and if, in the order of things, the cheap popular toy which the Stereoscope now represents, was necessary for the use of man, the Photograph was first necessary for the service of the Stereoscope. Sir John Herschel characterised Wheatstone's discovery as one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the whole range of experimental optics. And, although a controversy arose between Wheatstone and the late Sir David Brewster, as to the theory of the stereoscope, Sir David admitted Professor Wheatstone to have the merit of being the first to exhibit practically the striking result, and added, "In prosecuting this subject, my attention has been particularly fixed upon the interesting paper of my distinguished friend Mr. Wheatstone. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this paper, or to admire too highly the value and beauty of the leading discovery which it describes."

In the spring of 1844, when the Museum of George III was deposited at King's College, his Royal Highness Prince Albert was present; and Professor Wheatstone, with one of his telegraphs, formed a communication between the College and the lofty shot-tower on the opposite bank of the Thames. The wire was laid along the parapets of the terrace of Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge, and thence to the top of the shot-tower, about 150 feet high, where a telegraph was placed; the wire then descended, and a plate of zinc attached to its extremity was plunged into the mud of the river, whilst a similar plate attached to the extremity at the north side was immersed in the water. The circuit was thus completed by the entire breadth of the Thames. Unfortunately, at the moment the experiment was to be noted, a barge came along, and broke the wire; but it was speedily restored, and the telegraph acted as well as if the circuit had been entirely metallic.

The leading data of the researches which preceded the invention of the electric telegraph may be recapitulated here. In 1819, Oersted made his grand discovery of the deflection, by a current of electricity, of a magnetic needle at right angles to such current, which discovery, Dr. Hamel, of St. Petersburg, states Baron Schilling was the first to apply to telegraphy. In 1835, Gauss and Weber established a system of electric communication between the Observatory at Gottingen and the University. In 1836, Professor Muncke, of Heidelberg, who had inspected Schilling's telegraphic apparatus, explained the same to Mr. William Fothergill Cooke, who, in the following year, returned to England, and subsequently, with Professor Wheatstone, introduced the telegraph upon the railway as already stated.* Meanwhile a misunderstanding had arisen relative to

the positions of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone, in connection with the invention; when Sir I. M. Brunel and Professor Daniell drew up a document stating that:—

"Whilst Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone, as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph as a useful undertaking, promising to be of national importance, Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man, whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application. It is to the united labours of two gentlemen so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they have been associated."

This document is dated 27th April, 1841, and is acknowledged by Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke to be correct; but it refers only to the first patent in which they were associated. Professor Daniell considers the document to make no assertion whatever as to the originality of the invention on either side, and adds, that he considers Professor Wheatstone's "undoubted inventions of incomparable beauty and simplicity, and by themselves sufficient to supply all the purposes of the most extended telegraphic communication;" and that Wheatstone's "contrivances would have been of no avail for telegraphic purposes without the investigations which he was the first to make of the laws of electric magnets when acted on through great lengths of wire."

The Abbé Moigno, who was in England in the spring of 1846, whilst Professor Wheatstone's experiments were in preparation, states, that in 1840, Mr. Quetelet had announced Mr. Wheatstone to have invented the means of transmitting signals between England and France, which he (the Abbé) had witnessed; thus attesting Wheatstone's claim to the Submarine Telegraph. Vice-Admiral Smyth, in 1850, attested Wheatstone as, "undoubtedly, the first contriver of the electric telegraph in the form which made it available for popular use;" adding, of "his submarine telegraph he showed me plans, and publicly explained the details upwards of eighteen years ago" (this was written in 1850). De la Rive, in his "Treatise on Electricity," 1858, wrote: "The philosopher who was the first to contribute by his labours, as ingenious as they were persevering, in giving to electric telegraphy the practical character that it now possesses, is, without any doubt, Mr. Wheatstone. This illustrious philosopher was led to this beautiful result by the researches that he had made in 1834 upon the velocity of electricity, researches in which he had employed insulated wires of several miles in length, and which had demonstrated to him the possibility of making voltaic and magneto-electric currents to pass through circuits of this length."

Four years previous to this date, a paper in the "Quarterly Review," ascribing the sole merit of the invention of the electric telegraph to Professor Wheatstone, provoked a rejoinder from Mr. Cooke, in a pamphlet, of which four editions have appeared. Two large octavo volumes of pamphlets and arbitration papers have also been published by Mr. Cooke; and in January, 1868, there appeared a volume of 164 pages by the Rev. Thomas Fothergill Cooke, in assertion of his brother Mr. Cooke's rights, the main points in which are the vindication of the Brunel award, and extracts from the arbitration evidence; the whole of which is so far a matter of detail, as to prevent our entering into the controversy.* Meanwhile, it is hoped that

* Lord Wrottesley, in 1858, stated that Wheatstone first tried his telegraph on the line of the London and Birmingham railway, in July, 1837.

* This volume, apart from the documentary quotations, contains a large amount of information upon the grand discovery and invention of the Electric Telegraph. Three pages recording the proceedings of the "Pioneer of Electric Telegraphy," prior to the great realization in 1836-7, are especially attractive.

the Government do not intend to overlook the claims of Mr. Cooke, as the introducer of the practical telegraph. The Society of Arts awarded their fourth gold medal to Mr. Cooke and Mr. Wheatstone; but the latter gentleman, cordially acknowledging Mr. Cooke's

gulation, the parts that form the meeting-points of three series of cables become the points at which these multitudinous wires have to be distributed at intervals.

Wheatstone's Universal Military Telegraph is accepted for field and rifle practice; it is worked by magnetic



From a Photograph by
H. Lenthall.

C. Wheatstone

claim for "the practical introduction," did not even claim his duplicate medal.

Here we may mention the automatic instrument completed by Wheatstone in 1867, by which, properly manipulated, he can transmit 600 distinctly visible signs or letters in a minute. The system of wires, which we see stretching across the sky-line of the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, has been appropriately termed "the nerves of London," and is Wheatstone's latest scheme, in which, by a simplified apparatus, messages are sent along the lines at the rate of 100 letters a minute; the process of reading or renewing the message is, of course, proportionally rapid; and the new instruments for this purpose bear the same relation to the old ones, that the works of a watch bear to the stronger machinery of an eight-day clock. The cables are fine copper-wire, along which the battery (the magneto-electric machine of Faraday) transmits the electric impulse, produced from a very small magnet. The area of London being divided by a system of trian-

power, is only six inches square, and is always ready for immediate use. The communication in the field, or between the target and the gun, is maintained in the ordinary alphabetical language by the most simple means, so that any person who can read and spell is able to work it. This telegraph was used by the French in their Italian war, and is now in use in various public offices. Another of Wheatstone's latest discoveries is, that an electro-magnet, if it possess the slightest polarity, may become a powerful magnet by the gradually augmented currents originated by itself.

Sir Charles Wheatstone, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., is a corresponding member of the Academies of Science of Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Munich, Stockholm, Turin, Milan, Rome, Washington, etc.; and is Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Sir Charles has just been appointed a member of the Italian Scientific Society of "Forty," in the place of the late Professor Faraday. A gold medal has also been awarded to Sir Charles Wheatstone; and the President of the "Forty," in his letter, writes: "I

will not here pass in review the various memoirs in physics which you have published in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' since all carry the impression of the inventive genius which ever distinguishes all that you have done." The method of measuring the velocity of electricity and the duration of the spark are then mentioned; and next, the applications of the rotating mirror, so important and various in experimental physics; the invention of the stereoscope; the "rheostat;" and the "Wheatstone's Bridge," for the measurement of electric currents, of the resistance of circuits, and of electromotive forces. "To you," adds the President, "we principally owe the practical invention and the true realisation of the electric telegraph. All these great acquisitions, procured by you, to physical science, render you well worthy of this distinction from the Italian Society of Science. May you be preserved in health and activity; and your country and all your admirers and friends are certain to find in the discoveries still to be added while you continue to work, some compensation for that immense and irreparable loss which natural philosophy has sustained by the death of Faraday."

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER.

WHEN I first came to India, now many years ago, I was posted to a district in which there were many hills, much jungle, and very good shooting. By good shooting, I mean of large game, such as tiger, bear, cheetah, sambre (the elk), and so forth. There is abundance of other descriptions of shooting in nearly every part of India, such as antelope, bustard, wild duck, grouse, jungle-cock, and snipe; but all such sport is tame and uninteresting compared with the excitement of the pursuit of the larger kinds of game. My duty obliged me to be constantly moving from place to place, and whenever I was in the neighbourhood of jungle (or forest), and could spare the time, I always devoted a day to shooting. It was early in the year 1857, just prior to the commencement of the great mutiny, that I had pitched my camp in a beautiful little valley, well watered, and surrounded on three sides by hills. On the east, nearly opposite to my tent, the hills were about one thousand feet high, and near their summits densely wooded with small forest trees, from the depths of which in the early morning could be heard the sonorous trumpeting of sambre. To the north, the hills were lower, and not so thickly wooded; but they were split up into deep ravines, in which the black bear and the wild pig were to be found. To the west, and behind my camp, the hills were comparatively bare, showing near their summits bluff inaccessible cliffs, two or three hundred feet sheer precipice, in the crevices of which were numerous and large combs of wild honey.

Previous to retiring for the night, I had been contemplating the prospect of a day's shooting, and the red dy (head man) of the village, who was a keen old shikaree (or hunter) had been going over with me the pros and cons of the possibility of my meeting with a cheetah. Bears and sambre we were sure of; but, although I had frequently seen cheetahs in my rambles, I had never been able to get a shot at one, and now that I was near a well-known haunt of cheetahs, I did not wish to lose the opportunity afforded me. The cheetah, or leopard, is a very handsome but very cowardly beast; attacks and carries off sheep, goats, and dogs, but has seldom been known to attack a man, except when severely wounded and brought to bay.

The skin is a rich light brown, covered with irregular

nearly circular spots, which near the belly are dark brown, but become almost black as they approach the back. The animal is about three feet high, and from five to six feet in length; has a very vicious cat-like face, and is usually seen creeping through the jungle with its belly almost touching the ground. I have, however, once seen a cheetah at full gallop, tail extended, head up, and a young kid in its mouth. The red dy and I parted without coming to any conclusion, except that some difficulty would be experienced in collecting the necessary number of beaters, and I shortly afterwards retired for the night.

I think it must have been one or two o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by one of the most unearthly howls I ever heard; so prolonged, so dismal, yet so horrible was the sound, that I sat up on the cot feeling quite scared. I listened, but not a sound broke the stillness of the night, and I began to think that the howl was but the effect of imagination; that, in fact, I had been dreaming, when again, and this time apparently close to me, the same terrible yell broke forth, and echoed through the valley. I sprang out of bed and rushed to the door of the tent, and there, not ten paces from me, was a cheetah, evidently preparing for a third howl. The beast was really calling its mate. Startled, I suppose, by my sudden appearance, the beast made off into the adjacent forest; but I was now resolved to devote the following, or rather the present, day to the pursuit of this animal, and, if possible, become more intimately acquainted with my unpleasant visitor. The red dy was sent for, and no sooner did he and his people hear that a cheetah had been down from the hills than all difficulties about beaters and shikarees vanished. The red dy himself was too ill and weakened, from a late attack of fever, to accompany me; but by four o'clock he had collected seven shikarees, each with his long matchlock loaded and primed, matches alight, and powder horn slung in front, and about fifty beaters. About five a.m. we started; the shikarees in front as guides, and the beaters bringing up the rear. For the first half mile or so a continual chatter was kept up, but as we entered the jungle, the whole party broke into single file, and conversation quite ceased. So we plodded on, occasionally starting a spotted deer, a peacock, etc., until about eight a.m., when we stopped to rest under the shade of a wild mango tree, and by the side of a little hill stream. About nine a.m. we reached the appointed place, and after a long consultation, in which every one joined, it was decided that I, with six shikarees, should remain under a tree, while one shikaree and all the beaters were to form a half-circle and drive out our friend the cheetah, who had been tracked down to this neighbourhood. Waiting is weary work, and it will therefore suffice to say that after several ineffectual beats we all met again, disappointed and somewhat dispirited, at about two p.m. Breakfast was the first thing to think of, and, accordingly, while my servant prepared something for me, each native commenced upon his own store of rice, which he had no sooner swallowed than he laid himself down and went to sleep—a common practice with the natives of India. About three p.m. we started again, and I promised that if we could meet with no fresh tracks we would get back to camp.

We had proceeded about one hundred paces, when from thick bamboo jungle we suddenly emerged into a little open glade, and there met a woodcutter, who in a great state of excitement informed us that a female cheetah and an "immense number" of cubs had just passed that way. Sure enough we found in the sandy

soil the tracks (which at the time I thought very large) of a cheetah and two cubs. A female cheetah with cubs is often a very dangerous beast to meddle with, and I was for allowing her to pass away quietly, but I was overruled by the shikarees.

I was young in the country in those days, and prone to rely too much upon what a native said of himself and of his courage, and I now credited what the shikarees said of their devotion to me, and of their former exploits in cheetah and tiger hunting. The beaters, under the charge of one of the shikarees, were told off about six paces from each other, thus forming a line of three or four hundred yards in length, and then after a short walk I was posted under a tree on the top of a small rising ground, but in the midst of dense bamboo jungle, so dense that I could not see more than twenty or thirty paces distant. I had a double-barrelled gun loaded with ball, and six shikarees stood behind me, so that I could with confidence rely upon having eight bullets to throw at the cheetah.

Presently, far away in the valley, we heard the first shouts of the beaters. They approached nearer, their shouts became more distinct, when suddenly, and apparently from the very midst of the beaters, we heard a most unmistakable and ominous roar—a roar that sounded to me strangely unlike any noise I had ever heard from a cheetah. The shouts of the beaters stopped at once, and I guessed that the cheetah had been roused and driven from its lair. I turned for a moment to warn the shikarees to be ready, when to my dismay I saw that all had clambered up the tree and left their matchlocks piled at the foot. For a moment I thought of following their example, but, while I yet hesitated, a rustling was heard, the bamboos shook, bent and parted, and out trotted—not the angry cheetah I had been expecting, but a magnificent tigress. I see the beast now as she came into the open space with a long quick stride, head down, and belly almost touching the ground, and then, as she caught sight of me, stop suddenly and fix her savage bright eyes on me; not a movement in her except a gentle but most ominous motion of the tail. I was so utterly astonished, so totally unprepared for meeting a tigress, that I stood apparently paralysed, my gun at the ready and my eyes almost starting out of my head. I stirred neither hand nor foot; I do not think that my eyelids even moved, for I was too startled, ay, and too much afraid to make even the slightest movement; for I knew well that had my hand trembled, had a branch of the tree overhead snapped, no earthly power could have saved me. I was conscious at the time that my unnatural quietude was due not to presence of mind so much as to an involuntary feeling that not a muscle, not a hair must so much as quiver; and yet, with all that, I remember how much I admired and envied the perfect stillness and repose of the brute before me, and how I became possessed of an insane desire to shout, or to do something to make the beast move. I know that my pulse was not quickened; but the beating of my heart seemed to me to be so unnaturally loud, that in the moment of greatest peril I feared the beast would hear it. All kinds of thoughts passed with marvellous rapidity through my brain, but one thing I remember well, and that is, I felt positively grateful to the cowardly villains in the tree above me for being so quiet. I do not suppose the tigress and I stood thus face to face for more than a minute; but it seemed an hour, and a very long one, to me, before she slowly walked off, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed upon me until the intervening jungle hid us from each other. Then the reaction came—my gun seemed made

of lead and dropped out of my trembling hands, my pulse rose rapidly, and I broke out into such profuse perspiration that I felt as if I had been plunged into a bath. I soon recovered myself and remembered that I had escaped from a great and imminent danger, and I hope I did not forget that true thanksgivings for such an escape were due. A tigress is a fine-looking animal behind the bars of a cage in the Zoological Gardens, but she is a very different beast in her native forests, particularly when she has been partially deafened and wholly enraged by a gang of two-legged enemies, and when she suddenly comes upon one of those enemies all alone and apparently determined to intercept her. Had a finger moved while she thus stood glaring at me, she would have been upon me in a single bound, and before I could have raised my gun to my shoulder; and one stroke of her paw, or one grip of her formidable teeth, would have finished the story of my life. I can only suppose that the reason why she went off so quietly, was partly because I was so unnaturally still, and partly because her cubs must have been in the neighbourhood.

I had been wondering at the mutual silence of the beaters, who after the roar of the tigress appeared to have been struck dumb. I was on the point of despatching one of the boasting cowards of shikarees (who by-the-by had descended from the tree now that all danger was past) to call in the beaters, when the whole gang came in. It appeared that as one of the beaters was passing a rock and yelling like a maniac, the tigress sprang upon him from behind, clawed his back from shoulder to heel, and then, with a roar, made off into the jungle. The beaters were so terrified at this mishap, and at the unexpected sight of a tigress, that, lifting their wounded comrade, they made off as silently and rapidly as possible. I washed the poor fellow's wounds with gunpowder and water, and then sent him in to the nearest station (forty miles distant) for medical treatment. He recovered from his wounds and returned to his village, but his system had received a shock from which it never recovered, for a month afterwards he died, and literally of "tiger fear." So ended my first adventure with a tiger, and I can only say that I have never since relied upon a native shikaree in moments of danger.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

WHEN a working-man has been toiling with the regularity of a machine for weeks or months together from Monday morning till Saturday night—rising early in order to keep time at the counter, in the warehouse, or in the workshop, and often retiring late because compelled to work late—it is small wonder if he grows weary and spirit-broken and discontented with his lot. Well-meaning people are apt to call him reckless and vicious because when he does escape from his long labours he turns for refreshment and recreation to the public-house. They do not reflect that in many cases others are more to blame than the late labourer—that very often his week's wages are paid to him in the public-house, and he has to wait there on the Saturday night until he gets them; that not seldom his wife comes to wait there too for the money which is wanted for the late market where the Sunday's dinner must be bought. This system of late Saturday-night's pay is too common even now, and it is a source of degradation as well as of heart-burning to thousands; but twenty years ago it was, among an extensive class of employers in London, the rule rather than the exception. The motives that led to such a

system were sufficiently manifest to any one who sought for them. In those days Sunday work was far more common than, happily, it is now, and in busy times, during the height of the London season, men rarely knew, before their wages were paid on the Saturday night, whether they would be wanted to work on the Sunday or not. The employers themselves often did not know what work might come in of an urgent kind to necessitate Sunday labour; but as they were ready to undertake any amount of work that could possibly be done, it was their habit to wait for the last chance of the last hour of the week, and to keep the men waiting for their pay until that chance was decided—for if the men were suffered to go away before such expected order came, there would have been no means of collecting them again for the Sunday work. Over and over again have we seen hundreds of men and lads thus waiting for their wages until within a few minutes of midnight—their wives sometimes crowding the doors, and that in the bitterest weather, in the vain hope of getting hold of some portion of the husband's wage in time to avail themselves of the poor man's late market.

See what this system led to, and still leads to wherever it prevails. The weekly money not being forthcoming in time to be spent in the regular and lawful market, had to be spent in the irregular and unlawful one. Out of the late-pay system grew the Sunday morning market, to which the workers were driven to have recourse for the necessities of life. The business of marketing, and the subsequent domestic operations, which should have got themselves done on the Saturday, having now to be done on the Sunday, there was no time for religious services, and with multitudes of workers, especially in our great towns, the day of rest became from this cause alone a day desecrated by listless inaction and self-indulgence.

Whoever it was that first commenced the crusade for a Saturday half-holiday, he must, we imagine, have gone blindly to work—for if he had looked all the obstacles in the face, it is scarcely conceivable that he would have dared to assail them. For our part, we can remember the ridicule the measure provoked when it was first proposed. Nobody boasting any practical knowledge had any faith in its success. When the assumed advantages were explained to employers "they couldn't see it," but they saw something very different, as they imagined, in the shape of certain and serious loss. Even the working-men themselves looked on the idea at first as something Utopian, and though they gladly gave in their adherence to the plan, they did so with a don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it sort of an air, and a smile, rather of incredulity than of encouragement, sufficiently expressive of their private opinions. But, nevertheless, they began to think about it, to turn it over in their minds as they stood behind the counter, or wrought at the frame or the bench, and to draw pictures in fancy of running streams, and umbrageous woods, and cricket-bats and wickets, and floats bobbing at a bite, etc.; and at length, as such pictures grew familiar, they began to wonder whether there really was any reason why Saturday should always be a day and a half instead of a day, and whether it might not be just as sensible a thing to knock off five or six of its working hours in lieu of sticking as many additional ones on. By-and-by the plan grew to be discussed in the workshop and behind the counter with a larger measure of faith, and notions of its practicability began to be entertained and to spread. The chief reason of this was, that the Early Closing Association, which has always persisted in looking at obstacles through the

wrong end of the telescope, had been "pegging away" with its characteristic pertinacity, and had succeeded in driving its half-holiday heresy into the heads of some of the London employers who were known to be anxious for the welfare of their "hands," and in persuading them to give it at least a trial. The trial was made—in a sort of fractional way at first, by releasing a few hands for a few hours earlier on the Saturday evening. It was found that no harm came of it to the employer, while to the worker the benefit was manifest and undeniable: his holiday made him the fitter for work, and he was a better man during the week for the holiday that came at the end of it. Thus that venerable implement, "the thin end of the wedge," got itself fairly into the old knotty trunk of prejudice, and ever since then the Early Closing Association, and many good people besides, have been hammering away at it to drive it home. The wedge is not driven home yet—it will take a deal more hammering to do that—but it is bound to get driven home in time, and meanwhile we may congratulate ourselves on the good that has been done.

What has been done is this: in hundreds of working establishments where not very long ago the men and lads were accustomed to labour up to the very skirts of midnight, they now leave off at six o'clock, five o'clock, four o'clock, three o'clock, two o'clock,—and in not a few, but a good round number, the working week finishes on the Saturday at the working-man's dinner-hour, and he has all the rest of the day for amusement and recreation. There is no waiting for wages, because he is either paid on the Friday, or, better still, on the following Monday, so that he can be off at once to enjoy his holiday—to "bathe his eyes in green" in the pleasant country side—to cricket, to angling, to swimming—to the museum, the picture-galleries, the gymnasium, or to anything else (except shopping, as some do!)—thus crowning the week's hard labour with a chaplet of pleasure, in preparation for the reasonable rest and improvement of the Sunday.

But the practical question arises—How does the Saturday half-holiday system pay? Well, we are in a position to affirm that, taking all things into consideration, it pays even pecuniarily better than the old system of "all work and no play." We learn from those who have long tried it that quite as much work is got through in the week on the new half-holiday plan, both by men working by the piece, and men working by time, as was got through on the old plan—that the men earn as large a wage as they earned on the old system, and the master makes as large a profit, while his expenses are to some small extent less than they were on the old plan. The explanation would seem to be—and it is a perfectly natural one—that, with the half-holiday in view, men will make increased exertions, which, indeed, the effect of their holiday upon their health and spirits enables them to make. And it should not be forgotten, in connection with this matter, that the Saturday half-holiday generally puts to death that old enemy of the employer, Saint Monday.

We do not insist here upon the moral and religious advantage derivable to the worker by giving him a clear Sunday untroubled by the cares of the week, which it was impossible for him to enjoy under the late-hour system described above; but we commend this consideration to the conscience of every employer.

The above remarks have been suggested by the timely publication, by Messrs. Kent, of Paternoster Row, of a little book entitled "The Saturday Half-holiday Guide." We are not going to swell our columns with extracts from this book. The holiday-maker can

buy it for a few pence, and we recommend him to do so, seeing that it will show him how to make a profit of his holiday, whatever may be his personal preferences. It may chance to surprise him by the very various revelations it makes as to the pleasant uses to which a man may apply his available leisure. It may save him much waste of time by enabling him to plan his excursions beforehand; and it is very certain that by accepting its guidance, even for a single season, he may see and learn a great deal of which otherwise he would probably remain ignorant.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER V.—THE PARISH CHOIR.

I MUST commence this chapter with the description of a very important body; at least they were so in their own estimation. I allude to the parish choir. When I first went into the parish as curate they still reigned paramount, for, as I have already stated, the vicar had only just previously been inducted into his living.

I think I never met with a more conceited set of people than were the individual members of this choir. I feel sure that Mulready's celebrated picture of "The Village Choir" could or must have been painted from some actual choir such as that of the church in which I first officiated.

There were men and women and children of every age, from the toothless chorus leader to the shrieking infant, and of all conditions of life; for instruments, always an important feature in such a choir, they had the flute, the violin, the double bass, and I know not what besides. With regard to the singing itself, if so it could be by the greatest stretch of the imagination be rightly termed, I must allow that the runs and shakes indulged in, and the prolonged notes sustained at the end of each verse, were most wonderful, not only to hear, but also to behold; at least the effects of these shakes were so; for the efforts to produce them upon the countenances of the actors, the contortions, the writhings made in order to keep up as long as those possessed with more powerful lungs were able to do; the red and purple faces indicative of apoplexy—all these efforts, so plainly visible from the reading-desk, produced the most painful effect upon the vicar, his wife, and myself. But the congregation themselves, from being accustomed to such exhibitions for many years, were happily totally oblivious of the impropriety of such exaltations of self in the worship of God.

Now I think my readers will agree with me, that if these were the kind of displays usually carried on every ordinary Sunday in the year, what outrageous proceedings would mark the services of the grand days on which charity sermons were preached by some local magnate. I remember, on one such occasion, soon after I had commenced my duties as curate, I was in the desk, the strange preacher and the vicar were inside the communion rails, that an anthem was sung after the third collect; there was a solo in it, which was sung by a female in the highest pitched key imaginable of a high soprano voice. As for the generality of the congregation, they looked on with silent admiration; while the members of the choir stared, as if they would have liked to have clapped their hands with delight. This expression of their feelings was evident in their countenances; but unfortunately for the lady herself, she got a little too high, and either cracked her voice, or so overstrained it, that she was only able to motion faintly for the

chorus to join in. So great was her emotion that she was gasping for breath, and had to leave the gallery. The chorus obeyed her behest, after a moment's pause; in fact, as soon as they were able to settle down after the wondrous display they had just witnessed. The whole performance was most lamentable.

As soon as the service was over, and the clergy and congregation had departed—the former to the vestry, to deplore such an exhibition, the latter to the church-porch, to applaud the vigour and talent of the singers—the leader of the band came hurrying in, in a great state of excitement; and with his face beaming with satisfaction and importance, he approached the vicar, with the words, "Was it not grand—was it not fine?"

He was quietly met by a face of utter blankness of expression, and with the words, "There certainly was a great amount of voice—the anthem must have been heard for a quarter of a mile, I should imagine."

"Thank you, thank you," quickly replied the man, taking the vicar's remark as a genuine compliment; he then hurried away, telling every one, with great glee, "that the vicar had given it as his candid opinion, that the anthem would be heard of throughout the country."

We resolved in solemn conclave that evening, that this exhibition must cease. But the difficult matter was how to arrange without giving unnecessary offence to any one. Of course, the band must at any cost be dismissed; but then the question naturally arose, what should we have in its stead?

Our unanimous answer was, an organ. Where was the money to come from to purchase one, for the farmers of the parish would be sure to fight shy of a subscription, and of course the mass of the people would follow their example. Before we broached the subject, therefore, in the parish, the vicar resolved to write to the squire upon the subject; for though, as I have shown, his personal character was bad, yet he had been liberal in matters relating to the church. We thought that if we could get him to head a subscription list with a good sum, that we might squeeze a little out of the scarcely squeezable pockets of the farmers. Accordingly the vicar wrote, and by return of post received the surprising and gratifying intelligence that the squire would undertake the entire cost of an efficient organ, and left it most generously to the vicar to state the dimensions and the price.

We kept this good piece of news an entire secret from the parishioners until the very day when the instrument began to arrive in most mysteriously packed cases. As may be easily imagined, the old choir was completely thunderstruck at the novel idea of an organ. They had considered themselves quite perfect.

Time would fail me to relate all the trouble, anxiety, and ill-will, that was incurred during the next few months; but at last the difficulties were overcome. Nor was there really any cause why the parishioners should grumble, especially as they were not asked to contribute a single shilling towards the erection of the instrument. Notwithstanding this fact, many were the openly-expressed wishes for its non-success, and for some time after its arrival it had to be most carefully guarded.

We succeeded in gaining over to our side one of the most intelligent members of the late choir, and persuaded him to go to the nearest town for lessons twice a week on the organ; and from being rather quick at learning music, and having a natural love for it, and perhaps, too, a little proud of the position the vicar meant to give him, namely, organist of the parish, he was quite able at the end of three months to play the instrument in so creditable a manner as to gain

applause from his enemies—from those with whom he had formerly joined in the old choir.

Now this old choir the vicar's wife tried to re-organise, but the opposition to the plan was so great from among the members of it themselves, that she was obliged to give the project up in despair. They were too conceited to learn any fresh method of singing, and so the idea was abandoned.

The next best plan which we fixed upon, as the more natural one had failed, was to train some boys and girls as quickly as possible, and meanwhile to restrain the old choir from using any but the plainest chants and tunes.

In this work of forming and training a choir we were fortunate in getting most efficient help from a single lady and her nieces who resided in the parish, not far from the church. They took every pains in their power to teach the members of the new choir the right pronunciation of the words, the proper division of the sentences, to keep correct time, and to sing in tune.

When at last the new choir was formally installed, the members of the old one had actually the bad taste to assemble in force on the first Sunday morning of its trial, and proceed to cough down each attempt they made to sing the hymns and chant the psalms; in the afternoon the same hostility was displayed, but the boys succeeded much better in their efforts; and on the second Sunday of their new undertaking, not being so nervous, nor meeting with quite so much opposition, there was a marked improvement.

When I left the parish, the choir, for a village one, was remarkably good, though preserving to the end a strong Devonshire dialect. In course of time many of the members of the old choir begged to be admitted, and by patience and perseverance on the part of the ladies who managed the different practices, efficiency up to a certain point was certainly obtained, and there was no village church choir like it for several miles round, as was acknowledged by our neighbours. But no one who has not had the management of a village choir can possibly tell the constant anxiety it is to those who undertake to organise one, and to keep it in order and up to the mark, when once it is fairly set on foot. Incessant watchfulness must be observed over each individual member of a village choir, or much mischief will be sure to arise, and months of careful training of their voices be entirely thrown away. The care of a parish choir is always more or less an unthankful task. Nothing but a strong sense of duty in promoting the decent and orderly worship of God could sustain in such an undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PARISH CLERK.

Our clerk was, as many village clerks are, a most eccentric character. I feel that I should not be doing justice to himself, but, on the contrary, committing an injury to his memory, if I did not devote an entire chapter to him and his doings.

I can give you a pretty accurate description of him. When I undertook the curacy, he was about fifty-eight years of age, but he had been clerk and deputy clerk for a period of thirty-five years. He had a wooden leg, was marked with the small-pox, his hair was iron-grey, he was about the middle height, neither stout nor thin, he had a kindly twinkle in his eye, and he was a tailor by trade. I must add that I liked him, and I think he was a general favourite.

What a fund of conversation he possessed; for William Strange was a great talker, but he was also a shrewd observer. "Ah," he said to me one day, "I have been clerk in this village more than thirty-four years, and I hope I am good for another fifteen, at any rate."

I asked him to give me the benefit of his long experience, which he kindly and cheerfully consented to do, very much in the following manner:—

"During the time that I have been clerk, I have seen no less than five vicars over this parish. All first-rate men, too, in their way; we never had a bad vicar, at least, not in my time. I don't mean *bad* in the moral sense of the word, but I mean that we never had 'a stick' (you understand what I mean, sir) in the pulpit, nor a fool in business matters.

"I do not, however, mean to say that all these five vicars were all equally good in every particular, 'taint likely; for instance, one was a better preacher than the others, another had a call for ruling a riotous vestry, a third was more affable and such like; but they were all noted for some good quality or another. I say *were* noted! why, bless them, some of them are alive and hearty now, in other parts of the country, and I hope, please the Lord, they may live in peace and plenty for many years to come!"

After a pause, the clerk resumed, "I said we had had five vicars in my time; let me recall them, for I can easily do that. The first was not much of a preacher, and kept himself much to himself, not seeing much of the people; but he was thought a great deal of by the Bishop and the gentry round. After him came a gentleman who had a most powerful voice: he was an eloquent preacher, he was; he had a beaming countenance, running over with the milk of human kindness. Ah, it was a sight, surely, to see our church then; why, sir, the people used to flock here on a Sunday afternoon for miles round; it was beautiful to see them coming across the fields in all directions. The third was a stately gentleman, in manners cold and distant, which, after the other warm-hearted man, made one feel the difference more; he was also of a delicate constitution. I have heard he was of a very high aristocratic family, and I know he had some grand people to see him, especially when he was ill. He died, sir, in that parsonage" (pointing to the vicarage, for during this part of our conversation we were sitting on the stone stile leading into the churchyard—nearly all our stiles were of stone). "Next came a gentleman who was very energetic. He roused up the people; but, poor man, the death of his wife and a bad cold seemed to shut him up all at once, if I may so say; and I did hear that at that time he lost a power of money in one of those bank swindles; and this threw him into a low way, and so he lingered for some years, and the parish went to rack and ruin. Then dissent spread, and our church got empty; but, poor gentleman, I know this grieved him sadly, but he could not help it, he could not do the work himself, and he was too poor to pay for a curate, and so things were left to themselves. Well, sir, after him came the present vicar, and I will say, before his face or behind his back, that he is a kind, persuasive gentleman, and he has got a good business head-piece, too, take my word for it.

"I would back my five vicars, take them all in all, against any other five successive vicars of any parish in Devon. Of course, they all had their failings (who hasn't?) and they were——"

I had to interrupt the worthy fellow in his eulogy upon the merits of his departed vicars, but upon the next day, taking the same direction for my walk, I met with him again, and after an interchange of common every-day civilities, I asked him various particulars about the parish and its inhabitants, and supposed he remembered, during the many years he

had held his clerkship, a good many incidents both amusing and instructive.

"Why, yes," he replied; "but I think our marriages have been among the strangest things I can remember. Perhaps, though, they are more commonplace now-a-days than they were formerly; parsons and people, too, are more particular; and the bishops also, they have looked into such matters rather recently—looked into them a little too closely, I think; the consequence is, that all those queerish, sly kind of marriages go to the registrar's office now for the performance of the wedding contract instead of coming to us. Why, the number of weddings in this church is now only one-half what they were before the year in which marriages were allowed at these register offices. That act has done a deal of mischief, and it's just the same with the registration of births. People are beginning to think that it will do instead of the rite of baptism."

Much more he said on this point, but not worth here repeating, as they were only such opinions as might be expected from a clerk of the old school.

"But I was a going to tell you," he continued, "something about our weddings. What a variety of characters come to be married, to be sure! Ah! I can picture one I once saw here in this church. She was a lovely creature, and no mistake—a perfect ball of snow, leaning on the arm of her stately, fine-looking old father, and followed by a string of pretty girls, all dressed exactly alike. And the carriages, and the nose-gays, and the footmen with the silk calves! But you must not suppose that many of our weddings are like that. Oh, no! we have some very poor ones indeed. I wonder why they marry at all, for I know sometimes they have to borrow the money to buy the ring with, and even the clothes they stand up in are often borrowed from a neighbour. Such silly young things, bringing trouble and children into the world almost before they have ceased to be children themselves.

"I remember one case in which a very shameful trick was played upon a woman by a man in our church. You know, sir, it is always our custom to have the intending couples into the vestry before the wedding takes place, in order to make the entry in the register, so that when the ceremony is over nothing remains to be done but the signing of the respective parties' names and the paying the marriage fees. In this particular case about which I am now speaking, the usual custom had been carried out, and the wedding party had left the vestry to proceed to the altar rails, when the gentleman turned quick round to the bride and said, 'I have left my handkerchief in the vestry, and will go and fetch it, for perhaps it will be stolen if I let it remain till afterwards!' Now there are two doors to our vestry, as you are aware; so the man goes into the one leading into the church, and out at the other leading into the churchyard. He never returned to fulfil his contract, and not one of the wedding party has ever set eyes on him since his disappearance into that vestry. The poor bride was very disconsolate, and would not allow any of us or her friends to comfort her, though he had shown by his base conduct that he was a worthless character, for he had actually succeeded in obtaining from her the money to pay the marriage fees with as they came into the church; she had also herself purchased the wedding-ring which she had just handed over to him. With both these articles he bolted, leaving the poor woman completely broken-hearted, at least for a time, at his atrocious conduct.

"One other bride I also remember lost her husband by a fearfully tragical event. The bridal party had all

arrived at the church, the clergyman was already robed, and time began to wear away and no bridegroom appeared. At last the impatience of the bride's father rose to such a height that he actually went over the way to the lover's lodging to learn the cause of the delay. Upon entering the young man's bedroom—he was a very respectable man, sir—to his horror and astonishment, he saw him stretched upon the floor perfectly dead. He had committed suicide!

"We have also had a few foreign marriages. Why they should have chosen this out-of-the-way spot I do not know, but I suppose they tell one another, and so hand the tradition down.

"You are aware, sir, that a marriage, to be legal in England, must be performed in the English language. Now sometimes it happens that the people who come to be married don't know a word of English, and have never perhaps been in an English church before, except to stare at the monuments; and they do not know what to do or what to say, and will put the ring on in the wrong place, and the women will put one on the men's fingers too, as they do (so I am told) in their own country, and there is a good deal of gesticulation and confusion and bother.

"And then there are sometimes absurd Christian names, men with women's names, and women with men's. And such breakjaw words, too—words with all the vowels taken out, and all the f's, and l's, and t's left in. But talking about absurd names puts me in mind that we have had some funny ones too in my time. Now what do you think of a Miss Pigge marrying a Mr. Hogg; or of a Mr. Catt marrying a Miss Mew? These are both facts, I assure you, sir; the latter wedding took place in the next parish, the former in our own. And perhaps you will hardly believe me, that I am telling you the truth, when I say that a Mr. Fox actually married a Miss Wolfe—but it's true, sir, it's in our register. Then again, a Mr. Summer married a Miss Winter. I was relating this fact to an old chum of mine, when he replied, 'I suppose the issue of that marriage was Spring?' That remark wasn't bad to my way of thinking. And I remember well, in a neighbouring town, a member of the Makepeace family marrying into the Goodwills. And the united family were so struck with the unanimity of the sentiment of their surnames, that they went into partnership and commenced shopkeeping, not twenty miles from this parish, and the strange sign-board drew them much custom, I know. I dare say, only my memory is beginning to fail me, that I could recall several such names. There was another wedding that now comes into my mind, in which a Mr. Gollup married a Miss Slush. When I ponder over these matters, I can't help believing that these couples were first attracted to each other by the oddness of their names; but of course I am not in their secrets, all I know is the result—marriage, and the fees."

Such was his practical way of looking at things, and our clerk was very practical; a spade was always to him a spade, and nothing but a spade. I must, however, now dismiss him from these pages, though in passing I must bear him the true testimony that he was a God-fearing man, which remark I have since found cannot always be applied to the officials round a church. It may be that familiarity with sacred things lessens the religious hold they ought to have and maintain; but with him it certainly never did.

He did not, however, live to fulfil his expectation of being "good for fifteen years or more," for he died in the summer after I left the parish, to the deep and sincere regret of all classes.

Varieties.

LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.—The monument was inaugurated by the King of Prussia, there being also present the King of Wurtemberg, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimar and Hesse, Prince William of Baden, and an immense concourse of spectators. When the monument was uncovered, salvoes of artillery were discharged in honour of the event. The following telegram was sent to the King of Prussia by Queen Victoria:—"Pray express to the Committee for the erection of the Luther memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task. Protestant England cordially sympathises with an occasion which unites the Protestant princes and peoples of Germany."

PALESTINE EXPLORATION.—The following statement by Lieut. Warren is not very promising:—"In studying the Holy Land it was most disappointing to find a dearth of evidence as to sites of places, and the more the matter was looked into the more difficult it became. There were points which were known beyond contradiction, such as Jaffa, Jerusalem, and others; but when details were sought there was the most conflicting evidence. All parties agreed that the Temple stood somewhere in a rectangular spot, called by the names of Haram and Moriah, and that the Mount of Olives was on the whole or part of a hill indicated on the map. It was probable, too, that the valley of the Kedron could be traced; but about all other points there were controversies; and if he made use of Biblical names in speaking of places, he did so because they were generally-received names, and not because they were established as such. The explorers must be content, he feared, to be baffled and perplexed for a long time to come before they could bring out Jerusalem as it was; for, startling as it might appear, they had not yet a single fixed point from which to commence. For instance, though the Temple was known to be on a particular space (the Moriah Area), yet there was space there for three such sites; and Mount Zion was put to the north of Moriah by some and to the west by others of authority."

PAPAL ALLOCATION.—In case any readers might take the following as a joke, it is right to state that the extracts are really from the Papal allocation delivered in the secret consistory, held on the 22nd June. "On the 21st December last, the Austrian Government passed an odious law to be carried out and strictly observed in every district of the empire, even in those districts where the Catholic religion exclusively prevails. That law establishes free liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, of all faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine; it grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing with the sanction of the State. The same government on the 25th of May of this present year, issued another law which compels all the subjects, even the Catholic ones of the empire, deciding that sons born of a mixed marriage must follow the religion of the father, and the daughters that of the mother; and that under seven years of age they must follow in the stray path of their parent from the true faith. Moreover, the same law suppresses entirely the validity of the promises which the Catholic church, with reason and with the greatest justice, exacts and prescribes absolutely before the celebration of mixed marriages. It makes apostasy itself a civil law both as regards the Catholic religion and the Christian religion generally; it suppresses all authority of the church over cemeteries, and Catholics are bound to allow the bodies of heretics to be buried in their churchyard if they have not any of their own. Moreover, the same government on the said 25th day of May of this present year did not hesitate to promulgate a law on marriage which admits, and even confirms, that form of marriage absolutely condemnable, called civil marriage, when the authority of any confession whatever refuses the celebration of the marriage on grounds which are not admitted as valid, as legal by the civil authorities. It has also promulgated a law on education, which suppresses all the influence of the church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education, literature, and science, as also the inspection of schools, appertains to the State, which finally decrees that religious teaching in the public schools must be placed in the hands of members of each separate confession, that any religious society may open private or special schools for the youth of its faith; that those schools shall also be subject to the supreme inspection of the State, and that the

school books shall be submitted to the approval of the civil authorities; with the exception, however, of such books as are meant for religious instruction, books which must be submitted to the approval of the competent authorities of each confession. You see, consequently, venerable brethren, how necessary it is strongly to reprove and condemn those abominable laws," etc., etc. [Poor old giant Pope!]

HOW THE MONKEYS BECAME MEN.—Some of the savages in south-eastern Africa believe that the souls of their ancestors return to earth clad in the forms of monkeys, which, on that account, are petted and revered. The notion that men are in some way related to monkeys is not to be wondered at in untaught nations, and hence we are not surprised to find a peculiar view of it among the natives of western India. In one of the Government reports of the district of Kolhapoor, we find the following curious example of what we refer to. The extract is a translated essay on the origin of the Europeans and some other nations, and was produced during his examination by one of the Kolhapoor aspirants for a Government situation:—"Pleased with the conduct of his followers, the monkeys, while at war with Rawun, King of Lunka (Ceylon), Ramas wished to give them a banquet; but as the monkeys possessed no taste to appreciate the feast, he created two lakes, one having power to transform the monkeys on bathing into human beings, and the other to restore them to their original shapes. Eighteen leaders or chiefs of the monkeys, however, after the change, objected to their original forms, as they preferred remaining human beings; and to elude Ramas' resentment they had recourse to Seeta, his wife, who left them afloat on the great sea on eighteen *drones* (leaves formed into round platters), and gave them her blessing, that they should be supreme lords of whatever coast they might reach. The descendants of twelve of these transformed monkeys are now enjoying great power in the lands they respectively reached, and the *drones* were formed by them into hats, which they now wear on their heads. Their names are—

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. The Seikhs. | 5. The Alle. | 9. The Portakésee. |
| 2. The Masooseo. | 6. The Dutch. | 10. The Moguls. |
| 3. The Puntikal. | 7. The Firungee. | 11. The Chinese, and |
| 4. The French. | 8. The English. | 12. The Mah Chinese." |

We commend this Hindoo legend to the notice of our modern advocates of "the development theory."

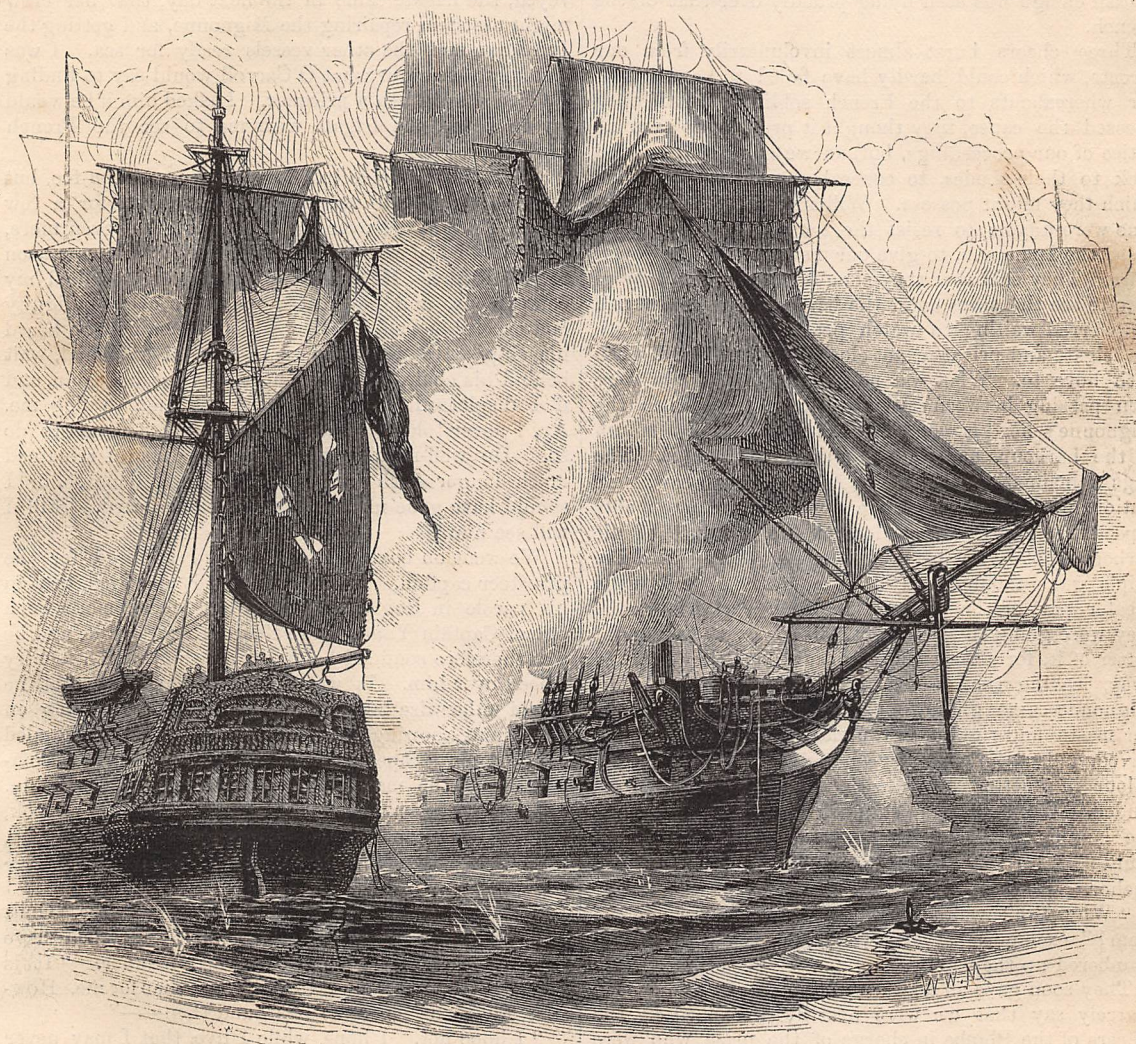
WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.—A Parliamentary return shows that in the financial year 1866-67 duty was paid in the United Kingdom on 42,173 probates of wills, letters of administration, and testamentary inventories. The number of deaths in the year may be taken as approaching 700,000, but more than half would probably be deaths of minors. It would appear, then, that about one in eight of the adults dying must have left personal property worth at least £100, the point at which the duty commences; and as the tax produced £1,735,868, the duty would average more than £41 for each case. But this is the "gross sum produced," and must probably be understood as paid on an estimate of the property before deducting for debts. A stricter test is supplied by the legacy duty paid. Legacy and succession duty were paid in the year on property amounting to £106,277,134—legacy duty on £74,383,693, and succession duty on £31,893,431. Legacy duty is not paid on property bequeathed by husband to wife, or the converse; but still the amount of property paying legacy duty in the year exceeded an average of £100 for every death, reckoning the deaths of men, women, and children.

PARISH FIRE ENGINES.—The Poor Law Amendment Act, 1867 (30 and 31 Vict. c. 106), which was passed in August of that year, contains an important enactment with respect to the manner in which fire-engines for parishes may be provided. As the enactment in question deserves to be known far more generally than it at present appears to be, we give it here at length. The 29th section of the Act enacts that "If the vestry of any parish, where there is no town council, local board, or other authority competent to provide the same, after due notice, shall resolve that the overseers shall provide any fire-engine, ladder, or fire-escape for general use in the parish, the overseers shall provide the same, and pay out of the poor-rate the cost thereof, and of procuring a proper place wherein to keep the same, and of maintaining it, as well as any such engine, ladder, or escape acquired by the parish in any other manner for such use, in a fit state of repair, and the charges of such persons as may be necessary for the use thereof, and the cost of suitable implements and accoutrements."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ATTACKED BY THE FRENCH FLEET.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR friends on board the Indianman were thrown into high spirits on hearing of the prospect of being released. They advised us, however, to get on shore again as fast as we could, and hide ourselves, lest the soldiers, hoping to be ultimately successful, should ill-treat us for having run away from them. We told them that our intention had been to release all the English prisoners, and to overpower the Frenchmen.

"Blood will be shed if you do, to no purpose,"

observed the judge; "should the frigate be successful and come back here, as I have no doubt she will, we shall be released; if the *Mignonne* escapes and returns, her crew would quickly again overpower us and obtain what they wish, a good excuse for ill-treating us, of which they will not fail to avail themselves."

The judge's opinion carried the day, and we hurried on shore, and returned by a circuitous route to the spot whence we had witnessed the engagement between the two vessels. William eagerly swept the dark, well-defined line of the horizon with his telescope.

"Hurrah! there is one—yes, there are two sails!"

Here, O'Carroll, see what you can make out of them," he exclaimed, handing him the glass.

It was some time before O'Carroll would pronounce an opinion. He then declared positively that there were two ships, and that they were approaching the land. There was a strong breeze. We sat down on the ground watching anxiously. They came nearer and nearer. We had no longer any doubt that the *Phœbe* had captured the privateer. The midshipmen declared positively that the largest was their ship.

"We ought to know her, though, to be sure, it is more of the inside than the out we see of her," observed Toby.

All our doubts were set at rest at length, when the British ensign was seen flying proudly over that of the French.

Three cheers burst almost involuntarily from our throats, which could hardly have failed to have shown our whereabouts to the French soldiers; but if they guessed the cause, they thought it prudent to take no notice of our proceedings, but, as we supposed, hurried back to their abodes, to conceal any property of value which they might possess. William and Trundle meantime were unable to resist the temptation of going on board the Indiaman, to give our new friends the joyful news. They said that they should be back in plenty of time to see the ships enter the harbour. O'Carroll and I preferred waiting to watch proceedings. At length the frigate and privateer got close in with the land, when both hove to. What was now to happen; boats were seen passing between the two vessels, and then the *Mignonne's* head came slowly round toward the mouth of the harbour, and on she glided towards it. The flags remained as they were, and men, we saw, were stationed at the guns. Some opposition was probably expected. There was a fort at the entrance of the harbour—not a very formidable-looking affair—with five ship's guns mounted in it. Round them we saw the greater part of the mongrel garrison clustering, as if they were going to show fight, but if so, they thought better of it, for after a short consultation, they sneaked away, leaving the fort to take care of itself. The *Mignonne* came gliding on, bearing evident traces in her masts and rigging of the punishment she had received, and of the obstinacy—or what would have been valour—in a better cause—with which she had been defended. We met the midshipmen running down towards the landing-place, and jumping into the first boat we could find, we got alongside her directly she dropped anchor.

"Why, Braithwaite, Trundle! where have you come from?" exclaimed several voices, as the midshipmen clambered up the side.

They soon gave an account of themselves, and I need scarcely say that we were heartily welcomed by the officers of the *Phœbe* in charge of the prize, who were in high spirits at having captured a vessel which had proved one of the greatest pests to British commerce in the eastern seas. The Frenchmen had not yielded till more than a third of their number lay dead or desperately wounded on her decks. Among them were several of the seamen of the unfortunate *Kangaroo*, including her wretched captain and mate. The survivors of the Englishmen declared that they had been forced on board and compelled to fight. We declined to express any opinion on the subject. All we could say was that we had missed them from the encampment, and had every reason to suppose that they had fallen into the hands of the French. They thus escaped hanging, which I certainly believe they deserved. The chief offenders

had already paid the penalty of their crimes. I need scarcely describe the delight of the passengers of the Indiaman on finding that they could now proceed on their voyage, or of the prisoners who were released from the different hulks. They were the officers and seamen taken in different prizes by the *Mignonne*. The excuse the Frenchmen gave for treating them thus barbarously was that the French taken by English cruisers were shut up on board hulks in English harbours without good food or any exercise. They pretended not to understand that, in one instance, the prisoners would inevitably have escaped had they been left at liberty, while in the present they had had no opportunity of escaping. The mouth of the harbour having been surveyed, the frigate came in the next day, that her crew might assist in repairing the *Mignonne*, and getting the Indiaman and the other vessels ready for sea. I was curious to ascertain what O'Carroll would say to finding *La Roche* at length a prisoner. I asked him if he would go on board the frigate with me to see the French captain.

"I would not do so to triumph over a fallen foe, but perhaps if I was to set eyes on him again for a few times, I might get over the intense dislike, even more, the dread I feel for him," he answered; "I have reason to feel dislike. He ruined my prospects, he killed my companions, and he treated me with every indignity and cruelty he could devise, while I remained on board his ship. He made me serve him as a menial, wait behind his chair, clean his shoes, arrange his cabin, and if I displeased him, he ordered his men to flog me. Ay, I never told you that before; I was ashamed to do so. He well-nigh broke my spirit. Had I remained much longer with him, he would have done so, or I should have gone mad and jumped overboard. Still I will see him."

We went on board the frigate and inquired for the privateer captain. Having already, it appeared, broken his parole in England when he had once before been taken, Captain Young had refused to receive it, and he was therefore confined below in a cabin, with a sentry placed over him. It was naturally supposed that he would otherwise take some opportunity of getting on shore, and knowing the locality, might remain concealed till he could escape from the island altogether. Accompanied by the master-at-arms we entered the cabin. *La Roche* was seated in an easy-chair, reading a book, when the door opened. He did not rise, but looking up, nodded to O'Carroll, whom he seemed instantly to recognise.

"Ah, mon ami, it's the fortune of war, you see. Once I had you in my power, now your countrymen have me," he said, in a cool, unconcerned manner. "It is pleasant, is it not?—pleasanter for you than for me. However, my turn may come next, and then——"

"I hope not. I hope, while I live, that I may never again be in your hands," exclaimed O'Carroll, interrupting him. "You remember how you treated me?"

"Oh, well, and it is in your power to inform the captain of this frigate, and probably he will treat me in the same way."

"No, indeed; Englishmen never treat their prisoners as you treated me," answered O'Carroll; "Monsieur knows that well enough. I did not come here to insult you. I did not come to triumph over you. You had inspired me with a horror I could not get over. I came here to be cured. I am so thoroughly. You have done much injury to the commerce of my country, and the only ill I wish you is that you may be kept a close prisoner till the termina-

tion of the war, and never again be able to do an injury to Englishmen."

La Roche shrugged his shoulders at this address and smiled. "Well, you Irishmen are indeed curious. I should have thought that you would have liked to have seen me hung up to the yard-arm," he observed, in the same cool tone as before. "However, your moderate wishes may be gratified, or I may make my escape, and if I do, and ever capture you again, I promise you that I will remember your moderation, and treat you to the best of everything I have on board."

We soon after this brought our interview with the famous privateer captain to an end, and O'Carroll assured me that all his unpleasant monomaniacal feelings with regard to him had been, as he hoped, completely dissipated. As we were about to leave the ship Captain Young politely invited us to remain and dine with him. He showed much interest in O'Carroll's account of his misfortunes, and finally arranged that he should take the command of one of the vessels in the harbour to convey the emigrants to New South Wales. I, of course, received no direct communication from Captain Hassall, but from the information Captain Young gave me I had great hopes that the *Barbara*, instead of sailing immediately for the east, had gone to the coast of Madagascar, in which direction the *Phœbe* herself was bound. Captain Young offered me a passage, should I wish to rejoin my ship. The Indianan being refitted for sea by the united exertions of all the crews we all sailed out of the harbour in succession, the *Phœbe* leading. The *Mignonne*, with her prize crew and some of the prisoners on board, was bound for the Mauritius, to give information of the capture of the island; the emigrant ship was bound for New South Wales, the Indianan for Calcutta, we for Madagascar. I went on board the *Argo*, the ship commanded by O'Carroll. I found him well satisfied with his change of circumstances. There was only one thing about which he was concerned. La Roche, though still a captive, was alive, and might soon regain his liberty.

"If he does, I'm sure that he will cause me trouble again," he observed. "I don't know what causes it, but I even now cannot think of the venomous little man without a feeling of dread, a creeping sensation, Braithwaite. Do you know what it is?"

"Not exactly," said I. "But the remedy I suggest is not to think of him. Wherever his image appears, banish him with a kick. Or, let me be serious, O'Carroll. Is it not our own fault if we go on living in fear of death all our life long? Put your trust in God, and fear not what man can do to you."

"You are right, you are right," exclaimed O'Carroll, warmly. "It is just the want of doing that has made me—no coward, as you know—constantly tremble at unseen dangers. Henceforward I will try to follow your advice."

"Do," said I. "And, depend on it, your dread of the little Frenchman will completely and for ever vanish."

I parted from O'Carroll, as honest a man as ever broke a biscuit, with the sincere hope that we should meet again. The crews of our respective ships gave three hearty cheers as we separated on our respective courses. We accompanied the *Mignonne* for some distance towards the Mauritius, when several sails were reported in sight from the masthead.

"I hope that they are enemies," I heard Trundle thoughtlessly exclaim. "Glorious fun to have a fight. We, too, should soon give a good account of them."

Both ships were speedily got ready for action, for in those days it was difficult to sail far without meeting an

enemy. It might be one to be captured—snapped up in an instant; it might be one of equal or not of vastly superior size, to be fought bravely, and taken in the end; or, mayhap, one so much larger that it would be necessary to make all sail and run away, a proceeding not very often practised in those days by British naval commanders. It was rather doubtful, however, from the number and size of the ships in sight, whether we should not find it necessary to have recourse to the last expedient. We continued, however, steering as before, and rapidly nearing the strangers, when, to the relief of the less pugnaciously disposed, first one and then the others made their number, and we discovered, as we got sufficiently near to exchange telegraph signals, that they were three frigates, the *Galatea*, *Racehorse*, and *Astrea*, on their way to the coast of Madagascar to look after a French squadron which, having been driven away from the Mauritius, had gone in that direction. We should now be a fair match for the Frenchmen whenever we should meet them. Having put most of our prisoners well guarded on board the *Mignonne*, we parted from her, she to continue her passage to the Mauritius, we to accompany our consorts in search of the enemy.

Everybody on board was in the highest spirits. Strange that the prospect of a fight, when blood must be spilt, life lost, suffering undergone, should be so congenial to the taste of human nature. I have always considered this a strong evidence of our fallen condition, and of the folly, the dulness of perception, which that condition has produced on the mind of man. What can be more contrary to sound wisdom, I may say to ordinary good sense, than the desire to kill and hurt others, or to run the risk of being killed or hurt? A bright look-out was now kept for the enemy, and from sunrise to its setting the mastheads were adorned with eager watchers, each wishing to be the first one to espy the Frenchmen. However, the lofty mountain ridges of Madagascar hove in sight before any of them were seen. I had become very anxious about the fate of the *Barbara*. Had she prosecuted her voyage to this coast, and fallen in with the enemy? If so, she must have been captured, and too probably sent away to one of the settlements. In spite of my advice to O'Carroll, this idea took complete possession of my mind, and I felt convinced that the voyage from which so much had been expected would come to nought. Night closed in on us, and the usual answer was given to the watch below by those who had come off deck, "Not a sign of a sail in sight." The next morning the sun arose out of his ocean bed brighter even than is wont in that bright clime, first lighting up the topmost heights of the mountains with a roseate tinge, while a purple hue still lay spread over the calm ocean. As usual, officers and men were going aloft, with telescopes over their shoulders, to take a look round for the enemy, when, as the sun rose higher, a shout of satisfaction burst from many a throat, for there lay, well in with the land, their white canvas shining brightly in his beams, the French frigates of which we were in search. The wind came off the land, and we were far to leeward. They thus had greatly the advantage of us. We did our utmost, however, to beat up to them. Every sail that could draw was set, and we continued to tack and tack hour after hour, hoping to reach them, and that some fortunate shift of wind would give us the weathergauge and enable us to choose our own time for action. As I went along the decks I was struck by the bold and determined appearance of the men as they stood at their quarters, stripped to the waist, and mostly with handkerchiefs

of many colours tied round their heads. The costume was appropriate, for the heat was excessive, besides which, sailors know well that the suffering is much less should they be wounded if no pieces of cloth are carried into the body with the shot. They were chatting and laughing, and many of them were cutting all sorts of jokes. I had volunteered to serve as the captain's aid-de-camp, to carry messages for him to any part of the ship, or to assist the surgeons in the cockpit.

"You would do good service on deck, and I respect your feeling in offering to be there," he answered, "but you are a non-combatant. You have nothing to gain by exposing your life. You will therefore oblige me by performing the far more painful task of assisting the surgeons."

I bowed with a feeling of disappointment at my heart, which I probably exhibited.

He smiled and said, "It is possible, after all, that there may be very little employment for your talents."

There was a shout on the upper deck, taken speedily up by the men on the main deck. The enemy were seen bearing down on us. On they came, nearer and nearer. Where we lay it had fallen a perfect calm, and our sails kept flapping against the masts. Still the breeze favoured them. I felt very queer, I confess. I had no intention of going below till I was wanted, and it did not occur to me that I might be turned into a patient myself. The delight of the sailors at seeing the French thus boldly approaching was excessive, nor did they fail to praise them for their courage.

"Bravo, Johnny Crapaud. That's more than I thought of you. Come along. Don't leave us again. We won't hurt ye more than we can help. You are brave fellows, that you are; we always thought so. Now you show it. Bear a hand, though."

I heard such and similar expressions from most of the men as I passed along the decks. Suddenly there was a gloom from one end of the ship to the other. The breeze which had been bringing the Frenchmen along, suddenly dropped. It had served them, however, well enough to bring them pretty close up to us.

"Now," I thought to myself, "I shall see what a regular stand-up sea fight is like."

Still I could not help feeling all the time that my vocation was one of peace, and that I had no business to be where I was. That is not a pleasant sensation. The great thing for a man to feel in time of danger, is that he is at his post and doing his duty. As I was in for it, I determined to do my best to be of use, and to trust to the God of mercy for protection. The enemy soon showed us that they had no intention of being idle. A shot came whistling over our heads, and fell a considerable distance on the other side of us. This showed them that we were within gun-shot range of each other, and immediately they opened fire in earnest. Some of the shot flew over our heads, others on one side or the other, but hitherto none had struck us. I had a hope that, after all, there would be no bloodshed. We meantime had commenced firing, but either the Frenchmen's powder was better or their guns longer, for our shot mostly appeared to fall short, greatly to the vexation of our crew. The enemy also having had the last of the wind, while we were becalmed, were able to take up a better position than we had, and continued warmly engaging us, we often being scarcely able to return a shot. As I had nothing to do below, I remained on deck. More than once, however, I could not help ducking my head as a shot whistled above it. Possibly it might have been too high to have struck me. However, I soon got accustomed to that, and as no one had as

yet been hurt, I began to fancy that after all a sea fight was not so terrible an affair as I had supposed, and that possibly we and the Frenchmen might part without doing much harm to each other. I had been standing near a fine young fellow, Jem Martin by name, captain of a gun, who had for some time past been cutting, with more than ordinary humour, numbers of jokes on the enemy. I was struck by his bold attitude and thoroughly sailor-like look. His bright blue eye beamed with life and animation. I had turned my head away from him when a shot whistled by, and I heard a piercing shriek, such as a strong man utters but once, wrung from his bosom by mortal agony. I looked round, and on the deck lay the shattered body of a human being. There were a few spasmodic movements of the limbs, and all that remained of Jem Martin was the mangled corpse at my feet. I shuddered, for I could not help feeling that such as he was I might now have been. The event seemed to affect his shipmates but little; another seaman took his place, and the gun was loaded, run out, and fired. The fact was, that they had no time just then for thought or the indulgence of feeling. The enemy's shot now came thicker and thicker. Many went through the sails, others wounded the masts and spars and cut away the rigging, and several more of our men were hit. As soon as they were carried below, I followed, to assist the surgeon in attending to their wounds. I had long before this forgotten all about the danger to which I was myself exposed, but I could not forget that I had a young brother on board who might any moment be numbered among the killed or wounded. It seemed to me, indeed, that we were getting so much the worst of it, that I began to dread that the flag of England might have to strike to that of France. The idea was not a pleasant one. It was not, however, shared in by others on board.

After we had received a pretty severe battering for the space of two hours, the breeze got up and the Frenchmen hauled off to repair damages. On seeing this, the rage of our men became very great, and they cried out to the officers that they might be allowed to go after them. As the enemy were to windward, this was not easily to be done, and we had to wait patiently in the hope that the enemy would choose to renew the fight, while in the meantime our top-men were knotting and splicing rigging, and the carpenters' crew were strengthening the wounded yards and stopping shot-holes. At length the breeze reached us, and as it filled our sails the crew cheered in anticipation of being able soon to get to closer quarters with the enemy. After making numerous tacks, two of our squadron got up to two of the French ships, which seemed in no way disposed to refuse battle. While our gallant commodore closed with the *Renommé*, we engaged the *Clorinde*. The fight soon gave work for our surgeons, and I went below, as I had undertaken to do, to help them. As I left the deck I cast a glance at my young brother, who had charge of a division of the guns, and was standing on the deck cheering on the men, full of life and animation. The shots were thickly flying about his head. Any moment one might lay him low. I could but offer up a prayer for his safety.

The surgeon and his mates were already at work. I hung up my coat and tucked up my sleeves prepared to assist them. I will not describe the scene of suffering I witnessed. Most of the poor fellows bore their agony with wonderful fortitude. Two officers had been brought below wounded. I kept looking up anxiously every time I saw the feet of men descending the ladder, dreading that they might be bringing down my young

brother; still I kept praying for his safety while I followed the surgeon's directions. A young seaman had been brought down fearfully wounded. I had remarked him on several occasions among the most active and zealous of the crew. The surgeon examined him. He did not groan; indeed, he did not appear to suffer much pain.

The surgeon shook his head. "I can do nothing for him," he whispered to me. "You may be able, perhaps, to speak a word of comfort, and there is nothing just now for you to do."

I was rather surprised at the surgeon saying even thus much. Perhaps the light of the lantern, which at that moment fell on my countenance, revealed my thoughts, for he added—

"I was asked to look after the lad, whose mother is a widow, and, God help me! I have done little for him, and now it is too late."

The young seaman was placed on a hammock opened out on the deck of the cockpit. I knelt down by his side, and after repeating such passages out of the Word of Life as occurred to me, I engaged in prayer. He followed me in a low voice. Suddenly he was silent. I looked towards him. The immortal spirit had taken its flight from his frail body. Still the battle raged. More of our poor fellows were brought down, and I once more was called on to assist the surgeons in their painful task.

AN ALLEGED POEM BY MILTON.

THE announcement of the discovery of an unpublished poem by Milton has caused much interest and discussion. Professor Morley, of University College, found the lines, written on a blank page in the volume of Milton's "Poems both English and Latin," in the British Museum. Of this volume, which contains "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," there are two copies in the Museum, one in the General Library, and the other in the King's Library. The poem is in the latter copy, which has been less frequently examined. Mr. Morley affirms that the poem is in Milton's handwriting, and maintains its genuineness also on internal evidence. Professor Masson, on the other hand, asserts that the poem, which he copied some years ago in preparing his "Life of Milton," is not in the poet's handwriting, and is unworthy of his pen. Manuscript experts, such as Mr. Bond, keeper of MSS. in the Museum, and Mr. Rye, assistant-keeper of printed books, have given adverse opinions. The genuineness of the poem itself has been much debated, but without satisfactory result as yet. Those who repudiate the poem as unworthy of Milton, have done so on grounds of faulty rhyme and minor details, to meet which parallel quotations have been given from other of Milton's minor poems. The reader must form his own judgment. Here is the poem, with the spelling modernised.

AN EPIGRAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his bays
And puts on cypress for his bays;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,

And while his doom they think upon
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not [reader] me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously:
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust:
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hollowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant though caverned into dust
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more
But bloom and blossom [as] b[e]fore
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

J.M., Ober., 1647.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.*

CHAPTER I. GERONA. BARCELONA.

HAVING spent the greater part of a year in Spain, I purpose in the following articles giving some notes of my travels. I had opportunities of observation not enjoyed by all travellers, through a family of high rank, whom I had known intimately at Naples. When my purpose of making a lengthened residence in their country became known to them, there was no possible assistance they did not procure for me in the way of introductions, advice, and facilities of all kinds.

We left England early in April, our party consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen. I pass over our journey through France, and begin the extracts from my note books at the time of our arrival at Perpignan. At this small fortified town, on the French side of the Pyrenees, we spent the night, and on the following morning we began the ascent of the not very frowning barrier that there separates France from Spain. A

* In the papers entitled "Two Months in Spain" (Leisure Hour for May, June, and July,) a brief record is given of a tour made in the months of November and December last. In the present series of papers another Spanish journey, of earlier date, but of wider range, is described. The reader will thus possess recent and accurate information about a country less visited by tourists than most other parts of the continent. The "Lady's Journey" having been made on muleback or by travelling carriage, more of the country was seen than in the two months' tour, which was chiefly determined by the great lines of railway. In the following articles, to avoid repetition, much must be omitted, especially in regard to the great towns described in the previous tour.

zigzag road ascends the mountain, smooth and well kept, with strongly-built walls on the side of the precipices. At certain distances there were white posts, having inscribed on them the distance both to the Spanish frontier and to Perpignan. Two white pillars on either side of the road mark the political division between the two countries; but it is no less singular than true, that the dwellers on one side of the pillars, not a hundred paces from the dwellers on the other side, are as different as though a wide sea rolled between them. On one side are active, chattering little men, and brisk Frenchwomen in mob caps of spotless purity; while on the other side there is the Spanish costume, the Spanish language: the very air is Spanish, the people moving about with the grave, almost dignified bearing of the Catalonians. At the very next stage, the horses brought out and harnessed to the carriage seemed of an entirely new race. They were bony ill-used creatures, chafed by the ill-made harness, and in all ways very inferior animals to the closely shaven mules, their companions, whose tinkling bells reminded us perpetually that we really were in Spain.

The scenery, though less wildly picturesque than that of the other passes into Spain, is pleasantly varied, the road winding in and out of narrow defiles, with many a recollection of robbers in bygone days. To the right is the splendid peaked outline of the Pyrenees, some of the snow-capped peaks standing out clear against the blue sky, while on the left we had an occasional glimpse of the beautiful Mediterranean. Scarcely an eminence is passed that has not some ruins of an old tower or massive keep, each with its own peculiar tale of dread and horror. The road crosses several mountain streams, the course of which is in summer only marked by the dry bed of the water, but in autumn and winter, in the time of the heavy rains, they increase to a great size, and are sometimes impassable.

The little villages, exposed for so many centuries to perpetual invasion, would have, at ordinary times, a most ruinous and desolate appearance; but the groves of almond-trees that surrounded most of them, now in spring all covered with their pale pink blossoms, with a profusion of other fruit-trees also in bloom, gave altogether quite a festive air to these otherwise melancholy hamlets. It was one of the numerous holidays occurring in a Roman Catholic country; and all the inhabitants seemed to be wending their way to Gerona dressed in festive attire. There were waggons drawn by patient sleek oxen, with their heads fastened together most uncomfortably; and under the wagon-cover might be seen a cluster of merry faces, with bright dark eyes and sunny complexions, all evidently bent upon enjoying themselves. Troops of sleek mules jingled along, each bearing two or more riders; and we passed hardy Catalanian peasants on foot, with the staff peculiar to the district in their hands, shouting out, in their fine sonorous language, wild national airs in chorus. The hills were thickly clothed with olive and cork trees, the silvery white of the one contrasting finely with the cinnamon-hued trunks of the others.

At last we were told we were approaching Gerona, our sleeping-place for the night, and as it was to be our first experience of a Spanish inn, it may be supposed that we felt a little nervous respecting what might be awaiting us. As our carriage rattled over the stones, going full gallop through the streets—a practice common to Italian and Spanish drivers—our wonder was great to see the lumbering diligence which preceded us getting along the streets at all, so very narrow did they appear to us; but on the great unwieldy machine went, and

on we went, till we pulled up at the entrance of a covered courtyard. It was so crowded that our carriage could not drive in, so we alighted and made our way into the inn. The mistress, a pretty bustling little woman, was voluble in her regrets that we should have arrived when every inn was full to overflowing; but still, she assured us, she could take us in, and, moreover, make us comfortable. On the faith of this assurance we followed her up-stairs and into a room with a red-tiled floor and a great paucity of furniture, but the spotless white window curtain gave some indication of cleanliness. I signified our approval so far, but on my putting the question to her where the other rooms were, she expressed the profoundest astonishment at our unreasonableness. What could the senores want with more than one room? and such a beautiful room! Was there not the image of the Virgin under a glass case? and were there not curtains? She could not comprehend our unreasonableness; but we meant to have our own way, notwithstanding, and at length, with great difficulty, we persuaded her to let the two gentlemen sleep in the corridor or *salle à manger*. Having settled that matter, as we thought, we sallied forth to look about us.

Gerona stands high, exposed to the north wind, but overlooking a bright sunny plain; it has often, from its importance as a frontier military position, been laid siege to, and its singularly wild and fierce inhabitants have always shown themselves ready for emergencies. This mountainous district has always sheltered bandits, contrabandistas, and guerilleros, from the earliest ages. The town traces its origin back to the most remote antiquity. It is a quaint old place, with a deserted look, as if it had just been evacuated by an enemy. A narrow winding lane led us to the summit of the hill, where stands the magnificent old cathedral. In the Spanish account of this fine edifice, it is stated that twelve architects of the greatest celebrity met in solemn deliberation, for many weeks, to consider what plans to adopt; this shows the serious consideration given to the elevation of these mighty structures in old times. The approach is very fine: a superb flight of eighty-six steps leads up to the front entrance. The see is said to have been founded as far back as 786, by Charlemagne. Service was over, but a faint smell of incense still lingered, an "odour of sanctity" particularly agreeable in Spain, where garlic pervades the very air one breathes. A side door leads to the beautiful old cloisters, built round a garden, which no doubt was once adorned by beautiful flowers, under the care of the departed monks. The abandoned monasteries throughout Spain are most sad to see, though certainly no country has gained more by the secularisation of the monks. Still the antiquarian cannot but mourn over many picturesque beautiful old buildings sinking gradually into decay.

Emerging again into the quiet streets, we saw peasant girls bringing home flocks of goats from the hillside, where they had browsed all day. Each goat seemed well acquainted with its own habitation, and quietly walked in on reaching the door. In the market-place there seemed congregated all the gaiety and animation in the place. As in most Spanish towns, the principal square had arcades all round. The women looked very picturesque in their white lace mantillas, though the black one, I think, is far more becoming; the men seemed all to have put on their new caps, so brilliant were their hues—brightest crimson, purple, and true Spanish brown. The proper arrangement of these caps, which in shape resemble an old-fashioned white cotton nightcap, seemed of the greatest importance, and to be

the true sign of a Catalonian dandy. There was a group surrounding a handsome lad, and arranging his brilliant carmine cap in half a dozen different fashions ere they were satisfied with the general effect. All sorts of cakes and fritters were cooking over the portable charcoal stoves, ears of the beautiful maize were roasting in odd black pots, while iced drinks of all kinds were in shrill voice offered to the gay throng.

The Catalonians are a robust, sturdy, fine-looking race, their appearance suiting well with their character. At one time, nearly the whole population belonged either to the smuggling or to the robbing part of the community; in more peaceful times they have retained their spirit of independence and their courage, but the progress of civilisation and the increase of honest employment for the working classes have brought about considerable improvement, and more may still be looked for in due time. Our first Spanish dinner was certainly not very attractive: *puchero* (bread floating in greasy soup), fish so stuffed with garlic as to be uneatable, very indifferent fowls, and omelette full of saffron, which is much used in Spanish cookery. When the hour for retiring arrived, our gentlemen, in spite of the landlady, spent the night in the draughty *salle à manger*; and a most unquiet night they had, as they were so near the street, that all night long they could hear the noises of the *fête* going on in full force; certainly they were not sorry when the daylight appeared.

Early in the day, we went to have a farewell sight of the grand old cathedral. A single priest was officiating at matins, crowds of working men, and women with picturesque white serge hoods on, were kneeling on the pavement, commencing their day with thanksgiving. It may be only outward seeming, but still it impressed us very much, to see such numerous attendance at the service. The prayers did not last long, and men and women, as they went away down the beautiful approach, stopped and gave friendly greeting as they passed to their acquaintances. Many of the women, as they went home, stopped at the bakers', and slung on their arms one or more large circular bracelets or armlets of loaves, for that is the form in which bread is made in this neighbourhood.

We only returned to our inn to pack up, and start for Barcelona by rail. The country we passed through was truly delightful, a constant interchange of hill and plain, well wooded, watered by rapid mountain torrents, whose banks are fringed with gigantic reeds, much used for thatching the houses, for fences, and other purposes. The railroad for some distance runs so close to the sea, that there is but just room for the road between it and the row of houses built along the shore. It was a sunny scene; the blue sea on one side, the rich maritime country on the other, with the beautiful gardens of orange and lemon trees, fenced round by the aloes, forming an impenetrable barrier. Here there is little to be seen of poverty. Everywhere the women are busy knitting, the men either working as labourers, or else, in their picturesque craft, fishing. Here and there the hills open out, and, embosomed among groves of fruit-trees in full blossom, are the luxurious villas of the wealthy merchants of Barcelona. Later on in the year the dryness of the air and soil must rather interfere with the verdure, but in the early spring, as we saw it, it was a scene of great loveliness.

Barcelona is a very fine town, one of the finest in Spain, and from its manufactures it has a more stirring air than most Spanish towns; and the port, crowded with shipping, adds to the general bustle and movement going on in the place. We went at once to the *Fonda*

del grande Oriente, by reputation the best inn in the place, and we had no reason to repent our decision. We were not here troubled by the *senora* or mistress insisting on packing us all into one room, but found excellent accommodation for all the party. Of course it was a saint's day. After some months' travelling in Spain, I came to the conclusion that the saints' days were the rule, and ordinary days the exception. The beautiful walk whither we at once bent our steps, the *Rambla*, was filled with gay crowds. The Catalonians are much more industrious than the enervated inhabitants of the country farther south; they are said to be the richest of the Spaniards, and they certainly deserve to be so, for even a traveller remaining any time in the country must be struck with admiration at the sight of all that their industry has effected. The rocky soil is improved, terraced gardens are made where one would not have supposed anything could have been produced, and the pursuit of fishing, for which their extent of sea-coast affords ample opportunity, is carried on with the greatest skill and success. The Catalonians live on the water, and are reckoned the best sailors in Spain.

One taste nearly all Spaniards share alike—their inordinate passion for lotteries: not a village does one pass through, but it has its lottery office. Young and old, men, women, and children, will resort to any possible expedient to obtain the money necessary for the purchase of these lottery-tickets. They are entirely under government direction; and it is supposed that they bring in considerable revenue. It has a very bad effect upon the lower orders, serving to keep up a perpetual state of excitement, and causing many of them to rely entirely upon fate, instead of on their own exertions. The most absurd trifles will serve to determine their selection of what they imagine will turn out a lucky number.

I was delighted with the town and its environs. There are countless villas buried among groves and gardens, in which grow the orange, the citron, the pomegranate, and other fruits of southern climates. To one of these enchanting retreats we were fortunate enough to pay a visit, one of my companions having an introduction to its hospitable owner, the Portuguese consul. It was situated between two and three miles from Barcelona toward the mountains. The saloon in which the dinner was laid out looked out upon a garden, sparkling with numerous fountains throwing their clear waters high up in the air; the view of the rich plain, and the city of Barcelona in the distance, with the blue Mediterranean, was enchanting. The sea was dotted with those picturesque lateen sails that are so associated with the Mediterranean.

"The Torres," as these country seats are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, overlooking such a prospect, certainly combine every possible attraction that can add to the enjoyment of their possessors. There would we sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain, the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the sea beyond, or at times we would linger on till the moon was risen, and see the same scene under the influence of that soft solemn light, the nightingales making the very air musical with their song. Nothing can be purer, and softer, and sweeter, than the evening air inhaled in these favoured retreats.

We had loitered long enough at Barcelona day after day, and we therefore made our arrangements for departure with great regret, in spite of all we had before us. We intended going to Zaragoza, as we much wished to see a city so full of interesting associations with the

past: we therefore hired a very fairly comfortable open carriage, and made arrangements with a good coachman to take us thither.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

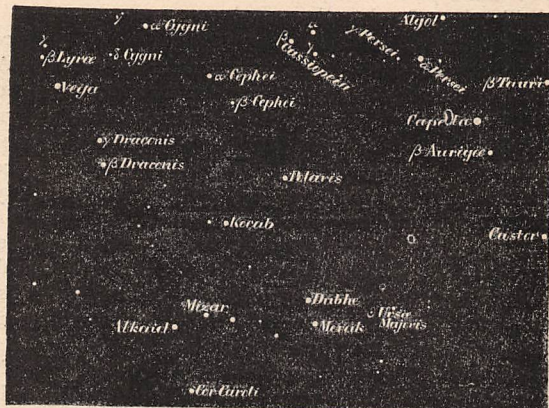
SEPTEMBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

DURING the last few years, many valuable additions to astronomical knowledge have been made by the telescopic observation of the spectra of the stars, and by the discovery of certain analogies, or coincidences, between these spectra and those found from the spectroscopic observation of the heated vapours produced by the combustion of metals and gases. A celebrated German physicist, M. Kirchhoff, was the first who drew particular attention to the subject, by the publication of an elaborate paper on the solar spectrum. In this paper, he gave the results of experiments, made by himself and M. Bunsen, on the spectra of vaporised metals, from which he concluded that the bright lines observed in the spectra of the intensely-heated vapours of copper, iron, magnesium, and other substances, coincided in their positions with some of the dark lines usually observed in the solar spectrum, known generally by the name of Fraunhofer's lines. From these experiments, M. Kirchhoff propounded a probable hypothesis, that these metals in a state of vapour are contained in the sun's photosphere. What the German *savans* did towards giving us some general idea of the chemical constituents of the solar envelopes, so Mr. Huggins and Dr. W. A. Miller in England, M. Secchi at Rome, and others, have, by similar research, added to our previous knowledge of the probable composition of the photospheres of the stars. When a ray of sunlight is made to pass through the prism of a spectroscope, it is decomposed into its primitive colours, forming the brilliant solar spectrum. Independently, however, of these colours, a series of dark lines are visible over the whole spectrum, numbering several hundreds, some being extremely fine, and others of a sensible breadth. For convenience of reference, the broad lines have been named after the letters of the alphabet, and their positions with respect to each other are invariable. In the observations of the bright lines in the spectra of vaporised metals, it has been found that one metal gives one series of lines, another a different series, each spectrum, in fact, having lines peculiar to the metal employed in the experiment. Kirchhoff and Bunsen having observed that the positions of the bright lines of the vaporised metals coincided with those of some of the principal lines of the solar spectrum, viewed the metallic spectra through less intensely heated vapours of the same metals, when the bright lines were observed to be changed into dark lines. From this it has been inferred that Fraunhofer's dark lines are produced by light emitted from a photosphere heated to incandescence, containing metals in a state of vapour, the bright lines being transformed into dark lines by absorption while the rays of light are passing through a less heated atmosphere or envelope of the sun.

The stars all give a continuous spectrum similar to that of the sun, but the distribution of the visible dark lines varies considerably. The order of the stellar spectrum depends, to a great extent, on the colour of the stars, and M. Secchi has classified his observations in this manner. For example, all the white stars, such as Sirius, Vega, and Spica, are marked by a broad line near the position of the line F in the solar spectrum, and

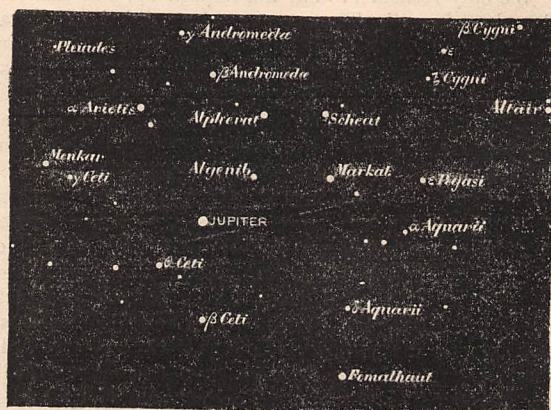
another at the violet end, while the red stars, such as Arcturus and Capella, have a spectrum covered with fine lines which occupy the place of the principal lines of the solar spectrum. In Sirius, near the extremity of the red part of the spectrum, there is also a very sharp and precise line similar to that near the position of the



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

line F. Between it and the line D, or sodium line, which is easily perceived in the spectrum of Sirius, a tolerably broad but somewhat nebulous band can be seen. Several fine lines in the green have also been noticed. A few *bright* lines have been found in the spectra of a few stars, indicating the presence of hydrogen, or other gases, in a luminous condition (see page 379). Taking Aldebaran as a type of many others, it may be stated that the photosphere of that star probably contains among its constituents the following metals and gases, or their vapours: sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury.

Mr. Huggins has analysed the light of several nebulae and stellar clusters. From his observations it has been found that these faint cloud-like objects can be divided into two classes, one which gives a continuous spectrum

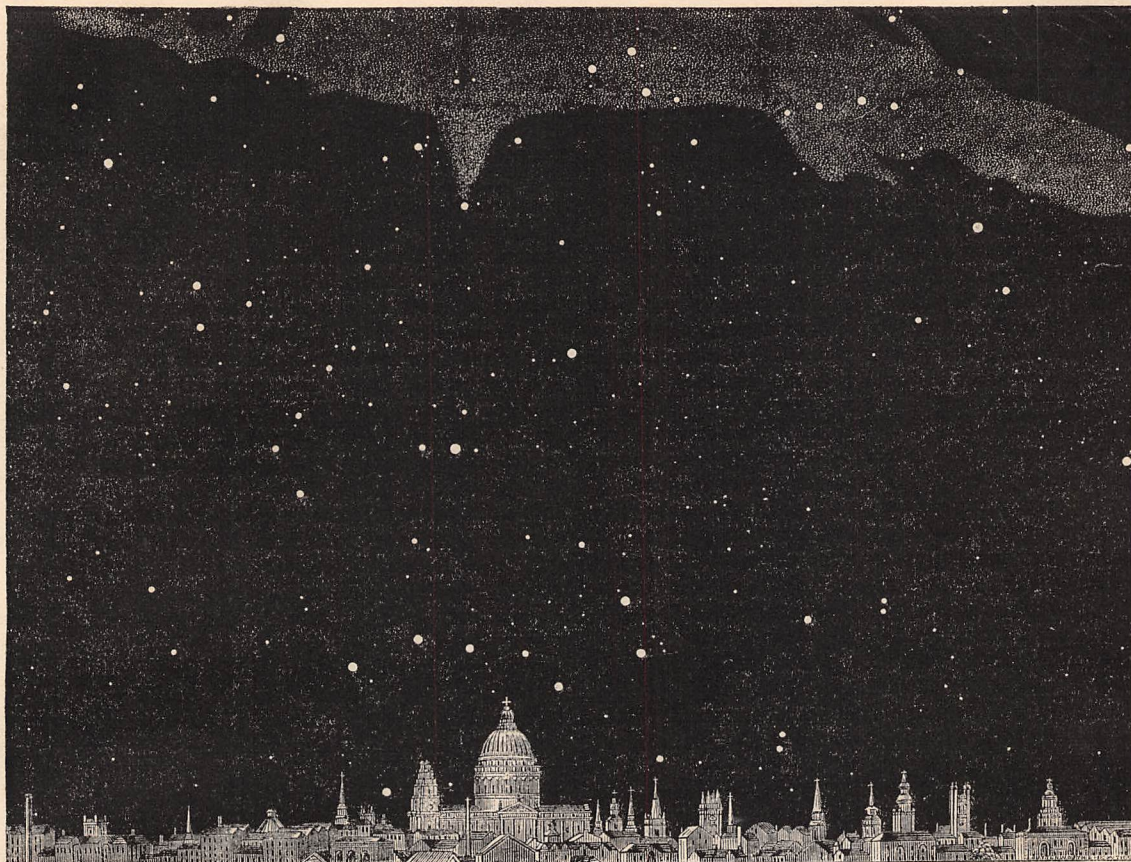


INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

like the sun and stars, and the other a spectrum of only a few bright lines, indicating the gaseous nature of the nebula. We have thus the means of distinguishing at once those nebulae which can be resolved into stars, from those which are unresolvable. The great nebula in the sword-handle of Orion is one of the latter, showing a spectrum of three bright lines, and it can

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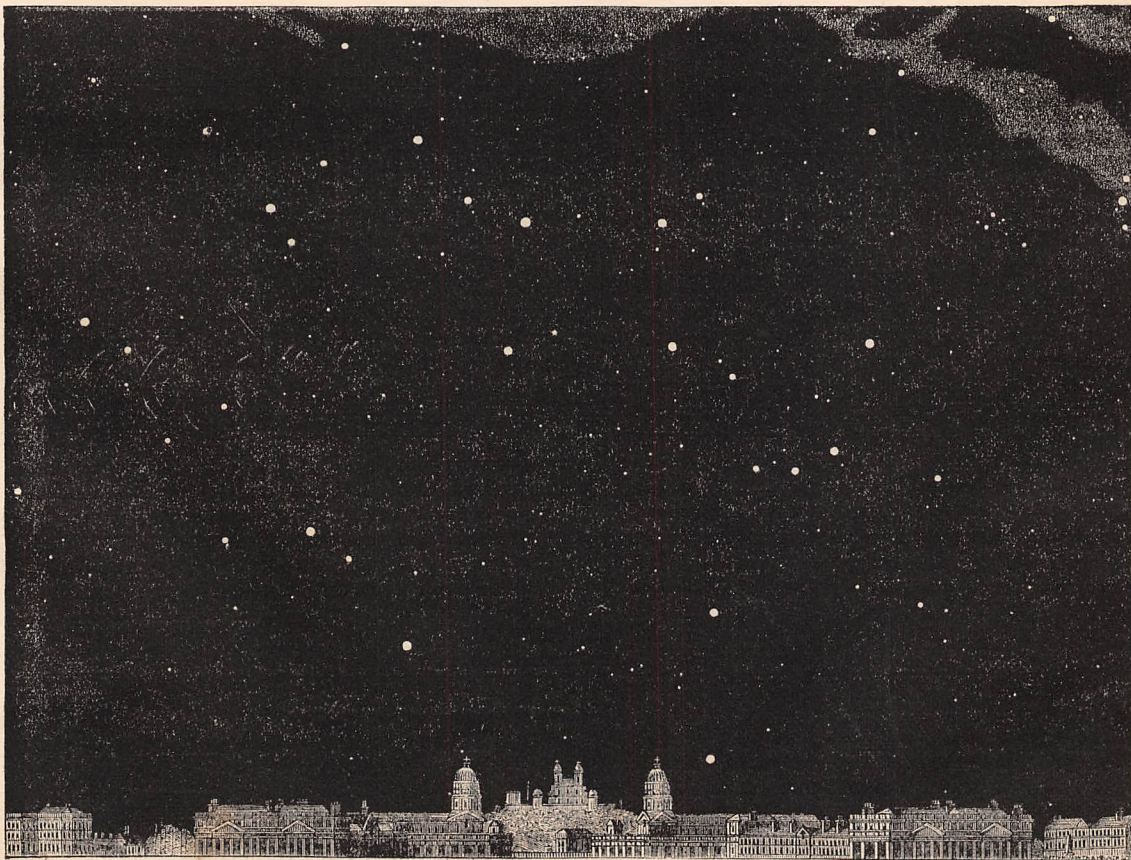
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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

E

W



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

never therefore be converted into stars, however powerful the astronomical instrument employed may be.

We will now describe the lower diagram representing the midnight sky south of the zenith in the middle of September. The chief constellations above the horizon are Aquila, Vulpecula, Delphinus, Equuleus, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, Aries, Pegasus, Andromeda, Cetus, Triangulum, and portions of Cygnus, Lacerta, Taurus, Orion, Eridanus, Sculptor, and Piscis Australis. The chief stars are Altair, Aldebaran, Fomalhaut, and the four stars composing the square of Pegasus.

Cassiopeia occupies the zenith, but south of that point there are no large stars for several degrees. Looking due south, we shall find that the stars in the square of Pegasus are now at their highest point, Beta Pegasi and Markab being slightly west, and Alpherat and Algenib east of the meridian. Jupiter is, at this time, a conspicuous object in Pisces below the square. West of the zenith, the stars in Lacerta, Cygnus, Vulpecula, and Aquila, can be noticed, the three chief stars in Aquila being in the W.S.W., and on the right-hand side of the diagram. In a south-westerly direction, beginning at the zenith, we pass over a part of Andromeda, Pegasus, Aquarius, and Capricornus, and very near the horizon in the S.S.W., the position of Piscis Australis, indicated by its principal star, Fomalhaut, can be found. The sky on this side of the meridian is not very brilliant at this time, although there are a large number of stars of the third and fourth magnitudes. If we now consider the eastern sky, which will soon be so rich in conspicuous objects, we shall find that the major part of Andromeda is east of the meridian, including all its principal stars. Alpha Andromedæ, or Alpherat, being the north-eastern star of the square of Pegasus, can readily be distinguished, Beta is a little to the north-east, and Gamma a short distance farther in the same direction. By prolonging a line drawn from Markab to Alpherat, it will pass through Beta and Gamma, and farther on it will meet Alpha Persei. If these three stars be joined on to the square of Pegasus, it will be found that their combined form bears some resemblance to Charles's Wain in Ursa Major. Gamma Pegasi, or Algenib, is the south-eastern star of the square, and points to Jupiter, which is the most conspicuous object now visible. South-east of Andromeda, and about half-way between the zenith and horizon, Aries, the first of the zodiacal signs, can be identified by a group of tolerably bright stars, of which Alpha and Beta, near together, are the principal. Beta is the nearer of the two to the meridian. Pisces cannot boast of any star greater than the third and a half magnitude; but it extends, nevertheless, over a considerable portion of the heavens, from near Beta Andromedæ to below Markab, the south-westerly star in the square of Pegasus. In the diagram the general form of the constellation can be seen by a kind of curve of small stars in the direction just indicated. Cetus also spreads over a large part of the south-eastern sky, and its position is pointed out by several stars of the second and third magnitudes. Menkar, or Alpha Ceti, is in the E.S.E., at some distance below Aries, while Beta Ceti is in the S.S.E., below Jupiter. Sculptor is below Cetus near the meridian, and Eridanus occupies the south-east horizon. East of Aries and Cetus, Taurus, the second zodiacal sign, can be recognised by its bright star Aldebaran, between which and the zenith, the well-known group of the Pleiades can be seen. Aldebaran is out of the range of the diagram, but the Pleiades are inserted almost due east of the zenith at the left hand. The

eastern horizon is occupied by Orion, but the principal stars by which this constellation is generally distinguished are still below the horizon on September 15. The small constellation Triangulum is situated between Andromeda and Aries, its principal star being nearly midway between Alpha Arietis, and Beta Andromedæ. Near Triangulum, a small portion of Perseus is now included in the south map, but all its chief stars are still contained in the upper diagram. The Milky Way now passes through the zenith, from almost due east to west.

Capricornus, the Goat, joins Sagittarius, and is the fourth of the southern signs, and tenth in the order of the zodiac. It is also one of the old forty-eight asterisms, which tradition says were first placed in the heavens by the Egyptians, and afterwards adopted by the Greeks. Capricornus is bounded by Sagittarius on the west, Aquila on the north, Aquarius on the north-west and west, and Piscis Australis, and Microscopium on the south. Alpha and Beta Capricorni are the two chief stars in this constellation, but they are rather below the third magnitude. They are situated near together, south of the three principal stars in Aquila. Like Sagittarius, the old astrologers always looked with favourable eyes on Capricornus as a lucky sign; for "whoso es borne in Capcorn schal be ryche and wel lufyd." On this subject, the late Admiral Smyth has remarked that "although Capricornus is not a striking object, it has been the very pet of all constellations with astrologers, having been the fortunate sign under which Augustus and Vespasian were born, who thereby were entitled to the tutelage of Vesta; and this Sabæan superstition was honoured by medals, marbles, poems, and what not. It was not only of happy influence in classic times, but was also mightily looked to by the Arabians, who termed Alpha and Beta the lucky stars of the slaughterer, and Gamma and Delta the fortunate stars bringing good tidings." The position of Capricornus can be determined by drawing a line from Vega to the horizon, through Altair, when it will pass between Alpha and Beta Capricorni in the head of the Goat. These stars are now near the horizon in the south-west, but they are more favourably seen at midnight in the three preceding months. But this and all other constellations of low altitude, even when on the meridian, can never be of great popular interest in this country in comparison with those situated in more elevated positions.

Aquarius, the Water-bearer, is not a conspicuous constellation, having no star greater than the third magnitude. It contains, however, its full average of double-stars, clusters, and nebulae. Aquarius is the eleventh of the zodiacal signs, and is situated south of Equuleus and Pegasus, east of Capricornus and Aquila, north of Piscis Australis and Sculptor, and west of Pisces and Cetus. Aquarius was another favourite sign with the old astrologers, who declared that its stars possessed so much influence, virtue, and efficacy, that the seasons were affected by them "in a wonderful, strange, and secret manner;" and according to an old manuscript almanack for the year 1386, "it es gode to byg castellis, and to wed, and to lat blode" when the sun is in this sign. The principal object in Aquarius is Alpha Aquarii, or Sadalmelik, the king's lucky star. A line drawn from Alpherat to Markab, and then continued towards the south-west, will pass near Alpha Aquarii.

"From Scorpio, to where Aries shines, you catch no brilliant ray,
Through twice two interjacent signs, to mark your trackless way;
Yet would you know where, from his urn, Aquarius pours the stream,
From fair Andromeda descend, o'er Markab's friendly beam,

Or from bright Vega cast your glance, and through the Dolphin's space,
Then just as far again you'll find the Water-bearer's place."

Pegasus, the Winged Horse, is a prominent constellation on the meridian at midnight at this time of the year. It contains several stars of the third magnitude, in addition to Markab, Scheat, and Algenib, in the square, and according to Bode, 393 stars. It is bounded on the north by Lacerta and Andromeda, south by Aquarius, east by Pisces, and west by Equuleus and Delphinus. Alpha Pegasi, or Markab, is a white star of the second magnitude, at the junction of the animal's wing and shoulder, while Beta Pegasi, or Scheat, is a deep yellow star of the second magnitude in the left fore leg. Algenib, or Gamma Pegasi, is situated on the extremity of the horse's wing. Epsilon, in the mouth, and Zeta, in the neck, are two conspicuous stars west of Markab and above Aquarius. Eta Pegasi is near Beta, a little to the north-west.

Pegasus, and the adjoining constellations nearer the pole, owe their position in the heavens to a mythological connection. To assuage the anger of Neptune, Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, was bound to a rock to be devoured by a sea monster. At the moment when her death appeared inevitable, Perseus, who was returning through the air from the conquest of the Gorgons, changed the sea monster into a rock, by showing him Medusa's head, released Andromeda, and subsequently married her as a reward for his trouble. Pegasus is said to have sprung from the blood of Medusa, after Perseus had cut off her head. These five constellations, representing the names of the principal characters in this fable, now occupy a considerable portion of the sky both north and south of the zenith. Andromeda and Pegasus are south, Cepheus and Cassiopeia north, and Perseus west of that point. Equuleus, the Little Horse, is situated between Pegasus and Delphinus. The observer ought to have but little difficulty in recognising most of the principal stars in the district occupied by Pegasus, from the directions previously given; the following lines will, however, still further assist him:—

"And on, from where the pinioned maid
Her cruel fate attends,
Wide o'er the heavens his fabled form
Winged Pegasus extends.
From Alpherat down to Markab's beams
Let a cross-line be sent,
Then will four stars upon the horse
A spacious square present."

The sky north of the zenith now contains the two bright stars Vega and Capella on opposite sides of the meridian. Vega can be recognised on the left side of the upper map, and Capella in a corresponding position on the right side. Cassiopeia is approaching the upper meridian near the zenith, followed by Perseus, whose principal stars are still strictly in the northern half of the sky. Auriga is in the E.N.E. under Perseus, its position being indicated by Capella and Beta Aurigæ. In the same direction, Castor and Pollux are shining near the horizon. Castor just appears in the diagram, but Pollux is not yet within its limits. Between Capella and Polaris nearly the whole space is occupied by Camelopardus. This part of the heavens is devoid of large stars. Turning our attention to the constellations west of the meridian, bright objects down to the third magnitude are profusely scattered about in all directions, most of them belonging to important asterisms. Let us commence our survey with Cygnus, most of whose stars have passed since last month from the

southern to the northern map. Deneb, or Alpha Cygni, is near the upper part of the map, or almost due west in the heavens. In the W.N.W., Vega points out the position of Lyra, below which, towards the horizon, the stars generally belong to Hercules. Again, starting from the zenith, but this time towards the north-west, the constellation Cepheus fills up the space for more than thirty degrees. All its principal stars, and even its general shape, can be recognised with very little trouble. The reader is referred to the description of the August midnight sky for the relative positions of the different members. Cepheus separates Cassiopeia from Ursa Minor and Draco. Below Cepheus, all the stars in the central north-west sky are constituents of Draco, which extends from Lyra to the eastern side of Ursa Minor. Kocab and Gamma Ursæ Minoris, in the breast of the Lesser Bear, are N.N.W. of Polaris. These stars are sometimes termed the guards or wardens of the pole. A few stars in Boötes may be seen very near the horizon under Draco.

Ursa Major is in a very attractive position, although its altitude is low. It is now exhibited in the natural form of a waggon or plough, and all its stars can be viewed in great perfection when that part of the heavens is free from haze. Our imaginative conceptions of the form and arrangement of this celebrated collection of stars have been gathered chiefly when Ursa Major is at a comparatively low altitude in the north-west, north, or north-east. When this group of stars is on the upper meridian, it passes so nearly overhead that, in ordinary cases, they are not included in the field of vision without looking upwards to the zenith, an act which is seldom performed without a special effort. Dubhe and Merak, the Pointers, have passed the lower meridian from west to east at midnight on September 15, Gamma Ursæ Majoris is on the meridian, and Alkaid, or Benetnasch, which marks the end of the bear's tail, is still considerably west of that point.

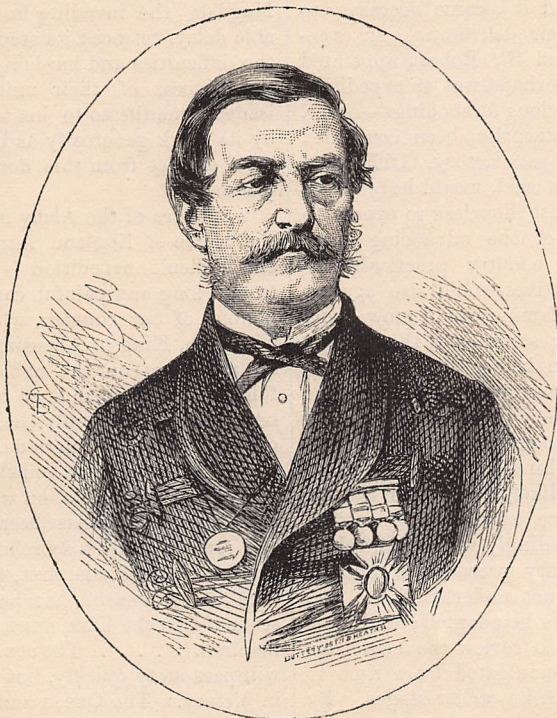
Draco, the Dragon, is usually represented as surrounding the north pole of the ecliptic, its tail dividing the two Bears, while its head reaches to the right foot of Hercules. It was one of the original forty-eight constellations, and contains, according to Bode's Atlas, 255 stars. Alpha Draconis, or Thuban, was formerly recorded as the brightest star in Draco: it is now, however, only between the third and fourth magnitude. Upwards of 4600 years ago, this star was situated very near to the pole of the heavens. In the times of the Chaldeans, when the birth of astronomical science is supposed to have taken place, Alpha Draconis, being at that time so near to the celestial pole, must have appeared even more stationary than the pole-star of the present age. It has now deviated from that position nearly twenty-five degrees. Beta and Gamma, of the second magnitude, are the two brightest stars in Draco. The zenith-distance of Gamma Draconis is daily observed at Greenwich, if the weather be favourable, owing to its passing across the upper meridian nearly in the zenith of the Royal Observatory. From observations of this kind made with a peculiar instrument, a zenith sector, Dr. Bradley, formerly Astronomer Royal, made the important discovery of the aberration of light. The observations of this standard Greenwich star are continued from year to year with the object of obtaining fresh data for the re-determination, with the greatest attainable accuracy, of the value of this and other astronomical constants. The advantages arising from these zenithal observations are very great, for when objects culminate in that point, the effects of refraction pro-

duced by the earth's atmosphere are reduced to a minimum. We have previously remarked that the pole of the ecliptic is situated in Draco, and that the nearest star to it greater than the fourth magnitude is Zeta Draconis. Some conception of the general extent of this constellation can be gathered from the following lines:—

"A line from Dubhe, in the Bear, sent right the Guards between,
The stars which form the Dragon's tail in midway will be seen.
Far to the east the body winds, where Lyra's lustres glow,
A ray from Vega to the Pole its lozenge-head will show."

The diagrams of the midnight sky of September also represent the appearance of the heavens at 2 A.M. on August 15th, at 10 P.M. on October 15th, at 8 P.M. on November 15th, and at 6 P.M. on December 15th.

NAPIER OF MAGDALA.



Napier of Magdala

THE name of Napier has been so frequently connected with military and naval triumphs, from the time of the first Napoleon down to the present day, that it has almost become to English ears a guarantee for whatever success could be desired. The idea of failure has been never connected with it, because it could never be said that a Napier had failed in any undertaking fairly confided to his charge. The race of daring brothers and cousins descended from the man of Merchiston who framed the *canon mirabilis logarithmorum*—men who were as dauntless of soul as he was subtle in brain—have left, each of them, a name and a fame that are historical. They have scarcely sunk below the horizon when the famous name is wreathed with fresh laurels by another Napier.

Whoever has studied the history of British rule in India will have been tolerably familiar with the deeds of the Napier who was destined to be the conqueror of Abyssinia. As Brigadier, and afterwards as General Napier, he fought in all the fierce wars that were waged on Indian soil, from the outbreak of the first war in the Punjab, in 1845, down to the final suppression of the

terrible Sepoy Mutiny in 1858-9. Sir Robert has earned his honours by severe soldierly work. He had his horse killed under him at Moodkee, and was himself severely wounded at Ferozeshah. He fought at Sobraon and Lahore; conducted the siege of the fortress of Kangra; and was chief engineer at Mooltan, where again he was seriously wounded. He commanded the scientific corps of the right wing at Goojerat; and he was with Sir Walter Gilbert in that famous pursuit of the Affghans across the territory of the Punjab to the gorges of the Khyber Pass. Subsequently, under Lord Dalhousie, he carried out, as chief engineer, various important works in the conquered province, and reduced the predatory hordes of the Suleiman and the Black Mountains to submission. During the mutiny of the Sepoy army, as chief of Sir James Outram's staff, he took part in the battles round Lucknow; he commanded a column in the rescue of the siege train at Charbagh; he rendered ready and most important service at Gwalior; at Jowra Alipore he dashed with the suddenness of a tempest on a body of rebels ten times as numerous as his own troops, and drove them in panic rout. In

August, 1858, he surprised Mann Singh in Paoree, stormed the place with shot and shell, put the rebels to flight, razed their stronghold to the ground, and after a brief rest was again in pursuit of their scattered bands. In the campaign in China, memorable for the disastrous loss of the British in the attack on the Taku forts, and which ended in the capture of Peking, General Napier served with his characteristic energy and vigour. Twice during his career of warfare in the East he earned the thanks of Parliament for his brilliant services.

When all peaceful attempts to recover our fellow-subjects held in captivity by King Theodore of Abyssinia had proved vain, and it became necessary to have recourse to arms for their deliverance, an expedition was determined on, and Sir Robert appointed commander-in-chief. Never, perhaps, was an expedition inaugurated under more lugubrious forebodings—never, certainly, has any warlike enterprise been concluded with a success so complete and satisfactory. Difficulties of so formidable a kind, it was said, would have to be encountered, that it were almost hopeless to expect to surmount them. The route of the advancing army would lie through a savage country practically inaccessible to numbers—the natives would rise against them and bar their progress—famine would mow them down, and pestilence dog their steps—and the tropical monsoons would overtake them before their work was half done; and they would disastrously succumb to the manifold obstacles that lay in their path. It is perfectly true that great difficulties had to be encountered, though they were not precisely of the kind which the croakers insisted on. What they were likely to be, Sir Robert, from his long Indian experience, extending over some quarter of a century, was exceedingly well qualified to judge, and he took the necessary precautions against them. People at home could not understand the real drift of the prudential measures he adopted; and it is amusing, now that all is done, to review the criticisms of the press as they were promulgated from time to time while the expedition was in its earlier stages. By degrees the prudence and foresight of the commander began to be recognised. It was seen that he was fully prepared for all emergencies. The natives, who were to have barred his way by their hostility, were transformed into friends and allies, because they were made to understand, by the magic of cash payments for everything, that it was to their interest to aid and not to hinder the advance of the British force. So thoroughly was the native mind subdued to this conviction, that the cardinal difficulty of the enterprise—the difficulty of the journey—was solved more by their assistance than by any other means. The four hundred miles of savage and mountainous wilds which lay between Magdala and the coast were bridged over by the good feeling engendered by ready-money and fair dealing, which made the whole line of march a profitable market for the native produces. The maxim that “honesty is the best policy” has rarely been illustrated in so forcible a manner, and the policy of honesty never produced more welcome results. The hardships of the route were endured with exemplary fortitude by the entire army; amidst excessive labours and fatigue, alternating with privations of a most trying kind, they pressed steadily forward. Had their advance been opposed by the forces of the chiefs whose districts they traversed, who can tell what the result might have been?

We may imagine the surprise of the cruel tyrant when, on that 10th day of April, the blow was struck which at once annihilated his sovereignty and taught

him what was the true strength of the distant island people whom he had insulted, and whose fellow-countrymen he had held in chains. But we need not dwell on that brief battle, where he saw his best and bravest mown down “like grass beneath the scythe”—nor on the events which so rapidly followed—the surrender of the captives, the storming of Magdala, and the death of the tyrant at the downfall of his rocky fortress. These events are too fresh in the memories of our readers to need recapitulation.

The object of the expedition being accomplished by the rescue of the captives and the destruction of Magdala, the invading host, without an hour of avoidable delay, retraced its steps, once more to contend with the difficulties and hardships of that weary route. After the success of their united endeavours, Sir Robert issued a manifesto to his troops characterised as much by its frank generosity as by its terseness and point. A brief extract from this document, will not be out of place:—

“Soldiers of the Army of Abyssinia,—The Queen and the people of England intrusted to you a very arduous and difficult expedition—to release our countrymen from a long and painful captivity, and to vindicate the honour of our country, which had been outraged by Theodore, King of Abyssinia. I congratulate you with all my heart on the noble way in which you have fulfilled the commands of our sovereign You have released not only the British captives, but those of other friendly nations. You have unloosed the chains of more than ninety of the principal chiefs of Abyssinia. Magdala, on which so many victims have been slaughtered, has been committed to the flames, and remains only a scorched rock. Our complete and rapid success is due, first, to the mercy of God, whose hand, I feel assured, has been over us in a just cause; secondly, to the high spirit with which you have been inspired. The remembrance of your privations will pass away quickly, but your gallant exploit will live in history. The Queen and the people of England will appreciate your services. On my part, as your commander, I thank you for your devotion to your duty and the good discipline you have maintained. Not a single complaint has been made against a soldier, of fields injured or villages wilfully molested in property or person. I shall watch over your safety to the moment of your re-embarkation, and to the end of my life remember with pride that I have commanded you.”

Falsifying all the gloomy predictions of the croakers, the expedition returned to the coast without loss, and thence re-embarked—leaving behind them only the remembrance of their stern deed, a lesson of retribution intelligible to other savage despots, and a memorial of the power of Britain to protect her sons and avenge their wrongs.

The conqueror of Abyssinia arrived in England at the end of June, and on the 3rd of July the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were, for the third time, awarded him. We shall quote only a few words from the speech of Mr. Gladstone, the leader of the Opposition, expressing the general feeling of the country. Mr. Gladstone said, “While we readily acknowledge that all have well done their part from first to last, it is impossible not to dwell upon the character of the man whose name first appears in the motion; without him it might have been possible that great things might have been achieved, but there has been a completeness in the work performed which we cannot do otherwise than connect in a special manner with the special qualifications of his mind and

capacity. Without him we scarcely could have hoped that this expedition would stand upon record as a rare example among those occasions when a nation resorts to the bloody arbitrament of war, of an occasion upon which not one drop has been added to the cup of human suffering that any forethought or humanity could have spared, and on which the severest critic, when he reviews the proceedings, will find nothing from first to last to except to, whether it be with respect to their military or political or moral aspect. No man can read the despatches of Sir R. Napier without seeing that, after we have given to him the praise of a commander apparently consummate in his means of meeting every demand that has been made upon him for military qualities, there is something which remains behind—that there is a mind firm of purpose, never losing for one moment its thorough balance, and amid all anxiety and excitement, keeping the eye steadily fixed upon moral aims, and remembering under all circumstances the duty of keeping and maintaining untainted and in virgin purity and honour the character of this country. Nor can any one become acquainted with Sir Robert Napier—as we must all feel that we are acquainted with him after we have read his interesting, his manly, his simple, and his modest account—without being conscious that we depart from the consideration of this subject not only with gratitude and admiration for the general, but with respect, with regard—I would almost say with affection—for the man.”

According to precedent in such cases, the thanks and encomiums of Lords and Commons are accompanied by a substantial token of the gratitude of the country. Sir Robert, raised to the peerage, will take rank with the first of his name and lineage, and will enjoy an accession of wealth honourably won. He has also received the freedom of the City of London, accompanied with a sword of the value of two hundred guineas. The page which tells his story to future times will exhibit a new phase in the history of war, inasmuch as it will treat of a dangerous enterprise on a costly scale prompted by humanity alone, and untarnished in its execution by a single act of cruelty or oppression. “A victory is twicet itself,” says Shakespeare, “when the achiever brings home full numbers.” Never has so valuable a triumph been gained at so small a cost of life as the triumph at Magdala; it has been well termed a tearless triumph,—seeing that the “achiever” brought away the whole of his force with their numbers all but undiminished.

Our portrait is from a photograph given by the General himself to an Indian friend, and the autograph is copied from his first signature as a British peer.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER VII.—PAROCHIAL VISITS.

PERHAPS it is among the most difficult matters in a clergyman's administering rightly and profitably to the wants of his people, to know when to make his parochial visits.

Of course there are general rules which are always observed. To go at once when sent for, especially in sickness, is an obvious duty. But I refer to ordinary visitation. Here also some rules may be given, as, for instance, the avoidance of the dinner-hour, washing and rent days, or when their relations have arrived on a hasty visit, or other equally ill-timed seasons.

On the other hand, it is not politic to make our parochial visits on certain fixed days, at settled hours, always on the same people. I have had experience in these things. I bought my experience, and I paid rather

dearly for it too. The only occasions when pre-arranged times are necessary, are when groups of neighbours are invited to meet in one place. This system of visiting is now much carried out, under the name of “cottage meetings.” By catechising the children, and by various devices, these meetings may be made very profitable, both to young and old.

I think that the most convenient time in which to call upon farmers and tradespeople is invariably in the afternoon. And this period of the day generally suits most people, whether clergy or laity; the parishioners will have more leisure time to attend to your remarks, and be most likely in a better temper, after the earlier business part of the day has passed away. Moreover, it is a well-known rule among clergymen, never to ask for a donation, if possible, until after your expected benefactor has dined.

I think, however, that schools are best attended to in the morning; both master, children, and yourself, are fresher, and the boys and girls are more likely to give heed to what you teach them, than if you had stepped into the school during the last half-hour of the afternoon's work; but with visiting, and especially with the sick, the afternoon is, from my experience, the best time for parochial visits. When I entered into the ministry, an old clergyman put me upon my guard about laying too much stress on the arrangements of the room, the laying out of the family Bible, the tract you lent last carefully put by its side, the spectacles also, and I found that this caution was necessary.

I will give an instance or two in illustration. The event occurred in my first curacy, and I have since met with many similar cases.

I was called upon to visit and relieve an old woman, who was reported as being dangerously ill. I made no delay, but hastily told the messenger that I should be at the house in the course of an hour; accordingly, upon my arrival, I found that I was expected, and was shown up at once into the patient's room. I found the sick woman cleanly dressed, and prepared to receive me; she was engaged in diligently reading her Bible, and several other devotional books and religious publications lay scattered around her on the bed.

With this visit I was rather pleased; in the first place, I was exceedingly glad to find the old lady so happily employed in what she took great pains to impress upon me was her greatest delight in life.

After a few general observations upon sickness, its trials and its blessings, and brief prayer, I left, promising to call again in the course of a couple of days.

This I did, and again I found the woman similarly engaged in reading her Bible; but upon my making a pointed remark or two upon the holiness of daily life required in us by God, I was rather shocked by the replies she made, and perhaps more so by the tone in which she uttered the words, than by the words themselves; she plainly told me that she was very sure of going to heaven, and that I need not trouble about the safety of her soul.

The next visit I paid was quite unexpected either by mother or daughter, so much so, that the latter, with whom the old woman lived, rushed up-stairs as I approached the door, evidently to tell her mother of my arrival.

My knock was quite unheeded, though the door was standing open, and the sound could be most distinctly heard up-stairs. I heard a good deal of tramping about overhead, and presently, in answer to my repeated knocks, the daughter came smiling down the stairs, but looking slightly flurried.

I took no notice, but proceeded at once to the sick room; as I entered, the old woman gave a perfectly theatrical start, exclaiming, "I was so deeply interested in this blessed book, that I did not hear you enter."

Now I felt instantly that this was a most barefaced lie, for the daughter had certainly seen me approaching the door, so without making further reply, I went swiftly to the bedside, and took the Bible from her hands and said, as I did so, "Let me see in what you are so very deeply interested."

She was evidently wholly unprepared for my manœuvre, from the painful result of my action. I very gravely said, "You are indeed a clever woman to read your Bible upside down," as was the fact.

Of course she was utterly confused.

I felt so much disgust, that I left the room and the house without saying another word; as I passed I could not help noticing, in my hurried exit, the haphazard way in which the numerous tracts, evidently kept for the purpose, had been profusely scattered over the bed by the daughter the moment before I was allowed to enter; and, without the least doubt, the Bible also had hastily been thrust into the sick woman's hand, only unluckily this time the wrong side upwards. I regret to add that this old woman actually died on the following day.

This true anecdote is very shocking, very repulsive, and very hardening. I had gone away from my first few visits rejoicing at finding apparently such a good Christian woman, and yet how painfully and rudely had I been wakened from my dream.

These things seldom happen singly, for take another case, which very shortly afterwards came under my notice. I was in the habit of visiting an old woman suffering most dreadfully from ulcerated legs. The pain she constantly endured really made her a true object of pity. Old as she was, and she was turned seventy-seven, she could see to read pretty well, and was better educated than most of her neighbours in her own standing of life. But I fear, from her subsequent conduct, her only religion consisted in the fact upon which she prided herself, namely, that she had "kept her church," that is, attended pretty regularly when well the services of the church on the Sunday afternoon. This woman, whom I will call Nancy White, lived in a small house with only one window down-stairs and one entrance. I am particular as to these details, because they are necessary to the understanding of the incident I am relating. A person wishing to call upon her was obliged to pass close under the sitting-room window, and then to turn down a passage, before the door of her room could be reached.

Now, as I was passing along one day, I saw Nancy White standing up before the window busily engaged in ironing some articles placed on a table before her (I ought to say that this was not the hour in which I usually paid my parochial visits). Being rejoiced at such an improvement in Nancy's health as to allow her to carry on such a useful occupation, I went up the passage, on purpose to congratulate her.

When I reached the door, I knocked, as is my unvarying custom when I make parochial visits, as also to take off my hat before entering. I have known the observance of these little civilities win the hearts of the people, and the breach of them do just the reverse. Upon receiving the customary "Come in," I did as I was bid and entered, when, to my perfect astonishment, there sat Nancy, some way removed from the table, intently reading a book I had lent her, and rubbing, meanwhile, her sore legs as if that was her sole business in life.

All the ironing things had been hastily thrown into a corner and covered with a cloth, so that not a vestige of wet linen remained visible to tell a tale.

Now, as there was no other window, and the road by which I had come was close under the casement, and commanded a good view of the room and its contents, and no door by which a person could escape unseen by myself, I was quite certain that Nancy had been the only occupant of the room, and that I had not been mistaken in my recognition of herself.

This was a sad case of hypocrisy, but I could, I am sorry to add, relate several more, similar in many respects to the two I have already mentioned; but I have merely selected them as true specimens of the deceit practised upon us in making our parochial visits among the poorer classes, teaching us that we should not trust too much in these matters to outward appearances only.

I have found from experience that a clergyman of a parish, if indeed he would truly know the real character of the people entrusted to his charge, should go out at all hours among them; although it is painful that practically he should thus become a policeman in plain clothes.

The unmasking of these deceitful actions is a very disheartening, but, I am convinced, a necessary work; for their success, of course, finds imitators on the one hand, and on the other, honest, striving, painstaking poor, who are above such deceit, are rendered discontented and often soured by the passing over unrelieved of their needs and wants, which sometimes are greater than those of the successful hypocrite.

Of course these actions are to be most strongly reprehended; but I know that the clergy and district visitors generally have brought this state of things upon themselves in a great degree. And this, by relieving the temporal wants of the sick and poor, at the same time that they have called with the object of making a visit upon spiritual matters. The patient is quite aware of this, and consequently wishes to appear as good as possible, in order to obtain the expected shilling or half-crown.

Now when it can be done without great inconvenience, the two objects of temporal and spiritual relief in a visit to a sick person should be kept perfectly distinct; seldom or never, in my opinion, should the relieving of the body be coupled with the ministering to the soul.

It is certainly a very pressing temptation to a sick person, entirely subsisting upon parish allowance, to shake his head solemnly and to turn up his eyes heavenward, when he really feels no true emotion, if he expects thereby at the close of your visit that you will the more freely open your purse.

I think that parochial visits to the poorer classes are much more easily made than those paid to the well-to-do tradesman or farmer. It is so difficult a matter in these latter cases, not to allow the time of one's visit to be frittered away in useless commonplaces, which will serve only to lower the clergyman in the estimation of the persons upon whom he is calling; though at the particular moment they may consider him a pleasant companion, and his visit an agreeable relaxation from the routine of daily life.

I shall not pretend to lay down rules for such visits as these; I know they are the most difficult to render profitable which occur in our ministrations. I only remark that too much watchfulness cannot be observed, lest, in accepting these hospitalities, we should be tempted to forget that we are the messengers of Christ, and ministers of the Gospel.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



TAMATAVE HARBOUR, MADAGASCAR.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XII.

I BEGAN seriously to fear that we were getting the worst of it. Shot after shot came crashing on board, and several more men were brought down. I expressed my fears aloud to the surgeon. A poor fellow already on the table about to undergo amputation overheard me. "Don't think of that sir," he exclaimed, "they are tough ones, those mounseers, but we'll go down with our colours flying sooner than strike them."

At that instant our ears were saluted by loud

cheers, which burst from the crew on deck. Still the firing was kept up, and it was evident that our ship continued in action. At last, another wounded man being brought down, we heard that the *Renommé*, the French commodore's frigate, had struck.

In a few minutes another cheer was heard, the firing ceased, and we had the satisfaction of finding that the *Clorinde* had also struck her colours to us. My heart felt intense relief when I found that the action was over, and that my young brother had escaped without a wound. Then I recollected that those who had been killed had not been brought below. I wondered that he

had not come below to relieve my anxiety. Those of whom I inquired could not tell me what officers had been killed. The instant, therefore, I could leave the poor suffering fellows I had undertaken to assist, I hurried on deck. When I went below the frigate had presented a trim and orderly appearance. Now her sails were torn and full of shot-holes, her running rigging hung in loose festoons, with blocks swaying here and there, her bulwarks were shattered, her lately clean deck ploughed up with round shot covered with blood and gore, and blackened by powder. The thickening shades of evening threw a peculiar gloom over the whole scene. I looked anxiously round for William. I could not see him. My heart sunk within me. Could he be among the slain? A midshipman hurried past me.

"Where is Braithwaite, my brother?" I asked, in a trembling voice.

"There, don't you see him on the fore-castle?"

I looked in the direction to which he pointed. My heart bounded up again as I saw him directing the men engaged in bending a fresh foresail, which had before concealed him from my sight. My voice trembled with emotion as I ran forward, and shaking him by the hand congratulated him on our victory and his safety. He seemed scarcely to understand my agitation.

"Yes, I am thankful to say we have thrashed the enemy, and I wish there were a few more to treat in the same way. There is one fellow making off, and I am afraid the *Astrea* will not be able to work up to bring her to action."

I looked out as he spoke. One of our frigates, to which he pointed, was a long way to leeward, while a French frigate was standing under all sail to the north-west. Our two antagonists appeared fearfully shattered, both the French commodore's ship and the *Clorinde*, which was even in a worse condition than we were. All our boats had been so injured by shot, that we were unable to send one to take possession of our prize, and as the night was now rapidly coming on, we could not hope to do much to repair damages till the morning. As long, however, as the men could work, the carpenter's crew continued putting the ship to rights. The rest of the already overworked crew were then piped below, that they might be able to renew their labours on the morrow. I had plenty to do in assisting the surgeons in attending on the wounded, till at last, well wearied out, I turned into my hammock, thankful that my dear brother and I had escaped the perils of the fight, and sincerely hoping that, as it was my first battle, so it might be the last in which I should be engaged. Before going below I took a look towards our prize, whose light I saw burning brightly at no great distance from us. I had now time to think of my own affairs, and of course was not a little anxious about the fate of the *Barbara*, for it was too probable that she had fallen into the hands of the Frenchmen. If so, they would probably have sent her to France, as she was well provisioned for a long voyage, or to one of their settlements, where she could be disposed of to advantage. My sleep was sadly disturbed with these thoughts and with the scenes of pain and suffering I had witnessed. I awoke soon after it was light, and dressing quickly, went on deck. It was to find everybody there in a state of no small anger and vexation.

"She is off, gone clean out of sight," I heard people saying.

I inquired what was the matter.

"Why it is enough to vex a man, Mr. Braithwaite," observed the first lieutenant; "as we could not send on board last night to take possession of our prize, she

has managed to slip away during the darkness. She left a light burning astern on a cask to deceive us. If we ever come up with her we'll make her pay dearly. The other fellow, too, has got clear away; however, we will find him out, wherever he has hid himself."

Soon after this the commodore signalled to us to send our boats to assist in removing the prisoners from the *Renommé*. Thanks to the exertions of the carpenter and his crew, three were already made capable of floating. I asked to take an oar, as I wished to go on board the prize. No sooner did I step on board than I regretted having come. Terrible was the scene of slaughter I witnessed. The frigate had been crowded with troops, nearly one-half of whom had been cut down by the *Galatea's* shot which she had poured into the Frenchman's hull. The crew were only now beginning to throw the dead bodies of their shipmates overboard. The French commodore, a gallant officer, and many others, were killed. But the wounded nearly doubled the killed, and they chiefly excited our sympathy. Their own surgeons were already almost worn out with attending to them, and of course we could not spare any of ours to render them assistance. The more of the effects of war I saw, even on this small scale, the more I longed for the time when wars are to cease and nations to live at peace with each other. It was not, however, the fashion to speak on that subject in those days, nor do the nations of the world, alas! appear more inclined now than then to bring about that happy state of things.

When taking some of the prisoners on board the *Galatea*, I found she also had suffered severely, though not at all in proportion to the *Renommé*. Captain Schomberg ordered us, as soon as our damages were repaired, to make sail for the port of Tamatave, on the east coast of Madagascar, where he suspected the other French frigate had taken refuge, her captain supposing probably that we should return at once with our prizes to the Mauritius. The *Astrea* coming up, her crew went on board the *Renommé*, to put her to rights, and this being done, all four frigates made sail together for Tamatave. It is merely a reef-formed harbour, and by no means a secure or good one. The English had sent a force of about fifty men there after the reduction of the Mauritius, and they had, we understood, built a fort, or taken possession of an old one. It was a question whether they had been able to hold it against the French, or had been compelled to surrender. As we approached the coast, all our glasses were in requisition, to ascertain whether any ships were at anchor off the place. There were two, certainly, one larger than the other. The wind was light, but we at length got in close enough to see that the French flag flew at their mastheads, as also over the fort, and that there were several smaller vessels. I thought that there would be more fighting, but instead of proceeding to that extremity, the commodore sent in a boat with a flag of truce, pointing out the overpowering force he had under him, and demanding the instant surrender of the ships and fort.

We anxiously watched for the return of the boat, for if the demand was not acceded to, we should have, it was understood, to go in and cut out the ships with our boats. Many liked the thought of such an exploit, in spite of its dangerous character. It was very possible that the French captain might hope, with the support of the fort, to be able to beat off the boats, and to hold out until the squadron should be driven off by a storm. At last the boat was seen returning. The frigate was the one which had escaped from us. Her captain wisely agreed to yield to the fortune of war, and to give her up with all her prizes, and the fort into the bargain.

"And what is the name of the other ship?" I asked.

"The *Barbara* merchantman," answered the lieutenant. "She was on the point of sailing with a French crew when we appeared, so that her owners have had a narrow chance of losing their property."

This was, indeed, satisfactory news. I was, of course, very eager to go on board and hear from Captain Hassall what he intended doing. The account brought off as to the state of the English garrison was melancholy. The fort was built in an especially unhealthy spot, with marshy undrained land close round it. The consequence was, that of the fifty men who had been sent there, when the French appeared not a dozen were alive, and that sad remainder were scarcely able to lift their muskets. They had therefore at once yielded to the enemy. Several others had since died, but the sickly season being now over, it was hoped that the remainder would live on till the next year, when, in all probability, during the same season they would share the fate of their comrades. I got a passage in one of the next boats which pulled in. Captain Hassall had been allowed by the French to return to his ship, and he was taking a turn on deck when I went alongside. He looked at me curiously two or three times when I stepped on deck, and raising his hat, inquired what I wanted. Suddenly he stopped when he got close up to me, exclaiming, "What! James Braithwaite, my dear boy, is it really you? I am delighted to see you, for, to say the truth, I had given you up as lost. I never supposed that cockle-shell of a boat in which you left the ship would have survived the hurricane which came on directly afterwards."

There was one question above all others I wished to ask him, "Have you written home to tell my friends of my loss?"

"No," he answered; "I have so often found people turn up whom I thought had been lost, that I am very unwilling to send home bad news till it is absolutely necessary, and as I did not require your signature, I was able to avoid mentioning that you were not on board."

This answer greatly relieved my mind, and I was in a short time able to talk over our arrangements for the future. The capture of the *Barbara* would, of course, be a heavy expense to the owners; but if the voyage should prove as successful as we still hoped it might be, a handsome profit might yet be realised. To that object we had now to bend all our energies. We were therefore anxious as soon as we could to proceed on our voyage. I had heard from the captain of the *Phoebe* that an expedition was fitting out in India for the capture of Batavia, the chief town in Java, of which the French now held possession; and we had great hopes, if we could reach it soon after the English had gained the place, which of course we expected they would do, that we should sell a large portion of our cargo to great advantage. Before sailing, however, we determined to see what trade could be carried on with the natives. Fortunately, the French had not touched our cargo for that purpose. Though they have made frequent attempts to form settlements in Madagascar, they have never succeeded in gaining the confidence and goodwill of the natives. Had the plans of the Count Benyowsky been carried out when he offered his services to France, they might possibly have obtained a powerful influence in the affairs of the country, if not entire possession of it. His plans were, however, completely defeated by the governor of the Mauritius, who, looking on Madagascar as a dependency of that island, was jealous of his—the Count's—proceedings, and finally drove him to make

common cause with the native against the French Government. I heard some details of the life of that extraordinary adventurer. The Count Benyowsky was a Polish nobleman, who for some political reason was banished by the Russian Government to one of its settlements in the extreme eastern part of Siberia, whence it seemed impossible for him ever to find his way back to Europe. The governor of the town in which the Count was compelled to reside had a daughter, young and lovely, who had conceived a warm affection for him, which appears to have been fully returned. Through the means of this young lady he was able to gain information as to everything which was taking place. He heard, among other things, that two large Russian ships were expected at the neighbouring port. He had long been looking out for the means of making his escape from Siberia. Here was an opportunity. None but a man of great boldness and energy would, however, have considered it one. He was a prisoner in a fortified town. It contained a considerable number of his countrymen, but they were prisoners strictly watched. Still he was determined to make the attempt. He set to work and gained over a hundred men to assist in his dangerous undertaking. By some means they were able to provide themselves with arms. The governor's fair daughter undertook to obtain the keys of the fortress, provided her father's life was spared. The adventurers found it impossible to make their escape without first mastering the garrison. The conspirators were mustered, and were ready for the enterprise. The young lady brought her lover the keys. Her last words were, "Do not injure my father."

"Of course not, if he makes no resistance," was the Count's answer.

The gates were opened, the conspirators rushed in. The old governor was, however, not a man to yield without a struggle. Putting himself at the head of some of his men, he endeavoured to keep back the assailants. Again and again he charged them, calling on the troops to rally round him. It was evident to the Count and his companions that, if he was allowed to live, their undertaking would fail. He, therefore, pressed on by numbers, was killed, with all who stood by him.

The adventurers now putting all who opposed them to the sword, became complete masters of the place, and without difficulty obtained possession also of the two ships which had just arrived. A sufficient number of officers and seamen were found to navigate the ships, and having provisioned them for a long voyage, the Count, taking the daughter of the governor with him, went on board them, with a hundred companions, and made sail to the southward. The Count had taken precautions against pursuit: indeed, there were probably no Russian men-of-war in those waters at the time, and thus he made good his escape. He touched at a variety of places. He reached Canton in safety. Here he wisely sold his ships, as, had he fallen in with any Russian men-of-war, his destruction would have been certain. At Canton he and his companions embarked on board two French vessels, in which they proceeded to the Isle of France. Here he announced his intention of forming a colony in Madagascar, or perhaps of conquering the country for France. His plans, as I have said, excited the jealousy of the governor of the Mauritius, and of other people of authority in that island, who determined to oppose him. Notwithstanding, he proceeded to France, where he so completely gained the good opinion of the French minister, that he was appointed to take command of an expedition to found the proposed settlement,

with the title of governor-general. He had married the daughter of the Russian governor, and she accompanied him in all his travels, but what was her ultimate fate I do not remember having heard. After returning to the Isle of France, where the governor still kept up his hostility and opposed him by every means in his power, he set sail with about three hundred men for Madagascar. He landed at Antongil Bay, where he was well received by the chiefs, but he at first was subject to a good deal of opposition from the natives generally. He did his best to conciliate them, but as he had often to employ force, and to keep up a strict military rule at the same time, it must have been difficult to persuade them that his intentions were pacific and philanthropic. He seems to have met with heroic courage all the innumerable difficulties by which he was beset. He lost many of his officers and men by sickness, as the position where he attempted to found his first settlement, from being surrounded by marshes, was very unhealthy. Among others, his only boy lost his life by fever. He was left without the necessary supplies he expected from the Isle of France, the governor purposely neglecting to send them. The natives also were incited by emissaries of the governor to oppose him, while of the officers sent to him, some were incapable, and others came with the express purpose of betraying him. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, by the middle of 1775 the settlers had built a fort in a more healthy situation, which was called Fort Louis, had constructed all the necessary buildings for the town of Louisbourg, and had formed a road twenty-one miles in length, and twenty-four feet in breadth. The Count had also done something towards civilising the people, and among other important measures had persuaded the women to give up their practice of infanticide, which had been terribly prevalent. They, however, refused to ratify the engagement without the presence of the Count's wife, who was residing at the Isle of France. She was accordingly sent for, and on her arrival, the women of the different provinces, assembling before her, bound themselves by an oath never to sacrifice any of their children. They agreed that any who should break this oath should be made slaves, while they were to send all deformed children to an institution which had been founded by the Count in the settlement for that purpose. He had by this time formed alliances with many of the surrounding chiefs, who ever afterwards remained faithful to him. In other parts of the island combinations were formed against him. He accordingly mustered his forces, and marching against his enemies, who had brought forty thousand men into the field, put them to flight. Those who fell into his hands he treated with so much leniency and kindness, that he ultimately attached them to his cause. A curious superstition of the natives was the cause of his being at length raised to the dignity of the principal chief of the island. It appears that the hereditary successor to the title was missing, when some of the natives took it into their heads that the Count Benyowsky was the lost heir. The idea gained ground, at the very time that the affairs of the Count were in a very precarious condition. His own health was failing, the more faithful among his European officers were dead, his enemies in the Mauritius had succeeded in prejudicing the minds of the members of the French Government against him, and two if not more vessels bringing out supplies had been lost. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he should have accepted the proffered dignity, which shortly led to his being recognised as the principal chief and supreme ruler of the whole island.

Commissioners had been sent out from France

to investigate the affairs of the settlement. While they were there he took the opportunity of giving up the command of the settlement to another officer, and entirely dissolved his connection with it and with France, though he at the same time, with the other chiefs, expressed his desire to live on friendly terms with the inhabitants, and to support the settlement to the best of his ability. He employed some time after this in consolidating his power and in improving the condition of the people. He also drew up a constitution which for those days was of the most liberal character. Having done all he could to civilise the people, he resolved to go to Europe to establish mercantile relations with different countries for the improvement of the commerce of his adopted country.

In France, though he had some friends who welcomed him cordially, he was coldly received by those in power, though his course was supported by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, who was at that time in Paris. At length quitting the country, he went to England; but though he offered to place the country under the protection of the English Government, no encouragement was afforded him. All his hopes in Europe having failed, he set sail for the United States, in a vessel he chartered with a cargo of goods suited to the markets of Madagascar. After remaining for some time in the United States and obtaining another ship and cargo, he reached Antongil Bay in July, 1785. He was here cordially welcomed by the chiefs, but instead of going into the interior and assuming the reins of government, he remained on the coast, for the purpose of establishing trading-posts where his goods might be disposed of. He had captured one port from the French, and was engaged in repairing a fort built by them, when a body of troops landing from a French frigate attacked him. He retired with some few Europeans and natives into the fort, where he attempted to defend himself. The French advanced, he was shot through the body, and being ignominiously dragged out, directly afterwards expired. Poor Count Benyowsky! I could not help feeling sorrow when I heard of his sad fate.

The climate of the low lands near the seashore was, from what we heard, very unhealthy, but in the hill country of the interior it is as healthy as any part of the world. We heard a good deal of the English and French pirates, who had formed, a century before, some flourishing settlements on the northern coasts. The name of a bay we visited (Antongil) was derived from one of the most celebrated, Anthony Gill. Several other places also obtained their names from members of the fraternity of freebooters. While the pirates continued their depredations on the ocean, they in general behaved well to the natives, but when being hotly pressed by the men-of-war of the people they had been accustomed to rob, they entered upon the most nefarious of all traffics, that of slaves, and to obtain them instigated the people of one tribe to make war on those of another. This traffic has ever since been carried on, greatly contributing to retard the progress of civilisation.

VILLAGE CLUBS AND READING-ROOMS.

For comparison with other similar institutions, we give the following statement from the Rev. Dr. Tristram, of Greatham, Stockton-on-Tees:—

"Several of the working men in my parish seeing the evils inseparably connected with public-house clubs, of which there are three in this village, resolved to

form themselves into a sick club, the fundamental rule of which should be that the meeting should not be held at a public-house. The movement was spontaneous on their part, and originated several years before I entered upon the charge of the parish. The only extraneous assistance they receive is the use of the boys' school-room for their meetings, the kind co-operation of the schoolmaster as their accountant, and the proceeds of an annual lecture given by myself or some other friend. The subscription is 1s. 3d. per month for the sick fund, 3d. for the medical officer, and 1s. for each funeral of a member, or 6d. for the funeral of a member's child. The benefits are—an allowance of 7s. per week in sickness, medical attendance for cash subscribing members, £4 for the funeral of a member, £3 for that of his wife, and 30s. for the funeral of a member's child. The club is more than self-supporting, and a larger sum has been funded than has been received from all the donations and lectures since the commencement.

"Our Parochial Institute and Working Men's Club is not six years old, but is self-supporting. It consists of a reading-room and library, with conveniences for letter-writing (a most useful accommodation for a working man), a smoking and conversation room, well supplied with draught and chess boards, dominoes, etc., and a quoit-ground behind. With a population of seven hundred we suffer from the diversified attraction of seven public-houses, more than sufficient to demoralise the place. It was our object to make the institute a successful counter attraction, and though it has not reclaimed many of the confirmed sots (though even here it has been by no means without results), yet it has withdrawn from the public-house many young men who were beginning to resort to them, and has become decidedly a popular institution. After working hours both rooms, especially on washing nights, are crowded, and every newspaper and draught-board occupied.

"We raised nearly £20 for furniture and outfit, and do not scruple to solicit contributions for our library, consisting already of about 300 volumes, many of them costly works; but for our current expenditure—rent, lights, papers, etc.—we rely entirely upon the members' subscriptions. The subscription is 1s. 6d. per quarter, and we have three daily and six weekly papers. The average number of members is fifty. Last year our ordinary receipts were £14 4s. 4d.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Rent and Taxes	5	13	6
Attendance	2	12	0
Coals and firing	2	5	8
Oil	2	8	4
Newspapers (less sales)	3	17	1
	£16	16	7

"Our extraordinary receipts were £16 1s. 6d., arising from profits of lectures, donations, and the surplus from the dinner tickets; and of this £12 was available for the purchase of books for the library, after defraying the deficit on the subscription account.

"Our annual new year's supper has proved a most valuable cement in binding together the members. Each pays 1s. 6d., and, as many farmers and other friends contribute a piece of beef, a hare, a gallon of beer, or some such substantial assistance to the feast, there is a large cash balance to carry to the credit of our funds. The institute is managed by an elected

committee, but the property is vested in the vicar and churchwardens."

The Greatham Club is a fair representative of a well-managed institution on a small scale. In many rural districts an immense benefit would be conferred on the working classes by the establishment of similar clubs, independent of the influence of publicans and other interested persons.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

I AM much gratified by having it in my power to leave a brief tribute to the memory of John Gibson Lockhart. As far as I am aware, from the reading of contemporary publications of fifty years, even to the present day, few characters have ever been less understood or more misrepresented. But mine is a simple statement: neither an apology nor a defence, and the leading facts in the story of his life will best serve my purpose.

After a liberal education in the Glasgow and Oxford schools, he was called to the Bar in Edinburgh at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1816. He had distinguished himself by his talents, and Blackwood's Magazine, started in the following year, offered a fair field for their exercise. The pursuit of law was then a blank, and scarcely anything else at any future time. At once he plunged into the literary and political arena with a will. His pen was sharp, his ridicule biting, his opinions energetic, and party spirit raged fiercely throughout the country. He, like Sir Walter Scott, was a high Tory; and no wonder that writers on the other side accused him of many misdemeanours, of want of generosity, and of unsparing criticism. But were his adversaries mealy-mouthed? Were the "Edinburgh Review," the "Monthly Magazine," and other organs of his Whig opponents, gentle lambs to bleat and be barked to death by a cur like this, or by articles in the "Quarterly," or elsewhere? No. *Audi alteram partem*; it was the temper of the times. Both sides fought in earnest, with swords as sharp as they could make them, and Lockhart was neither more nor less than an exceedingly clever and skilful volunteer in the ranks in which he served. If I durst venture an observation, I would say that the style of criticism at the period referred to was less envenomed than it had previously been, and less dictatorial and domineeringly offensive than it is generally at the present day. But be that as it may, the censors of Lockhart are ready to allow that, however objectionable they considered him as a critic, he was "most loved by those who knew him best." In short, he was disliked and abused by those whom he politically disliked and abused; and he was warmly regarded and esteemed by those intimate with him, and who best knew the man himself.

On the most confidential footing with him for twenty years, during which both were anxiously devoted to the active business of literature, I can bear the truest testimony to his ardent feeling on behalf of our literary brotherhood, and the interest he was ever ready to take in their cause. Many a time and oft has he called on me to subserve his exertions, and if all the world could have proved him the sternest of critics, I must still have sought refuge in the conviction that a kinder hearted man did not exist.

The following letter from another hand brings the first and last occupation of Lockhart in London into

curious notice, and has besides, I hope, a sufficient recommendation in itself as the history of a literary enterprise :—

Whitehall Place, December 12, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow a moment to pass without thanking you for your very kind and valuable letter. Some of your hints arrest my intention and others confirm it, and none will, I assure you, be thrown away. Few things of this kind have, I believe, commenced with more enlarged views or more honourable intentions, or, perhaps, with more extensive and powerful means of giving them effect; but I am not less sensible to the risque of so complicated an enterprise, however well imagined, from the difficulty of its execution. I have never attempted anything with more considerate circumspection, or with more satisfactory hopes of success, but no one can form an estimate of a publication of this kind until it is published, so accept my best thanks for your good wishes.

Mr. Lockhart becomes the editor of the "Quarterly Review" after the publication of the next number. Mr. Coleridge's engagements at the Bar have nearly doubled during the last twelve months, and he merely held the appointment until I could make-up my mind as to a successor. Mr. Coleridge is without exception one of the most truly amiable men I ever met with.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

Such were the foundations and hopes on which "The Representative," a daily newspaper, appeared; and besides, the present Prime Minister of England, Benjamin Disraeli, was engaged as one of its staff! Nevertheless it failed, as my excellent friend John Murray experienced to his cost.

The subscription to save Abbotsford, with its library and antiquities, in the line of Sir Walter Scott's descendants, I may briefly allude to, as I was one of the thirty persons chosen to be on the committee of management, with Lord Montagu at its head. This sad consequence of the loss of £170,000 was not easily averted, and I can only say I worked hard in my humble sphere. Among other steps, I wrote to Lockhart—the measure was rather unpleasant to his proud heart—and I received the subjoined answer :—

MY DEAR SIR,—As this affair was set afoot without consulting any member of the late Sir Walter's family, and as the present baronet has not thought fit to interfere either one way or other, I am not aware that I can have any title to say a word to you or to any one else thereupon. I shall, however, be most happy to forgoth with you, and shall be at the Athenæum to-morrow at half-past four, in case that hour should suit you.

Ever very sincerely yours,

J. G. LOCKHART.

For eighteen years, from 1825, Mr. Lockhart was the able editor of the "Quarterly Review," and much augmented his fame as an original author. The list of his works is larger than is commonly thought. "Valerius," "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "Matthew Wold"—interesting works of fiction—"Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," of political interest, the Lives of Burns and of Napoleon, and the admirable one of his father-in-law Sir Walter Scott, and his heroic Spanish Ballads, unsurpassed by any production of the kind in the English language, are abundant and sterling proofs of the versatility and extent of his genius. I possess much of his familiar correspondence, but no letters I think suited to my design, or worthy of publishing, except one, a sad one, which foreshadows the close of an eminent career in the world of literature :—

Milton Suburb, Lanark,
Aug. 20, 1853.

DEAR MR. JERDAN,—I am very sorry to learn that you also have been suffering in health, and hope the affliction may prove transitory.

I struggled as long as I could, but the stream was at last too strong, and now I must, like many elders and betters,

submit to the usual consequences of quitting a regular profession for the chances of another career. But in my case, as I have now no family to care for, all this is of trifling concern. I am to pass the winter at Rome, and the time of return is at least very uncertain.

Yours truly,

J. G. LOCKHART.

He returned only to die in the following November, at Abbotsford.

JOHN MURRAY.

It is not easy to move away from this melancholy vein to another of a lighter nature; but before I mention a different characteristic of Lockhart (having casually brought in the name of his friend) I take leave to devote a few lines to one who was, not without just reason, hailed by contemporaries as a prince of publishers. I had many transactions with him, and can bear witness how well he deserved the title. In many instances I found him liberal, generous: liberal to authors whose productions he published (not always with success); and generous to the distressed relatives of those who were unfortunately ambitious of literary distinction. I could instance well-known names of persons indebted for succour to this munificent disposition. There were other gentlemen in "the trade" (who I dare say have also their successors) well entitled to the praise of distinguishing judgment in the conduct of their important affairs. But John Murray, while clear-headed as a man of business, was ever heartily ready for social intercourse and enjoyment.* How shrewdly he could mingle the two, one little anecdote may illustrate. When Shiel's first tragedy came out he was much struck with its beauties, and the next morning sought the author and gave him (I state the amount from memory) £600 for the copyright. What profit it produced I cannot say; but on Shiel's second tragedy being performed, when he came to Murray next day for the expected (at least) £600, the humorous publisher advised him to go to another great house, which was more likely to meet his views and honour his aspirations.

I once invited Mr. Murray to join me in a large undertaking. He gave very convincing reasons for declining, and one of them was, "secondly, from recurring to my temper, I should, I know, make a restless and fretful partner, which is the reason I have hitherto kept myself to myself." In another letter he repeats, in an equally characteristic tone, "I decline joining, from the thorough knowledge of myself. But I should be a restless and teasing partner; and indeed I can absolutely do nothing when I am obliged to act with others." I never heard a complaint beyond a hasty word of Mr. Murray's temper. He raised himself to an equality with the most important publishing firms, and became a great literary power, and was much esteemed in the class of society to which he belonged.

But to conclude my theme. The meetings of distinguished travellers, authors, and literary men at Mr. Murray's hospitable board, was an enjoyment of no ordinary description. His mention of Mr. Henry Ellis in the following letter reminds me of other pleasant social meetings. Even this short note suffices to show the kind, intelligent, and friendly man :—

Albemarle St., March 26, 1834.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I am really yearning to see you, and would have backed my constant enquiries after you by calling, had not the absence of my son upon a business travelling excursion through England and Scotland caused all the business to fall upon me, at the busiest time. Pray let me

* His opinion, frankly pronounced, of many works, both of his own and other publishers, showed great judgment and critical skill.

know, as soon as possible, when you can do me the favour of dining with us, that I may get some of our old friends together. John returned on Saturday for a few days, and desires me to offer his kindest remembrances to you.

The Bavarian minister has just sent me the plans and elevation of the magnificent picture-gallery now erecting and nearly completed at Munich, and for which the Bavarian senate voted £50,000. If I could induce him to lend them for a few days, do you think they would be of any use to you to make an article out of?

I dine at our friend's, Henry Ellis, to day. Pray accept the assurance of my kindest regard, and believe me,

My dear Jerdan,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER II.—LERIDA, ZARAGOZA, TARRAGONA.

CERTAINLY Spain is a country of most singular contrasts, and in many respects it was very different from all my preconceived notions. I had pictured to myself a soft southern land with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy: This certainly is not the case as to the greater part of the country, though some of the southern provinces bordering the seashore have all the charms that those favoured latitudes can boast; but much of Spain is indescribably stern and melancholy, with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and silent and lonely so as quite to oppress the spirits.

On first leaving Barcelona, nothing can be richer than the aspect of the scene. Vineyards and cornfields on all sides display the bright tender green dress of the early spring. At Igualada, where we slept the first night, high hills and deep wooded clefts varied the scene. The weather was so exquisitely lovely, that we saw it to the greatest advantage; but between Cervera and Lerida the dreariness of the country is most wearisome and monotonous: not a tree to be seen, not a living thing, not even the note of a bird, to enliven the spirits or break the profound solitude. This utter absence of all small birds is one of the singular features of Spanish rural scenery. The eagle is seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs, or soaring over these endless plains, or the grim vulture swoops down upon his food—even the queer solemn bustard frequents these solitudes; but these birds can only be seen at rare intervals, while the myriads of smaller birds which animate the scene in other countries, are met with in but few provinces, and in those chiefly among orchards and gardens, in the immediate vicinity of men's habitations. After leagues and leagues of this dreary country, we quite rejoiced to see Lerida appear in the distance, its lines of fortifications gilded by the setting sun, the river Sègre running beneath the hill on which the old cathedral and the mass of fortified buildings are placed. Fully 3000 feet above the river is the fine old tower, and those who are not afraid of the ascent will be rewarded by a very fine prospect from the summit. The number of sieges that this town has sustained seems almost incredible; but its position, of course, always rendered its possession very important to both the invader and the invaded. We made Lerida our second sleeping-place, hoping to reach Zaragoza the third day. The inn, La Posada del Hospital, was really far better than we expected. The greatest trial to all the party was the impossibility of getting any food at all unflavoured with garlic: meat, fish, and fowl, nay vegetables, were all strongly impregnated with the powerful taste. So we did the best we could, and lived principally upon eggs, bread, chocolate, and fruit. Spanish

confectionary is generally very good. The love of sweetmeats is so universal amongst the Spanish women, that they are sure to be excellent everywhere. The pastry is most admirably made: perhaps the extreme beauty and purity of the flour may help to cause the excellence of everything that is made of it.

Again did we experience the same alternations of country as we had seen before Lerida. Ravines and small oddly-shaped hills extend for miles and miles, to be succeeded by a fertile valley abounding in pomegranates and various fruit-trees; and then again an arid desert with neither trees, nor crops, nor living creatures!

Our first impressions of Aragon were sombre. The province is entirely surrounded by mountains, is very thinly peopled, and a great deal of the land is uncultivated that might be rendered fertile and productive. The people are not more attractive than their country, they are wholly wanting in the gaiety and light-heartedness of the Andalusians and Valencians; but they have their merits, notwithstanding; the men are vigorous and active, and very brave. The peasantry are wonderfully fond of bright colours, blue, red, crimson, and purple, and their silken sashes are generally chosen with a view to gratifying this taste. Their obstinacy is most remarkable: nothing can change an Aragonese when once he has got an idea into his head.

Zaragoza, or Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, is a singular, gloomy-looking old town: the frightful damage caused by the French is more visible here than in many of the other towns in Spain. Hospitals, palaces, churches, all fell beneath their destroying hosts. The bridge over the Ebro is very fine, and the view of the two cathedrals is most striking and uncommon. The worship of the Virgin Mary is here carried to a height most unusual, even in a Roman Catholic country. It is very singular that there should be two cathedrals in Zaragoza, and not one in the capital town, Madrid; but Spain is a land of contrasts! There is much that is interesting to be seen in the first cathedral, as it is called; the second one should be visited, but there is much bad taste displayed in the decorations, both interior and exterior.

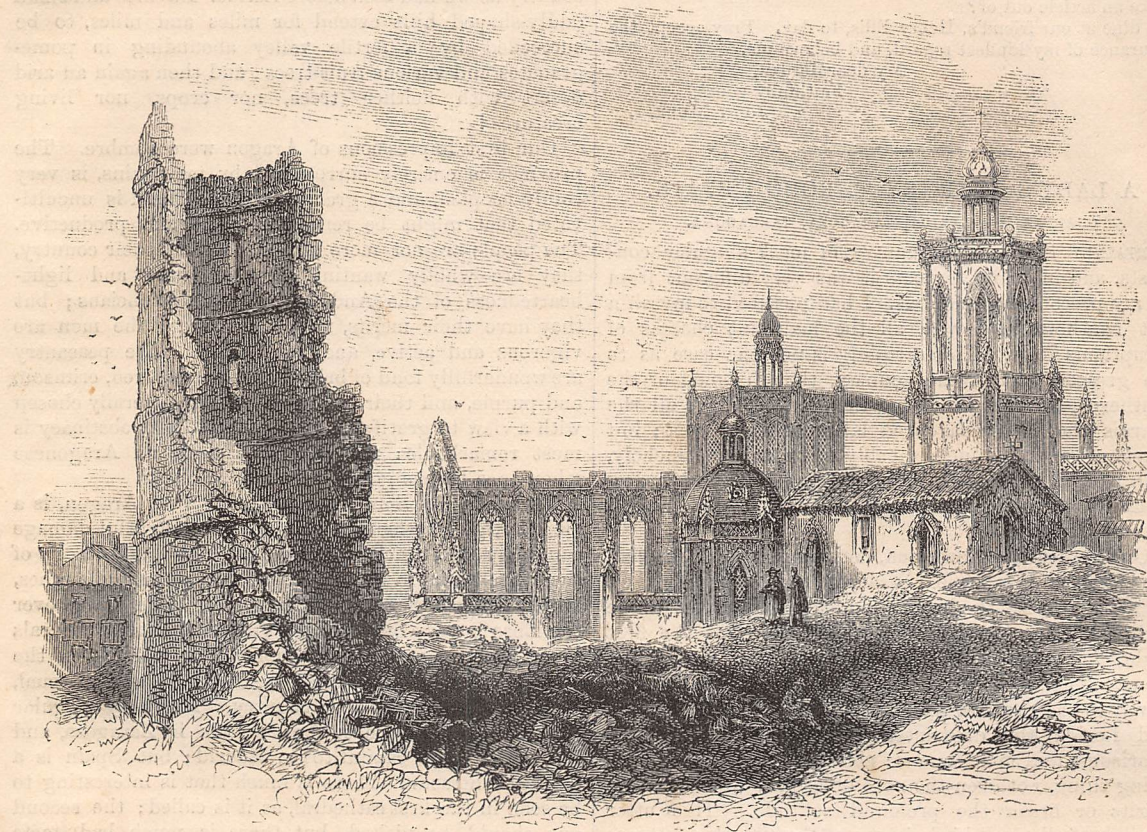
Zaragoza is the great resort of pilgrims from all parts of Spain. The legend runs thus:—"Santiago, or St. James (patron of Spain), soon after the crucifixion, applied to the Virgin for her permission to preach the gospel in Spain. Having obtained her consent and kissed her hand, he came to Zaragoza, converted eight pagans, and fell asleep. Then, A.D. 40, the angels brought her alive to him from Palestine on a jasper pillar, and carried her back again after she had desired him to build a chapel upon the spot." And this Chapel of the Pillar is raised in the centre of the cathedral, and lights are kept burning there day and night. The floor is paved with the richest marbles. The pillar is partially concealed and nailed round, and only royal personages are allowed to enter the sacred inclosure. The anniversary of the descent, October 12, is the time of the great concourse of pilgrims; upwards of 50,000 have been known to be in the town at the same time.

There are some very curious and beautiful specimens of ancient houses in this quaint town. The spiral pillars and the delicately-carved open work in the inner courts of the house called "The Infanta" are exquisite, and the beautiful decorations in other parts of the dwelling are most admirable. It has been taken very little care of, and there are many signs of decay; but even in its present state the splendid staircase, the delicate twisted pillars round the patio, or inner court, are very greatly to be admired; and architects of the present day

might take many a useful lesson from them. All the finest libraries, some of the most valuable in Spain, were utterly destroyed by the French invading armies.

Zaragoza has been in all ages subjected to the chances of war. The number of sieges is almost beyond count; and the whole place is full of interest in connection with

were told, between thirty-five and forty pounds each! As we approached Villa Franca de Parrades, the earliest Carthaginian settlement in Catalonia, the fertility increased, and the delicious aromatic scent of the under-wood was most agreeable. The magnificent bridge called De Lledones is a very fine structure, though it



RUINS AT TARRAGONA.

bygone days. The streets are narrow, steep, and gloomy; how they ever contain the vast numbers that throng them during the time of the concourse of pilgrims it is difficult to imagine.

We intended to return to Barcelona so as to be there on the 23rd of April, as that day is the day of St. George, the patron saint of the Catalonians, and in consequence a day of great festivity. A great market or fair of flowers is held in Barcelona on that day; and right glad were we that we had taken the advice of our Spanish friends, and remained to witness so beautiful a sight. I have frequently been in Italy at the most flowery time of year, but anything like the gorgeous display of the flower fair at Barcelona I certainly never witnessed. The fair is greatly resorted to by all the young and pretty ladies in Barcelona. Their gay dresses and the picturesque costumes of the peasants add to the beauty and animation of the scene.

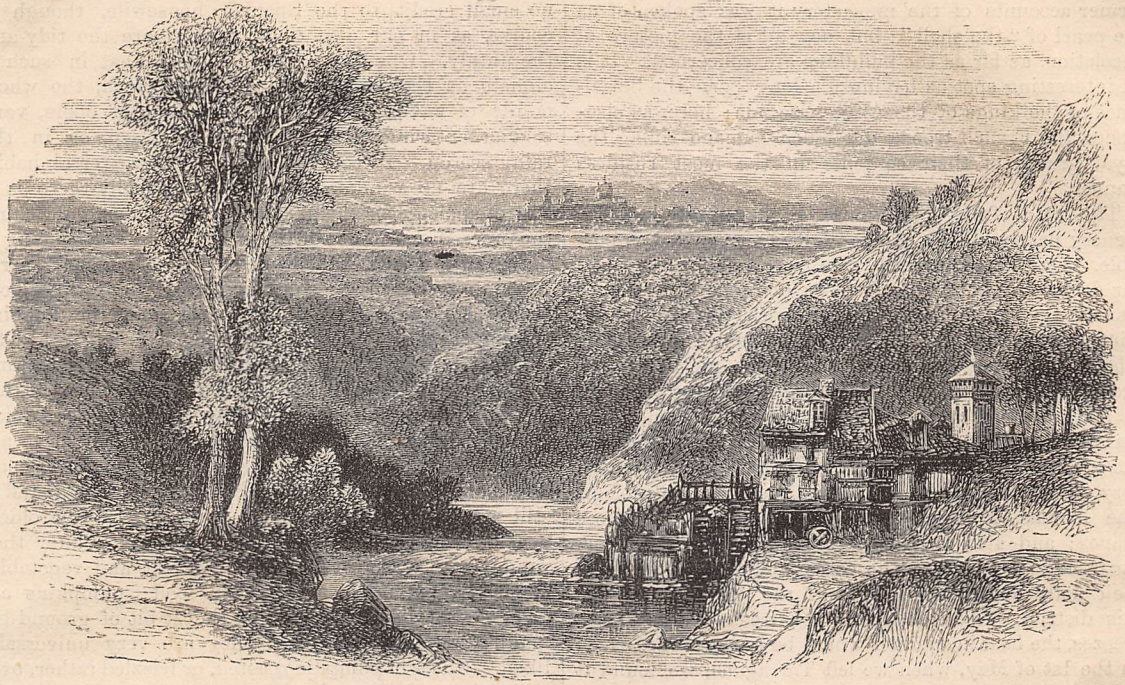
From Barcelona we were to take the road to Tarragona, where we intended to remain two or three days. There is nothing of any particular interest between Barcelona and Tarragona. The road passes through a fertile country, vines and olives abounding everywhere, and at that cheerful time of year the busy women were all sitting in the open air making lace. The size of the loaves of bread struck us as something prodigious: they sometimes weighed, we

only crosses a ravine between two hills, and the views either way looking from the centre are very striking.

The situation of Tarragona is commanding, standing on a rock between seven and eight hundred feet high. It has many historical associations. English visitors will remember the capture of the place by the celebrated Lord Peterborough, in the War of the Succession; and here, as elsewhere, the horrors that took place when it was taken by the French exceed everything one can imagine. We never were tired of rambling along the walks round the ramparts, the views are so fine, and the Roman remains that everywhere meet the eye add to the interest. The Roman aqueduct is splendid: the highest arches are between 90 and 100 feet in height, and the length is very great. We found our inn so comfortable, and there was so much we wished to see at Tarragona, that our few days became a week, during which we passed our time most agreeably. There are some delightful expeditions to be made in the neighbourhood: one through pine woods sloping down to the shore, the road following the windings of the beautiful little bays where the craft of the fishermen lie at anchor, or float smoothly on the brilliant sea.

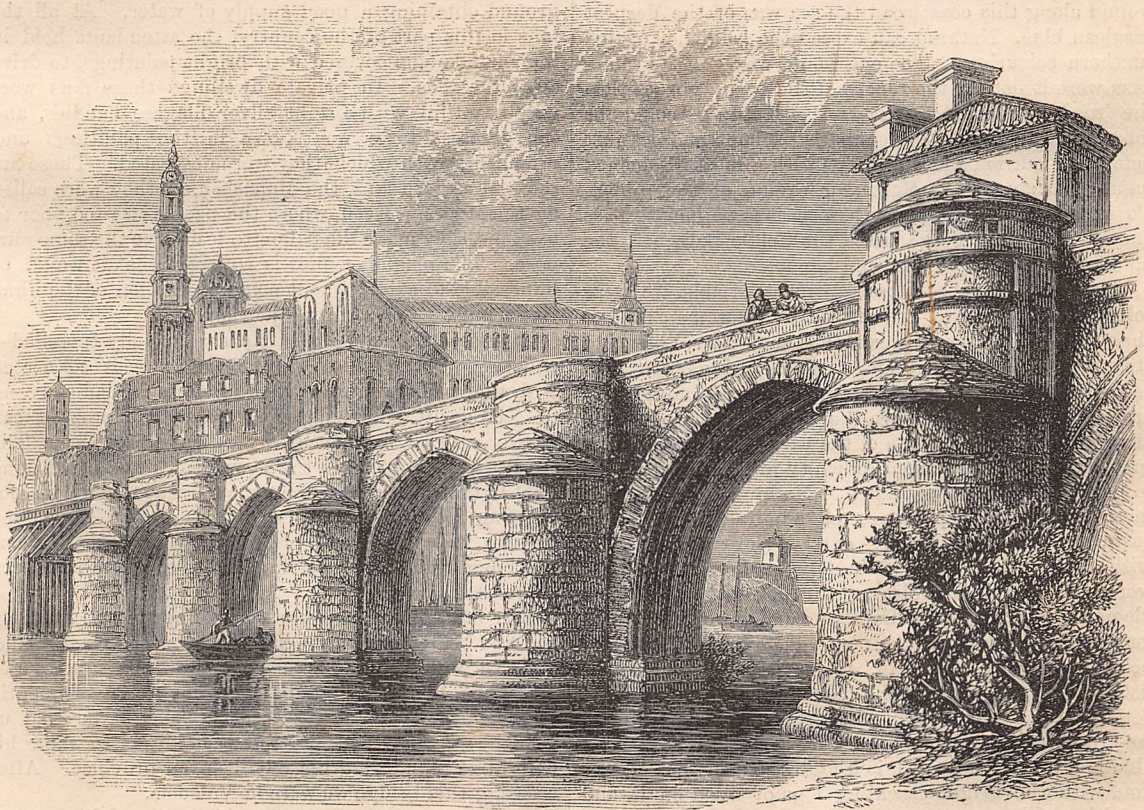
It is very striking in Spain that all the cathedrals, with few exceptions, as far as I have seen, stand on an

eminence; and in the interior, the high altar is also raised, and the priests ascend the steps to the elevated | them is most powerful. There are some painted windows in the cathedral, that are as fine as any I have



LERIDA.

position they occupy in the sacred edifice; thus every- | seen, and some beautiful cloisters, where we spent much
thing tends to raise the church and its ministers in the | of our time, they are so rich in specimens of architec-



BRIDGE AT SARAGOSA.

eyes of the Spanish people, both literally and figura- | tural beauty. We made an interesting excursion to the
tively, and the influence the clergy still exercise over | now ruined monastery at Poblet: it is situated in a beau-

tiful valley, as are most monkish establishments that I have seen. The name of this valley is very poetical, "La Conca de Barbara" (the shell of Barbara), and in many former accounts of the monastery it was spoken of as the pearl of "the shell"; but now all is the picture of desolation, as far as the buildings are concerned. It is an interesting spot as having for long been the burial-place of the kings of the Aragonese line: here, as elsewhere, the French troops did much damage rifling the royal graves of their contents in the most ruthless manner.

The road from Tarragona is charming, and the scenery nearly all the way to Valencia as varied as possible. Our carriage really was very comfortable, and our driver and horses much more obliging and easy to manage than is generally the case with that fraternity. Vineyards extend for miles and miles without intermission, covering the country with the most brilliant green foliage. The vintage, we were told, was managed in such a rude and untidy manner, that during the season everything was dyed deep red, from the juice of the grapes. Men, women, and children, carts, even the very streets and roads, partook of the universal colour. The famous Muscatel wines are made from these grapes; and also very celebrated brandy. The vineyards extend down to the coast, and palm-trees raise their lofty heads in token of the tropical heat of this district. Were it not for the freshness of the sea breezes, the heat in summer would be tremendous. Even on the 1st of May, when we left Tarragona, we found it quite sufficiently warm to make us gladly choose the early morning hours, and the beautiful later time after sunset, for our travelling, generally making a considerable pause towards the middle of the day. As we wound along this coast road the sea was of the deepest cerulean blue. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of this southern colouring. The eye would weary of its sameness were it not for the repose of the rocky gorges that the road occasionally traverses. Nothing could be more striking than the view both of land and sea just before our entrance into a ravine with a most ill-omened name, Barnauco de la Horta, or ravine of the gibbet. To carry on the unpleasing association, we had to pass another mountain gorge, called the Col de Balaguer, the haunt of notorious bandits and bandoleros.

The plague of mosquitoes was most terrible, we were told, especially later on in the year. The women protect their arms by long mittens that look like Valencian stockings with the feet off. Their earrings are very remarkable, and very African in their appearance: they are so heavy that they have the additional support of a string passed over the top of the ear. They prize them greatly, and I found much difficulty in procuring a pair to bring home as a specimen. Nothing pleased them more than any appearance of admiration for their costume, and they readily entered into conversation with those who spoke their language. The villages were very bright and pleasant to look at in the lovely blooming spring. The Catalan hamlets are reckoned very good specimens of Spanish villages, the inhabitants being, generally speaking, more industrious than is usually the case with the Spanish peasantry. The cottages are rather curious, and somewhat unlike what we are used to. They are very narrow and of considerable length. The hearth is the first object that strikes you, with the bright crackling logs of wood on it, and on either side are recesses where the family sleep, and on beyond in the background are the stalls for the oxen and mules. Over head are roosting places for the fowls, and hay, and straw, and other provender are piled up

ready for use. One entrance serves alike for all, human beings and animals. The cleanly appearance that these cottages have is therefore extraordinary, and does no small credit to the Spanish housewife, though of course, as in our own country, there are the tidy and the untidy. One thing to be said is, that in such a climate as the one they are blessed with, the whole family of a Spanish peasant lives out of doors, very seldom entering the house but to sleep, or in the rainy season. In consequence of this universal habit, there are no windows, though occasionally there is a sort of apology for them. It is very amusing watching the proceedings in one of these hamlets. Lacemaking is universal in the neighbourhood of Barcelona and Tarragona; and very picturesque the pretty young girls look, with their pillows on their knees, and the bobbins passing rapidly through their slender fingers. The mothers are busy over all the household work, making clothes, cleaning vegetables, etc., etc., while the old women bask in the sun busy with the maize, or Indian corn, pulling off the long dried leaves, which serve admirably to stuff their mattresses, while the ears themselves are laid aside till required for use. The distaff is still constantly seen, and it is generally the oldest women who are employed in spinning, long after they would seem to be past all work. Fruit and vegetables make the greater part of their food; pumpkins are grown everywhere, even in the tiniest bit of ground belonging to a peasant, and they are very universally liked. Slices of pumpkin roasted, or frizzled rather, over their charcoal fires, is a favourite dish amongst the poorer classes. They grow to an immense size. The labour of watering these small gardens is very great; but absolutely all chance of produce depends on the ground obtaining a good supply of water. At all the inns in this part of the country, the attendants held in their hands fans covered with bright paintings, to drive away the flies. In private dwellings these fans were very beautiful, with bright silver filagree handles, and the greatest taste was shown in the paintings and ornaments with which they were decorated. These are the real eastern fans, the *Manâsheh*, as they were called by the Moors. Even where the people are too poor to use fans, they make the palmetto leaf serve the same purpose. The plague of flies is so great that it would be impossible to exist without some precaution of the kind. But I must go on with my journey.

It was getting late—later than we usually travelled—and we had been told so many fearful stories connected with the road we were travelling, that two ladies began to feel a little anxious to arrive at Vimaroz—I can answer, at least, for myself—where we were to sleep. The road from Amposta (a town we had passed not long ago) to that place was famous, or rather infamous, for the tragedies that had there taken place. We passed by two rude stone crosses, marking the spot (as our coachman told us) where two fearful murders had been committed.

Our fears, however, were soon dissipated on crossing the fine bridge built by Charles I over the river Cenia, and we were greatly amused at the same time by our coachman taking off his hat and waving it vehemently in the air. On asking for an explanation, he told us that he was a Valencian, and that it was to show his delight at re-entering his own beloved province. After crossing this bridge we were in Valencia.

Vimaroz seemed to consist chiefly of a fishing population. Had it not been for the excellent fish they gave us, and the contents of our well-stored hamper, our plight as regards eating would have been a very sorry

one. The inn was the most primitive house of entertainment that some of the party had ever seen. My knowledge of the language did us some good, and the people were perfectly obliging, and very anxious to comply with our demands as far as they were practicable; and so the night was passed somehow or another, and the delicious weather in the morning, and the charming drive to Valencia, soon obliterated all recollection of its inconveniences. Our road wound in and out of different gorges, passed the Pena Gelosa Hills—the whole air was scented with the different aromatic herbs that grew so luxuriantly everywhere—and gradually brought us more and more into the lovely fertile land of Valencia—a very land of plenty amidst all the beautiful produce of those southern regions—till we reached Burjasot, a most charming spot, embosomed in gardens, which cover the gentle slopes on which it stands. Here all the wealthy Valencians retire to enjoy the soft refreshing breezes. There are most curious caves dug in the hill, of Moorish origin, and these are used for preserving corn. The figs that grow in this sunny spot are said to be superior to any that can be produced elsewhere; plants have been sent both to Italy and France, but the Burjasotes fondly flatter themselves that their produce does not equal that from the parent trees. The view of Valencia from the esplanade is beyond everything charming, surrounded, as it seems to be, by those most picturesque trees, the oriental palm and the beautiful cypress. The moon was shining on the deep blue sea, and lighting up all heaven and earth with its soft and solemn light, as we entered Valencia, and took possession of the comfortable rooms ordered for us by our kind friends.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

" 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

NO. IX.—COUNTRY LETTER-CARRIERS.

THE country letter-carrier and village postman is always a noteworthy person in a rural community. Expected alike by gentle and simple, known to every one in the neighbourhood, from the squire to his humblest tenant, from the farmer to the day-labourer, from the parson and doctor to the sexton and shopman, the country letter-carrier is welcomed in his coming and bidden God-speed in his going. Other men might come and other men might go, and their going and coming might not attract the special attention of a neighbourhood; but a week's absence of the letter-carrier from his accustomed round would be little short of a calamity to the whole district. Nowadays, when half-a-dozen deliveries *per diem* are deemed barely sufficient for the transaction of the domestic and mercantile needs and necessities of the mighty million "of the great Babel," it requires some mental exertion to endeavour to realise that former state of things in the United Kingdom, when the sending of a letter was as grave a business as the sending of an embassy; and when, till comparatively modern days, the country letter-carrier, with his tin horn, was a being as unknown as the unicorn, and equally as useless to society. But, while that heraldic quadruped still remains in the realms of myth and fiction, and only emerges from them to dance attendance on the royal arms, the country letter-carrier has become an established fact and a necessity of our social existence. What

should we do without him, we country folk and rural people, "remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," in the nooks and corners of the land, in villages like our *Minima Parva*? As it is, we are frequently accused of stagnation by our friends from town, but that stagnation would assume a deeper degree of quiescent immobility, if we were cut off from all communication with our letter-carrier. He is a daily link between us and the outer world of distant friends and relatives, a medium through whose agency we can obtain peeps through the loopholes of the press; a "messenger of grief, perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some," and "the herald of a noisy world," who, even now, often ushers in his budget of news "with heart-shaking music."

A personage so important is worthy of special treatment, particularly from the pen of one who, for many years, has been so dependent upon his services. Let the country letter-carriers, then, be my theme, in this September month, when the scattered unity of our population will, in their home tours and foreign travels, make acquaintance with so many specimens of this widespread class. We will not, then, here trouble ourselves with any search into the recondite history of the conveyance of letters in earlier times. The horse-posts of Cyrus are dead and gone, and the doves of Anacreon but rarely have their modern counterparts, unless it be in the pigeons tossed in the air from the Epsom downs. In the twenty-three centuries that have elapsed since Mordecai, at the bidding of King Ahasuerus, "sent letters by post on horseback," with other "posts that rode upon mules and camels" (Esther ix. 10, 14), the world's history will tell of numerous schemes and varying methods that have been devised and employed to ensure the safe and speedy transmission of intelligence. It would require many pages merely to give an abstract of such schemes and methods of which the Oriental nations were the chief originators; and it would demand a still larger space to trace the rise of our own great central establishment at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the gradual development of its wonderful machinery of management, from the royal liveried postmen of Henry the Third's day to Mr. Ralph Allen's establishment of cross-posts in 1720, from Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system of 1784, to the development, by Rowland Hill, of that penny postage system, introduced on January 10, 1840, which, nearly a century before, had been established in Edinburgh by Peter Williamson, and which had been purchased of him by the government in 1760. Leaving, therefore, this larger portion of this great subject, with its various branches, such as the introduction of the book post in 1848, the pattern post, the money orders, the savings' bank, and the various beneficial ways in which the Post-office system is worked, and which have already been noticed in these pages,* I would here restrict myself to a mention of those humble officials of the Post-office who so largely assist in carrying out its efficiency in the remotest nooks and corners of the land, by tramping their weary rounds, day after day, through sunshine and storm, mud and dust, heat and cold, at one time moist with July heat, at another with "spattered boots" and "frozen locks," like the Olney letter-carrier who brought Cowper's newspaper as the dusk of the winter evening was gathering round.

For, the gentle poet and the good people at Olney would appear to have been obliged to wait for their letters and papers until late in the afternoon, being in the condition of those described by Crabbe,

* See the Leisure Hour, "Post-office Progress," No. 692; "Post-office Annual Report," No. 766, and other articles.

"Who, far from town,
Wait till the postman brings the packet down."

And this is a condition that still obtains in many rural spots where the letter-carrier does not deliver up his bag to the keeper of the receiving-house until nearly midday. And the worst of it is, that the later the post is in coming in, the earlier it is in going out; so that, to answer letters by return of post is a business that entirely breaks into the whole day. If we are expecting to receive an important letter we cannot stir from home until it has been delivered; and then we are unduly hurried in replying to it. In the days of Cowper and Crabbe, correspondents did not expect to receive such speedy replies to their communications as they look for in this present day of railways, telegraphs, and penny postage; though, to be sure, Cowper, in 1765, wrote from Huntingdon to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, "If I was to measure your obligation to write by my own desire to hear from you, I should call you an idle correspondent if a post went by without bringing me a letter." But then (as Southey said) Cowper was one of the best letter-writers of the century, and he was not "so unreasonable" as to expect his cousin to write to him when it was not convenient for her to do so. The transmission of correspondence, slow and tedious as it then was, when compared with our own day, had been greatly accelerated since Taylor, the water poet, described the postmaster of that same county-town of Huntingdon, as he found him in 1618. The name of this worthy was Riggs, and he kept the Crown Inn in the High Street of "the gloomy brewer's" town; for the postmasters of that day were usually innkeepers. "He was informed who I was," says Taylor, "and wherefore I undertook this my penniless progress; wherefore he came up to our chamber and supped with us, and very bountifully called for three quarts of wine and sugar, and four jugs of beer. He did drink and begin healths like a horse-leech, and swallowed down his cups without feeling as if he had had the dropsy or nine pound of sponge in his maw. In a word, as he is a post, he drank post, striving and calling by all means to make the reckoning great, or to make us men of great reckoning. But in his payment he was tired like a jade, leaving the gentleman that was with me to discharge the terrible shot, or else one of my horses must have lain in pawn for his superfluous calling and unmannerly intrusion." Such is the poet's portraiture of the Huntingdon postmaster forty-two years before the General Post-office was established by Act of Parliament, and deprived innkeepers and private persons of the privilege to "provide and prepare horses and furniture to let to hire unto all through posts and persons riding in post, by commission or without, to and from all and every the places of England, Scotland, and Ireland, where any post-roads are." From 1660 such persons were to be appointed only by the Postmaster-General and his deputies; and they were not only to supply horses at half-an-hour's notice, but also to provide a guide with a horn to such as rode post.

This horn was the customary badge of office of the country letter-carrier; and, when Cowper removed from Huntingdon to Olney—still keeping to the banks of that river whose scenery he loved, and in whose "noble stream," as he called it, he loved, while at Huntingdon, to bathe three times a week—the approach of the letter-carrier, as he came over the long straggling bridge (the forerunner of the present structure) "that with its wearisome but needful length" spanned the waters of the Ouse, widened to a "wintry flood," was heralded to the poet and the people of Olney by the

sound of his "twanging horn." Indeed, the long tin horn was not the peculiar badge of the country letter-carrier, for it also was used by the town distributor of correspondence and news: and it will probably be within the personal recollection of many of our readers, that the delivery of letters in London and other large cities, was accompanied by a hideous fanfaronade of tin horns, each postman performing a wild solo with a power equal to the "blast of that dread horn" borne on those Fontarabian echoes that came to the ears of King Charles. The arrival of the mail-coach was announced by a similar tin-horn solo, except in those cases where the red-coated guard was a sufficient musician to play upon the key-bugle. Such a musician was the "Charley James" of my younger days, the celebrated guard of that most celebrated coach the "Hirondelle" (the word was always pronounced as spelt), which, with the "Hibernia," conveyed the mails from Worcester to Shrewsbury. On May-day they raced to see which coach could accomplish the journey in the briefest time; the coaches were gay with May-boughs, the horses with ribbons and resplendent harness, and the guards with new redcoats, and Charley James "qui scarletum coatum habebat," as the comic Latin grammar says, played spirit-stirring melodies on the silver key-bugle which had been presented to him by admirers of his musical talent. But that was an exceptional case, and the common tin-horn was the normal instrument and badge of office of the mail-guards and letter-carriers.

It was with such tin-horns that the "Mercuries" and "hawkers," as the newsvendors of Cowper's day were called, announced the publication of "The Spectator," "The Flying Post," and other papers of the period; and it was with similar twanging horns that the victories of the British arms by land and sea, under the great captains of the age, Nelson and Wellington, were first heralded to a noisy world. "Glorious news!" "Great victory!" "A thousand prisoners!" and such like cries, were shouted by them in stentorian tones in the brief intervals when their horns were silent, and these cries took the place of those sensational advertisements of the penny press, which we are daily accustomed to see in railway-stations and in newsagents' windows. A roll of the "Extraordinary Gazette" in one hand, and a copy of the same tied round their hat, proclaimed their calling, even if any one had been so deaf as not to hear the noise of their horns and clamour. At length these tin-horns became a nuisance so intolerable, that, in the early part of the reign of George IV, they were forbidden by law to be used in the London streets. A fine of ten shillings was to be the penalty for a first conviction of the offender, and twenty shillings for a second conviction. Thus in towns the tin-horn was put down, together with muffin-bells, dustmen's-bells, and other similar disagreeables, although the two last-named are still permitted at London-super-Mare, much to the annoyance of Brighton visitors, especially those who are invalids, and have been recommended to lodgings in a quiet street, where, as is always the case with "quiet streets," the fish-sellers, the nigger vocalists, the acrobats, the Punch shows, the stray musicians, and the other flotsam and jetsam of a fashionable seaside town, most do congregate, making the street as "full of noises" as Prospero's island, and giving the modern Hogarth a subject for a companion picture to his "Enraged Musician."

The urban letter-carrier has vanished, together with his tin-horn; and the town postman has changed to a smart-liveried person whose sharp rat-tat and hurried walk are heard several times in the course of the day.

"Every day, as sure as the clock, somebody hears the postman's knock," is the not very recondite remark of a song, whose popularity is due to the liveliness of the air to which it has been wedded; which air, by the way, strongly recalls the melody of "The Witches' Dance," in Locke's music to "Macbeth." But, though "somebody hears the postman's knock," it is highly satisfactory to the inhabitants of "the great Babel" that nobody hears the postman's horn. Yet, as fashions survive in the country long after they have gone out of date in town, so the postman's horn is still to be heard "twanging" as it did eighty years ago at Olney. In rural districts, the letter-carriers, as they plod their round from village to village, still, in numerous instances, continue to herald their approach with that "heart-shaking music" in which they indulged in Cowper's day. Here, for example, in *Minima Parva*, I hear the sound of such a twanging horn from such a country letter-carrier nearly every day in the year; and experienced ears will detect its peculiar twang from the like tin-horn performance of the rag and bone collector, as he also makes his rounds from cottage to cottage, and announces his coming with horn-blowing. Indeed, those lines of Cowper's—the seven first in the fourth book of "The Task"—would still aptly describe the country letter-carrier of the present day, as he may be found in many rural districts. And dear to artists is the country letter-carrier! Painters of the English *genre* class delight in him; and very rarely is there an exhibition of modern paintings without a picture of the country letter-carrier depicted under some one of the many varieties that he presents. And it may not be out of place to say that those seven lines from "The Task" descriptive of the Olney postman appeared in the catalogue of "The Exhibition of Drawings and Sketches by Amateur Artists," held at 121, Pall Mall, in the year 1853, appended to drawing No. 394, the amateur artist of which was the present writer, who had long loved the poet of Olney and all his works, and who, in that drawing, endeavoured to realise his idea of Cowper's country letter-carrier.

But, to come to real artists—to such men as Mr. Frederick Goodall, and those who have limned the country letter-carrier in his many aspects and diverse surroundings. Some have represented him, as Mr. Goodall has done, lounging in the yard of the village inn while its inmates and frequenters discussed the news in the opened paper or looked at their letters. Others have shown him turning away with a pitying expression from the widow to whom he has given the black-edged envelope, whose contents will inform her of the death of her only son. "Sad news from India" was the title of this picture, produced at the time of the mutiny. Again, too, has he been shown, handing to a pleased recipient the white-enamelled envelope with its wedding-cards. "It'll be your turn next, miss!" was the suggestive title. For it is a pleasing characteristic of the country letter-carrier, that he has a word for every one. The town postman is too hurried in his duties to allow him to converse even with the policeman; and he is little more than a human machine performing its work at a regularly-sustained speed, and marking its rapid progress by a sharp rat-tat, as the letters are slipped into the box, and the postman is rat-tatting at the next house before the servant can answer the door. If the town postman has occasion to pause for a talk, his conversation is of the most business-like character, to ask for a signature for the receipt of a registered letter, or something equally official. But the country letter-carrier has a word for every one he meets, from the

stone-breaker on the road to the squire in "the high hall-garden." Sometimes he has to read to the recipient the letter that he delivers, spelling out the crabbed handwriting of the ill-written scrawl that would tax even the powers of that so-called "blind man" at the General Post-office, whose peculiar province it is to decipher those postal addresses that seem to other persons as difficult as cuneiform inscriptions; and this is one phase of his varied character which has been represented by artists. Others have depicted his increased importance on St. Valentine's Day, which is a day that always adds largely to the letter-carrier's labours both in country and town. Charles Lamb wrote of it, that, on this day, "the weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own." And Elia thus speaks of the postman's knock:—"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door. It 'gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated.' But, its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcome in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, and confident." And so, the letter-carrier on Valentine's Day is a subject of which Mr. G. Thomas and other artists have taken advantage. Last year, in the Suffolk Street Exhibition, there was a very clever picture by Mr. W. Hemsley, called "The Village Postman, 'nothing, I'm afraid, this morning, miss.'" To which title were appended these lines from the passage in "The Task":

"Messenger of grief,
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy."

The expected message in this instance would appear to have been a joyous one, to judge from the expression of the bright-faced and brightly-dressed young lady who looked anxiously over the old postman's shoulder, as, with spectacles on nose, he turned over the letters in his hand. The pastoral landscape behind these well-drawn figures made the picture a pleasing and characteristic representation of the modern country letter-carrier in England. What he is in Ireland, Mr. Erskine Nicol has shown us in his important picture of "The Cross Roads," in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, where "Shaun the Post" is seen getting his bags in readiness for the expected car.

A primitive country letter-carrier will be seen in this sportsman's month, by many an English deer-stalker, grouse-shooter, fisherman, or tourist, in the wild and pleasant places of Scotland and the West Highlands. When the blessings of the post had been spread far and wide, and every town in the United Kingdom could boast of its post-office, it necessarily happened that, in thinly-populated districts, the mail carts had to be supplemented by letter-carriers; and this was especially the case in the Scottish Highlands. But when the universal penny had penetrated into the remotest regions, and the number of letters and letter-writers had increased, proportionate facilities were granted for the spread and interchange of their communications; and, at the present day, there are few villages in the Scottish Highlands that cannot show to their Gaelic-speaking inhabitants some one heather thatched cottage, marked out from its neighbours by being dignified with a board on which is painted the magic English legend "Post-office." This cottage is

commonly the village shop, wherein all the necessaries of life can be obtained, from candles and bacon to linen and broad-cloth. If the village is not on one of those famous turnpikeless roads that are daily traversed by dashing mail-carts, the letter-bag is taken to the nearest point at which the mail-cart will pass. Of course, too, it happens, as in many rural districts in England, that there are people who are so locally situated as to be cut off from the nearest receiving-house by some miles of hill and dale; and such persons are necessarily compelled to establish for postal purposes their own letter-carrier—the *gille-ruithe*—to give him his proper Gaelic designation. These gillies, whose daily duty it is to carry the laird's letter-bag to and from the mail-cart, are usually lads; for the word *Gillie* (or rather *gille*) is not strictly confined to the age of boyhood, any more than our English postboy is prevented by his boyish appellation from being a wizened man of sixty; and *gille* is any servant, whether he be the *gille-ruithe* or "running footman," or the *gille-cois* or "footman," or the *gille-each* or "groom." And *Gillie Callum*, who gave his name to the tune to which the sword dance (hence called after him) is performed, was a servant named *Calum*. The modern *gille-ruithe*, then, the running footman, or letter-carrier *gillie*, is usually a lad, and more frequently accomplishes his to and fro journeys in the normal West Highland manner of children and women, that is, with bare legs and feet. But the *gillie* from whom I, one September, made a sketch, was somewhat of a swell, and had been endued by his laird with stout boots and a velvet coat, around which was slung the deerskin letter-bag. As he had to traverse the ground between his master's house and the post-office four times a day, and as the distance, though only three miles by the crow's flight, was "over brake, brook, and scaur," and down into the heart of a deep glen and "squinting" (the Queen herself has adopted this expressive word in her "Journal") the shoulder of a precipitous hill, we may fairly admit that this Highland specimen of a letter-carrier did a fair amount of walking ere the Sabbath brought him that rest which its very name implies, but which is denied to so many country letter-carriers in England.

Such a *gille-ruithe* as I then saw, was once an important member in the establishment of every Highland laird. His duties compelled him to be continually on the move, and frequently to undertake long and perilous journeys in the delivery of his master's missive. The crossing of a river when it was "in spate" or swollen, was an ordinary circumstance required in the duties of the *gille-ruithe*, whose inventive powers were often severely taxed to devise an expedient for keeping his laird's letter safe from wet, while he stemmed the torrent or swam the river. And when the abilities for letter-writing increased, and the facilities for intercommunication of ideas were heightened and developed, the office of the *gille-ruithe* was not discarded in the Western Highlands, the running footman being retained for postal services, and not for attendance upon carriages and state coaches—a custom preserved to the present century, and recorded in the sign of "The Running Footman," in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London. Some Highland families of distinction—like the Duke of Gordon at the end of the seventeenth century—were accustomed to supply their lack of postal news by sending their *gille-ruithe* on a month's tour, with instructions to store up in his mind as large a budget of information as he could diligently acquire and carefully remember. So that a letter-carrier who adequately filled such an occupation, must have had much of that

talent which distinguished Mr. William Woodfall, who, when the "Morning Chronicle" was started in 1769, and the reporting of parliamentary debates was forbidden by the standing orders of both Houses, was accustomed to listen to the speeches and write a report of them from memory. Previous to that, the pen of Dr. Johnson had been employed to write such allegorical or imaginary debates as should escape the penalty of the act; a circumstance thus referred to by Dr. W. H. Russell, in his speech at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner, on the 6th of last June:—

"Since the days when it was difficult for Dr. Johnson to write imaginary debates, in which he conferred, no doubt, a great deal of eloquence on what he dared say were very dull and stupid men, down to the present day, when the debates were enlivened by the speeches of a Gladstone and a Disraeli, the press had been growing with the growth of liberal institutions, and had been recognised more and more by the Parliament of this country."

The distance daily walked by a country letter-carrier, irrespective of weather and the state of the roads, is frequently very great. The Braemar letter-carrier, who died at the close of George the Third's reign, had, during the thirty-six years that he held the office, walked 260,000 miles in the execution of his duties, which would give an average of rather more than twenty-three miles a day for the six days of the week. I was personally acquainted with a similar case in a midland county, where the distance accomplished by the letter-carrier each working day of the week was twenty-two miles from point to point, though often more than this, especially on the day when the local newspaper had to be delivered at various farmhouses. The effort that had been made to obtain him a day of rest on the Sunday was only partially successful; and on Sundays he had to walk sixteen miles, the greater portion of his route lying over a wild, hilly, and heavy country. The man was an old soldier who had served in India; he stood six feet two, was as upright as "a post," and gave the military salute when he passed any one, walking with a steady, long, swinging step. He had two enforced holidays every year, on the days when he drew out his small pension, but on these days he had to pay a substitute. During the five years of my acquaintance with him, I never knew him to have but one other "holiday," and that was on the day of his wife's funeral; she was a black woman, and they had a large family of various gradations of hue between black and white. When I tried to speak a word of comfort to him on his loss, he expressed his grief somewhat oddly:—"To think," said this old soldier letter-carrier, "that she should die and leave me after I had taken the trouble to bring her so many thousand miles." Great as were the pedestrian feats of this country letter-carrier, they were exceeded by those of William Brockbank, "the walking post" from Manchester to Glossop, in 1808, and previous to that, the letter-carrier from Whitehouse to Ulverstone. If we may credit the published statements of this man's walking powers, "his daily task was not less than forty-seven miles." When Mr. Edmund Capern was the letter-carrier at Bideford, Devon, he made good and profitable use of his long walks by his poetical compositions.

The poet Coleridge was once walking in the Lake district, when he saw a young girl who was servant at the village inn, reluctantly giving back to the letter-carrier the letter he had brought for her, because she was unable to pay for its postage. Coleridge paid the shilling, and gave her the letter; and when the postman

had gone, received her explanation, that his kindly-meant payment was useless, as there was no writing in the letter, but merely certain marks on its outside, which let her know that her mother was well. They were too poor to correspond at the cost of a shilling a letter. Another person, similarly circumstanced, used to address a newspaper to her mother, addressed "Mrs. Campbell" if she was well, and Mrs. "Campbell" if she was ill; which was, certainly, in the latter case, a very unsatisfactory communication. But we may judge from the existence of such cases, what a widespread blessing it must have been, when the penny-stamped letters were first distributed by the country letter-carriers.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER VIII.—SOME PAROCHIAL EXPERIENCES—PREACHING—LECTURES.

I MUST confess that my first curacy was no sinecure; for, as I have before observed, during the last few years of the late vicar's life the parish had been much neglected. Accordingly we found that many things wanted setting on foot, and maintaining in efficiency when fairly floated. Under the zealous guidance of my fellow-workman—for my vicar was really a fellow-labourer—we originated, and in several instances carried out successfully, various different schemes for the temporal and, I hope I may add, the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants of the parish.

Our first aim was to endeavour to draw the parishioners more frequently and regularly to their church. I think that the new choir, about which I have already spoken, was one great means to this end. It gradually grew into popularity, and the pains taken by the vicar's wife and the other ladies I have mentioned, in regularly attending to and superintending the different practices of the choir, regardless of weather, reacted upon the attendance of the choir members and their friends.

The next change my vicar and myself set about was to greatly simplify our sermons. We tried to make them as plain and practical as possible, and enlivened them with as many illustrations as we could from scripture, and from nature and life. I am persuaded that, in general, preachers take far too much for granted as to the knowledge of their hearers in regard to religious truths. Next we also shortened our discourses, making them seldom to exceed twenty minutes in their delivery. For occasional services, or for audiences in towns, who can congregate round a chosen preacher, this time is, of course, short; but for an ordinary mixed audience, especially in the country, I think it enough.

My vicar was no advocate for extempore addresses, and I myself fully agreed with him in this respect, not having "the gift": but though we did not preach extempore, we both made a point of studying our sermons well, so that we really *preached* them, and not *read* them, in the pulpit.

I remember that when I preached my first sermon, nervousness made me elevate my voice too much for the size of the church. I heard two or three remarks upon this first sermon of mine. One of the farmers said "he should like his farm boys to have such a voice to scare away the birds from the young wheat." Another labourer thought "it was not bad for a journeyman parson." Not at all a misnomer for a curate, I thought, when I had this remark repeated to me afterwards. Such hints were useful, both as regards overcoming nervousness and managing the voice.

The first time that I baptized a child, also, my gravity

and fortitude received a somewhat violent shock. The infant in question was more than two years old, and in its struggles to free itself from my arms, it seized my spectacles and dashed them into the font, exclaiming, "I won't, I won't." Now this font was rather a deep one, and as, on account of my deficiency in sight, I could not see to finish the ceremony without them, nothing remained to be done, after I had baptized the crying and struggling child, and gladly returned him to his mother's arms, than to strip up my sleeve and fish for my spectacles until I found them, which happily I quickly did, and having wiped and adjusted them, resumed the service, which I concluded without further accident; but my composure was slightly ruffled, as the affair happened in the presence of a large congregation of grinning rustics, and the squire's pew was full of magnates from a neighbouring hall.

Another and more important accident once made me exceedingly uncomfortable for a time. I was going to preach in the evening at a town about ten miles off from my parish, and in a church where the service was "strictly rubrical," and where the attendance was exceedingly large. This same church had been entirely restored by the resident parishioners themselves, without any assistance from outside. The vicar was popular, but just at this time in a bad state of health; accordingly, as I was well acquainted with him, I volunteered to assist him occasionally in the evening.

On this particular night I had to set off rather hurriedly, having been detained at home by unexpected extra work. When I arrived at the vestry I felt in my pocket for my sermon-case, but, alas! it was not there, nor in the pocket of my great-coat. Now I knew that the vicar was an exceedingly nervous man, and of course totally unprepared to preach, as he naturally expected that I had everything ready. Being late, the choir were already robed when I entered; so, as it was time for service to commence, I just asked for a Bible, which was given me, and I saw the vicar stare at my unusual request, because I had always arranged that I should read the lessons whenever I preached. I made no reply to his inquiring gaze, but silently followed him out of the vestry, and as I did so I could feel the cold chill down my back; but I resolved that I would brave out the matter, and that the vicar should be put to no inconvenience.

Although I read the lessons, as I have stated was my allotted task, yet I managed to find a text and arrange an outline of a sermon. The season was Advent. I took for my text, "He shall judge the world in righteousness." The suddenness of Christ's return, the signs of that coming, the events, as far as scripture tells of that day, the judgment itself, the effects of the judgment, the necessity of preparation for it, and that now, because none can tell how soon it may begin, these topics formed the subject of my discourse. I certainly trembled as I knelt in the pulpit, but I did earnestly pray for assistance from on high, that the congregation (and it was a vast one) might not suffer through my carelessness in losing my manuscript. I feel sure that the prayer was heard. All fear left me after I read the words of my text; and then, remembering whose message I had to deliver, I was able to proceed, and for twenty minutes never faltered or hesitated for a moment. I had preached in that church several times before, but never previously extempore, so perhaps it was from this fact, added to the solemnity of the subject, and the earnestness of the preacher, that the congregation was fixed in deepest attention.

Although my vicar and myself did not deliver strictly

extempore addresses in the pulpit of the church, yet he wished me to give a sermon of this kind once a week, in a building which had been an old chapel in a distant hamlet of the parish. This sort of "irregular" service I am sure produced a good effect among the people; at least outwardly, for I know that the attendance was numerous, and the chapel always full.

From my own observation, I have come to the conclusion, that if the same clergyman, in a country village church, has to preach twice every Sunday, that a written sermon in the morning, and an address without notes in the afternoon, would be found to produce most efficient good among his parishioners. The circumstances of each man's parish must determine his arrangements, but if I ever am the incumbent of a parish, I shall certainly try the plan I here advocate.

Passing from sacred to secular addresses, I stated a few chapters back, that, with the consent of the vicar, I started some lectures, in order to counteract the silly superstitions of the people. Though the first which I delivered, upon the subject of the Reformation, was not so clearly understood by my audience as I could have wished, yet I am happy to say that the majority of those delivered by myself and other friends were generally successful. During the six winters I was in the parish, I myself wrote and delivered forty-seven lectures upon popular subjects. I will not weary the reader with a list of them, but I may add that the subjects included a wide range. In addition to these, others were delivered by several of the surrounding clergy, and by two of our resident farmers. But in case of a failure, such as the carriage conveying the lecturer being upset in our narrow lanes, I was always prepared to act as a kind of stop-gap. Lecturing upon secular subjects was not our worthy vicar's especial *forte*, but he very kindly and ably assisted us by his constant presence in the chair, and by his purse also, in hiring the various diagrams used to illustrate the different subjects of the lectures.

We generally wound up the evening's entertainment with a hymn and the National Anthem, the clergyman's wife presiding at her harmonium. Now the mentioning of this instrument reminds me of a very noble act of heroism performed by the vicar's wife herself. For a few Sundays, while the organ was undergoing repair, her private harmonium was removed from the vicarage and placed in the organ gallery. At this instrument she herself presided. One afternoon there was an unusually large congregation, the occasion being three funerals from one family. The people found great difficulty in finding a sufficient number of seats; the vicar's wife perceiving this, went down from the gallery to assist in obtaining the desired extra accommodation; just as she re-ascended the stairs, she slipped, and her leg was broken. This accident, happening at the top of the stairs, was not perceived by scarcely any one. In some way or other, with the greatest presence of mind, she managed to regain her seat at the harmonium; and my readers will hardly credit my veracity when I tell them, that after this painful accident, the vicar's wife actually not only played the whole of the appointed music on the instrument, using the remaining unbroken foot to move the bellows, but also led the singing in addition. The first intimation to her husband of the accident, was the sight of his wife's pony carriage at the church door, and herself being carried down the gallery stairs at the conclusion of the service. She withheld the knowledge of her fall from her husband, for she felt that, had he known it, he might have been so unnerved as not to have been able to perform his duty (I was away at the time). All honour be to such a wife!

Varieties.

THE AUTHOR OF "JAMES BRAITHWAITE, OR THE STORY OF A SUPERCARGO."—The Queen has contributed £100 towards the Kingston Testimonial Fund, which is promoted by the Duke of Manchester and other admirers of Mr. Kingston, the excellent writer of boys' books.—*Athenæum*.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIZES AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Royal Geographical Society, on the suggestion of Mr. Francis Galton, Author of "The Art of Travel," have announced a series of prizes to be competed for in the chief schools of England, Scotland, Ireland. The first competition will take place in May, 1869, by examination papers sent down to the several schools, thirty-seven in number, as follows:—*English Schools*: Birmingham, King Edward's School; Brighton College; Cheltenham College; Clifton College; Dulwich College; Eton College; Greenwich, Royal Naval School; Haileybury College; Harrow; Hurstpierpoint; Liverpool College; *London*, Charter House, Christ's Hospital, City of London School, King's College School, Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, University College School, and Westminster;—*Manchester School*; Marlborough College; Repton; Rossall; Rugby; Shoreham; Shrewsbury; Uppingham; Wellington College; Winchester.—*Scotch Schools*: Aberdeen Grammar School; Edinburgh Academy; Edinburgh High School; Glasgow High School.—*Irish Schools*: Ennis College; Enniskillen Royal School; Dungannon Royal School; Rathfarnham, St. Columba's College.

POST-OFFICE NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT AT BERLIN.—In the convenient and economical transmission of newspapers and periodical publications, Prussia is superior to England and France. By sending an order to any post-office in Germany, newspapers, &c., are obtained promptly and for the publishing price. There are ninety clerks and porters employed in the office at Berlin. Paper and string cost annually £1,500; a bale of paper being used every day, as the newspapers are sent out entirely covered. The work of the evening dispatch begins at four o'clock, and lasts till ten; that of the morning begins at one a.m., and closes at seven a.m., for which there are two different sets of clerks. During the day there are all the alterations in the registers of the orders to be made. In one room of the large building, German newspapers are received; in another, German periodicals of all sizes; in a third, newspapers and periodicals from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Prussia are received, whether destined for the interior, or sent from any one to any other of those countries; in a fourth, parliamentary despatches are wrapped up and addressed to the deputies.

BEER FOR FOREIGN PARTS.—British beer finds its way to almost every part of the known world. The export list for the year ending with October last shows that it was shipped from this kingdom for all parts of Europe and America, for South Africa and Western Africa, for Morocco, Syria, and Palestine, China, Persia, Java, Madagascar, Cape Verde Islands, and various islands in the Pacific. To India were shipped in the year 170,504 barrels, of the declared value of £499,033; to Australasia 111,839 barrels, of the value of £461,029; to the British West Indies 27,377 barrels, to the United States 19,856 barrels, to British North America 7,588 barrels, to Brazil 19,727 barrels, to the Argentine Confederation 13,964 barrels, to Chili 12,551 barrels, to Uruguay 11,578 barrels, to Peru 7,392 barrels. The largest export for Europe was to France, 14,418 barrels. The total export of the year, though not equal to that of 1865 or 1866, amounted to 525,619 barrels, of the declared value of £1,960,053.

CROSS PURPOSES.—Many years ago a man named Cameron, who was employed at the George Hotel, Kilmarnock, Scotland, left for Australia. For many years he did not hear from, or had not written punctually home. At last, when he did so, it seems that his wife, instead of replying by letter, at once set off for Gladstone, Queensland, from which place he had written. The steamer in which she came to Gladstone passed a steamer in which he was leaving Gladstone for Sydney. From Sydney she followed her husband to Melbourne. Not hearing from his wife, Cameron went home to find his daughter in the hands of their friends, a grown-up child of twelve years. He at once returned to Australia in search of his wife, Jane Murdoch Cameron, but they had not met since. We insert this at Cameron's urgent request, and in the hope that it will meet the eye of somebody who may know something of Mrs. Cameron's fate.—*Queenslander* (Brisbane).

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



TRADING IN JAVA.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS very sorry to have to part from my brother William, and not a little so from that merriest of merry midshipmen, Toby Trundle.

"We shall meet again one of these days, Trundle," I said, as I warmly shook hands with him. "I hope it will be in smooth water too, we have had enough of the rough together."

I did my best to express to the captain and officers of the *Phoebe* my sense of the kindness with which they

had treated me from the first moment I had stepped on board their frigate to the last. We all sailed together, the men-of-war and their prizes to proceed to the Mauritius, then to refit and get ready for the expedition to Java. We also were bound for Java, but intended first to visit Antongil Bay for the purpose of trading with the natives. I was pleased to find myself among my old shipmates again. They had had no sickness on board, and not a man had been lost. The officers were the same in character, while their individual peculiarities seemed to stand out more prominently than before. We found the natives at Antongil Bay very honourable

in their dealings. Many of the chiefs spoke French perfectly well, and looked like Frenchmen. They were, we found, indeed, descendants of some of the Count Benyowsky's followers who had married native women. The children of such marriages were generally highly esteemed by the natives, who had raised them to the rank of chiefs. From what I saw of all classes of the natives of Madagascar, but especially of the upper ranks, I should say that they were capable of a high state of civilisation, and I see no reason why they should not some day take their place among the civilised nations of the east. When that time will come it is impossible to say. Neither adventurers, like the brave and talented Benyowsky, nor French settlements will bring it about. One thing, indeed, only can produce it—that is, the spread and the firm establishment of true Christianity among the people. Some days after our departure we had a distant view of the island of Rodriguez. In about a fortnight afterwards we were glad to put on warm clothing instead of the light dress suitable to the tropics; yet we were only in the same parallel of latitude as Madeira. It showed us how much keener is the air of the southern hemisphere than that of the northern. We soon after fell in with the monsoon, or trade wind, which sent us flying along at a good rate, till early in August, on a bright morning, the look-out at the masthead shouted at the top of his voice, "Land ho! Land ahead!" It was the north-west cape of New Holland, or Australia, a region then, as even to the present day, almost a terra incognita to Europeans. As we neared it, we curiously looked out with our glasses for some signs of the habitations of men, but nothing could be seen to lead us to suppose that human beings were to be found there. The shore was low, sandy, and desolate, without the least intermixture of trees or verdure. A chain of rocks, over which the sea broke furiously, lined the coast. We continued in sight of this most inhospitable-looking land till the next morning. I could not help thinking of the vast extent of country which intervened between the shore at which we were gazing, and the British settlement at Port Jackson, of which we had lately heard such flattering accounts. Was it a region flowing with milk and honey? one of lakes and streams, or of lofty mountains? did it contain one vast inland sea, or was it a sandy desert of burning sands, impassable for man?

This was a problem some of my emigrant friends had been discussing, and which I longed to see solved. After losing sight of the coast of New Holland, we had to keep a bright look-out, as we were in the supposed neighbourhood of certain islands which some navigators, it was reported, had seen; but no land appeared. One clear night we found ourselves suddenly, it seemed, floating in an ocean of milk, or more properly, perhaps, a thick solution of chalk in water. The surface was quite unruffled, nor was there the slightest mixture of that phosphoric appearance often seen on a dark night when the sea is agitated. The air was still, though it was not quite a calm, and the sky was perfectly clear. It took us some hours to slip through it. We drew up some in buckets, and found it to contain a small, scarcely perceptible, portion of a fine filamentous substance, quite transparent, such as I have occasionally seen where seaweed is abundant. Whether this was the cause of the milky appearance of the sea or not, we could not determine. We were now sailing almost due north, for the Straits of Bally, as the passage is called between that small island and the east end of the magnificent island of Java. About the middle of August, early in the morning, again land was seen from the masthead, and

in a few hours we entered the straits I have just mentioned. We could see the shores on both sides, that of Bally somewhat abrupt, while the Java shore, agreeably diversified by clumps of cocoa-nut trees and hills clothed with verdure, looked green and smiling, contrasting agreeably with that of New Holland, which we had so lately left. A large number of small boats or canoes were moving about in all directions, those under sail going at great speed. They were painted white, had one sail, and were fitted with outriggers. We had to keep a bright look-out lest we should run suddenly into the jaws of any French or Dutch man-of-war, which, escaping from our cruisers, might be pleased to snap up a richly-laden merchantman like the *Barbara*. We could not tell at the time whether the proposed expedition had arrived, or, if it had, whether it had been successful. As we were coasting along, a hill appeared in sight, early in the morning, the summit thickly surrounded by clouds. As this nightcap of vapours cleared away, a remarkable cone was exposed to view, the base covered with the richest vegetation. Soon after this we got so entangled among clusters of rocky islands and coral reefs, that we were very much afraid we should be unable to extricate ourselves, and that our ship would get on shore. Though there was not much risk of our losing our lives, the dread of having our ship and cargo destroyed was enough to make us anxious. Fortunately the wind fell, and by keeping look-outs at each fore yardarm and at the masthead, we were able to perceive the dangers with which we were surrounded before we ran on any of them. At length we got into seemingly more clear water, but there being still several reefs and islands outside of us, Captain Hassall thought it prudent to anchor for the night. The shore off which we lay was lined with cocoa-nut and other palm trees, rivulets were seen flowing down the sides of the hills, which were clothed with spice-bearing and other shrubs, the whole landscape presenting a scene of great tropical beauty.

"If I ever had to cast anchor anywhere on shore, that's the sort of country I should choose, now," observed Benjie Stubbs, our second officer, who had been examining the coast for some time through his glass.

"I wouldn't change one half-acre of any part of our principality for a thousand of its richest acres," said David Gwynne, our surgeon, to whom he spoke. "Poets talk of the spicy gales of these islands; in most cases they come laden with miasma-bearing fevers and agues on their wings; while if a fellow has to live on shore, he gets roasted by day with a good chance of a sunstroke, and he is stewed at night, and bitten by mosquitoes and other winged and crawling things, and wakes to find a cobra de capella or green snake gliding over his face."

"Oh, a man would soon get accustomed to those trifling inconveniences as the natives must do; and money goes a long way in these regions for all the necessities of life," answered Stubbs.

I must confess that lovely as I had heard are many parts of those eastern isles, I was inclined to agree with the surgeon.

It was discovered this evening that in consequence of the heat, or from careless cooping, our water-casks had let out their contents, and that we had scarcely any fresh water in the ship. At Batavia it was very bad, and it might be some days before we should get there, or we could not tell when, should the expedition not have succeeded. It was therefore necessary to get water without delay, and as a river was marked on the chart near to where we lay, we agreed the next morning to go up, and, should we see no fort, to run in and obtain water

and any fresh provisions we might require. Accordingly we weighed by sunrise, and, standing in, ran along the coast till we arrived off the mouth of the river we hoped to find. Some native houses were seen, but no fortifications and no buildings of an European character. We therefore thought that we should be perfectly safe in going ashore. On dropping our anchor, several canoes came off laden with turtles, ducks, fowls, cockatoos, monkeys, and other small animals and birds; besides sweet potatoes, yams, and other vegetables, grown by the natives for the supply of the ships passing along the coast. They found plenty of customers among our men, and the ship was soon turned into a perfect menagerie. We without difficulty made the people in the canoes understand that we wanted to replenish our water-casks, and we understood them to say that they would gladly help us. Two boats were therefore lowered and filled with casks; Stubbs took charge of one of them, and I went in the other, accompanied by little Jack Hobs, intending to exchange a few articles which I took with me suitable to the taste of the natives for some of the productions of their country. As we pulled up the river we saw the low shores on either side lined with houses built on high piles, by which they were raised a considerable distance above the ground, some, I should think, fully twenty feet. The only means of entering them was by a ladder, which we found it was the custom of the inhabitants to lift up at night to prevent the intrusion of strangers, but more especially, I should think, of wild beasts. The chief object, however, of their being built in this way is to raise them above the miasma of the marshy ground, which often rises only two or three feet. They were all on one floor, but had numerous partitions or rooms. The roofs, which were covered with palm leaves, projected some distance beyond the walls, so as to form a wide balcony all round. The ground beneath was also in many instances railed in, and thus served for the habitation of ducks, poultry, and cattle.

At the landing-place some way up a number of natives were collected who received us in a very friendly way. We saw no Dutchmen nor other Europeans; as we could not make ourselves understood by the natives, we were unable to ascertain what had occurred at the other end of the island. The men in the canoes had for clothing only a cloth round their waists, but the people who now received us were habited in a much more complete fashion. They wore the *sarung*, a piece of coloured cloth about eight feet long and four wide, part of which was thrown over the shoulder like a Highlander's plaid, the rest bound round the waist serving as a kilt. They all had on drawers secured by a sash, and several wore a short frock coat with buttons in front, called a *baju*. All had daggers, and several, who were evidently people of some consequence, had two in copper or silver sheaths. The latter had their teeth blackened, which was evidently looked on as a mark of gentility. They also wore turbans, while the lower orders only had little caps on their heads. The watering-place was some little way up the river, and while the mates proceeded there with the boats, I landed at the village or town. I had not proceeded far when I was given to understand that a chief or some person of consequence wished to see me for the purpose, I supposed, of trading. His habitation was pointed out to me on the summit of some high ground at a distance from the river. It appeared to be far larger than the houses of the village. Without hesitation I set off, followed by Jack, and accompanied by several of my first acquaintance, towards it. I now more than ever regretted having lost O'Carroll, for understanding as he did the languages of the people of the

Archipelago, he would greatly have facilitated our proceedings. The house or palace of the great man was surrounded, as are all the island habitations of every degree which I saw in Java, with gardens. We entered on the north side into a large square court, on either side of which were rows of Indian fig-trees, with two large fig-trees nearly in the centre. Passing through this we found ourselves in a smaller court, surrounded by pillars and covered in by a light roof. Here most of my companions remained, but I was conducted up a flight of steps to a handsome terrace in front of a building of considerable size, in the centre of which was a spacious hall, the roof richly painted with red and gold. This hall of audience was on the top of the hill, steps from it led down to other houses which composed the dwelling of the chief and his family.

As I looked down from the terrace, I could see the tops of the houses of the poorer class of people, which surrounded the palace of the chief. They were all in the midst of gardens, and had walls round them. I found indeed that I was in the centre of a town, or large village, though in coming along I had scarcely seen any habitations, so completely shut in were they by trees and shrubs. I had thus an example of the fertility of Java, and of the industry of its inhabitants. With regard to the habitations of the barbarians whose lands I visited, I must observe that, though there were exceptions to the rule, they were generally far superior in respect to the wants of the occupants, than are the dwellings of a large number of the poorer classes in Scotland, and especially in Ireland, and in some districts even in England. They are in good condition, clean, sufficiently furnished, and well ventilated. Granted that the materials of which they are built are cheap, that from the fertility of the land a man by labouring three days in the week can supply all his wants for the remaining four, and has time to repair his house and furniture, and that he has no rates and taxes to pay, still I cannot help believing that there is something wrong somewhere, that God never intended it to be so, and that it is a matter it behoves us to look to more than we have done. Though distance seemed to increase my love for Old England, it did not blind me to her faults, and I often blushed when I found myself among heathen savages, and saw the superiority of some of their ways to ours. These or similar thoughts occupied me while I stood on the terrace gazing on the fine prospect around and waiting for the appearance of the chief. After some time the chief appeared at the entrance of the hall of audience, with a gay coloured umbrella borne over his head, a slave carrying the indispensable betel-box by his side, a handsome turban on his head, and his sash stuck full of jewel-hilted daggers with golden scabbards, while all his attendants stood round with their bodies bent forward and their eyes cast to the ground, as a sign of reverence. I thus knew that I was in the presence of a very important person. I was rather puzzled to discover who he took me for, that he treated me with so much state. How we were to understand each other and I was to ascertain the truth I could not tell. I think I mentioned that I learned a little Dutch, which I had practised occasionally with Peter Kloops, my old cousin's butler.

I tried the chief with some complimentary phrases in that language, but he shook his head; I then tried him with French. He shook his head still more vehemently, and from the signs he made, I thought that he was annoyed that I had not brought an interpreter with me. After a time, however, finding that he could get nothing out of me, he said something to one of his attendants,

who, raising his hands with his palms closed till his thumbs touched his nose in rather a curious fashion, uttered a few words in reply, and then hurried off by the way I had come. I was after this conducted into the hall, where on a raised platform the chief took his seat, making signs to me to sit near him, his attendants having done the same. Slaves then brought in some basins of water, in one of which the chief washed his hands, I following his example. Trays were then brought in with meat and rice, and fish, and certain vegetables cut up into small fragments. There were no knives, or forks, or spoons. The chief set an example which I was obliged to follow, of dipping his fingers into the mess before him, and, as it were, clawing up a mouthful and transferring it to his mouth. Had his hands not first been washed, I certainly should not have liked the proceeding, but as I was by this time very hungry, and the dishes were pleasant tasted and well cooked, I did ample justice to the repast.

The chief and his attendants having eaten as much as they well could, my young attendant Jack, who sat somewhat behind me, having done the same, water was again brought in that everybody might wash their hands.

I heard Jack Hobs in low tone give rough colloquial expressions of his satisfaction. "They don't seem much given to talking though," he added to himself. "I wonder whether it is that they think we don't understand their lingo, or that they don't understand ours; I'll just try them though."

Whereon in a half whisper he addressed the person sitting next to him, who bowed and salaamed very politely in return, but made no reply.

"What I axes you, mounseer, is, whether you feels comfortable after your dinner," continued Jack in a louder whisper. "And, I say, will you tell us who the gentleman in the fine clothes is, for I can't make out nohow? Does he know that my master here is a great merchant, and that if he wishes to do a bit of trade, he is the man to do it with him?"

The same dumb show on the part of the Javanese went on as before. Jack's attempt at opening up a conversation was put a stop to by the return of the servant with dishes containing a variety of vegetables and fruits, which were as welcome, probably, to him as to me. One dish contained a sweet potato cooked. It must have weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds. I have heard of one weighing thirty pounds. The natives appeared very fond of it. We had peas and artichokes and a dish of sago, the mode of obtaining which I afterwards saw, and will describe presently. I heard Jack cry out when he saw one of the dishes of fruit. It was I found the *durian*, a fruit of which the natives are very fond, and which I got to like, though its peculiarly offensive odour at first gave me a dislike to it. It is nearly of the size of a man's head, and is of a spherical form. It consists of five cells, each containing from one to four large seeds enveloped in a rich white pulp, itself covered with a thin pellicle which prevents the seed from adhering to it. This pulp is the edible portion of the fruit. However, a dish of *mangostins* was more to my taste. It is one of the most exquisite of Indian fruits. It is mildly acid, and has an extreme delicacy of flavour without being luscious or cloying. In external appearance it resembles a ripe pomegranate, but is smaller and more completely globular. A rather tough rind, brown without, and of a deep crimson within, incloses three or four black seeds surrounded by a soft, semi-transparent, snow-white pulp, having occasionally a very slight crimson blush. The pulp is eaten. We had also the well-known Jack-fruit, a great

favourite with the natives; and the *champadak*, a much smaller fruit of more slender form and more oblong shape. It has a slightly farinaceous consistency, and has very delicate and sweet flavour. I remember several other fruits; indeed, the chief seemed anxious to show to me, a stranger, the various productions of his country. There were mangoes, shaddocks, and pine-apples in profusion, and several other small fruits, some too luscious for my palate, but others having an agreeable sub-acid taste.

We sat and sat on waiting for the return of the messenger. I observed that whereas a calabash of water stood near the guests, from which they drank sparingly, a jug was placed close to the chief, and that as he continued to sip from it his eyes began to roll and his head to turn from side to side in a curious manner. Suddenly, as if seized with a generous impulse, or rather having overcome a selfish one, he passed the jug with a sigh over to me, and made signs that if I was so inclined I was to drink from it. I did so without hesitation, but my breath was almost taken away. It was the strongest arrack. I could not ascertain how the chief, who was a Mohammedan, could allow himself to do what is so contrary to the law of the prophet. I observed that his attendants looked away when he drank, as they did when I put the cup to my lips; so I conclude that they knew well enough that it was not quite the right thing to do. All the inhabitants of Java are nominally Mohammedans, but in the interior especially, a number of gross and idolatrous practices are mixed up with the performance of its ceremonies, while the upper orders especially are very lax in their principles. Most of them, in spite of the law of their prophet prohibiting the use of wine and spirits, drink them whenever they can be procured. The rich have as many wives as they can support, but the poor are obliged to content themselves with one. I should say that my host, when I returned him the jar of arrack, deprived of very little of its contents, gave a grunt of satisfaction, from which I inferred that his supply had run short, and that he was thankful that I had not taken more. I kept anxiously waiting all the time for the arrival of an interpreter, for whom I was convinced the chief had sent. After we lost Captain O'Carroll we returned to our original intention of procuring one at Batavia. This must account for my being at present without one. I had come on shore in the hope that I might make myself sufficiently understood to carry on a trade by means of signs, as I knew was often done. As, however, my new friends would not make the attempt to talk by signs or in any other way, I had to wait patiently till somebody should arrive to help us out of our dilemma.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER IV.—COURAGE, MORAL AND PHYSICAL.

LOOKING at the prevailing tone of society, it would appear, on a superficial view, that never was courage, or rather *daring*, more fashionable than in the present day. Many of the outward characteristics of absolute *boldness* are now stamped even upon the young and the fair of the gentler sex—upon their dress, their mode of speech, their amusements, and their habits of life; while in accordance with this manifestation of taste, the *éclat* of having accomplished a daring exploit would seem to be a crowning glory with others.

It is of little use for those who think and act more

rationally to speak with contempt of the folly of any particular course which fashion or public taste may be taking. While they sit apart, exempt from the folly themselves, the tide sweeps past them, gathering its thousands as it goes, and they are left alone, or left, perhaps, to the brotherhood of a few moralising sages, whose voices of reproof are unheeded by the hurrying throng.

The setting in of this tide of public taste—for one cannot call it opinion—has, doubtless, some origin deeper and more serious than its outward manifestation would seem to indicate.

No one item of that which goes to make up the prevailing tone of public taste in these matters has sprung up of itself, or is now existing alone. A single specimen of any extreme of fashion struck off in a moment by individual fancy would excite ridicule, and sometimes horror. But these things grow, combine and swell, and flow in one direction until a certain uniformity of character is produced, such as in the present day, I think, may be fairly designated the bold.

Much, then, might be supposed to be gained on the side of moral as well as physical courage by this tone of public taste, only that boldness does not always spring from courage. There is a boldness which arises from absence of feeling, from ignorance of how much is risked, from weakness rather than strength of intellect; just as a child, or a very ignorant person, might mount a vicious horse. This would be boldness, but there would be no real courage in the act, because the rider would be ignorant of the skill required in managing such a horse, and of the almost certain disaster that would ensue. Courage only deserves the name when the danger is seen and understood, the risk appreciated, and when the object to be gained is considered worth what both are estimated at.

A bold look and manner have become almost as proverbial as the mask worn by cowardice. Such are the signals hung out by the bravado. Real courage makes no sign. It hides its time; but the occasion finds it always prompt and willing.

The extremes of fashion and of public taste are subject to the general law of excess and reaction. Within the recollection of many of us, the fashion for women was to be delicate and sentimental, while a dandyism displayed itself in the other sex which might assume any extreme except that of being too manly. We have certainly a great advantage in having got rid of these, and with them a large amount of affectation not very likely to find a place in public favour for some time to come. Indeed it would be ungrateful not to recognise, in the tone of social feeling and manner in the present day, the absence of affectation both in literature and conversation.

This present extreme of boldness may, no doubt, be in some measure attributed to reaction; but there is another cause working at the root of our social tendencies of a much more serious nature. It is that hunger and thirst for emotional sensation which, I believe, has much to do with the dashing air, and the general readiness for action, especially for enterprise, which the bold look of our youth would seem to indicate. That sensational writing which is so often and so justly complained of is, I think, the result rather than the cause of this tone of mind and habit, though both work together in producing the manifest effects.

It requires but little acquaintance with the youth of the present day to see that sensation is the thing most desired. Respectable society does not afford the excitement of base and hideous crime, consequently those who pine for this luxury must seek it in books; and the fre-

quent reading of such books not only produces an unhealthy appetite for more, and for worse, but it naturally produces also a general indifference to the heinousness of crime, and a boldness in discussing topics of this kind without a shudder, such as can scarcely fail to produce boldness in general—boldness in conversation, looks, and manner.

So far as boldness can be made to do good service, the mother has certainly this instrument ready to her hand in the training of her child. But, as already said, boldness is not courage; and besides this, there are two kinds of courage—courage in acting, and courage in enduring. It is for the latter that moral courage is most needed; and it is under circumstances requiring this kind of courage that we find the truest heroism.

The extent to which modern civilisation has reached in providing indulgences for the body, and amusements for the mind under every condition of life, would seem to have left but little need for the exercise of our powers of endurance, only when aroused by those calamities which not unfrequently cross the path of luxury, and make shipwreck of abundance; and these are indeed such as make strong demands upon the moral courage of all classes of society.

That peculiarity of character which gives the stamp of indomitable energy to the English as a nation gives also to individuals a large amount of restlessness, and even discontent, under circumstances of continued inaction. Excess of luxury does not operate as a sedative; rather the contrary, as the history of nations or peoples far gone in a state of personal indulgence sufficiently proves. Hence, out of an extreme amount of bodily ease and convenience, where the means of enjoyment without effort are more than abundant, there arises an unsatisfied want which nothing but action can really supply.

On the other hand, excessive work, or strain of one particular kind, as certainly excites a desire to rush off, during the moments of relaxation, to something entirely different in its nature from that which constitutes the daily employment of the hard worker. It may be that the powers of calculation alone have been exercised during many hours of the day, or the attention may have been fixed upon some fine or difficult mechanism from morning till night, and from day to day. But this is not enough for the human worker. He has other faculties living and throbbing within him, and all demanding food and exercise. Man is not a machine, nor yet a horse or a mule, that he can be driven to his daily task, and kept for ever within a narrow round of unchanging toil without some rebellion of the heart, some outburst of those feelings which make up the natural life of man. Long habit, or the weariness of a life of constant toil, may bring him to this; but youth, especially educated youth, must have something, either in real life or in fictitious representation, to excite emotion, to touch the dormant affections, and to stir the stagnant blood.

Hence, whether in a condition of inaction, or in one of overstrained action—the two extremes into which society may now for the most part be divided—there is the same want. To the idle and luxurious there is that which Byron so well described as his own case, the “want of something craggy to break upon;” to the busy and over-worked class there is the want of scenes and events, whether real or imaginary, in which passion is displayed in rapid, forcible, and even tremendous action.

How to prepare a child, whether boy or girl, for this state of society is, indeed, a serious question; and yet it

must be done, and done by the parents or those who act for them. Other educators will think they do well if they sharpen and excite to the highest working pitch those faculties which will be wanted in after-life, in order to help forward this system of rapid progression. Or they will think they do well with the non-working class if they go on with the old routine method which has so long been considered the best, indeed the only kind of education for ladies and gentlemen. But the satisfaction which such teachers may derive from a faithful performance of their task after this fashion can have nothing to do with the parents' duty—the parents' higher, holier, happier task—in educating the heart of the child, in making the home a school for the education of the heart, so that it shall receive impressions day by day, and hour by hour, which will insensibly strengthen into principles of conduct. In this way the teaching of the parents will make the real character, while the teaching of others will only sharpen the faculties of that character for action.

Out of all this apparent confusion arises a distinct need for moral courage. How many a miserable defaulter would never have laid his hand upon the money that was not his own if he had not been living beyond his means, from want of moral courage to let his friends, his neighbours, and the world know that he was poor. How many a family has been brought into disgrace, and covered with reproach, in consequence of the father not having sufficient moral courage to tell his wife and children that he was a bankrupt. Nay, how large a portion of the severest calamities of life are attributable to this want: the ruined confidence—the broken trust—affection alienated, and wounds inflicted, which nothing in after-life can ever heal.

On the other hand, how much of that which we esteem as most noble in human character and conduct, upon which we most rely as safe and sure, arises out of the right exercise of moral courage. Christian life especially demands this—to stand and to stand fast—to fear nothing that man can do—to be established on a rock, and amid all the billows and storms of this uncertain world, to have the unshaken confidence which hears only the prevailing voice—"It is I, be not afraid."

In the whole course of human life, with its insidious temptations, its startling changes, and its disastrous events, there is nothing more needed by youth than moral courage. This can only be attained through the concurrence of various causes, and the application of various means. I am not speaking of a constitutional courage, which may be either moral, or physical, or both. In many cases this courage is the natural result of a small degree of sensibility to pain. The child who is extremely sensitive to pain may have quite as much natural courage as the other, but he does so dread the pain that would be likely to follow his courageous act, that he hesitates, and perhaps shrinks from doing it.

In this way lamentable mistakes are sometimes made in the treatment of the young, especially at school, where there is little time or opportunity for personal acquaintance with individual character, or for the application of a different kind of discipline to any peculiar case. The sensitive child, under terror of consequences, is sometimes tempted to deceive—it may be to tell a lie, though at the same time hating deception and falsehood as much, perhaps more, than the boy who has not the same amount of natural sensitiveness to suffering and pain.

Even as regards bodily pain, there is reason to believe that certain constitutions suffer much less from the same cause than others. It is not always because of

greater fortitude that an operation is borne with less appearance of distress by one person than by another. The weaker cases, both of mental and bodily conformation, are peculiarly those which demand early and judicious management in the education of the heart, as carried on at home.

But the excessive devotion of a tender-spirited mother not unfrequently defeats her own purpose, by substituting the ease or enjoyment of the present moment for the ultimate welfare of her children. It requires, indeed, a considerable amount of moral courage, on the part of the mother, to cultivate moral courage in her child. If the courage of endurance be the object to be attained, the child must learn to wait—perhaps to suffer—that is, to suffer a smaller evil for the present, for the sake of a greater good in the future. How can the tender mother bear to see such suffering, especially when the means of alleviation are so abundant, and when a thousand amusements or inventions for the distraction of thought are within her reach?

Physical courage, as already said, belongs chiefly to the animal part of our nature, and depends very much upon bodily structure, or upon certain physical conditions—such as health or disease. To feel habitually the want of physical power, will naturally and reasonably produce a want of physical courage; while, on the other hand, robust health, and a strong muscular frame, will as naturally produce courageous action. Where this kind of courage exists in a high degree, the work of the educator will be that of directing to its proper and to noble uses. It is a powerful engine, and may do great harm, or it may do great good. In the common uses which occur in ordinary life, it may relieve in distress, assist in difficulty, rescue from oppression, and, in short, render many of those acts of service to humanity for which opportunities are continually offering to those who are both able and willing to be useful. It will also, on behalf of its possessor, give strength to his arm, certainty to his tread, and energy to his action, wherever a great enterprise has to be undertaken, or a work of difficulty and danger steadily carried out. When this great agent, combining bodily strength and physical courage, has never been disciplined, or directed to laudable purposes, it degenerates into audacity, insolence, or worse.

This useful instrument, the animal courage of her child, the mother may cultivate where it is deficient, by many combining means. Open-air exercises, especially riding—being entrusted with the care of animals, so as to take part in tending and managing them—being often placed in new circumstances, and called upon to help others, rather than made the receiver of help; but especially, being taught, in all cases of extraordinary venture, that the end is worth the risk: these, and a thousand other means, all tending to the accomplishment of her purpose, will occur to the mother who is bent upon making her children brave, and who is herself convinced that the personal ease or comfort of the passing moment is of very little value in comparison with the gaining of that great good; for it is a great good, both to men and women, to be truly brave—brave in a right cause.

After all, it is just the keeping of some desirable end in view, which will prove the surest means of promoting both moral and physical courage. A brave man does not stop to remove all the obstacles that lie in his way. He marches over them—tramples them down as dust beneath his feet. He does not even see them as a coward would, because his eye is fixed upon the point which he is bent on gaining. Even the delicate woman

knows no fear when her affections bear her on, through otherwise appalling dangers, towards some object dearer to her than life. It is the point to be gained—the object—the end which makes the true courage; and in this direction the mother's work lies open to her hand.

It is not an easy work. Perhaps no truly great work is easy; but it is a glorious work, because it consists in forming a true estimate in her own mind of what is really worth doing and daring. The education of the head must help here, as indeed it must always, otherwise the daring of the child may grow into a vague or wild enthusiasm. It may rush upon impossibilities, and so make shipwreck of power. The head must make the necessary calculations as to time and means, relative circumstances, and probable results; but the heart must be at work as well. It must be forcibly impressed, nay, absolutely filled, with desire after the object to be attained. It must admire it—love it—live for it.

No mere instruction in the way of what we understand by learning or intelligence can ever awaken this intense feeling. It arises out of quite a different portion of human character—out of that which I have called the heart, because of its vital warmth, its fervour in the contemplation of a good action, or in the conception of a grand idea. It is that which answers, "Let me go," when there is a proposal for rescuing the oppressed; or, "I will come and help," when there is a cry of suffering; or it acts and makes no sign, except by flashing eye and firmer tread, when there is a gulf of danger to be passed, and a chance, a hope, that safety for many may be secured by the risk of one.

It seems to me that all the greatness of which our nature is capable arises out of a proper estimate of what is great, and what is little, in human life. And what a glorious lesson is this for the mother to employ herself in teaching!—most glorious when it embraces eternity as well as time.

A moral courage formed upon this basis, even though imperfect in itself and in its operations, because of our imperfect perception of what is essentially best, would be the greatest boon which parental teaching, enforced by home influence, could bestow upon a child—a courage that would strengthen him to do right, and to dare the consequences, esteeming them as nothing in comparison with the doing the will of his Father in heaven. This is the martyr's courage. Only with us it is wanted for the common grovelling, unostentatious affairs of daily life, that we may be as brave when called upon for an act of simple honesty—for standing by the down-trodden and despised—for denying ourselves that we may help those who are more needy—for speaking the truth before God and man—for upholding the right, and doing it—as brave as if we were led forth a public spectacle to perish at the stake.

There are many martyrdoms in this life besides that of burning. There are martyrdoms alike unpitied and unseen. No memorial marks the spot where the heart alone has bled, where the spirit, not the body, has rendered up the sacrifice. For such, there must be a preparation, and not less so for walking silently and unobtrusively amongst mankind after the ministry of suffering has been sealed.

These, however, are things for the mother to ponder in her own heart. It would not only be unwise, but cruel, to begin the education of a child otherwise than with bright and happy prospects. Living in a moral atmosphere of healthy enjoyment is one of the surest means of promoting the growth of a healthy moral courage. A diseased mind is seldom consistently

courageous. It has its seasons of misgiving—of suspicion—of uncertainty; but a happy youth, knowing no fear but that of doing wrong—enlivened by hope—cherished by kindness—always encouraged—this is the kind of nurture most likely to promote the growth of a steady, consistent, and noble courage.

As the bodily frame is made strong and vigorous by healthy exercise under general circumstances, by boisterous and exultant play, by laughter and merriment, and by ten thousand happy means of deriving enjoyment from familiar and wholesome sources, so it is being prepared in the sunshine for meeting the storm without flinching whenever it may come. Thus the heart of youth should be kept cheerful, the feelings buoyant, and hope ever on the wing. The world will do the work of repelling and repressing. The opposite work should be done at home, and if possible it should also be done at school. In education generally, there should be less repression, and more incitement, than we often find—less *don't*, and more *do*.

Indeed, the moral training of the young is almost universally regarded too much in a negative point of view—too much as a system of avoidance. Intellectual training is conducted in a positive manner. The intellect is stimulated—helped forward—tested in its progress and attainments—practised over and over again in doing what has to be done well, until a higher degree of excellence is attained—conducted onward, step by step, as strength and capability increase, and then openly rewarded.

If the training of the heart, with all its treasury of motives and desires, were conducted upon this plan, who shall say what beneficial results might not ensue? especially from holding always before the eyes of youth great and glorious purposes—purposes of moral worth, instead of those of merely material value. The world is perpetually holding up the latter, with every enticement which worldly wisdom, society, fashion, and public taste can devise. The world is ever holding out its promise of wealth, of personal indulgence, of influence, honour, and fame. There is this vast and widespread power to work against, when we try to set before the eye of youth a higher standard of excellence—a class of objects and purposes more worthy of pursuit. We have then to speak of the unseen—the immaterial; and to some extent the unregarded, such as kindness, generosity, truth, honesty, and we have to invest these with a certain kind of glory, in order to make them supremely attractive.

No single individual striving ever so faithfully can do this to the extent which the necessity now existing for a higher standard of morals so urgently demands; because the force of public opinion, when not only spoken, but acted out in all the transactions of daily life, is the greatest of all human forces, and this, as already said, is engaged on the side of material good as the highest, or rather the most to be desired.

But if no single individual working alone can do this, each can do their part. A combination of mothers, parents, enlightened educators—enlightened in the highest sense—might surely bring about a happy change by working at the root of the whole matter—the true foundation of character.

And that such work will be owned and blessed of God, there can be no cause to doubt, because it is not only in accordance with his will, but, in the hands of Christian parents, it is guided by continual reference to that will. It is a blessed thing to work expressly with means which he has himself put into the parent's hand for the holiest uses and the highest ends. To

this work we do not bring any instrument which is unfit for Christian service after conversion of the heart to God. Kindness will be wanted then, and love, to exemplify that union which Christ has made the test of discipleship with him, and obedience to his commands. Truth will be wanted then, to keep inviolate the majesty and purity of God's holy law; and courage will be wanted then, to fight the Christian warfare with unflinching faith, and to walk with steady purpose of soul through all the trials and temptations of this mortal life.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

IN September, 1868, the principal planets are all favourable objects for observation, some in the evening, others in the morning hours. At midnight Mars and Jupiter are the only two above the horizon, Jupiter being conspicuous near the meridian, and Mars just rising in the north-east. Mercury is too near the sun this month to be observed with the naked eye, or even with a telescope, unless under very favourable circumstances. On the 1st he sets about a quarter of an hour after the sun, this interval being increased to a half an hour on the 31st.—Venus is a splendid morning planet in the north-east before sunrise. She is at the beginning of the month in Cancer and afterwards in Leo. She rises on the 1st at 1.33 A.M., and on the 31st at 1.42 A.M. On the 13th, at 6 A.M., she will be in conjunction with the moon, the planet being rather more than a degree south, and on the morning of the 26th she will be at her extreme westerly elongation. During the month Venus will be on the meridian, or due south, about 9 A.M., when she can be seen in strong sunlight by the naked eye, if the observer knows her exact position.—Mars is gradually increasing in lustre, and, with Venus, adds considerably to the brilliancy of the eastern morning sky. He can be easily recognised below Castor and Pollux by his red and steady light. Mars rises shortly before midnight throughout the month, but he is too near the horizon at that hour to be clearly visible. He will, however, be conspicuous till shortly before sunrise. On the 31st he rises at 11.23 P.M., and will be near the moon on the morning of the 12th.—Jupiter is both an evening and morning star in the constellation Pisces. He rises on the 1st at 7.41 P.M., on the 15th at 6.44 P.M., and on the 31st at 5.38 P.M., and is on the meridian on the 15th, about an hour after midnight. He is therefore in the east and south-east during the evening, and in the south and south-west in the morning hours.—Saturn is an early evening planet in the south-west. His altitude above the horizon is not great, but he may be still recognised among the stars in Scorpio. He sets on the 1st at 9.32 P.M., and on the 31st at 7.40 P.M.—Uranus can be observed as a telescopic object at and after midnight.

In 1868, Jupiter will be the evening star of September and following months, and, excepting the moon, he will be the most conspicuous object after sunset. He will remain tolerably stationary among the stars in Pisces throughout the remainder of the year. Jupiter is the largest planet of the solar system, and, omitting the minor planets, the fifth in order from the sun. His diameter is about 85,000 miles, and his bulk is nearly 1250 times that of the earth. He is accompanied in his orbit by four moons visible with slight optical aid, and his system bears a complete analogy to that of which he is a member, obeying the same laws, and exhibiting in the most attractive manner the prevalence of the law of

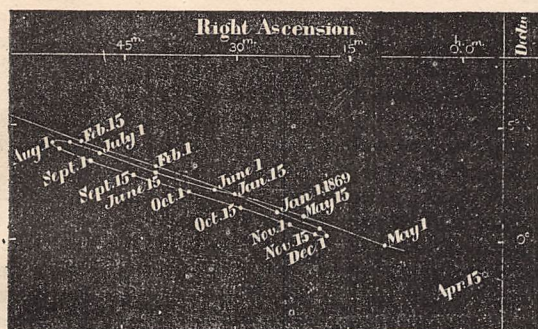
gravitation as the guiding principle of the motion of the satellites around their primary. The time occupied by a complete revolution of Jupiter round the sun is nearly twelve years. His average distance from the sun is 476 millions of miles. Some idea of the extent of this interval of celestial space may be gathered from the fact that a cannon-ball going at the rate of 500 miles an hour, would take more than ninety years to perform its journey between Jupiter and the earth; or a railway steam-engine travelling fifty miles an hour, would require nine centuries to pass over a like distance.

Jupiter revolves on his axis in about nine hours and fifty-five minutes; a Jovian day is therefore less than ten of our hours. His mass, or weight, is 300 times greater than that of the earth, but as his bulk, or volume, is nearly 1250 times greater, it follows that his density can only be one-quarter that of the earth. He is passing through space at the rate of 28,743 miles an hour, and is also performing his equatorial revolution on his own axis at the rate of 27,726 miles an hour. As seen from the earth, Jupiter does not present any sensible phase in ordinary telescopes, owing to his great distance from the sun; but when observed through a powerful telescope the right or left edge of his disk shows occasionally considerable signs of want of illumination.

When viewed with the naked eye, Jupiter shares with Venus that universal attention which is always given to the evening and morning stars; but sometimes Jupiter shines with even greater splendour than Venus, especially when he is due south at midnight in the winter months. At these times, he passes the meridian at an altitude equal to that of the sun in summer, while the light of Venus is frequently partially eclipsed by the twilight, or by the hazy nature of the atmosphere near the horizon. But when Venus is at her greatest brilliancy, the greater intensity of her reflected light makes her invariably the brighter planet of the two, although her diameter is much smaller than that of Jupiter. It is, however, as a telescopic object that Jupiter has become so popular and valuable to the astronomer, for by the application to the eye of a very ordinary telescope, the four attendant satellites or moons, and the distinctive lineaments of light and shade on his surface, become distinctly visible. The motions of the satellites around Jupiter are very soon perceptible, as they are continually changing their positions with respect to the body of the planet. Sometimes they are seen to disappear into the shadow of Jupiter, and thus become totally eclipsed, similar to our own moon; at other times they are observed to pass behind the planet, and then reappear on the opposite side; and again at other times they may be noticed on the disk of the planet. This last appearance is a very interesting phenomenon, as not only the image of the satellite is projected on the disk, but its shadow also is generally seen at the same time as a small round black spot. On some occasions, Jupiter is seen apparently without satellites, but this occurrence is very rare. The last phenomenon of this kind took place on August 21st, 1867, when, notwithstanding the general unfavourable state of the weather, some very interesting observations were made. The most curious was the appearance of the fourth satellite on the disk of Jupiter as a dark object, nearly as black as its shadow. From this observation, it has been inferred that the reflective power of this satellite, which is the most distant from Jupiter, must be greatly inferior to the other three, and that it is also of less intrinsic brightness than the body of the planet. The telescope also reveals to us that the surface

of Jupiter is partially covered with brownish-grey streaks parallel to the equator. Two of these are very conspicuous, one north, the other south of the equator. They extend completely around the ball of the planet, for no great deviation in their form can be observed on opposite sides. These streaks, or belts, resemble in some measure the lines of stratus cloud often seen on calm evenings near the horizon about the time of sunset. Between the two principal belts, a more brilliant ground marks the equatorial region of the planet. Towards the poles, a continuation of parallel belts of different intensities can be observed. The illumination of the disk near the poles is evidently more feeble than near the equator. Occasionally dark round spots have been seen on the principal belts, which have afforded a good means for the determination of the time of rotation of the planet. Some excellent drawings of Jupiter have been made by Mr. De La Rue, Sir John Herschel, M. Mädler, and others.

The following diagram exhibits the apparent path of Jupiter from April 15th, 1868, to the end of February, 1869:—



The phases of the moon take place as follows:— Full moon on the morning of the 2nd, at 3.57 A.M.; last quarter on the 9th, at 10.4 P.M.; new moon on the 16th, at 1.20 P.M.; and first quarter on the 23rd, at 3.22 P.M. She will be nearest to the earth on the morning of September 15th, and at her greatest distance on the 27th, at 1 P.M. On the 4th she will be near Jupiter, and on the 8th, at midnight, near Aldebaran. The distance between the moon and star will diminish gradually till 4.58 A.M. on the 9th, when Aldebaran will disappear behind the moon. At 5.46 A.M. the star will reappear on the opposite side of the moon. To view this phenomenon, it will be necessary to have the assistance of a telescope, as the daylight will be too far advanced to allow the star to be seen with the naked eye. One with a low power will be quite sufficient. The moon will be near Mars on the 12th, Venus on the 13th, Mercury on the 17th, and Saturn on the 21st.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER III.—VALENCIA.

VALENCIA, beautiful Valencia! whether we speak of the province or its capital, both bearing the same name, what can equal the delights of a residence in this favoured land? The province being encircled with mountains, the cold blasts from the north and east do not visit it; snow and frost, fogs and vapours, are alike unknown. Valencia has derived great part of her beauty and fertility from the abundant supply of water. Rice crops thrive here to perfection. Oranges, citrons,

lemons, grapes, the very finest figs, almonds, dates, and other semi-tropical fruits, such as the carob-tree, with its locust beans, grow in profusion.

The Valencians pleased me more than any of the Spanish people, as far as their outward attributes were concerned; they are gay, good-looking, amusing, and picturesque in their dress and appearance. But the picture has its dark side; they are very revengeful, nay, even treacherous, not unlike in some things what the French call “une caractère tigre singe.” I only saw the bright side. The high-born Valencians, to many of whom we had introductions, were as polished, intellectual, and agreeable as any foreigners I ever associated with. There is much of orientalism in the manner of life, in the dress, and even in the appearance of the Valencians. The peasant costume, especially that of the men, is most picturesque: they wear sandals, and their legs are generally bare, or sometimes they have what is called a Valencian stocking, viz., stockings without feet; full loose white linen drawers, a velvet jacket, a brilliant coloured silken sash wound round their waist, and in some instances, what they call a manta, which may be described as something like a shepherd's plaid; on their heads, instead of a cap of any kind, they wear a silk handkerchief, put on in the form of a close-fitting turban. They are very dark-complexioned, almost African in hue; but not so the women, they are only richly bronzed; their hair is beautiful, and they wear it entirely uncovered, rolled round in massy coils low down on their graceful heads, with only a long silver or gold pin run through it: nothing can be more classical than this head-dress.

We arrived at Valencia on the 2nd of May, and intended remaining there three weeks. It may be too warm and sultry in the height of summer, but at the season I am speaking of, the mode of living in the courts covered with awnings in the interior of the houses protects one from the heat of the sun; and these courts, with sparkling fountains, and all adorned with flowers, form the most delightful sitting-rooms imaginable. The mornings and evenings are cool, from the prevalence of the sea breezes, and the nights are delicious. The houses are decidedly eastern in appearance; the basement is generally three or four feet lower than the street. The balconies that adorn nearly every edifice are shaded from the sun by strips of gay matting, which is made in Spain with great taste and of different designs; the most beautiful convolvuluses twine all round the pillars and balustrades. The public walks are unrivalled, and no wonder, as Spaniards spend all their evening, and often many of the night hours on these alamedas.

Mulberry and orange groves seem to encircle the town with their luxuriant foliage. The former are a great source of profit to the Valencian farmer. The manufacture of silk is largely carried on here, and nothing can be more picturesque than the sight of the peasants seated under their vines and fig-trees, and winding out the soft golden tissue from the cocoons. To do this requires practice and a very light finger, to prevent the delicate thread from breaking. The black silk used for the mantillas, is said to be superior in Valencia to any other made in Spain. We could make no comparisons, but we saw that it was very beautiful, soft, lustrous, and rich.

Time was when no carriage of any kind could be procured in Valencia but the native tartana, a long narrow covered cart, without springs; I speak feelingly on the subject, as in other Spanish towns we sometimes were obliged to make use of one. Now more civilised

vehicles are being introduced, and in a very fair specimen of a carriage we drove about the picturesque old narrow streets, and visited the different objects of curiosity, for descriptions of which the reader must refer to Ford's "Spain," and other handbooks. I paid many visits to the old convent Del Carmen, where the spoils of many monasteries are collected.

It is a singular feature of Spanish churches that there are no chairs in them. The peasant, man or woman, would kneel down at once on the bare stone, without any preparation; the smart young Valencian would carefully spread his handkerchief and kneel on that, resting his hands and his head on his stick held up before him, while the prettily dressed *senoras* were always preceded by a servant carrying a square of Persian carpet, to put down wherever their mistresses might desire, that no dust or dirt might sully their dainty attire. The Calle de Caballeros, or street of Cavaliers, is the aristocratic quarter of Valencia: the houses are very handsome, and have an air of solid nobility something resembling the old Italian palaces; fine large portals open into a hall with arched colonnades, and staircases with richly carved banisters; and windows, either Gothic or else with a slender shaft dividing the opening, give altogether an ornamental picturesque aspect to these dwellings. Nothing can be lighter or more elegant than the effect of the long lines of open arcades under the roofs.

There are many traces of the Moors in Valencia. Certainly few conquerors of a foreign country ever left so many traces of beneficial influence behind them as the Moors did in Spain. Everywhere one meets traces of their sagacity, their courage, their high poetical feeling, and their refined taste.

In the very heart of the city there is a plaza, called El Mercado, where in olden times the tournaments were held. It is a fine open space. One large public building very greatly excited our admiration, the "Lonja de Seda," or Silk Hall; it is a most beautiful Gothic building of great antiquity. The saloon is splendid. It is a sort of exchange or hall where the great merchants meet and transact business. The Valencians may well be proud of their beautiful Lonja.

There are charming walks about Valencia, one especially I was very fond of, leading across the bridge called El Real. The royal residence of the viceroys, El Real, was on the other side of the river, or bed of the river, for the endless canals for irrigation have drained away the water for half the year at least. The river at this spot divides the Glorieta from the beautiful avenues of the alameda, whose charming shady walks continue down to the very steps that lead to the shore. In the bathing season this is the great resort of all the Valencians; it is known by the name of El Grao, or steps down to the sea. The Temporado de los Banos (the bathing season) is a time of great gaiety; the road leading to the shore is absolutely so crowded with vehicles of different sorts, that it is said to be a difficult matter to get along it when the bathing mania is at its height. The baths are thatched with rice straw to keep out the intense heat of the sun.

We made also pleasant excursions; one to the Alpuxera lake, and the nice grounds in the neighbourhood of Alcinas. In the course of one of our excursions we fell in with a very singular character, just at the foot of a wild and solitary pass, when we were pausing to consider our further way, having considerably deviated from it to see the pass we had just descended. He certainly had all the air of one of those rovers that we had so often heard described as making their haunt in the

mountains, and pillaging the traveller whenever an opportunity offered. He was mounted on a young active mule, and he wore the Andalusian hat and jacket, and pantaloons bordered by silver lace; he had a cartridge-belt of crimson velvet slung over one shoulder and passing under the other arm, two carbines slung behind his saddle, and a long Spanish knife in the pocket of his vest in a sheath ornamented with silver.

Gandia is a striking place, with curious old remains in and about it. At Denia, in the immediate neighbourhood, are grown raisins for the English market. They are not equal to the real Valencian raisins, but there is a great demand for them. The Huerta, or garden of Gandia, as it is called, is famed for the luxuriance of its crops of all kinds. The celebrated lake that we were anxious to visit is about ten miles from Gandia; the lake is said to be about thirty miles in circumference.

The number of birds that breed on the banks of this lake is astonishing. Between seventy and eighty different varieties of wild fowl and other kinds of birds resort to its shores. There is nearly as great a variety of fishes. There are two days during which the shooting is thrown open to the public, and according to the accounts we received the scene must be a most singular one; many hundred sportsmen assemble, and either go on the lake, or ramble along its shores, or fish in the waters. At one time this lake was royal property, and it was valued at £300,000. The time to see it to the best advantage is in the winter, but even as we saw it, it was a singular sight. The country all around is charming from its wonderful fruitfulness. We only returned to Valencia after a pleasant little tour, just to make final arrangements. We were to go from Valencia to Alicante, then to Elche and Murcia, on to Almeria, and so finally get to the district of the Alpajurros, which we greatly wished to explore. Our last two days were very busy ones: we had kind friends to take leave of, some last sights to see, etc. Amongst others we went to see where the beautiful Valencian fans are made, a trade that in its great perfection is essentially Spanish. Calominaio, in the Calle de Zaragoza, is, by all the most fastidious Spanish ladies, reckoned the greatest master of the art, and his fans are sent to many distant parts of the world. A real old fan is very difficult to procure at all. Our last day was spent in the beautiful botanical gardens, where the magnificent growth of tropical trees in the open air speaks plainly of the beauty of the climate. We remained there late on into the evening, and turned away with great regret, feeling it was our last among the beautiful sights of Valencia.

We had a charming last look the following day at the beauty of Valencia from the summit of the castle tower at Xativa, a charming town enjoying a delicious climate, and surrounded by a perfect paradise of fruits and flowers. We spent the day at Xativa. The alameda is delightful and very oriental; fountains, bright and sparkling, abound. The view from the terraces of Monte Calvario with their beautiful cypresses is charming, the castle is fine and of vast size.

Our onward journey led us through scenery varying in character, at times stone pines and cypresses gave an Italian character to the scene, and then again the road wound round beautiful headlands, on through extensive orchards of different kinds of fruit-trees, or else the vines covered every part of the country. The profusion of almond-trees everywhere is very remarkable. Apropos of these trees I must notice the exceeding love of the Spanish women for sweetmeats of all kinds, but especially of a kind of cake made of honey, almonds, and

sugar; it is called *mazapanes*, and in French *nourgat*, and I must admit its excellence, though, from the ingredients that compose it, it is very rich; the quantity of it consumed by the Spanish women is hardly credible, had I not been told it on very good authority. This also is an eastern taste, the women in the harems being all celebrated, not only for their consumption of these dainties, but also for their skill in preparing them. Many interesting villages we passed before reaching Alicante. Alcoy is curiously situated in a deep hollow amidst hills, the houses are built on their precipitous sides, and from a little distance look as if they must slide off into the ravine. Tibi is also very picturesque; we paused there awhile to see the old Moorish castle, which seems to be suspended over the village as its protector. The houses are all crowded round the old fortified building; rocks and mountains are everywhere around you; the rocks in many places have a rich red colouring, which has a very fine effect in the scenery, and gives a mellow, softened tone to what might otherwise be too glaring. The fine castle Xijona delighted us all very much, a most interesting spot for an artist, as the views both of the castle itself and of the surrounding scenery from the hill on which the castle stands are all beautiful in their way. Alicante, where we only intended remaining long enough to arrange for our onward progress, was the least interesting Spanish town we had come to. It is very healthy, and many English engaged in trade reside there.

We preferred driving from Valencia to Alicante to making the journey by steam, a voyage of from ten to twelve hours. We hoped thus to see much more of the people and the country. Elche itself is worth any one's while to go considerably out of their way to see, it has so completely the appearance of an oriental town; the houses are flat roofed, the domes are of glazed tiles in imitation of brass and copper, that glisten against the deep blue sky, and seem to increase the sultry look of the place; and the town is literally surrounded by immense groves of the date-bearing palm-trees. We felt as if suddenly transported to the east; to me it seemed as if I had been taken back without my knowledge to Egypt where I had been two years before. The journey from Elche to Murcia is most interesting. The road winds along the most fertile country, which has been compared to the Delta of the Nile; it is perfectly level, and is a continued garden for many miles, covered with groves of orange, citrons, and pomegranates, with palm and date-trees. We passed the night at Orihuela, situated in most lovely and romantic country. Indeed the whole valley of the Seguras is reckoned one of the most beautiful parts of Spain. Great rocky mountains enclose the plain, picturesque in their outlines, and sublime from their very nakedness and sterility. Murcia, which we reached the following day, pleased us much. Not having expected anything, our satisfaction was all the greater. It is situated on the banks of a little river, in the midst of delightful gardens and orchards filled with the finest southern fruits, with here and there lofty palm-trees to give an oriental character to the scenery.

The people of Murcia are thorough Africans in feature and colour, and they very much resemble them in many qualifications; they are constantly emigrating to Algeria; they partake the arid dried-up nature of a great part of the soil, and are fierce and fiery in temperament. Their superstition is really incredible: there is no legend, however wild and impossible, if it is of supernatural agency, that they will not greedily devour, and their terror at any bad omen, when about

to undertake any important business, is most deplorable to witness in these civilised days. They are also very revengeful, like the Corsicans. They have a proverb about themselves to the effect that the earth is good, and the heaven is good, and all between them bad, "El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo." This is akin to Bishop Heber's contrast—"where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Murcia is rich in metals of different kinds, and at the time of my visit the Murcians were smitten with a mining mania. It is said that the identical shafts sunk by the Carthaginians have been opened again.

From Murcia we intended to ride to Lorca, as we liked that mode of travelling far better than being shut up in a carriage; and whether we had horses or mules we had no cause for complaint, we were always very fortunate both as to the animals we rode and the guides who had the care of them. We halted both at Potana and Librilla; these places are the head-quarters of the Murcian gipsies. Their costume is most striking, so gay and ornamented that it is more like a brilliant fancy dress. Their complexions are of most African darkness, and their whole appearance remarkable. We were at Potana on a festive day, a day of rejoicing amongst this strange community. And we therefore saw them in all their best dresses, and, moreover, we were interested by seeing some of their national dances. They used a curious sort of guitar, drawing most melodious sounds from it, accompanied at times by a low murmuring recitative, and at times bells were brought in of most silvery sound. All the innkeepers in the district belong to this tribe; they trade considerably in the snow of the Sierra di Espana, which begins near Potana; they have monopolised it almost entirely, and make a very profitable thing of it, as the demand for snow in the towns during the tremendous heats of summer is very great. We had taken great pains at Murcia to engage good mules. Our cavalcade presented a very imposing appearance. It was now the first week in June, we were all in excellent spirits, feeling that we had a prospect of most unusual enjoyment before us. We were to ride first to Gandise, thence to Almeria, where we should be very near the district we wished to explore—the Alpajurros, the last part of their beautiful country that had been left to the Moors, and where numerous traces of them still linger. The grand old Castle of Xiguena, and the magnificent stone pines in the neighbourhood, attracted our attention and admiration.

Soon after making the little detour to see the castle, we left Murcia for the mountainous districts of Granada and Ronda. The climate here is very different from the more southern plains near the sea-shore; the fine mountain air renders this part of the country healthy and bracing in no common degree; and in summer this cooler district is much resorted to. Here hill forts abound on dizzy heights like the nest of the eagle, and they must have added greatly to the strength of the country formerly. The inhabitants of these mountain regions partake greatly of the nature of their country, their occupations varying from the pursuits of the chase to those of the smuggler. The smuggler enjoys in Spain anything but a bad reputation, for the mass of the people sympathise with him and his adventures. In England many do with the poacher. Of this I have frequent instances, during the time we spent in these wild mountainous districts. I have seen half the village population surround some of them, as in their brilliant dress (which always calls forth the admiration of these people) they burst forth in their well-known song, "Yo

que soy, contrabandista, yo ho!"* and express their delight by the loudest acclamations.

Almeria, once one of the most flourishing and richest towns on the coast, is now in a complete state of decay. The Moorish castle was repaired and strengthened in the reign of Charles v, and a bell of large size was placed there to give timely notice of the approach of pirates. There is a curious cape on this coast, called El Cabo de Gata, with a white mark called Vela blanca, on the rock, forming a well-known landmark with sailors.

We were very well pleased with the arrangements for our prolonged ride. One of the mountain horses in our train carried stores, including tea, sugar, and such eatables as we were not likely to meet in out-of-the-way inns. Shall I ever forget the delight of travelling far on into the beautiful nights, having rested during the glare and the heat of the noonday?

LIFE IN JAPAN.

VII.



FAC-SIMILE FROM A JAPANESE SKETCH.

FAMILY RELATIONS.

THE Japanese are affectionate towards each other in their family relations. Amongst the lower classes fathers may often be seen caressing their children. I have before me now a native sketch of a family, father, mother, and children, walking along the shores of one of the numerous inlets of the sea which intersect these islands in all directions. The father bears a single sword, and therefore belongs to a class above that of a labourer or tradesman. By the sumptuary laws of Japan, doctors, for instance, are permitted to carry one sword, while the retainers of princes, and all who are accounted gentlemen, wear two. This father carries on his back his son, a stout child, who is stretching out his hand to his mother. The boy's head is carefully shaved with the exception of a small

tuft on each side above the ear, which, as he grows older, will be permitted to lengthen, and finally will be drawn up and stiffened into a coiffure similar to that of his paternal parent. The mother has the aid of a stick, necessitated by her using tall pattens. Her large straw hat hangs from her shoulders. She also carries a parcel strapped by a thong round her waist. We may conclude that they are travellers who have had wet ground to pass over, from the careful way in which their feet are protected, the husband wearing, instead of his ordinary sandals, others that are adapted for bad roads. In the distance rises Fusi-yama. Possibly, therefore, these travellers are proceeding to Yeddo, the capital city of Japan. The sea is dotted with rowing and sailing boats, most of which are employed in fishing operations, so necessary where the population depends mainly on the finny tribe for their maintenance.

In the summer-time, almost naked copper-coloured fathers may often be seen carrying in their arms entirely naked copper-coloured children, who seem perfectly contented with their nurses.

Sometimes drink is the cause of much unhappiness in Japanese homes, as in those nearer to us, but as a rule domestic matters roll on smoothly enough, thanks to the forbearance of the wives, for the habits of the husbands are not always conducive to the happiness of married life.

Once a year a feast is celebrated to commemorate the births of children. Houses where there has been an addition to the family are decorated with flags and streamers of coloured cotton. Over the threshold small figures, dressed in gay colours, are suspended from long poles; two denote the birth of a son, one that of a daughter.

Amongst the higher classes the heads of families often show their devotion to their relatives by the extremest self-sacrifice, killing themselves by the *Hari-kari*, or happy despatch, when through any circumstance the law has been violated, in order that the consequences of the act may not fall upon their relatives, who would otherwise be liable to forfeiture of property, or perhaps death, if the untoward act were not at once acknowledged and atoned for by this shocking kind of suicide. Amongst the high officials it is a point of honour to perform this act if any failure occurs in their department which would render them liable to the displeasure of the supreme power, and by so doing all bad consequences are averted from their children, and their sons are sometimes placed in high offices as a reward for the fathers' self-abnegation.

As another instance of self-devotion, the servant of a much-loved lord will sometimes cause himself to be placed in a small stone enclosure, and covered with earth, a pipe conveying sufficient air to the mouth to support respiration. The devoted servant prays incessantly for his master, until death from inanition puts an end to his self-inflicted sufferings.

Parents are said by the old Dutch writers frequently to give up their property to their children on the latter attaining their majority, and from the tender care of the latter for their father and mother, they have seldom cause to regret this abdication of power and property.

Toy-shops abound in Japan, and this fact is regarded as a proof of the thoughtfulness of the seniors for the young people. By-the-bye we may mention here the admirable way in which the squeaking Dutch dolls are imitated by Japanese toy-makers with a few bits of bamboo and paper. These babies, which have the

* "Here am I! a contrabandista."

unmistakably Dutch features, squeak on pressure quite as successfully as those which amuse our own children.

Female domestics wait on their mistresses, attend them to the baths, hold umbrellas over their heads to protect them from the glare of the sun, or from rain or snow, cook food, and sweep, and do the small amount of housework requisite in Japanese houses.

The system of noblemen assembling around them all their most distant retainers, makes the ramifications of Japanese families extend as widely as did those of the Highland clans in the last century, and these retainers are as devoted to the interests of the head of the family, and as willing to sacrifice life and all that makes it valuable for their prince, as the dunnie wassels were to fight and die for their chieftains.

The kago is a lighter, but equally inconvenient vehicle, carried by two men. Its framework is like two great wicker Vs, joined together. A wadded quilt is folded upon it, and on this a mother and her babe may be seen passing up the hillsides, the former doubled up as if she had been amputated at the knees.

The great princes spend half the year at Yeddo, the governmental city, and half the year on their territories. Their wives and families are supposed to be left at Yeddo as hostages for their good conduct. This frequent change of residence causes the ladies to travel about more than is usually the case in Eastern countries. A ford has often to be crossed, and then they quit their norimons and sit on a light kind of platform, which is carried across on men's shoulders. Women of



THE HALT OF THE NORIMON.—From a Japanese Sketch.

TRAVELLING.

The norimon, a kind of palanquin in which travellers both male and female are carried, is constructed on a principle only adapted for a people whose ideas of repose and comfort are utterly at variance with our own.

Our sisters in Japan, when fatigued by moving about, sit down on their heels in an attitude suggestive of cramps and stiffness, and appear to be as well rested by remaining in that position as we are by sitting on a chair or reclining on a sofa, and so they submit to be packed for hours in a sort of lacquered cage, which is suspended from a strong pole borne on men's shoulders. Two bearers go in front, and two behind. The norimon only clears the ground by about one foot. In cold weather the bearers are dressed in a long cotton tunic, which they tuck up under their waistband when they are carrying an important personage, in order that the limbs may be moved freely. The badge of their master is stamped or embroidered on the shoulders and back, but in summer even this garment is dispensed with. They carry the norimon with its live freight at the rate of about three miles an hour; the movement is very unpleasant, and tiring to those unaccustomed to this kind of locomotion. There is an opening at the side, but it is almost impossible to look out of it without straining one's neck, so that one is conveyed across the country very much like a bale of goods, and can only catch an occasional glimpse of the passing scenery.

the lower classes, who are unable to pay for the extra accommodation, frequently sit on the stalwart porters' shoulders. These men are responsible for the lives of their passengers, and as death is the general penalty for grave misdemeanours, in cases of accident they frequently prefer meeting death with their burdens rather than face it at the hands of justice.

Accompanying this is a sketch, by a native artist, of coolies resting for a while upon their heels (the uncomfortable position previously referred to) by the roadside. They have deposited their burden on the ground, and its peculiar shape, and the heavy pole from which it is suspended, when carried, are well drawn. The stolid faces of the bearers' countenances show clearly that they belong to the inferior grades of society. A far more intellectual expression is given when it is wished to represent persons who belong to the educated classes.

Behind them is a high bank, on which some fir-trees, resembling the Scotch fir, are growing, and a row of thatched cottages is also seen, that gives an excellent idea of the buildings in which the Japanese peasantry live. They are mean erections, but there is an air of neatness about them which redeems their appearance from anything squalid or poverty-stricken.

A large number of bearers are always taken on long journeys, in order to serve as relays.

The rugged paths along the steep mountain sides, and the uneven character of this hilly and volcanic country render a norimon-bearer's life a hard one.

They must ford the numerous shallow streams, toil up the rocky paths, often merely the dry beds of mountain torrents, and carry the norimon and its contents for many a weary mile. Even in the towns the labour is not slight, for high flights of stone stairs are often necessary in the streets, in order to facilitate locomotion. Up and down, up and down these out-of-door staircases the bearers and their burdens must go. It is no unusual thing in some of the southern cities for a temple to be approached by flights of granite steps, numbering a hundred or a hundred and forty, and up these the norimons frequently pass when conveying Japanese ladies to their devotions. Ponies, also, can run up these staircases almost as safely as cats. They are spirited and somewhat vicious animals, tolerably easy to ride but always snapping and biting at each other. It is a Japanese custom to shoe them with straw shoes, which of course are rapidly worn out. They are then left on the roadside, and a fresh pair tied on. A supply is attached to the saddle.

Japanese women are never seen on horseback.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER IX.—LECTURES, READINGS, NIGHT SCHOOLS.

My anecdote about the vicar's wife has caused me somewhat to digress from the immediate subject we were engaged upon, namely, the utility of lectures.

I cannot help thinking, one great reason why our series were more successful than many others, arose from the fact that they were not dry nor very learned. Another reason was, that an hour and a quarter was the well-kept limit allowed to each lecture. A kind friend, quite unintentionally, placed the whole series in jeopardy by keeping us two entire hours in the moon, clothing his ideas in a mist of the most scientific language, and far-fetched words. The room was densely crowded at the commencement of the lecture, but gradually thinned as it proceeded. I am sure that not more than four persons of the whole audience could understand five consecutive sentences. The preparing of the lecture must have involved much labour, and its materials showed great powers of research and a very high order of intellect. But he might as well have delivered a Greek oration, for all the benefit or amusement our people obtained. I did not again ask my learned friend to assist us.

These kind of unsuitable lectures do more harm than good. You cannot expect uneducated persons to sit quiet, and to be interested in a subject which in itself may be highly instructive, but which, from the peculiar organization of the mind of the lecturer, or from the absolute want of common sense, he is unable to present in a popular manner.

After three years' trial of lectures alone, we thought it wise to introduce a little variety; accordingly, the lectures (which were held every fortnight) we alternated with readings of poetry and prose. Now, these readings took remarkably well, partly because we had a different reader every ten or twelve minutes, and partly because there was a continual change of subject from grave to gay, though, of course, great care was exercised lest anything vulgar or coarse might crop up. We found, also, that in these readings we were enabled to obtain far more assistance than we could in our lectures, and thus our own burden was considerably lightened. Under the name of "Penny Readings," these entertainments have lately become

quite "an institution," but our adoption of them was entirely our own experiment.

In summing up the practical results, both lectures and readings, I think they were chiefly these. First, they formed a subject for conversation, both before and after the event itself. Now, the gaining of this simple point alone was worth the trouble taken, for I am sorry to say our village was much given to scandal and gossip. Secondly, they certainly imparted a large amount of instruction and information to the people generally. Thirdly, by frequent reference to particular books in the lending library upon kindred subjects, they very much aided in the circulation of these particular volumes, thereby creating a taste for reading which was, of course, a great object attained. And lastly, I found that they tended to produce a more kindly feeling among the parishioners themselves. The more distant ones were asked by those dwelling nearer the lecture-room to come and spend a social evening, of which the lecture was to be the centre of the night's amusement. In thus drawing the people together, and inculcating a love of hospitality, which from various causes is not very general among the middle class in the country, much good, I believe, arose, and there was produced a kinder feeling.

I do not, for one moment, pretend to say that the lectures or readings succeeded in drawing old drunkards from the public-houses, or in attracting all the idle characters of the village. This would have been simply impossible to bring about by any form of entertainment we could have established, in which plenty of good eating and drinking, especially the latter, did not form the principal attraction. But I subsequently found that the minds of many of the parishioners were enlightened upon numberless subjects, concerning which they had hitherto possessed but little knowledge, and among the young men especially, a desire to hear and to read more about them was certainly created. And when you consider the long winter evenings, the early hour at which, of necessity, the farm labourer must leave off work, the unoccupied time hanging upon his hands, unless some instructive amusement is provided for him by others, the result is in nine cases out of twelve that the evenings are spent unprofitably, and too often foolishly and sinfully. I know that the getting up of these things, and the keeping them going when set on foot, entails a vast amount of extra work, but it must be done—and by the clergy too, for we get very little help and still less sympathy from the laity of our respective parishes in our desire to raise the tone of our rural population. Our efforts are very often frustrated, and our schemes of usefulness brought to nought, because we are not supported as we ought to be by the employers of labour.

With regard to night-schools and adult classes, I had three evenings a-week devoted to them during the winter months, two for all ages, one exclusively for young men. How fearfully these classes were wanted! I never could have believed that such ignorance existed as I found to be the case. I would not disgrace these pages by the unintentionally absurd, and even blasphemous answers given in reply to my various scriptural questions, but I think the reader will easily imagine they were bad, when he remembers that I have told him in a previous chapter, that all the Bible history the children had been taught at school, was contained in the two books of Leviticus and Revelation, not forgetting the earlier part of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Let one answer showing genuine simplicity in a little girl suffice. A lady of my acquaintance was asking her some questions about a

chapter in the Second Book of Kings, which the class had just been reading, and among the questions asked, was one, "What did the little Hebrew maid do for Naaman's wife?" The unexpected simple answer was, "Please, ma'am, I think she cleaned the knives."

The first thing in our night school we had to set about was, to reform the filthy habits of the boys, to teach them common decency, and to wash their hands and faces, and to comb their hair. They sadly wanted not only Christianising, but also civilising. To promote this end, I called in the assistance of the vicar's wife and the services of the younger of two maiden ladies, who lived in the village, not far from the church; and their united help was most valuable, especially that procured from this single lady. The vicar's wife was delicate and could not always attend; but this lady was always at her post. Wet, cold, and snow, never prevented her attendance, and the knowledge of this fact not only acted as an inducement to the boys to come regularly, knowing that their teacher would be there, but it also acted as a spur to my own exertions.

Oh what walks I sometimes had to these night schools and choir practices! My road, for a mile and a half, was up and down a steep lane, with high banks on each side: it was also so narrow, that frequently I have had to rush up the banks in order to avoid being driven over by drunken carriers returning from the market town. In addition to sometimes finding the lane blocked with snow, at other times finding nearly impassable pools of water in the hollows, I could fill many a page with the curious adventures I met with in this lane, in the dark evenings of both summer and winter; the frights from poachers and gipsies, the laughable incidents too that happened to me—as falling over a donkey, most unexpectedly lying in the middle of the lane, on one of the darkest nights I ever remember to have been out in; the tumbling into ditches, the running against gates, and the like accidents; but I forbear, as I wish to continue my narrative concerning our evening classes.

During the whole of my stay in the parish, this lady was my firmest friend, most uncompromising champion, and resolute fellow-labourer. I believe she would have made any sacrifices for the boys and youths of the parish; indeed, she suffered much inconvenience from them, and even persecution at times. For instance, I have known her to have been pelted, frightened, snowballed, fired at by a pistol, her garden run over, the beds trodden down, the flowers gathered, and the plants destroyed. I have known her shutters repeatedly rattled, her door-bell violently rung very frequently, disgusting valentines and anonymous letters sent to her; and yet, notwithstanding all this cruel ingratitude shown to her by individuals with whom she had taken the greatest possible pains, she did not grow weary in well-doing. She possessed a sharp eye and a quick ear, both necessary qualifications in an efficient teacher, and what is more rarely found among ladies, she had a perfect knowledge of arithmetic. She understood music, though she played but little herself, so that she was of great assistance also in that stumbling-block of so many parishes, a village choir.

We were accustomed to keep the boys two hours nightly, the last half hour being invariably devoted to scriptural instruction, ending on alternate evenings with prayer and praise. The attendance of boys at first starting the evening school was very numerous, so much so, that I was obliged to limit the admissions; but, in course of time, as the novelty wore off and the boys saw that we intended to make them work, there was no further necessity to do so.

Now, the advantages of the night school were twofold. Firstly, to the boys themselves, for, by the education we imparted to them in the course of two or three winters, they were enabled to obtain various situations in the neighbouring towns, and even in the metropolis itself. They thus escaped the painful privations during their manhood, and the extreme amount of penury which so many of their parents endured in that particular agricultural district. The second advantage arising from our evening classes, chiefly concerned our neighbours and ourselves. Many of the boys became gradually less noisy in their conduct and at their various games, though some of our enemies, for all persons who try to better existing evils will have enemies, called them "stuck up" and "self-conceited." They certainly came more regularly to church, and behaved much more reverently when there. They were more respectful and gentle in manner, and some of them learnt that difficult but all-important lesson—self-respect. I do not mean to allege that this change was wrought in a month, or in the course of a single year's teaching; but it was as the heaven working in the meal. I will not pretend either to say that our instructions produced the same good fruit in all; that would not be true—far from it. There were many disappointments with particular individuals, who showed by their after conduct, that our influence had only been temporary and not lasting.

After I had become really acquainted with the boys and the young men of the parish, I made it a point, which I still retain, of corresponding with each youth as he left the parish. I did this about every six weeks or two months. This plan, I allow, adds much to one's labour, especially as I have removed to a more extensive and difficult sphere of duty; but I am frequently convinced, by practical knowledge, that very much good results from this practice; and though my correspondence grows apace, yet, under God's blessing, I mean to continue to write to them all as often as possible. The course I pursue is not to be "sermonizing" in my letters; and, consequently, the replies I receive are open and confidential. Numberless are the secrets entrusted to me, and advice is asked on a variety of subjects.

With the class of young men I stood in even closer relationship. I wished them to look upon me as an elder brother. In this I succeeded with some; and many is the tale of sorrow, of deceit, and of sin, I have had poured into my ear, not as to a priestly confessor, but as to a friend ready to sympathise both with advice and with my purse, as largely as it lay in my power.

Poetry.

WRECKED.

O soul, storm-driven on the shoreless sea,
Which thought of man ne'er fathoms, nor can bound,
No helper seeing through the darkness round,
But borne alone towards dread immensity,—
Is this proud reason's glorious destiny?
So drifts the wreck on ocean's great profound,
While winds pursue, and restless waters sound,
The noblest form reduced their toy to be:
No sovereign hand controls the ready helm,
No cheerful voices rise above the wave.
Not thus forsaken, though the billows whelm,
Is he whom Christ hath walked the seas to save:
Above the stormiest day the clouds shall break,
And the worn spirit in His presence wake.

Varieties.

"THE ABANDONED."—Our coloured illustration this month is taken from the well-known picture of the late Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., painted for Thomas Baring, Esq., and, as one of the most characteristic of his works, selected by himself, with three other paintings, for the first Paris Exhibition. Mr. Stanfield, whose loss the artistic world had recently to deplore, commenced life as a sailor, and thus acquired that familiarity with the sea and with all nautical matters, which distinguishes his productions. In 1827 he exhibited at the British Institution his first large picture, "Wreckers off Fort Ronge;" and in the same year at the Royal Academy, "A Calm;" and from that time he became a regular contributor of pictures ranking among the most attractive in the public exhibitions. His visits to the continent were frequent, and his constant practice was to work up in the studio pictures of great elaboration from the well-stored portfolios of sketches laid in during foreign travel. The subjects of his canvases were gleaned from Italy, France, and Holland, the silent streets of Venice, the lovely spots which stud the Adriatic and the Bay of Naples; other romantic points amid the Italian mountains and lakes, amid the Pyrenees, or the rivers and coasts of France; or again, picturesque scenes in the grey Scheldt, the Texel, and the Zuyder Zee, and Ireland.

LETTER-WRITING AND EDUCATION.—The total number of letters delivered in England and Wales in 1866 was 623,400,000, as compared with 597,277,616 in the preceding year, or an increase of 4.38 per cent., or 30 to each person. In Scotland they numbered in 1866, 70,100,000, or about 22 to each person, and having an increase of 4.35 per cent. In Ireland they numbered in 1866, 56,500,000, or 10 to each person—the total for the United Kingdom being in 1866, 750,000,000, as compared with 720,467,307 in 1865.

LONDON CEMETERIES.—Twenty-one cemeteries within the metropolitan district supply 577 acres appropriated to the burial of the dead. There have been already about half a million interments in these cemeteries, and at least 40,000 burials are added to them every year. Some of the cemeteries are getting much fuller than others. In the 33 acres provided by the City of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery Company, 113,173 burials had taken place at the close of the year 1865; the interments there are at the rate of about 10,000 a year—one-seventh of the whole number of the deaths in the metropolis in a year. In the Abney Park Cemetery of 33 acres there had been 38,639 burials at the end of 1866; and in the 27 acres of the St. Marylebone Cemetery, at East End, Finchley, only opened in 1855, there had been, in the middle of the present year, 28,092 interments. In another cemetery at Finchley, belonging to St. Mary, Islington, burials are proceeding at the rate of 100 per acre every year. The drainage of the metropolitan cemeteries is generally into the public sewer, but not always. There are instances of drainage into an open stream, a brook, the Wandle, the Brent, the Thames. In St. Marylebone Cemetery, Finchley, drainpipes are laid at the bottom of every grave, discharging into a ditch which runs into a small stream; but little or no water passes out of the cemetery, in consequence of nearly every grave having planted on it a tree or shrub. Graves re-opened show roots of trees more than sixteen feet deep. Willow and poplar trees planted on graves have this year made from four to six feet of wood.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The following are the special questions which have been agreed to for discussion at the Congress at Birmingham, to be held on the 30th of September next:—I.—Jurisprudence Department.—Section A, International Law.—1. Ought private property at sea to be exempt from capture during war? 2. Under what circumstances ought change of nationality to be authorised? Section B, Municipal Law.—1. Is it desirable to re-organise our courts, superior and local, and, if so, on what system? 2. What amendments are required in the existing law of bankruptcy? 3. Is it desirable to amend the present law, which gives the personal property and earnings of a wife to her husband? Section C, Repression of Crime.—1. What are the best means for the suppression of vagrancy? 2. Ought the principles of the reformatory system, including voluntary management, to be extended to adults? 3. What are the principal causes of crime, considered from a social point of view? II.—Education Department.—1. Is it expedient to make primary education compulsory; and, if so, on what conditions? 2. In what form and by what means can instruction in science and art be provided so as to promote the improvement of our manufac-

tures? 3. What measures are required for the further improvement of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge? III.—Health Department.—1. Can the public hospitals and dispensaries of this country be so administered with regard to the system of giving advice gratis as to conduce more to the welfare of the community? 2. What ought to be the functions and authority of medical officers of health? 3. What is the relation of the water supply in large towns to the health of the inhabitants? IV.—Economy and Trade Department.—1. Is it desirable to have an international coinage, and, if so, in what form? 2. In what manner can arbitration and conciliation be best applied in the settlement of disputes between employers and employed? 3. To what classes, and on what conditions, should out-door relief be administered? 4. What are the social results of the employment of girls and women in manufactories and workshops?

GREAT GLACIER OF NEW ZEALAND.—The "Westland Observer" has an account of a visit paid recently by the chief officers of the Geological Department to the great glacier on the west side of Mount Cook. The foot of the glacier, which is but thirteen miles from the sea, is 1900 feet wide. Neither the glacier nor the immense field of snow which feeds it is visible from the river until within a quarter of a mile of it, when the stupendous mass of snow and ice at once breaks upon the view. Below the glacier a recent moraine extends for several hundred yards, consisting of *débris* of the rock, twenty feet deep, underlain by ice and snow, through which considerable streams of water run, which are rendered visible in round holes, caused by the giving way of the ice and by cracks in the surface. On the southern side there has recently been a great fracture of the ice and breach of the rock, which had fallen in immense masses. The party ascended on the northern side, where the snow or ice formed rounded hills, undisturbed by any cracks or fissures. The glacial matter is porous, and presents tolerable footing; it is of a grey colour, full of small dirt with occasional stones, fallen from the surrounding hills. The great peculiarity of this glacier is not only its immense size, but the fact of its descending to so low a level—640 feet above the sea level—instead of ending, as is usually the case, at an altitude of some 3000 or 4000 feet, close to the limit of perpetual snow, among Alpine vegetation. Here the green bush extends some thousands of feet above the glacier, on the steep sides of the range in which the glacier has cut the deep narrow gorge. Not a single Alpine plant rewarded the research of the party, and the temperature on the glacier was scarcely below that on the flat beneath. With some ceremony the party named it the Victoria Glacier. The height of the peak is found to be 12,362ft.

YOUNG LOBSTERS.—The young lobster, as soon as born, makes a way from its parent, rises to the surface of the water, and leaves the shores for deep water, where it passes the earliest days of its existence in a vagabond state, for a period of from thirty to forty days. During this time it undergoes four different changes of shell, but on the fourth it loses its natatory organs, and is therefore no longer able to swim on the surface of the water, but falls to the bottom, where it has to remain for the future; according, however, to its increase of size, it gains courage to approach the shore, which it had left at its birth. The number of enemies which assail the young embryos in the deep sea is enormous; thousands of all kinds of fish, molluscs, and crustacea are pursuing it continually to destroy it. The very changing of the shells causes great ravages at these periods, as the young lobsters have to undergo a crisis which appears to be a necessary condition to their rapid growth. In fact, every young lobster loses and remakes its crusty shell from eight to ten times the first year, five to seven the second, three to four the third, and from two to three the fourth year. However, after the fifth year, the change is only annual, for the reason that, were the changes more frequent, the shell would not last long enough to protect the ova adhering to the shell of the female during the six months of incubation. The lobster increases rapidly in size until the second year, and goes on increasing more gradually until the fifth, when it begins to reproduce, and from this period the growth is still more gradual.—*Land and Water.*

LITERARY RELIC.—A copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, a work which no living man can read, was sold at auction in this city lately, for the extraordinary sum of 1,130 dols., the highest price ever paid for a printed book in this country.—*New York Tribune.*

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE BARBARA CHASED.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XIV.

I AT length lost all patience at the non-arrival of the expected interpreter, and rising, made a profound salaam to the chief, which was, I saw, accurately imitated by Jack, who was at my side with a comical expression of countenance not indicative of much respect for the great man. The chief said something which I understood to mean that he hoped I would remain longer, but as I really was anxious to return on board, I only bowed again lower than before, and pointed

towards the harbour, continuing to move in the direction of the entrance. He did not attempt to stop me, and the people who had come with me were, I saw, prepared to accompany me back. I had just reached the outside, when I saw approaching an individual dressed in the native shirt and *sarong*, or kilt, whom I naturally took to be a Javanese. He stopped and looked at me attentively, saying in Dutch, "I was sent for by the chief to come and interpret for a French gentleman who has arrived here on some diplomatic business of importance. I shall be happy to do my best, but you are aware that some of the troops of your countrymen

will be here soon, and that then there will be no lack of people better able to interpret for you than I am. You of course know that the English attempted to make a landing, but have been defeated, and it is thought probable that they will make another attempt in this direction." He appeared to say this in a very significant manner. The information he gave might or might not be correct, but there was a friendliness in his look and tone which led me to suppose that he knew I was English, and that he wished to warn me of my danger. I was doubtful what to say in return, but quickly resolved to hurry down to the watering party to advise them to return on board and to warn Captain Hassall, that he might be ready immediately to get under weigh. I turned to the seeming native, whom I now discovered to be a Dutchman, and thanked him for what he had told me, remarking that our business was of no consequence, and that as it was possible the wind might change, I proposed returning on board at once. He smiled, and said that he thought it was the best thing I could do. This convinced me of his good feeling, and that he knew I was English. Just at that moment a guard of soldiers emerged from the palace, and their officer addressing the Dutchman, made signs to me that I was forthwith to return.

"I am sorry," observed the Dutchman to me in English, "we must attend the summons, but your boy need not, and you may send him to let your companions know where you are."

I took the advice and ordered Jack to find his way down to the boats, and to tell the mates to hurry on board with or without water, and to advise Captain Hassall to get under weigh immediately. I added, "Tell him to stand off and on for a couple of hours. If I am at liberty I will put off in a native boat, but if I am detained, tell him to save the ship and cargo, and that I hope before long to make my escape."

Jack fully understood my message, but I must say to his credit, that he seemed very unwilling to leave me to my fate.

"I am in no danger," I remarked, "I may possibly be detained a few days, but I am not likely to suffer any other inconvenience. Now, quick, my lad, or the ship and all hands may be caught in a trap."

Jack gave me a nod, and was off like a shot. I scarcely expected, however, that he would be allowed to go free; but no one I suppose had received orders to stop him, and so he pursued his way unmolested. The officers of the guard had, in the meantime, been speaking to the Dutchman, who told me that I must return forthwith, as the chief was waiting to receive me. I of course could do nothing else than face about, and with my new friend accompany the guard. The men were armed with formidable long spears and daggers, but the officer carried a musket, which looked more like an ensign of authority than a weapon to be used. As I returned through the courtyard I considered what I should say to the chief. "Tell the truth and be not afraid," said conscience. I determined to do so.

When I re-entered the hall of audience, the chief was seated on his divan, and evidently intended to receive me in greater state. Some of the assemblage sat down cross-legged on cushions in front of the divan, while others stood with their bodies bent forward on either side, the guards who remained turning their backs on the great man. The Dutchman and I took our seats on cushions directly below the divan. I found afterwards that among the Javanese a sitting posture is considered more respectful than an upright one. The chief, through the Dutch interpreter, now

asked me a number of questions, which, according to my previous determination, I answered correctly. The great man, I thought, looked somewhat surprised at finding that I was not so important a person as he had at first supposed. Occasionally my Dutch friend remarked that I had better not reply to some of the questions put to me, but I answered that I was perfectly ready to stand by the consequences of any thing I might say. Such has been my practice through life—I might say, more modestly, my endeavour—to do right on all occasions, to avow whatever I have done, and to take the consequences, whatever they may be. I do not say that such a mode of proceeding may not occasionally get a man seemingly into trouble, but I do say that it is the only right course, and that he is equally certain to get out of it again; whereas an opposite course must lead him into difficulties, and involve him more and more as he tries to extricate himself by prevarication, subterfuge, or falsehood. I therefore told the chief that I had come on shore hoping to open up a trade with him, under the belief that the country was no longer either in possession of the Dutch or French, but that it was now under the rule of England. If I was mistaken I was ready to undergo the penalty, and must run the risk of being treated as a prisoner of war should I fall into the hands of the French, but that as the English were the friends of the rulers and people of Java, I expected to be treated by him as a friend. This answer, which I had reason to believe the Dutchman faithfully interpreted, seemed to please the chief. However, he made no direct reply to me, but spoke for some time aside to his companions, whom I took to be officially counsellors or advisers. One made a remark, then another, and at last one said something at which I thought my friend the Dutchman looked rather blank. A good deal of discussion took place, when I heard the chief issue some orders to the officers of the guards. Immediately on this, two of the counsellors got up, and with the officer and several other persons and part of the guard, left the hall.

The movement seemed to give great satisfaction to the counsellors, especially to the gentleman who had made the suggestion, as I fancied, which led to it, while a pleased smile played over the countenance of the chief. All the time the honest Dutchman looked very much annoyed. At length I asked him what it was all about.

"I suppose that I shall not be found fault with for telling you," he answered. "And I assure you that I would much rather not have to give you such unpleasant information. Do not look surprised or annoyed, and no harm can come of it. The fact is that the chief here, the governor of this district, Mulock Ben Azel, is not a bright genius, and though he had made up his mind to detain you, it had not occurred to him to detain your vessel. The idea, however, was suggested to him just now by one of these cunning gentlemen, and he has sent a party to stop her. The Javanese are rather daring fellows, so that the captain must be smart if he could get away from them."

This was indeed a disagreeable announcement. I congratulated myself, however, at having sent off Jack to warn Captain Hassall, and I had great hopes that he would have followed my advice, and got the Barbara under weigh before the Javanese could reach her. I thanked the Dutchman for his sympathy and kindness.

"I have a warm regard for the English," he answered; "I have received much kindness at the hands of your countrymen, and am glad of an opportunity of proving my gratitude. As far as you are concerned I may be of service, but if these gentry get hold of your vessel, I

am afraid that they will not let her go till they have cleaned out her hold."

I, of course, on hearing all this became very impatient to go and see whether the *Barbara* was leaving the harbour, but, as far as I could, I concealed my feelings, and desired my Dutch friend to inquire of Mulock Ben Azel whether he desired my presence any longer; and if not, I begged leave to go forth into the open air that I might gaze on the beautiful scenery amidst which he had the happiness of dwelling and I had the happiness of finding myself. I fancy that the interpreter gave my request a more oriental turn. The chief was at all events pleased to comply with it, and directed some of his attendants and my Dutch friend to accompany me. I made a profound salaam, as if I was highly pleased at all that had occurred. The act was somewhat hypocritical I must confess, but, at all events, I was heartily glad to get over the audience, which was becoming very tedious.

As soon as I got out on the terrace I have before described as affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country, I eagerly looked seaward in search of the *Barbara*. I almost gave a shout of satisfaction as I saw her with a strong breeze offshore, standing away under all the canvas she could carry. She had good reason to make the best use of her heels, for a whole fleet of boats, some of considerable size and full of men, were in hot chase after her. I stood with my companions eagerly watching the chase, though the objects of our interest were very different. I was anxious that the *Barbara* should escape, they that she should be caught. I knew for one, though, that if good seamanship would enable him to get away, Captain Hassall would give his pursuers the slip. I knew too that he would not be taken, even if the boats should catch him up, without a fight. My earnest hope was therefore that the breeze might continue. In that climate, however, the land wind often falls towards the evening, and if it should do so, it would give the Javanese a great advantage. I found my new friend by my side, I glanced at him.

"Your vessel sails well, and I am glad of it," he observed. "The orders were to bring her in at all risks; at the same time, if her captain shows a bold front I do not think the natives will dare to attack him at a distance from the land."

My hopes and fears alternately rose and fell as I watched the chase. Sometimes the boats seemed to be gaining on her. At other times she appeared to be obtaining the advantage. She continued to increase her canvas till every stitch she could carry was set on her, studding sails on either side, royals, and even still lighter sails above them, which we used to call sky-scrappers. I now observed that although there were several large boats engaged in the chase, they were but slow sailers, and that the small ones were drawing ahead of them. These of course would be more easily dealt with by the *Barbara's* crew than the larger craft. The latter were vessels of about forty tons, carrying fifty or sixty persons. The hulls of those I had seen on landing were neatly built, with round heads and sterns; and over the hulls were light small houses, composed of bamboos, and divided into three or four cabins. The sides were formed of split bamboos about four feet high, with windows in them to open and shut at pleasure; the roofs were almost flat, and thatched with palm leaves. The oars are worked by the crew standing at the fore and after part of the vessel. I thought that probably the boats now in chase of the *Barbara* were modifications of this sort of craft, and more adapted to warlike purposes than they were. The natives became at length

even more excited than I was as the breeze occasionally fell and gave their boats an advantage. They knew also that the land breeze would soon set in, which I did not. They probably fancied that when it did, the vessel would be caught in a trap, not knowing that she could haul her wind and still keep ahead of them.

I stood watching the various circumstances of the chase, till at length, greatly to my relief, I saw the boats, as if by signal, begin to return together towards the shore, while the *Barbara* continued standing off shore till she met the sea breeze, when she hauled her wind and stood away to the northward. My Dutch friend congratulated me on her escape.

"And as it appears that you are not to be detained as a prisoner, the sooner you get out of this place the better," he observed. "I will gladly welcome you to my abode, where you can remain till we gain further information as to the result of the British expedition against Batavia. If it is ultimately successful, your ship will put in at that place, and you can rejoin her there."

I gladly accepted his offer. As we passed through the large entrance-court he pointed out two large Indian fig-trees, and told me that under them was the place where criminals were executed. On each side of the court was a row of the same description of tree. We descended the hill towards the harbour. On approaching it I heard the shrill voice of a boy crying out loudly amid the shouts and chattering of a number of natives. I soon recognised the voice of Jack Dobbs, who had, I had hoped, made his escape in the boats. The people, seeing me accompanied by guards, made way for Jack, who ran towards me crying out—

"Oh, save me, Mr. Braithwaite, save me, sir. These savages are a-going to cut off my head, or to hang me up and cook and eat me. They eat people in these parts, and they look as if they would make nothing of devouring me."

In vain I tried to pacify him. He seemed to fear that the natives were going to treat me in the same way he thought that they were about to treat him.

"But what made you come back, Jack?" I asked. "I thought that you had gone off to the ship."

"What, leave you all alone among the savages!" he answered, looking up reproachfully at me. "No, no, sir. After you have been so kind to me, and always took me with you wherever you've been, and we was nearly all drowned together! No, no, if harm is to come of it, I says to myself, I'll go shares with Mr. Braithwaite, whatever happens; so, when the boats shoved off, I scud away, and when the men called me to come along with them, and not to mind you, for that I could do you no good, I wouldn't go back, but kept beckoning them to be off; so away they went, and I ran up in shore and hid myself. The savages, howsoever, found me out at last, and as long as they thought that they should get hold of the ship they treated me civil enough, as they might a pet monkey; but when they found that they could not catch her, they turned their rage on me, and what they are going to do with us I'm sure I don't know, oh dear! oh dear!"

Jack's fears were very natural, for the dark-skinned, half-naked Javanese, with their glittering kreeses or daggers in their hands, which they flourished about while they vociferated loudly, were very ferocious-looking fellows.

"They are disappointed," said the Dutchman, "at the escape of your ship, and they accuse the boy of being the cause of the boats going off and giving her warning. Let him, however, keep close to me, and I will do my best to protect him."

My new friend, who, by-the-by, told me his name was Peter Van Deck, now addressed the people and told them that the boy was not to blame; whatever he had done was in consequence of the orders he had received, and that he had no intention of offending them. I had slipped a few small pieces of coin which I had fortunately in my pocket into his hand, and on his distributing these among the most influential of the assemblage public opinion was turned completely in our favour, and we were allowed to proceed without further molestation. A small sum bestowed on the officer of the guard had a like beneficial effect, and after receiving an assurance from Mynheer Van Deck that we would not run away, and would be found at his house if wanted, he and his men, very much to my relief, took their departure, while the Dutchman, Jack, and I, set off in an opposite direction.

The island of Java, it must be remembered, runs about due east and west. Our course was towards the west, or in the direction of Batavia. There was, however, not far off, about twenty miles I understood, a town and fort, garrisoned by French troops, called Cheribon. The scenery was very fine, heightened by the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. On our left rose a succession of heights beyond which appeared the summits of the ridge of lofty mountains which runs down the centre of the island, dividing it longitudinally into two parts, of which, however, the northern is the largest, most fertile, and best known. My Dutch friend was very communicative respecting the productions of the country, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. I noted down, therefore, the information I received from him, which I give in as concise a form as I can.

The climate is certainly hot, as might be expected from being so near the equator, but it is much more endurable than I had expected to find it, and on the sides of the mountains it is often quite cool, so that thick clothing is necessary. As also the nights are nearly the same length as the days, there is time for the air to cool while the sun is below the horizon. The bad or unhealthy monsoon blows from the west, from the end of November to the beginning of March. This is the rainy season. After it the easterly winds blow for some time. The breaking up of the monsoon is the most unhealthy season of all. There are no navigable rivers, but numerous streams descend from the mountains and irrigate the land. One of the chief productions of this country is pepper. It is produced from a plant of the vine kind, *Piper nigrum*, which twines its tendrils round poles or trees, like ivy or hops. The pepper-corns grow in bunches close to each other. They are first green, but afterwards turn black. When dried they are separated from the dust and partly from the outward membranous coat by means of a kind of winnow, and are then laid up in warehouses. The white pepper is the same production as the black. It undergoes a process to change its colour, being laid in lime, which takes off the outer black coat and leaves it white. Rice is also produced in large quantities. It grows chiefly in low fenny ground. After it has been sown, and has shot up about half a foot from the ground, it is transplanted by little bundles of one or more plants in rows; then, by damming up the many rivulets which abound in this country, the rice is inundated in the rainy season, and kept under water till the stalks have attained sufficient strength, when the land is drained by opening the dams, and it is soon dried by the great heat of the sun. At the time of the rice harvest the fields have much the same appearance as our wheat and barley fields, and indeed are uniformly covered

with a still more brilliantly golden hue. The sickle is not used in reaping the rice, but instead of it a small knife, with which the stalk is cut about a foot under the ear; this is done one by one, and the ears are then bound in sheaves, the tenth of which is the pay of the mower. The *paddee*, which is the name given to the rice while in the husk, does not grow, like wheat and barley, in compact ears, but, like oats, in loose spikes. It is not threshed to separate it from the husks, but pounded in large wooden blocks hollowed out, and the more it is pounded the whiter it becomes when boiled. Rice, with fish or a little meat chopped up, constitutes the chief food of the inhabitants. Sugar, coffee, and indigo, are also largely produced. For the purposes of agriculture buffaloes are used instead of horses. They are very large animals, bigger and heavier than our largest oxen, furnished with great ears, and horns which project straight forward and bend inwards. A hole is bored through the cartilage of the nose, and these huge animals are guided by a cord which is passed through it. They have little eyes, and their colour is generally ashy grey. They are so accustomed to be led three times a day into the water to cool themselves, that they cannot without doing so be brought to work. The people themselves, by-the-by, are great bathers, both men and women, the children, who seldom wear clothes till they are seven or eight, being constantly in the water. That said custom must be a great saving of expense to the parents of a large family. The people are generally of a light brown colour, of a middle height and well proportioned, with a broad forehead and a flattish nose, which has a slight curve downward at the tip. Their hair is black, and is always kept smooth and shining with cocoa-nut oil. The dress of the women consists of a piece of cotton cloth wrapped round the body and covering the bosom, under which it is secured; it then hangs down to the knees, and sometimes to the ankles, while the shoulders and part of the back remain uncovered. The hair of their head, which they wear very long, is turned up and twisted round like a fillet, fastened with long bodkins of different sorts of wood, tortoise-shell, silver, or gold, according to the rank of the lady. It is often adorned with a variety of flowers. The Javanese are nominally Mohammedans, but in the interior especially a number of idolatrous practices are still kept up.

Pleasantly conversing we at length reached the residence of Mynheer Van Deck. It was built in the best style of native architecture, that is to say, on a raised platform of stone or brick; the outer walls were of brick, with a verandah of bamboo, all round which the partitions, as was most of the furniture, were of bamboo, which had a very cool appearance, and was sufficient for a hot climate. My host was a bachelor, not from choice, he assured me, but from necessity, on account of the scarcity of European ladies in the island.

"Those who are born here are so ill-educated, and so indolent, that a man is better without their society," he remarked.

In spite of this drawback he received me very hospitably and kindly, and though I was vexed at having again been separated from my ship, I confessed to myself that I had very little cause to complain of my lot. I was leaning back on an easy bamboo chair and gazing out through a vista of palm-trees on the deep blue sea when the clatter of horses' feet coming along the road caught our ears. As they drew near the clank of sabres was heard at the same time. The voice of an officer crying "Halt," was heard, and soon afterwards

we saw him approaching the house. My host, with a look of considerable annoyance, rose to receive him. He was a young and pleasant-looking man.

"Ah, Mynheer Van Deck, bonjour," he said. "You have in your house, I am given to understand, a foreigner, supposed to be an English spy. I am come to demand him from you."

"I am the person to whom you allude, monsieur," I said, rising from my seat and going forward. "You are, however, wrongly informed. I am an Englishman, but not a spy. I landed, not knowing that this part of the island was in possession of the French, and had I not been detained I should have returned to my ship."

"I am not here to dispute the point, monsieur," he said, bowing politely. "I must perform my duty, and that is to convey you with me to Cheribon, where my superior officers will investigate the matter. You have supped, I conclude; we will therefore take advantage of the cool of the evening, and make good as much of our journey as the waning day will allow us to perform."

My Dutch friend shrugged his shoulders. There was not much time for consideration. I saw that I had no resource but to obey, though I must own that I did so with a very bad grace.

JOHN PHILLIP.



Among the artists of our own time there has been none who rose more steadily and deservedly to reputation than the late John Phillip. His merit was emphatically of that sterling kind which never achieves fame by a sudden stroke, because it does not appeal to the half-educated eye, and will not play fast and loose with artistic truth in order to win popular favour. But it was of a kind that was sure to make its way among those best qualified to judge, and who are the natural

and rightful leaders of public opinion. Thus it was that, although Phillip did not at any time "take the town by storm," as some now nearly-forgotten celebrities have done, he yet advanced regularly from good to better, and from better to best—never, during the whole of his too short career, retrograding a single step—and eventually took his right place in the very foremost rank of his profession, that place being assigned him not merely by the applause of his countrymen, who hailed with delight every fresh production of his genius, but also by the concurring suffrages of his brethren and rivals in art. Any time during the last twenty years it has been evident to all competent judges that he was pursuing his upward course with undeviating certainty, and that he was destined, if he lived, to attain to the greatest eminence. His contributions to the Royal Academy were anticipated with eager interest, and were received year after year with more lively admiration and ever warmer praise. Such praise and admiration were richly due, because his works, his later ones especially, embodied the highest excellencies of the limner's art: in design simple and tender, playful or serious, romantic or humorous, according to the nature of the subject, they were always marvellous in their execution, revealing the possession of a power in the management of his material such as few artists ever attain, and which none of his contemporaries could fairly claim to rival. The colouring of his later works—those which he produced after studying the best specimens of the Spanish school—may be worthily classed with that of Velasquez, whose manner he seems to have studied carefully, while he as carefully steered clear of mere surface and technical imitation. In his Spanish pictures the atmosphere and general tone are as Spanish as the figures, while the entire subject is invariably rendered with a force and vigour equal to, and sometimes surpassing, that of the old Spanish masters themselves. This result of study is the more remarkable, that Phillip's earliest works, which we can recall to mind as they were exhibited nearly thirty years ago, gave little or no intimation of this dormant power.

John Phillip, one of the artists of whom Scotland has reason to be proud, was born at Aberdeen in April, 1817. His parents were of humble origin, and without the means of cultivating the talent for art, of which he gave promising indications very early in life. They apprenticed him, however, to a painter and glazier in his native town, and while following this craft the boy appears to have made his first attempt at oil painting, and to have produced some portraits, probably executed with house-painting materials, affording unmistakable evidence of a capacity for art which wanted but the opportunity to be developed. Mr. G. Huntley Gordon, writing in the "Athenæum," states that his father, the late Major Pryse Gordon, was the first to discover Phillip's genius. The boy, he tells us, had been sent by his master to the major's house to put in a pane of glass, being strictly charged to get the job done before that gentleman should come down to breakfast. But when the major came down he found that nothing had been done, and he accordingly reproved the lad for his idleness, when the latter, somewhat shamefacedly it may be assumed, excused himself on the ground that he had not really been able to take his eyes off the pictures that hung in the room. It was not surprising that the major should feel interested in such a youth, or that he should stretch out a hand to befriend him. Ere long he gave him a letter to

Lord Panmure, recommending the bearer of it to his lordship's favourable notice. The reply was characteristic: in it Lord Panmure undertook the charges of Phillip's education as an artist, urging his friend the major to use all diligence in freeing the lad from his present engagements, "to be prompt and spare no expense," and enclosing at the same time a cheque for £50. "Thus," says Mr. Gordon, "was Phillip made comfortable during his academical studies, and for some time after, until commissions began to flow in upon him."

In the summer of 1834 Phillip, then in his eighteenth year, came up on a holiday trip to London, to see the annual exhibitions. At that date he must have seen the works of Wilkie, of Collins, of Turner, and of Constable, on the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and he doubtless drew from them incentives to sedulous labour and study. Three years later he came again to London, and this time remained in town two years, residing near Fitzroy Square, and entering himself as a student at the Royal Academy, and even sending some of his own productions (portraits) to the exhibitions of 1838 and 1839. He appears to have had from the first great facility in portraiture, and he continued to practise this branch of his art, of which he had formed a high estimate, to the end of his life. What were his first essays at subject painting does not appear, but he sent his first picture of this class, "Tasso in Disguise relating his Persecutions to his Sister," to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1840, where it failed to attract attention or excite remark, being hung with the miniatures and water-colours in the architectural room.

The next seven years of his life Phillip passed in his native city, earning a competence by his portraits and his subject pictures of Scottish social life, the majority of them illustrating events connected with the Kirk of Scotland, to which he always showed a partiality, and one of which, the "Presbyterian Catechising," first brought him into notice in London. This picture he exhibited on his return to town in 1847, and from that date he sent his compositions regularly to the Academy, not always reaping the encouragement he deserved, but working on with energy unsubdued, and maintained by the inward conviction that the success he aimed at would be won. His exhibited pictures for the next few years were, "A Scotch Fair," in 1848; "Drawing for the Militia," in 1849; "Baptism in Scotland," in 1850; "Scotch Washing," and "The Spae Wife," in 1851.

Phillip's health was never very robust, and about this time it showed evident symptoms of giving way; he was advised, therefore, to leave England for some more genial climate, at least for a time, until the unfavourable symptoms should disappear or abate. Most English artists, when thus exiled by necessity, betake themselves to Italy as the land of art, and to Rome as the home of the artist. If Phillip had done the same, it is possible that he would never have won the fame that has crowned his life, although he would not have failed to distinguish himself. Happily for himself, and for the arts of England, his inclinations led him to Spain, where he took up his residence in Seville, remaining there several months, during which his health improved, while he industriously sketched the various features of Spanish life, and laid up a rich store of materials for future use. The result of his studies in Spain was strikingly manifest in two pictures which he sent to the Academy in 1853—"La Perla de Triana," and "Life among the Gipsies at Seville;" and still more re-

markably in two exhibited in the following year, one being the portrait of Lady Como Russell, and the other "The Spanish Letter-writer," which he painted for the Queen. He made no secret of the fact that he had adopted the method of the Spanish painters, and was pleased when the remark was made that the influence of Velasquez was clearly traceable in his work. Indeed he had intended nothing less, for he had studied the manner of that great painter with the determination that it should become his own, and he copied some of his finest pictures as closely as they could be copied—executing such tasks, it is said, with incredible rapidity, to the utter amazement of the native students who watched him as he worked.

Phillip repeated his visits to Spain from time to time, and during the remaining years of his life continued to enrich our home collections by the production of a series of unrivalled pictures, chiefly of Spanish subjects, which were received by the public with almost unvarying delight and commendation. Among the most remarkable of the Spanish pictures were, "The Gipsy Musicians of Spain," of which we give an engraving; the "Aqua Bendita," a picture beyond all praise, both as to design and execution; the "Boy Murillo selling his Pictures in the Market-place;" and the grand touching picture, "La Gloria, a Spanish Wake," a large canvas flooded with light, alive with the forms of mingled revelry and sorrow, and evidencing in every part the wondrous power and facility of hand the painter had by this time acquired. Alternating with the Spanish subjects were occasionally some masterly portraits, and some themes of Scottish life, such as "Sunshine in the Cottage," and "Collecting the Offerings in a Scottish Kirk," which the reader will perhaps remember; and two remarkable pictures of national interest, "The Marriage of the Princess Royal," painted by order of her Majesty, which picture has been truly described as the best pageant picture ever hung on the walls of the Academy; and the "House of Commons," painted for the late Speaker, which drew such crowds of admiring spectators around it a season or two ago. The last pictures from the easel of this distinguished artist—at least, so it is stated—are two fine Spanish subjects, relating to the national lottery, one representing the purchase of the tickets, the other the results of the drawing. In the first, the crowd are thronging to buy, eager to get their lucky numbers, and all hoping to win; in the second, the die is cast; the winners who laugh are few, and the losers with their long faces are many. In both of them there is a fund of humour and character, and of covert yet caustic satire; and both are distinguished by the painter's customary strength of colour and vigour of treatment. These two pictures were exhibited, not at the Royal Academy, but by the Messrs. Agnew, during the summer of last year.

As a man, John Phillip was genial and generous, ever ready to do a kindness to others. He hated bickerings, and resentments, and quarrels of all kinds, almost as much as he loved his art, and would rather at any time make a concession not due from him than risk a disagreement. The circumstances of his death were as sad as the event was unexpected. He was sitting as a guest with a brother artist, conversing on the subject he liked best, when he was struck by paralysis. He was taken home speechless, and never rallied, but died after a few days, on the 27th of February, 1867, having nearly completed his fiftieth year.

John Phillip was elected Associate of the Academy in 1857, and a Royal Academician in 1859.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ALPAJURROS.

THE town we first stopped at, after Almeria, was Macael, one little known to the generality of travellers, but more singular than half the places they visit, and more full of association with the past. It lies beneath the Sierra de Filabres, a most remarkable country. Hence came the thousands of pillars, columns, slabs, gateways, and arches, with which the Moors embellished their matchless cities, Granada and Seville. The white marble looked dazzling in the sunshine, or rosy beneath the influence of its rays when rising or setting. The ancient chronicles give the most graphic description of the working of these quarries. Now solitude reigns where once resounded the carver's chisel, the hammer, the mallet, the gay songs of the women, and the busy hum of the workmen. Truly a deep melancholy seems to brood over everything in any way connected with that unhappy people. It was in the town of Purchena, in the immediate neighbourhood, that Boabdil, the last Moorish king, resided after his downfall. Parts of his alcazar, or palace, are still to be seen.

We were greatly struck on visiting the pine-forests, which are unequalled in Europe. At night in the winter season these lonely woods are much dreaded by the peasants, on account of the great number of wolves that frequent them; they do great damage to the sheep in the neighbourhood, and often the shepherd's life is sacrificed to his faithful guardianship of the flock. A very fine young man was pointed out to us, who had lost an arm, and would probably have lost his life, but for the courage of his faithful dog. We had local guides as long as we remained in the woods, as strangers would be lost amongst the numerous roads and paths. At the house inhabited by one of the foresters, the young girl (his only daughter) who waited upon us, told us that she was often left quite alone, when her father was absent at his work; we asked if she was ever frightened; she said not in the daytime, but that when she was left alone at night, the howling of these wild animals did sometimes terrify her, though she knew they could not get at her, and she always had at least two splendid Spanish mastiffs to guard her. At length we emerged again into the open country, the river Guadiana running through it, which is much used for floating down the immense masses of timber from these forests. As we were anxious to reach Baeza that night, we loitered no more on our way, but hastened on; still it was somewhat late, and the beautiful moon had been up some time ere we rode through the gates of the town, once prosperous under the dominion of the Moors. We spent one whole day at Baeza, partly to rest the horses and mules after the rough roads of the forest. Certainly my love of visiting unknown places was gratified here, for we could not make out that any English lady had ever been here. We were to retrace our steps to Almeria in one of the small carriages of the country, leaving our guides to bring on the horses and mules.

Guadise, our next point in our retrograde movement, is a charming place, the most cheerful town possible, buried in groves of mulberry-trees. It has fabulous claims to antiquity, the inhabitants being said to have been converted by San Torquato, one of the seven prelates sent expressly to Spain by St. Peter and St. Paul. The environs of this city are perhaps as curious as anything one can see in Spain: there are lofty crags, and picturesque defiles, and the arid soil contrasts

with the snowy glittering mountains of the Sierra, while the whole country is pregnant with metal and marble. Conical and pyramidal hillocks rise up on every hand, and caves are excavated in many of their sides, where dwell some of the poorer inhabitants.

It was delightful again to find ourselves on the shores of the beautiful sea at Adra, where we were again to start for a mountain ride into the Alpajurros. We were told that we had chosen the very best time of the year for seeing this country. From the watch-tower of Adra, in the olden times, called La Torre de la Vela, a tocsin rang out to summon all the inhabitants to arms on the approach of the African pirates.

I should think it impossible to attempt these roads in a carriage, for it was difficult even to ride. Our attention was also distracted by a variety of objects, the beauty of the flowers, and, as we passed through the villages, the curious, though certainly not pretty, faces of the women, who looked out at us from tiny holes, windows they could not be called, with their African-like faces, clear black eyes, and long black hair.

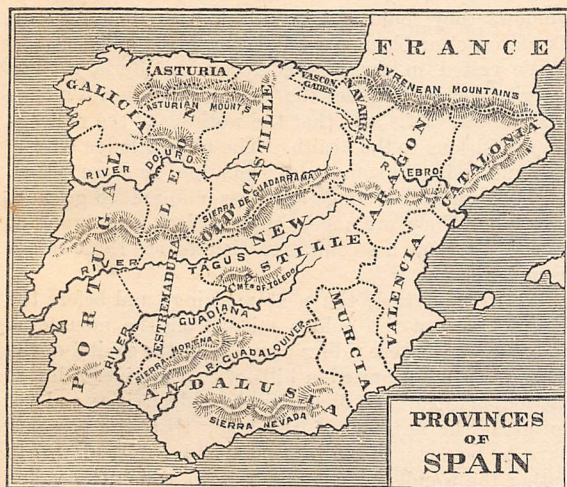
We rested in the Posada Nueva, at Berja, a town lying immediately under the Sierra de Gador, a mountain of lead. It is said that the working of the mines is very injurious to the health. The miners lodge on the hill, and owing to some odd regulation or superstition, neither women nor dogs are ever allowed to go near this hill. They are a most superstitious and ignorant race. We made a second excursion to see these mines from Llanjaron.

We were off early the next morning; and before the sun had cleared the golden mists from the mountains and valleys, we were riding past Ujjar, the capital of the Alpajurros, lying buried in hills, with the river Adra at the foot of them. So steep are these declivities, and yet so great the fertility of the land, that the peasants have to be fastened with ropes, and so let down to gather the wonderful fruit crops with which the valley teems.

The territory of the Alpajurros was assigned to the unfortunate Boabdil by the treaty of Granada, of which every stipulation was broken with the greatest perfidy. The wretched Moors were hunted out like wild beasts from their last strongholds, until finally expelled by the contemptible Philip III, who was a mere fool in the hands of the priests. Still it was no easy matter to root them out of their dearly loved glens and hills, and their resistance was desperate. When finally conquered and forced to go, they betook themselves to Tetuan and Sali, on the opposite continent, and taking up the trade of piracy they bitterly revenged themselves by their ferocious attacks on the Christians. The familiar name of "Sallee Rovers" had this origin. The folly of the Spaniards, who first of all expelled the Jews, and with them all commercial enterprise, from their country, and then drove out the eminently industrious agriculturists the Moors, could hardly be believed. The result was that the Spaniards, lazy, ignorant, unenterprising, and contented to go plodding on in the old way, soon found all the prosperity of their country disappear; and though the gold and treasure poured into its lap from the New World may have given for a time a fictitious prosperity, and revived something of its former greatness, Spain has never really prospered in later days. Many date her downfall from the establishment of the Inquisition, which, as well as the final expulsion of the Moors, occurred in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The spirit of such an institution is as hostile to social as to religious progress.

The pretty little town of Llanjaron is much resorted to as a refreshing resting place when the heat on the coast becomes scorching and unbearable. It is at the head of the beautiful valley of Locrin, with the glorious Sierra Nevada closing it in behind. We spent a few days at this delicious spot, making excursions in the neighbourhood. The whole country is full of objects of artistic and natural interest, and as to the historical associations connected with every town, we might almost say every yard, of the district known as the Alpujarras, they are endless. The Sierras of Gador and Contrameja are thought by some authorities to be the hills called by the Moors "the hills of the sun and moon;" while the Sierra Nevada is the "snowy mountain." It is singular how poor and miserable the lower orders seem in the midst of all this wondrous fertility.

After leaving Llanjaron we made an excursion to the



mines of Berja, already referred to. A guide belonging to the district undertook to take us by a more direct route through the mountains. This change of route procured us some curious variety of scenery. Our way, for the most of the day, lay up the dry bed of a river, which in times of rain must swell to a great size, but was now shrunk to a tiny stream. It was bordered by arid mountains; there were neither villages nor hamlets; the whole country was solitary and savage. Towards sunset we arrived at the village of Cadior, surrounded by olive orchards with a small Vega, through which ran the river, bordered with willows. Here we put up at certainly the most wretched posada we had yet encountered; but we made light of the discomforts, and thought only of what we had seen and were to see on the morrow.

The next morning we resumed our journey; we procured still another guide to show us the way through some of the most intricate parts of the mountains. It was in this day's journey that we passed through scenes, the extraordinary rudeness and savage sublimity of which I shall never forget. Those who would know the Alpujarras in their true wildness must explore such lonely passes. We were at one time on the dizzy verge of vast precipices, with a chaos of marble mountains spread before us; at other times we travelled through deep ravines, with red rocks of immense height impending over us. Our guides went very cautiously, and praised our courage not a little. It appeared that ladies were often frightened at the reports of the roughness of the road, and so kept to more beaten

paths. After emerging out of one of these passes, which would have furnished a fine subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, we came to an open part of the country, where the sternness of the mountains was softened by the verdure of a small valley. The bed of the river passed at the foot of a height on which was a Moorish-looking village with flat-roofed houses, with vines, fig-trees, and oranges growing about them. Here we halted, and arranged our mid-day repast on a piece of flat rock in the dry bed of the river.

CHAPTER V.—GRANADA.

GRANADA, beautiful Granada! After passing the famous bridge of Vinos, the scene of many a fierce encounter between the Moors and the Christians, and more remarkable as having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messengers of Isabella when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the Vega. The glowing light over the natural scenery was like the magic glow that poetry and romance have so long shed over this enchanting place.

Who could remain many hours in Granada and not hasten to the matchless Alhambra? It is not my purpose to repeat details which may be found in any guide-book, but to give my own impressions as day after day I wandered about these beautiful remains. Strange that in an age so remote the Moors should have shown tastes so refined, and habits as elegant as those of the most advanced nations of the present day. The delicately ornamented walls, the aromatic groves, the refreshing and enlivening sound of fountains and running water; the exquisite retired baths, bespeaking purity and refinement; the balconies and galleries open to the fresh mountain breezes, overlooking the loveliest scenery of the valley of the Darro and the magnificent expanse of the Vega—in fact, everything around excites admiration. It is impossible to wander through this delicious abode, and not feel surprise at the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first planned and constructed it.

At the time of our arrival the foliage of the trees was still tender and fresh. The pomegranate had not shed its brilliant crimson blossom, the orchards of the Xenil and the Darro were in full bloom, the rocks were covered with wild flowers, and Granada seemed completely surrounded by a wilderness of roses, among which innumerable nightingales sang. I think the sight that interested me the most after the Alhambra was the tombs of the conquerors of the Moors, Ferdinand and Isabella. I could not be satisfied with one visit, but I often rambled there by myself to contemplate Isabella's statue and moralise. It is still possible, notwithstanding the numerous revolutions and storms that have shaken nearly every nation, to gaze at the veritable coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella. No indignity has ever been offered to these royal coffins, no desecrating hand has sought to unveil their mysteries; there they lie, these coffins, rough, uncouth in shape, and singularly unornamented for the coffins of such magnificent sovereigns. The letter F. alone marks that of Ferdinand; and the vault where they rest is very small, and the door so low that I had every time to remember my head as I entered; but if one wishes to see their remains duly honoured, one must visit the Capilla de los Reyes, or Royal Chapel attached

to the cathedral, and visit it as often as I did; for its beauty, and the interest attaching to it, are both very great. The carved figures of the king and queen are most remarkable because they are the exact resemblance of them as they really were, not only their features,

likeness, it so entirely expresses the character of the woman and the queen.

The situation of Granada alone suffices to give it high rank among beautiful cities. It seems to rest upon its hills with a proud stateliness, overlooking the matchless



height, air, etc., but the very dress is known to be most accurate. The dominant wish of both—the expulsion of the Moors, and the bringing back the heathen to the true church—is displayed by carvings representing different scenes in the tragic history of that time. The giving of the key of the Alhambra by the unfortunate King Boabdil to the Cardinal Mendoza, is most curious, and appears as if it must have been a faithful representation of what occurred. But the splendid monuments of the Catholic sovereigns attracted me the most frequently; they are of the most beautiful alabaster, and on these sepulchres lie the figures of the king and queen side by side. Near them are the figures of Juana, their unfortunate daughter, and her handsome, utterly good for nothing husband. One feels that Isabella's statue must be a

Vega, or plain; snowy peaks towering aloft, present to the mind a perpetual idea of coolness, while they secure that luxurious supply of sparkling water which is a treasure beyond price in such a climate. Of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, but few traces remain to tell of former beauty and magnificence, only here and there a fragment telling of past glories. The cypresses are very picturesque and of immense age, and the view from the top of the hill on which the palace stood is lovely beyond description. The curious subterranean corn granaries which have been partly filled up, struck me very much, both at Granada and other places in Spain.

The beautiful Cuarto Real, formerly a Moorish residence, I visited more than once. I never wearied of gazing at those splendid bay-trees and myrtles, and

breathing the air scented with the perfume of the leaves. There is a good deal still preserved there. Some delicate white tiles I remember, with shining gold designs on them, which are unique, and some other rarely beautiful remains.

Here, as in other Spanish towns, the public walks are unrivalled in beauty. The walks, especially on the banks of that clear dancing river the Darro, are most delightful, with charming views on all sides. But what most delighted me in Granada, was the part of the town called Zaccatissi; it is the regular old Moorish quarter of the town; why it has been left so unmodernised, no one can tell. It is picturesque beyond any place I ever saw of the kind; the most curious portions of houses still remain in so tottering a condition, that it almost seems as if the strong stems of the vines that cover them held them together. And the inhabitants are as picturesque as their dwellings: here one sees a balcony thoroughly Moorish in character, there an Eastern arch, or a wall that is a picture in itself, perhaps a group of women crouched down by some fountain. The Xenil is a most lovely river; many a walk have I taken along its banks. Then another favourite haunt was the unrivalled fruit market. What a wonderful assemblage of the fruits of the earth! The different kinds of fruit were arranged with the utmost taste in booths shaped like tents. All the fruit was beautiful of its kind. What this market must be later on in the year, when more fruits are ripened, I really cannot imagine. All one's interest, all one's admiration almost, is so entirely given to the beauties of the Alhambra, during one's stay in Granada, that one is apt I believe to neglect many other objects worthy of attention; still I really think I have named the sights most likely to attract the attention of strangers.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

NO. X.—CONCERNING COBBLERS.

I MAY not inaptly devote this October paper to a peep at the gentle craft, because the shoemakers claim October as their own special month. They form a truly large and important portion of the community. The last census showed that the members of the gentle craft throughout the United Kingdom were nearly 300,000 in number, more than 32,000 of whom belonged to the gentle sex; and the same census also established the fact that the greatest number in London of any class of workmen was attained by shoemakers, who headed the list of London trades with 33,481. In the various seats of the shoe manufacture, the gentle craft also takes the lead of other trades; and Sir Cusack Roney, in his recent work, "Rambles on Railways," even coins a word to express his contempt for "the shoddy shoeability," who kept the Birmingham railway a few miles distant from their metropolis of Northampton. That city was famous for its shoes from an early period, and was also the great mart for the "leather bottle." When King John was at Northampton, he gave one shilling for a pair of single-soled dress boots, and sixpence for a pair of slippers.* As the worth of money changed, it is

recorded that as much as seven shillings had to be paid at Northampton for the winter shoes of William of Blatherwyke, "fox hunter to Edward I," and his two assistants. Cromwell's army marched through Northampton to Leicester, in 1648, and being almost barefoot, were supplied by the citizens with 1,500 pairs of boots. The mud-boots for our Crimean soldiers also came from Northampton; and when Spencer Percival was member for the borough, he obtained Government contracts for the trade of the town, concerning which there is an old saying, "You may know when you are within a mile of Northampton by the smell of the leather and the noise of the lapstones." When the Queen passed through Northampton, in November, 1844, on her way to Burghley, the mayor presented to Prince Albert a pair of boots as a representation of the staple trade of the town. But when Queen Elizabeth passed through Northampton to Burghley, in 1564, it was considered politic to present her with a purse of 100 marks in place of shoes or slippers.

Shoemaking was one of the few manufactures in which, at the International Exhibition of 1862, the French confessed themselves to be surpassed by the English; although they limited this concession of superiority to men's shoes, and reserved to themselves the boast of making the best ladies' boots and shoes in the world. Dr. Johnson, who, in his Oxford student days, was too proud to attend lectures in his tattered shoes, said that "you might teach the making of shoes by lectures;" but it is taught experimentally at the Earlswood Asylum; and in the last report from that excellent institution, it is stated that among the various trades and pursuits that have been introduced for the benefit of the inmates, the one most sought after is that of shoemaking; but that although the sewing is well done, few of the afflicted patients can do the cutting-out work that is required in the trade. Some, however, have already been enabled to earn their bread outside the asylum by their proficiency in the shoemaking trade that has been taught them during their residence within the walls of the institution. The trade has well deserved the name of the gentle craft in its soothing influence on the mentally afflicted patients at Earlswood. On the other hand, in a return issued at the Horse Guards, March, 1865, it was stated that the largest number of any trade who had enlisted into the army were shoemakers. They headed the roll of trades with the figures 3,279, of whom 1,297 continued to practise their trade after enlisting.

The shoemakers claim October as their own month, because October 25th is St. Crispin's day, and St. Crispin is the patron saint of the gentle craft. The anniversary of that day, some four and a-half centuries ago, was a famous day, not only to shoemakers, but to all England; for, on October 25th, 1415, was fought the battle of Agincourt. The speech that Shakspeare has put into King Henry's mouth on the eve of that battle, has connected it with St. Crispin's name in words that will live so long as the English language exists.

"This day is called the Feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' . . .
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;

* "Pro I pari botarum singularum, xijd.," etc. See the "Historical Memorials of Northampton," by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; he he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

King Henry V., act iv., scene 3.

And after the victory, when Montjoy the French herald comes to the king and says, "The day is yours," Shakspeare makes Henry utter the words, "Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !" and on finding that the neighbouring castle was called Agincourt, he says—

"Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus."

The Crispianus or Crispian, or, as he is otherwise called, Crispinian, who is mentioned in King Henry's speech, was the brother of Crispin. According to Alban Butler, they were of noble descent and born at Rome, where they became converts to the Christian faith. They then travelled to France and established themselves at Soissons, where, following apostolic precedent, they supported themselves by the labour of their hands. During the day they taught and preached, but by night they worked as shoemakers. At length they were cast into prison by Rictius Varus, governor of Soissons under the Emperor Maximian, and were put to death with cruel tortures. The date of their martyrdom is fixed at 287 A.D. The old engraving by H. David represents them with the nimbus round their heads, dressed as shoemakers and working at their craft; and a pair of shoes was their emblem in the Clog Almanack.

So far, all is plain sailing, plainer even than usual; for Alban Butler does not assign any miracles to the two saintly shoemakers, though Lusius, in his "Acts of the Martyrs," makes the circumstances of their burial to have been miraculous. But when we turn to their history, as it is recorded in that quaint and rare little book, entitled "The History of the Gentle Craft," we are plunged into the sea of romantic fiction. This book, of which I possess a copy, is not to be confounded with those imaginary works, "The Hypodemia, or the History of the Passion of Shoe-buying;" "The Sutrina Hobeana;" "The Soleary System;" "The Ars Calcearia;" "The Scytotomical Decameron, or Ten Joyous Days in a Shoe Warehouse," mentioned in the prospectus of a book entitled "The Street Companion, or the Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort in the Choice of Shoes, by the Rev. Tom Foggy Dribble," to which an erudite article was devoted in "The London Magazine" for 1825, and which was an amusing burlesque, written by Charles Lamb, on the writings of his bibliomaniac and antiquarian friend, the Rev. Thos. Frognall Dibdin.

The book, however, is mentioned in that facetious and learned article by the gentle "Elia," as a "delectable little volume (him who possesses it I call neither an incurious nor an unhappy wearer of shoes) intitled The History of the Gentle Craft; imprinted in the yere of our Lorde, 1584." This *liber rarissimus*, Charles Lamb proceeds to say, was "marked in the catalogue of that most respectable house, Messrs Pain & Foss, at the very reasonable price of £15 15s.,"* at which communication, he adds, "let my old man instantly ring his bell, doff his padagian or sciatic envelopments, and autoschediastically hasten to the temple of the classic muse; let my heavy mettled young man, if he wish to

be thought worthy of wearing Spanish leather, instantly draw on a pair of hobbies, and fly to that far-famed spot, baiting his hook with a check for the sum; or, what is better, supplying the follicular foldings of his *bracee* with fifteen legitimate sovereigns." Charles Lamb's coinage of words in this sentence reminds me of Dr. Johnson, who, when Boswell challenged him with coining the word "depeditation," "owned he had made it, and added that he had not made above three or four in his dictionary."*

The narrative contained in this "History of the Gentle Craft"—which is illustrated "with a set of pictures entirely new;" woodcuts of the Catnach order—is far too long to be given here, even in a condensed form; but its compiler has acted precisely as so many novelists and dramatic authors do at the present day; he has boldly borrowed his plot and characters from the French, and has transferred them to English ground. He makes Crispin and Crispianus to be the sons of the King Logria—that district "which," he says, "is now called Kent;" and they lived at Canterbury. As they were of gentle blood, the trade of shoemaking, which they afterwards worked at, was called "the gentle craft." Glancing hastily over the tale of their adventures, we find their mother disguising them in mean attire and sending them out of the back-gate of the palace, in order that they might escape the cruelty of the tyrant emperor, who was exporting all the young princes and nobles to foreign countries, where they were sold into slavery. The two princes come to Faversham, where they hear some shoemakers singing at their work. They join them and become apprentices to a shoemaker, who, after they have worked for him five years, is appointed to be "the emperor's shoemaker." Crispin has to go to court to try on the new shoes of the Princess Ursula, who falls in love with him and very plainly tells him so. Crispin, in return, tells her that he is a prince, and proposes a secret marriage, to which she consents. He bribes a blind friar to marry them at Canterbury at St. George's Chapel, but the marriage is eventually solemnised in the King's Park. It is kept secret, and Crispin works on at his master's trade, while Crispianus is pressed to the wars, where he fights Iphicrates, the Persian general. As the Princess Ursula is expecting the birth of a child, Crispin confides his secret to his master and mistress, who receive the princess under their roof. There is a great hubbub at her disappearance, and her father, according to the accepted custom, proclaims that whoever finds her may marry her, provided that he be of noble birth. Thereupon Crispin takes his wife and child to court, and as Crispianus is also promoted to great honour for his victory over the Persian general, all ends merry as a marriage-bell. In relation to Crispin's child, the old saying is quoted, "A shoemaker's son is a prince born;" and this verse occurs in the Shoemakers' Song:—

"Our shoes were sewed with merry notes,
 And by our mirth expelled all moan;
 Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
 Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown:
 The gentle craft is fittest then
 For poor distressed gentlemen."

There is another story in this same curious little book of "The History of the Gentle Craft," showing how it came to pass that shoemakers' tools came to be called "Sir Hugh's bones"—from some shoemakers having stolen the bones and converted them into tools. The story of Crispin and Crispianus, given in "The History

* I am unable to say whether any copy has actually been sold for this large sum. It was stated in the "Times" for February 24, 1853, that the copy sold at Lord Alvanley's sale was bought for £3 19s. I have met with reprints of the work bearing date 1723 and 1758.

* "Tour to the Hebrides," August 29.

of the Gentle Craft," is so far corroborated by an English tradition that connects them with the modern county of Kent; for Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments" (p. 271) says, that on the beach at Widde, near Stordend, there is "yet to be scene an heap of great stones which the neighbour inhabitants call St. Crispin's and St. Crispinian's tomb, whom they report to have been cast upon this shore by shipwreck, and from hence called into the glorious company of saints." They were not, however, the only two saints and martyrs of whom the gentle craft can boast, for, according to tradition, Anianus, the Bishop of Alexandria, had also been a shoemaker. Alban Butler says that Anianus had wounded his hand with an awl, and that St. Mark healed the wound and converted him to Christianity; but Robinson, in his "Ecclesiastical Researches," says that St. Mark, while walking in Alexandria, burst the stitching of his sandal and repaired to the stall of Anianus to have it repaired, after which he instructed him in Gospel truths.

St. Crispin's day is still observed on October 25th by all shoemakers, not only in England, but also in Scotland, where, at Stirling and elsewhere, the Crispin Club keep the feast in the modern degenerate way, testified to by the proverbial saying—

"On the 25th October
Ne'er a souter 's sober."

Dr. Rogers, in his "Familiar Illustrations of the Scottish Character," tells of a singular custom in connection with the sutors of Selkirk. "It was formerly the practice of the burgh corporation of Selkirk to provide a collation or *dejeuner*, on the initiation of a burgess. The rite of initiation consisted in the newly accepted brother passing through his mouth a bunch of bristles, which had previously been mouthed by all the members of the board. This practice was termed 'licking the birse;' it took its origin at a time when shoemaking was the staple trade of the place, the birse being the emblem of that craft. When Sir Walter Scott was made a burgess or 'sutor of Selkirk,' he took the precaution before mouthing the beslabbered brush, to wash it in his wine; but this act of rebellion was punished by his being compelled to drink the polluted liquor. This unrefined burghal habit continued till 1819, when Prince Leopold was created a sutor of Selkirk." (p. 140).

Glasgow is celebrated for its numerous clubs, and Dr. Strang has produced a learned work, bearing the title, "Glasgow and its Clubs." On Lord Palmerston's visit to Glasgow in April 1863, he was entertained at a breakfast given by the President of "the Gaiter Club," of which he was elected an honorary member. Here is his characteristic speech as recorded (by telegraph) in the "Times" of the following morning, April 2, 1863:—"Viscount Palmerston, having added his name to the list of members, said,—'I am very proud and flattered to be associated with such a distinguished body. I am informed, though gaiters have an intimate connection with legs, that no gaiterman is allowed to speak upon his legs. He may speak about his legs, but not upon his legs. Now, as we in these days never show our legs, inasmuch as trousers would conceal even the gaiter if we wore it, you will excuse me if I am very short in my thanks. I can only assure you that, whether I wear long gaiters or short gaiters, my memory of your kindness will be long, and not short.'" No man was happier when "on his legs" than Lord Palmerston, whether he had to speak as prime minister, gaiterman, or sutor.

This Scotch word souter preserves the old Latin word *sutor*—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam"—(Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last), as Apelles the painter said to the

cobbler, who, after finding fault with the sandals of the figure in the picture, presumed to extend his criticism to other portions of which he was not qualified to judge. The word "souter" is familiar to us from Burns's Souter Johnny—whose real name was John Lauchlin, shoemaker of Ayr—and from Scott's Wat Tinlin, "sutor and archer," in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." *Cordiner* was another word also used in Scotland for a shoemaker, brought from France in the Quentin Durward days, and borrowed from the French *cordinier* or *cordonnier*. The chief seat of the manufactory of that famous Spanish leather for shoes, of which the author of "Hudibras" speaks in a humorous couplet, was Cordova or Cordua, which gave the name not only to *cordonnier*, but also to *corduainier*, which soon became Anglicised to cordwainer; and, so early as 1410, "The Cordwainers and Cobblers' Company" was incorporated by letters patent. The second title has fallen into contempt, and the Company, which has a fine hall in Great Distaff Lane, St. Paul's, is now known only by its first name. But, in Flanders, the cobblers take the precedence of the shoemakers in all processions and on all public occasions; and their famous "Company of Cobblers" bear for their heraldic designation a boot surmounted by an imperial crown: even as the Baron of Bradwardine was permitted to add to his paternal coat-of-arms, "a budget or boot-jack, disposed salter-wise," in consideration of the knightly service he had yielded to his royal master in undoing the latchet of his brogue. The Flanders cobblers gained their arms and their precedence over the shoemakers from a freak of their Emperor Charles v, who, in one of his Haroud Alraschid rambles through the city, went, on the evening of October 25th, to a cobbler's stall to get his boot mended, and found the cobbler carousing with his friends in honour of its being St. Crispin's day. The cobbler flatly refused to mend the visitor's shoe, and declared he would not do a stroke of work on Crispin's day, even for the emperor himself. "Do you love him?" asked the visitor, as he sat and drank with them. "Aye! we love his long-noseship well enough," replied the cobbler; "but we should love him more if he would tax us less." On the morrow, the cobbler was summoned to the palace, where, to his confusion, he recognised his visitor of the previous evening in the person of the emperor; who, however, received him very graciously, and told him he would grant him any request that he made. The simple-minded man scratched his head and could think of nothing more than that his Company of Cobblers should bear an imperial crown on their coat-of-arms. The emperor granted this request and bade him make a second. The man asked for a day to think over the matter, and then pleaded that the Company of Cobblers might take precedence over the Company of Shoemakers, which request was also granted. A somewhat similar story is told of our own King Henry VIII, though, in the English instance, the honest cobbler is raised to be a king's courtier, pensioned with forty marks a year, and given the freedom of the cellar.

A newspaper paragraph, in July, 1863, gave us the following information in connection with the ungentle quarrels among the foreign members of the gentle craft:—

"The regular shoemakers and irregular cobblers of Frankfort are at war with the most determined virulence. Ever since the days of Charlemagne the bootmakers claim an exclusive right over the upper leathers of shoes and boots, whilst to the cobblers, under certain circumstances, are yielded all connected with the soles. The shoemakers now claim the right of the doctorship of

the seams of boots, whether old or new. The cobblers deny this, and demand the complete monopoly of all boots that require repair, whether in the sole or the upper leather. The 'Nouvelle Gazette de Frankfort' states that the civic authorities, wishing to put a stop to the unseemly warfare, appointed one of the Professors of the School of Chemistry as arbitrator between the contending interests. He has given his judgment in favour of the bootmakers, considering that new seaming comes under their department. The cobblers resist the decree, and insist upon it that a chemist is not the proper person to form a judgment."

I am not aware how the dispute was ended: perhaps it still remains unsettled. But the cobblers of Hanover took precedence over the shoemakers, and, in October, 1861, a newspaper correspondent from Berlin wrote as follows:—

"The King of Hanover has just been received into the corporation of cobblers, the most ancient in the kingdom. His son has also been received. The custom of great personages getting admitted into trades corporations is not of German origin, but has been imported from England, and excites much merriment here."

But, despite the examples from Flanders, Hanover, and elsewhere, cobbler is a word that has not a high standing in England; and Pope could speak of a man who, "cobbler-like," and after the fashion of "the apron'd cobbler," became disgustingly tipsy. His oft-quoted couplet follows upon this:—

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello."

The members of the gentle craft are known by other names than those of cobblers, shoemakers, and cordwainers. There are the welters, repairers, blockers, clickers, cleaners, closers, clobberers, and runners. There are also the snobs, who work with snobs' tools, though the etymology of these words has, up to the present, defied the deepest researches of the ingenious correspondents of "Notes and Queries." There are also the translators, who surpass Aladdin and his lamps, for they make new boots out of old ones: and there are also the slobberers, to which epithet tradition ascribes a great antiquity.

James Lackington, who had been a shoemaker before he became bookseller, poet, and proprietor of "The Temple of the Muses," wrote this couplet:—

"Cobblers from Crispin boast their public spirit,
And all are upright, downright men of merit."

There were certainly many men of merit and mark who were at some period of their career members of the gentle craft; and, in St. Crispin's month, I may fitly conclude this October essay by putting my readers in mind of various notable persons who have been sons of Crispin. The gentle craft's list of poets would include Richard Savage, Bloomfield and his brother Nathaniel, and other "tuneful cobblers," who, as Byron said, could "compose at once a slipper and a song;" men like Blackett, who "St. Crispin quits and cobbles for the muse," under the patronage of Capel Loft, who was thence dubbed "the Mæcenas of shoemakers." Horace's cobbler (in his third satire), and Lucian's cobbler, Micyllus, must not be forgotten; nor Gay's lines in his "Trivia," nor Cowper's playful verses written on the heel of a shoe. The poet Coleridge wished to apprentice himself to a shoemaker, but was prevented from doing so by Bowyer, the head master of Christ's Hospital. Of minor poets who were shoemakers I have gathered the names of John Bennet, of Woodstock; Nathaniel

Elliott, of St. Ebb's Lane, Oxford; J. R. Withers, of Fordham; John Foster, of Winteringham; Edmund Gill, of York; Charles Crocker, the verger of Chichester; John Strothers, and James Woodhouse, to meet whom Dr. Johnson received his first invitation to the Thrales. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, and Fournier, had all belonged to the gentle craft; so had Gifford, the famous editor of the "Quarterly," a fact not forgotten by Peter Pindar in his "Cut at a Cobbler." James Dowie, like Deulin, cannot only make shoes, but writes ably on "The Foot and its Covering." Gavin Wilson, Thomas Holcroft, Hardy, the radical, and Sir Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London, were all shoemakers. So were the learned Benedict Baudoin, John Partridge, the astrologer; Sibley, the Swedenborgian; Jacob Boehmen, the Teutonic philosopher; Samuel Drew, the metaphysician; Bradburn, the famous Methodist preacher; George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, together with his follower, Thomas Shillito. William Huntingdon, the celebrated preacher of Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, delighted to style himself "coal-heaver and cobbler;" and Orator Henley crowded his chapel by advertising that he would show his hearers how to make a shoe in less than five minutes: which he did by taking a boot and cutting off its foot. He called this "exercising their faith."

Although Linnæus was not a shoemaker, yet he was intended for one. Porson's mother was a shoemaker's daughter; and Winckelmann, the writer on the fine arts, and David Roberts, the painter, were shoemakers' sons. Pittman, the Birmingham artist and animal painter, was not only a shoemaker's son, but was brought up to his father's trade. The great George Stephenson made and mended shoes and made shoelasts after the ordinary labour of the day was done, in order that he might be able to procure for his son Robert that education of which he himself was deficient. In a letter written by Marshal Vaillant, November, 1866, that gallant French soldier says of his family: "My grandfather kept a little silk-mercier's shop at Dijon. His father had been a shoemaker. I cannot go further back: my quarters of nobility stop with the shoemaker." The reverse of this has been occasionally seen; for Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," says that "as late as 1837 the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself daughter and heir of George, Duke of Clarence, was following the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire." The great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell sank to be a shoemaker's wife; and the last of the Juxons is now represented by a shoemaker. For a full account of the leading part acted by the fortunate shoemaker, M. Zamet, in that drama of intrigue which was so popular in the court of *Le Grand*, I must refer my readers to Miss Freer's "Henry IV and Marie de Medici" (vol. II, pp. 81—91).

John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, should have his name written in letters of gold in the lists of members of the gentle craft: for he may be called the founder of ragged schools. Alderman Drummond, of Dublin, who received a public funeral in March, 1862, and left the sum of £20,000 to found a military orphan school, had commenced life as a working bootmaker. But, to save space, I must restrict myself to a bare mention of other famous members of the gentle craft. William Sturgeon, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Military Academy at Addiscombe; David Pareus, Professor of Theology at Heidelberg; Ralph Finlay, the entomologist; William Parsons, the mathematician and surveyor-general, of Philadelphia; Horton Bentley, the

builder-up of the skeleton elephant in the Manchester museum; Benjamin Satchwell, the discoverer of the saline springs at Leamington; John Younger, of St. Boswell's, author of "River Angling for Salmon and Trout;" S. A. Mackay, of Norwich, author of "Mythological Astronomy of the Ancients;" and John Brand, Secretary of the Antiquarian Society of London, and author of several learned works—had all, at one period of their lives, been shoemakers. So had Hans Christian Andersen, the celebrated Danish writer; and Hans Sach, of Nuremberg, the poet and friend of Luther; while of those members of the gentle craft who have preached the gentle words, "Peace on earth, goodwill to all men," I may mention the illustrious missionaries, Dr. Carey, Dr. Morrison, and Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. Marshman, the Rev. John Thorpe, of Masbro', and Dr. John Kitto, to whose biblical illustrations and researches every student of the Holy Scriptures is deeply indebted.

Among living members of the craft I may name Mr. John Kelso Hunter, shoemaker and portrait painter, known in his native Ayrshire and throughout the Western Highlands of Scotland by the familiar name of "Tammis Turnip." Mr. Hunter has now extended the circle of his admirers by the publication of his autobiography, entitled "The Retrospect of an Artist's Life: Memorials of West Country Men and Manners of the Past Half Century."

Another more notable name is that of Mr. Thomas Cooper, shoemaker, schoolmaster, newspaper reporter and editor, Chartist leader, political prisoner, infidel lecturer, poet and novelist, and Baptist preacher. His death was reported last May, but after a few days' interval, letters appeared in the newspapers from Mr. Thomas Cooper himself, to say that he was still alive and well. His career affords a remarkable example of that diligent pursuit of literature and cultivation of thought which has often been found in connection with the shoemaker's bench, and of which I have already adduced many instances. It has been recorded of Mr. Thomas Cooper that, born in 1805, "he was taught the humble trade of a shoemaker in his youth, and, having instructed himself in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French languages while at his stall, became a schoolmaster at twenty-three." It was while in prison that he wrote his poem on "The Purgatory of Suicides."

I will conclude this paper with a peep at a member of the gentle craft given by Luther in his "Table-talk," and it is a happy illustration of religion in common life. "Anthony the Hermit was told in a dream," says Luther, "that there was a shoemaker in Alexandria who was to be the sharer of his immortal glory. Anthony was astonished, and hastened to Alexandria to see him; for he thought that the shoemaker must be a most excellent and highly-gifted man, to be fit for his company in heaven. When he came to him, he found him at his work, by which he supported his family, and said to him: 'My friend, I know that you serve God faithfully—I pray you, tell me what you do, what you eat, what you drink, how or when do you pray? Are you in the habit of watching and praying all night?' 'By no means,' said the shoemaker; 'but morning and evening I thank God for his gracious protection; and I pray that he will forgive all my sins, for Christ's sake; then I pray that he would continue to guide me by his Holy Spirit, and not give me up to temptation. When I have offered my prayers, I again go diligently to my leather, and work for the support of my family; beyond this I do nothing, except to take care that I do nothing against my conscience.'"

Poetry.

THE WATCHER AND HIS ANSWER.

"Oh watcher on the walls of life beyond the dimness and the dream,
Look forth upon the mighty world, its field and forest, town and stream;
And as we hearken sunder sure the things that are from things that seem."

"I see a smiling phantom pass, which jostling crowds pursue
amain,
They call her Pleasure, and they catch the radiant fringes of her train;
But evermore she melts in air, and every hand is closed in vain."

"What more, oh watcher?" "Now I see red War tramp forth—he drips with gore;
Great navies ride upon the sea, and armies gather on the shore;
And women's shrieks and children's cries are mingled with the cannon's roar."

"What more, oh watcher?" "Famine comes; all ghastly grey he takes his stand,
And mildew, blight, and canker fall, dark poison droppings from his hand;
The grapes are withered on the vine, the corn crops rot along the land."

"What more, oh watcher?" "Stalking slow I see the black-robed Pestilence;
He treads the squares, the streets, the lanes, and climbs the little garden fence,
And folk by thousands droop and die, or blindly moan, bereft of sense."

"Oh watcher look beyond the earth! We sicken as we hear you speak—
This tale of woe has frightened us and stopped the red blood from the cheek.
Look up, look up, is naught beyond? We hold our breath and listen meek."

"I look, and lo, from Heaven above, the coiling clouds are swift unrolled,
And glittering bright, in gate and wall, I see a city all of gold;
The sheening splendours of the place to human ears may not be told."

"The portals open; through them pass a long procession clad in white—
They sing aloud, and thus they sing, 'Here comes no darkness of the night,
But Loss and Famine, War and Plague, yea, even Death, are banished quite.'"

A. N.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER X.—SOME CHARACTERS OF THE VILLAGE.

EVERY village and small place contains one or two people who are noticeable, in some way or other, as differing from the rest of the inhabitants, either in dress, appearance, or manner. And these people are "the characters" of the place. They are a source of much amusement to their neighbours, and their sayings and doings afford many a topic of conversation, especially when there is a dearth of local news.

I have already given a brief account of our clerk, always a notable character in any parish, and sometimes a notorious one too. Then you have had the parish choir upon the carpet; a little has been said about the squire and others who figure more or less in the routine of a curate's vocations. But I have omitted all mention of our parish "doctor," and I should be doing a

serious injury to a most worthy man if I did not notice him among other village celebrities. Every one called him "doctor," though I doubt if it was more than a title of usage and courtesy.

In person "Doctor" Jackson was tall and thin, with white hair, regular features, a sharp eye, and intelligent face. In manner he was blunt, and frequently hurt the feelings of his patients by his rough manner and straight-to-the-point way of speaking. But nevertheless, offended or not at his manner, the parishioners would have no one else to attend them. Once indeed, after "Doctor" Jackson had given offence to two of the chief farmers, because he would not leave a poor sick woman, in whose case he was much interested, to attend to their temporary ailments after a late carouse at a tithe-feast, it was thought that an opening was made for a rival practitioner to come and settle in the village. Certainly at times the doctor was greatly overworked, and though it was some satisfaction to know that the rich and poor were treated exactly alike, yet a man who is ready and willing to pay the doctor's fee does not like to wait his turn in the village apothecary's daily rounds. Though the services of an assistant were unceasingly pressed upon him, year after year he always delayed obtaining one.

Accordingly, the two farmers before mentioned did invite a young man, who had passed a creditable examination, to come into the village. He came, it is true, but in six months he left; not from any fault of his own, or from want of skill, but simply because he had no patients upon whom to exert his medical skill. He could not persuade the old parishioners to trust themselves to his care; and the children needed none of his help, for they were, as I have already stated, "crossed" if anything was the matter with them. As for the two farmers who had encouraged the poor young man to come, they were hale, strong men, with good constitutions and powerful lungs; and as no tithe-feast occurred while the new medical man was in the parish, they did not stand in need of his assistance, and we can hardly have expected them to dose themselves with physic in order to accommodate their friend. Sorrowfully he had to pack up his drugs and to betake himself to a district where the inhabitants were less healthy, and where there were not so deeply rooted prejudices against newcomers as in our parish. The failure of the scheme to bring in a rival surgeon, cemented Dr. Jackson's union with all his patients; and the unfortunate farmers were obliged to make an apology to him, and beg him to attend them in case they should be taken ill suddenly, apoplexy not being a disease quite unknown in our village.

I never witnessed such faith as the people possessed in Dr. Jackson's power of healing. If he could only be got to attend, then the relatives of the sick man were quite satisfied. This happy state of feeling might partly have arisen from the superstitious frame of mind which was the natural one among the parishioners, but at the same time we must not forget to render justice to Dr. Jackson's skill and experience in the healing art.

One thing I must not omit to mention: it is that while Dr. Jackson was an authority, a great notable authority for miles round the village, at home the doctor was not the master of the house. Be it gently spoken, Mrs. Jackson was somewhat of a virago, at least she was a tyrant, and ruled the house, her daughters, and her husband, with a more effectual weapon than a rod of iron, namely, a woman's tongue. Some persons ill-naturedly said that Dr. Jackson's assiduous attention to his

patients was owing to the disquietude of his own home, and that he found peace and happiness only when abroad.

Mrs. Jackson was a woman that stood high in the estimation of some of the good people in our parish. Perhaps they did not know as much as I did of her domestic life, for the doctor was a quiet man in all that did not relate to his profession. But I have noticed that sins of temper and of tongue are often too easily overlooked; and, moreover, if religion is real, it will show its reality in daily life as well as in Sabbath profession. I do not wish to say anything against Mrs. Jackson's religion: all I know is that some of the usual fruits of good living were sadly lacking. She did not make her husband comfortable, and she did not adorn her profession, even in outward matters. Her cap was never clean and never straight; her dress too was nearly shapeless, and no efforts either of husband or daughters could ever succeed in rectifying these little matters. If she had been an invalid, or if she had worldly anxieties, there might have been excuse for her, but with everything prosperous, her habitual discontent and repulsiveness really brought discredit on her Christian profession. Of course she was a wet blanket upon any project of a pleasurable nature, however innocent. "Pleasure!" she would say, "is pleasure right? will not pleasure-seekers suffer, and shall not mirth and gladness be turned into mourning?" And then with sundry shakings of the head, she would mutter some words unintelligible, though I was sure they were as disagreeable and "nasty" as possible. Often did the doctor come up to the vicarage, and in his rough-and-ready way, exclaim, poor man, in answer to inquiries after his wife's health, "Oh, worse than ever!" We always knew that something had gone wrong at home; he would generally unburthen himself of his trouble before he left, and we found it invariably proceeded from some difference with his wife. Perhaps it was the accepting or declining of some invitation, all feasts and merry-making being an abomination to her, though relaxation to him. Sometimes as a matter of worldly prudence, especially when the rival surgeon came into the village, did she consent to accept a few such invitations, but she froze the party by her presence, and having made every one uncomfortable around her, she would sit on her chair resigned and gloomily think she had done her duty. Mrs. Jackson did not come to our church. She took an early opportunity of telling the vicar she went where she could get good! And in search of it she had to walk many miles, when she went to church at all. The doctor could not spare his servant or horse in the morning; in fact he was very much opposed to her leaving her parish church, where he in the afternoon was a regular attendant. I remember one very hot day a farmer met her on her return from the neighbouring church, and seeing she was much fatigued, he suggested that her own church was much nearer. She placed her hand on the farmer's arm, and with marked emphasis, in a sepulchral voice replied, "Mr. Carter, even a drop of poison is a very bad thing!" And then shaking her head she went her way, leaving the farmer in a haze as to the proper meaning of her words. Now I do not mean to say that Mrs. Jackson was a bad or an uncharitable woman, because such a statement would be simply untrue, but she was mistaken as to the nature of her religious duties and had allowed her judgment to become thoroughly warped. The result was an unhappy home for the husband at least, if not for the daughters also.

Another celebrity of our parish for a time was "a

coffin." Start not, gentle reader, I have no tale of horror to unfold, but rather to give as true an anecdote of a very eccentric old gentleman. He died worth a great deal of money, which he had invested for the purchase of a number of almshouses for poor widows and widowers. These were located in the neighbouring town, but he was buried in our churchyard in a vault he had himself chosen, and in the building of which he had been much interested. But one extraordinary request was made in his will, namely, that all his mourners, the undertaker and his assistants, and even the horses of the different carriages, were to wear yellow scarfs instead of black. This request was faithfully performed. Another request, or rather bequest (for the payment of an annual sum depended upon the carrying out of this portion of the will), was that a small pane of glass should be fitted into the lid of his coffin; for he had a strong presentiment that he might be prematurely buried, and therefore wanted a window made in order that when people visited his vault they might at once see his body; and to prevent any neglect on the part of his friends, he left a sum of money to be given to certain of them, if for a stated number of years they would inspect his coffin and its contents. When the time was completed, the grave was finally closed.

Another notable person of our village was a sick woman. Upon the authority of her sister (the female who figured as the leading singer in the anthem on an eventful Sunday in the history of the old choir), and of several neighbours, this sick woman had been confined to her bed for seven-and-twenty years. Never once during that long period she had had her clothes put on her, or been moved further than the chair by her bedside! Can we picture to ourselves seven-and-twenty such wearisome years? And Mary Glanville was totally unable to earn anything during that period, or even to raise her hand to her mouth. If a fly rested on her face, there it must remain until some neighbour came in and drove it away, for her sister was a great part of her time away, and consequently Mary was continually left in solitude. She was also dependent upon her relatives for the smallest morsel of food or drop of water: she was completely paralysed.

I went very frequently to see her, and often as I entered the room I thought she was a corpse. She had attained, by long confinement I suppose, a most peculiar pallid appearance. She seldom could bear the window open, it seemed to give her pain; and her head was tied up in the strangest manner I ever saw: it was covered with a kind of nun's cap of linen coming low down upon the forehead, over the ears and covering also the chin, so that her eyes, nose, and mouth, were the only features visible; and from her position, lying straight at full length in the bed, with very little perceptible motion, the resemblance to a corpse was the more striking.

She had the power of speech, however, and spoke nicely, but in a very drawling voice; invariably did she greet me with one set speech, and never missed quoting the text, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present world are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Poor Mary! I hope she has realised the truth of these words, for I have lately learnt that she died about four years ago, after having been confined to her bed, with the rafters and thatch (for there was no ceiling to the room) above her, for thirty-two long years!

Dear readers, when inclined to murmur think of the wearisome months and years passed in a state of utter helplessness by Mary Glanville without repining.

Varieties.

MOSQUITOES.—I was at Monaco last October, and the place at that time was infested by mosquitoes. My wife was attacked by them night and day, and no contrivance, either of net curtains over her bed or lotions prepared by Nice and Mentone chemists, could keep them from her. One day, by accident, she gathered a bunch of wild rosemary, which grows plentifully all along the Riviera, and placed it in her room. From that moment not a single mosquito entered the apartment, and as long as she carried some of it about with her she was quite free from their attacks.

J. H. C.

READING FOR THE BLIND.—The American missionaries at Beyrout lately brought out a new translation of the Scriptures in the Arabic language—the language of 120 millions of the world's population—and they had scarcely begun to circulate it before their attention was arrested by the number of blind Arabic-speaking people, and they determined to prepare for them "The Sermon on the Mount," Matthew v. In order to do this, they set their ingenuity to work, and the plan they adopted was to take twelve sheets of tin, to form the letters in wire, put them in proper order, solder them to the tin, soften the paper, impress it upon the plate, and thus form a beautiful book, a copy of which lies before me. It cost me only 6d., and each sheet of tin with the letters upon it may be had for 1s. It is important to call the attention of the friends of the blind to the fact that they themselves, unaided by a blind asylum, may do almost all that is required for many of the blind.

C. S.

EARNESTNESS IN THE PULPIT.—One day a bishop met Garrick, the actor. The bishop said, "How is it, Mr. Garrick, that your house is crowded, and people pay to get in, while my cathedral is all but empty, though admission is free?" "The reason," said Garrick, "is plain. In my house we speak fiction as if we believed it to be truth. In your cathedral you speak truth as if you believed it to be fiction."

LORD RAGLAN.—Lord Raglan possessed many of the qualities of a great general. The firmness with which he suppressed the murmurs against the expedition at Varna, his coolness and presence of mind under fire, the equanimity with which he bore reverses, the bold front which he presented during the winter of 1864, by which he probably saved the remnant of the British army; the magnanimity with which he bore calumny, when an attempt to defend himself might have jeopardised the French alliance—these are all qualities of a great man, and when added to the military skill which a long experience in a good school of army must have engendered would have obtained for him, under happier auspices, the reputation of a great commander.—*Sir John Burgoyne.*

TAVERN SIGNS.—Taverns and other signs have recently been much written about; but I have seen no notice of "The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." Yet such has not only been in existence in England, but an example has found its way to the Cape of Good Hope. Halfway between Simon's Town and Cape Town, Flormer Peck (from England) kept a tavern with the following unique quadri-lingual invitations to the public on his signboard—

Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,
Entertainment for man or beast;
Lekker kost, as much as you please,
Excellent beds, without any fleas.
Nos patriam fugimus, now we are here,
Vivamus, let us live by selling beer,
On donne à boire et à manger ici,
Come in and try, whoever you be."

T.

WATCHGUARDS.—Watches may be easily protected against sudden assault by adopting the following plan:—Let a small ring be firmly sewn inside the waistcoat pocket, and the lower end of the guard-chain passed through it before being attached to the watch. Whatever may happen to the chain will then be of little consequence, as the watch will remain safely in the pocket of the owner.

T. F.

WELSH SAINTS.—To the Romish catalogue of saints Columbus is just now about to be added. As the Welsh claim to be discoverers of America, it might be as well, perhaps, to transmit a few of their canonisations to that country to be invoked at due seasons, if they can only manage to pronounce their names. Ex. gr., Saint Glywys Ceriniw, Saint Gwrddelw, Saint Gwrfyw, Saint Gwrthwl, Saint Cynflyn Drwsgl.

RICE REES.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



NEAR THE HAUNT OF THE TIGERS.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XV.

My host, in spite of his annoyance, did not forget the duties of hospitality, and warmly pressed our unwelcome visitor to take some refreshment. The young officer, however, declined on the plea that the day was already far spent, and that he had no time to spare. On going round to the front of the house, I found two led horses under the charge of a soldier. They were absurdly small for cavalry, and would have been quickly ridden over by any one of our heavy regiments.

I was about to bid Mynheer Van Deck farewell. "No, not yet, my friend," he answered. "I purpose accompanying you to Cheribon, that I may render you any service in my power. I have a horse, and will follow immediately."

The officer made a sign of impatience, so I mounted one of the steeds, and Jack sprang on the back of the other, where he sat very much as a big monkey would have done, fully resolved, it seemed, to enjoy any fun which might be forthcoming. As the French soldiers treated him kindly, and spoke in a good-natured tone to him, though he could not understand what they said,

his fears quickly vanished, and he was speedily "hail fellow well met" with them all.

The officer I found a very gentlemanly young man. He rode up alongside me after we had proceeded a little way, and seemed eager enough to talk about La Belle France, Paris, the opera, and theatres; but when I endeavoured to draw any information from him respecting the proceedings at the west end of the island, he closed his mouth, or gave only vague answers. From this I argued that affairs had not gone with the French in quite as satisfactory a manner as they wished. I asked him at last whether he thought that I should be detained or be otherwise inconvenienced by the commandant at Cheribon.

"We shoot spies," he answered laconically, at the same time, shrugging his shoulders as a Frenchman only can do. "C'est la fortune de la guerre."

"But, my dear sir, I am no spy," I answered. "The governor, or native chief, purposed to seize my vessel, and I was left on shore while she made her escape. I am but a supercargo anxious to sell the goods entrusted to me."

The young officer gave a smile of incredulity, yet with an air of so much politeness that I really could not be angry with him; indeed it would have done me no good if I were. We were in a short time joined by Mynheer Van Deck, who came galloping up on a much finer horse than any possessed by the French soldiers. I found from my captor that the journey would be far longer than I had expected, as we had to make a considerable detour to visit a native chief, or prince, to whom he had a message. My belief was that he was beating up for native recruits to oppose the British force, which, if not arrived, must have been hourly expected. We had several natives with us, armed with long spears and daggers, a few only having firelocks. Van Deck told me that we should soon have to pass a river, rather a dangerous spot, on account of the number of tigers which came there to drink, and which had already carried off several natives.

"But surely they would not venture to attack so large a body of men as this," I remarked.

"Not if we could keep together, unless they happen to be very hungry," he answered. "Unfortunately, however, the path in some places is so narrow that we have to proceed in single file, and as there are fallen trees and other impediments in the way, travellers are apt to get separated, when, of course, they are more liable to be picked off. I always keep my pistol cocked in my hand, that I may have a chance of shooting my assailant."

"But I came on shore unarmed, and have no pistols," I answered.

"Then keep ahead of me, and if I see a tiger spring at you I will fire at him, and do my best to save you."

"But the poor boy who is with me, he has a poor chance, I am afraid," I observed, after I had thanked my friend for his offer.

"Oh, he is safe enough if he keeps close to the soldiers—the clatter of their arms frightens the beasts."

While the Dutchman was speaking we came in sight of the river. It was fordable, though rather deep, and as the leading men on their small horses plunged in, the water was up to their saddle-girths. I naturally looked out on either side for our expected enemies. Three or four large animals sprang off just as the leading horses reached the opposite bank. I thought they were tigers.

"Oh, no, they are only wild cats," said Van Deck.

"Rather unpleasant to be caught by one of them asleep, but they are easily frightened."

I thought to myself, If those creatures are Java wild cats, what must Java tigers be like? We all passed across the stream without any accident, a small body of half-clad natives bringing up the rear. They were climbing up the somewhat steep bank, when a fearful shriek, followed by loud shouts and cries, made me turn my head, and I caught sight of a monster bounding along the bank with the writhing, struggling body of a human being between his huge jaws. The poor wretch's *sarung*, or plaid, had become loose, and dragged after him. Already several natives were setting off in chase, while others were discharging their firearms at the animal, though at the risk of killing the man. The French officer called out to them to desist, and, seizing a lance from one of the people, gallantly dashed after the tiger. I naturally wished to join in the chase, but Van Deck entreated me to stop, telling me that I should very likely, if I went, be picked off by another tiger on my return. As it would have been folly to disregard his advice, we pushed on as fast as we could to get out of the narrow defile. We could for several minutes hear the shouts of the natives still in pursuit of the tiger. After some time they rejoined us, but they had not saved the poor man, and had moreover lost another of their number, who had been carried off by a tiger just as the first leaped over a cliff fifty feet above the valley with the man still in its mouth. It was followed triumphantly by its companion.

"This is not the country I should choose to travel in, still less to live in," I said.

"It cannot be helped," observed the Dutchman. "I am well off here, a great man among small people. I should be a beggar elsewhere. This is not, however, the country in which a man of education and mind would choose to pitch his tent."

Torches were lit for the latter part of our journey. It will be remembered that so nearly under the equator as we were the days and nights are of equal length all the year round, we therefore did not enjoy the delightful twilight of a northern clime.

Notice had been given of our proposed visit to the chief, or prince, who was, I was told, of Malay descent. Preparations were therefore made for our reception, and very handsome they were. Though a prisoner, I was treated like the rest of the guests. The house was much in the style of those I have before described. But I was not prepared to find a table elegantly set out and spread with fine linen and beautiful silver plate. It was lighted by four large wax flambeaux in massive silver candlesticks. The provisions were dressed in the Malay fashion, many of the dishes being very palatable, and an abundance of excellent Bordeaux was provided, in which toasts were drunk with three times three, the Malays of inferior rank, who sat round the room on the ground against the walls to the number of thirty, joining in the huzzas. It was altogether a curious scene of barbaric splendour. The prince escorted us to our rooms, where we found capital beds, beautiful linen, and very fine mosquito-nets, ornamented with fringe. The Malay servants slept under the beds on mats, or in the corners of the rooms, to be in readiness if required. Breakfast was prepared at daybreak, that we might continue our journey in the cool of the morning.

We rested under the shade of some trees during the day, the soldiers keeping up a fearful din to scare away any wild beast who might chance to be prowling about in search of a dinner. The young officer had fortunately a French cook among his men, who very soon contrived

to place before us a capital dinner, though of what it was composed I could not discover. I rather think that hashed monkey formed one of the dishes. As, towards night, we approached Cheribon, my kind Dutch friend did his best to keep up my spirits, assuring me that he would spare no pains to prove that I was not a spy. He was not quite sure that the accounts received of the defeat of the English were correct; and the French commandant would scarcely venture to hang me without very strong proofs of my guilt, and with the possibility of being made a prisoner himself by my countrymen ere long, should they have been victorious. Still it was with no very pleasant feelings that I was formally conducted into the fort as a prisoner.

The forts of Cheribon had been allowed to fall into decay by the Dutch, but since the French occupation of the island had been repaired and considerably strengthened. I was told that the commandant boasted that he could hold out against any force likely to be sent against him, even should my countrymen gain the day. I was taken at once before him, and examined, but though he had no evidence to prove me guilty, as I was accused of being a spy he would not take my parole. I was by his orders accordingly locked up in a cell with iron bars to the windows, a three-legged stool, and a heap of straw in a corner for a bed. Mr. Van Deck had not entered the fort. In a little time Jack was thrust into the cell with very little ceremony. He brought me a message from my Dutch friend, saying that there had been a battle, and he suspected that the French had been defeated. I heartily hoped that he was correct. I had reason to believe that my prison, bad as it was, was the best in the fort, for Jack told me that he had seen guards going round with messes of food which they put into wretched dark holes, and in one as he was led along he saw a miserable gaunt man with long matted hair put out a lean yellow hand to take the food. This information made me hope more than ever that Van Deck was right in his suspicions, for I had no fancy to be shut up in a dark cell for months in such a climate, with the possibility of being taken out and shot as a spy. Had I been a naval or military man, I should not have been thus treated. Several very unpleasant days and nights passed by, a scanty allowance of coarse food only being brought to me and my young companion. The sergeant of the guard, however, intimated that if I would pay for it he could procure me a bottle or so of Bordeaux. He was as good as his word, and I believe that without the wine I should have fallen ill.

At length one day the sergeant threw open my prison-door, and Van Deck appearing took me by the hand and led me out of my noisome dungeon, followed by Jack, who gave a shout of joy as he found himself in the open air.

"I sent to Batavia, where your ship has arrived, and where your statement was fully corroborated, and the commandant had therefore no further excuse for keeping you a prisoner," said my friend. "But there is another reason why he would not venture to do so much longer—look there!"

He pointed seaward, where several large ships were seen approaching the land. He handed me a glass. I examined them eagerly. They were frigates, with the flag of old England flying at their peaks. Jack, when he heard this, gave a loud huzza and threw up his cap with delight, jumping and clapping his hands, and committing other extravagances, till I ordered him to be quiet, lest the French soldiers should put a sudden stop to the exhibition of his feelings.

The frigates approached till they had got just within

long gunshot range of the fort, when after some time a boat put off from one of them, and approached the fort bearing a flag of truce. That was at all events pleasant. There was a chance of a battle being avoided, yet the commandant had so loudly sworn that nothing should make him yield to the English, that I was afraid he might be obstinate and insist on holding out. We were on the point of hurrying down to meet the boat, when a sergeant with a guard stopped us and told us politely enough that we must stay where we were, or that Jack and I must go back to prison.

"We must obey orders," observed Van Deck. "The fact is, that the commandant is aware that you are acquainted with the weak points of the fort, that the gun-carriages are rotten, and many of the guns are themselves honeycombed or dismantled."

We were conducted out of the way when the officer with the flag of truce entered the fort. Looking from the ramparts, however, we could see the boat and the people in her through Van Deck's glass, and a young midddy was amusing himself, so it appeared to me, by daring some little Dutch or rather native boys to come off and fight him, which they seemed in no way disposed to do, for whenever he held up his fists they ran off at a great rate. Of one thing I was very sure, that if the French commandant did not yield with a good grace, he would be very soon compelled to do so. That squadron of frigates had not come merely to give a civil message and to sail away again. We walked up and down impatiently, waiting to hear what was to be done.

At length, after an hour's delay, the officer who had brought the message, Captain Warren, of the President, issued from the commandant's house with his coxswain bearing a flag under his arm. Down came the tricolour of France, and up went the glorious flag of England. Jack was beside himself on seeing this, and I could scarcely refrain from joining in his "Hurra! hurra!" as I hurried forward to meet the English captain, whose acquaintance I had made at the Mauritius. The French commandant intimated, on this, that I was at liberty, but, as I felt that it would be ungrateful to leave my friend Van Deck abruptly, I resolved to remain on shore for the present with him.

In a very short time the marines came on shore to secure the thus easily acquired possession, but scarcely had they formed on the beach, than it was ascertained that a large body of the enemy had entered the town. The order was given to charge through them, and, taken by surprise, the French and Dutchmen threw down their arms, and several officers and others were taken prisoners. Among them was General Jumel, second in command to General Janssen, and Colonel Knotzer, aid-de-camp to the latter, who with others were at once carried off to the ships.

Cheribon I found to be a much larger place than I at first supposed; the streets are narrow but numerous, and in the outskirts especially the houses of the natives are so completely surrounded by trees and bushes, that it is impossible to calculate their number. I heard that the Phœbe was one of the squadron, and soon had the satisfaction of shaking hands with my brother William, Toby Trundle, and other officers belonging to her. From them I heard a full account of the engagement which had given the greater part of the magnificent island of Java to the English. I was the more interested as my military brother had taken part in it, and distinguished himself. I hoped to meet him when I got to Batavia.

The army, which was commanded by Sir Samuel

Auchmuty, consisting of 11,000 men, half being Europeans, disembarked on the evening of the 5th of August at the village of Chillingchin, twelve miles north of Batavia. Colonel Gillespie advanced on the city of Batavia, of which he took possession, and beat off the enemy who attempted to retake it. A general engagement took place on the 10th at Welteureden, when the French were defeated and compelled to retire to the strongly entrenched camp of Cornelis. It was supposed to contain 250 pieces of cannon. Here General Janssen commanded in person, with General Jumel, a Frenchman, under him, with an army of 13,000 men. Notwithstanding this, the forts were stormed and taken, and the greater number of the officers captured. The commander-in-chief, with General Jumel, escaped—the latter, as I have mentioned, to fall very soon afterwards into our hands.

An expedition consisting of marines and blue jackets was now organised to meet a body of the fugitive army said to be marching from Cornelis. As William was of the party, I got leave to accompany it. That we might move the faster, horses had been obtained, and both marines and blue-jackets were mounted; that is to say, they had horses given them to ride, but as the animals though small were frisky and untrained, they were sent very frequently sprawling into the dust, and were much oftener on their feet than in their saddles. Our force as we advanced certainly presented a very unmilitary appearance, though we made clatter enough for a dozen regiments of dragoons. We were in search of the military chest, said to be with the fugitives. We fell in with a large party, who, however, having had fighting enough, sent forward a flag of truce and capitulated. We got possession, however, of some waggon-loads of ingots, but they were ingots of copper, and were said to be of so little value in the country as to have been fired as grape-shot from Cornelis. The moon shone brightly forth for the first part of the march, but no sooner did it become obscured than a considerable number of the marines were seized with a temporary defective vision very common within the tropics, called nyctalopia, or night blindness. The attack was sudden; the vision seldom became totally obscured, but so indistinct that the shape of objects could not be distinguished. While in this state the sufferers had to be led by their comrades. With some it lasted more than an hour; with others not more than twenty minutes, and on the approach of day all traces of it had disappeared.

On our march, during the heat of the day, we passed through a wood, every tree in which seemed to have been blasted by lightning. Not a branch nor leaf remained to afford us shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. Had I not known that the story of the noxious effects produced by the upas-tree was a fiction, I might have supposed that the destruction had been caused by a blast passing amid the boughs of one of those so-called death-dealing trees in the neighbourhood. Probably the forest had been destroyed partly by lightning, and partly by the conflagration it had caused.

On returning to Cheribon, I found that my friend Van Deck was anxious to proceed to Batavia, and I was fortunate in being able to procure him a passage on board the *Phoebe*, which was going there at once.

"Well, Braithwaite, I shall never despair of your turning up safe," exclaimed Captain Hassall, shaking my hand warmly as I stepped on the deck of the *Barbara*. "You saved the ship and cargo by your promptness, for had I not got your message by young Jack there, I should have been captured to a certainty.

Garrard, Janrin, and Co. have reason to be grateful to you, and I have no doubt that they will be so."

Everybody knows that Batavia is a large Dutch town built in the tropics—that is to say, it has broad streets, with rows of trees in them, and canals in the centre, of stagnant water, full of filth, and surrounded by miasma-exuding marshes. But the neighbourhood is healthy, and the merchants and officials mostly only come into the town in the daytime, and return to their country-houses at night. Some seasons are worse than others, nobody knows why. Captain Cook was there on his first voyage round the world during a very bad one, and, in spite of all his care, lost a number of people. We were more fortunate, but did not escape without some sickness.

Captain Hassall had disposed of most of that portion of our cargo suited for the Batavian market, so that I soon got rid of the rest. I then made arrangements for the purchase of sugar, tea, coffee, spices, and several other commodities which I believed would sell well at Sydney, to which place we proposed to proceed, touching at a few other points, perhaps, on our way.

The articles had, however, first to be collected, as the army had consumed the greater portion in store at Batavia. Part of the purchase I made from a brother of my friend Van Deck. He was on the point of sailing in a brig he owned along the coast to collect produce, and invited me to accompany him. I gladly accepted his offer, as the *Barbara* could not sail till his return.

In those days, as well, indeed, as from the memory of man, these seas swarmed with pirates—many of whom had their head-quarters on the coast of Borneo. Among them was a chief, or rajah, named Raga, notorious for the boldness and success of his undertakings. We, however, believed that with so many British men-of-war about he would seek some more distant field for his operations. The harbour was full of native craft of all sorts. Of the native prahus alone there are many varieties, some built after European models, and carrying sails similar to those of our English luggers. Others are of native construction, with lateen sails; and many, built with high stems and sterns, have the square mat sail, such as impel the Batavian fishing prahus. Of course among so many craft a pirate chief could easily find spies ready to give him information of all that was going forward. However, we troubled our heads very little about the pirates.

By-the-bye, I have not said anything about the alligators of Java, which are, I believe, larger than in any other part of the world. The government will not allow those in the harbour of Batavia to be disturbed, as they act the part of scavengers, by eating up the garbage which floats on the water, and might otherwise produce a pestilence. I often passed them floating on the surface, and snapping at the morsels which came in their way, quite indifferent to the boats going to and fro close to them. Captain Beaver, of the *Nisus* frigate, described to me one he saw in another part of the island, when on an exploring expedition. It was first discovered basking on a mud-bank, and neither he nor the officers with him would believe that it was an animal, but thought at first that it was the huge trunk of a tree. At the lowest computation it was forty feet in length. The circumference of the thickest part of the body seemed nearly that of a bullock, and this continued for about double the length. The extent of the jaws was calculated to be at least eight feet. The eyes glistened like two large emeralds, but with a lustre which nothing inanimate could express. The officers

examined it through their glasses, and came to the conclusion that it was asleep; but the native guides assured them that it was not. To prove this, one of them fearlessly leaped on shore and approached the creature, when it glided off into the water, creating a commotion like that produced by the launch of a small vessel.

I bade farewell to William and my friends of the *Phœbe*, not without some sadness at my heart. In those times of active warfare it might be we should never meet again. Of my soldier brother I got but a hurried glimpse before he embarked on an expedition which was sent to capture Sourabaya, at the other end of the island. A few words of greeting, and inquiries and remarks, a warm long grasp of hands, and we parted. Directly I stepped on board *Van Deck's* brig, the *Theodora*, the anchor was weighed, and we stood out of the harbour with a strong land breeze. The easterly monsoon which prevailed was in our teeth, so that we were only able to progress by taking advantage of the land and sea breezes. The land breeze commenced about midnight, and as it blew directly from the shore, we were able to steer our course the greater part of the night; but after sunrise the wind always drew round to the eastward, and we were consequently forced off the shore. The anchor was then dropped till towards noon, when the sea breeze set in. Again we weighed, and stood towards the shore, as near as possible to which we anchored, and waited for the land breeze at night.

We had thus slowly proceeded for three or four days, having called off two estates for cargo, when, as we lay at anchor, a fleet of five or six prahus were seen standing towards us with the sea breeze, which had not yet filled our sails. *Van Deck*, after examining them through his glass, said that he did not at all like their appearance, and that he feared they intended us no good. On they came, still directly for us. We got up all the arms on deck and distributed them to the crew, who, to the number of thirty, promised to fight to the last. Then we weighed anchor and made sail, ready for the breeze. It came at last, but not till the prahus were close up to us. Under sail we were more likely to beat them off than at anchor. They soon swarmed round us, but their courage was damped by the sight of our muskets and guns. Of their character, however, we had not a shadow of doubt. After a short time of most painful suspense to us they lowered their sails and allowed us to sail on towards the shore. Here we anchored, as usual, to wait for the land breeze. Had there been a harbour, we would gladly have taken shelter within it, for the merchant, the elder *Van Deck*, said that he knew the pirates too well, and that they might still be waiting for an opportunity to attack us. There was, however, no harbour, and so we had to wait in our exposed situation, in the full belief that the pirates were still in the offing, and might any moment pounce down upon us. The *Van Decks* agreed that we might beat them off, but that if they should gain the upper hand, they would murder every one on board the vessel. "We might abandon the vessel, and so escape any risk," observed the merchant—not in a tone as if he intended to do so. "You, at all events, Mr. Braithwaite, can be landed, and you can easily get back to *Batavia*." Against this proposal of course my manhood rebelled, though I had a presentiment, if I may use the expression, that we should be attacked. "No, no! I will stay by you and share your fate, whatever that may be," I replied. Night came on, and darkness hid all distant objects from view.

We were in the handsome, well-fitted-up cabin, en-

joying our evening meal, when the mate, a Javanese, put his head down the skylight and said some words in his native tongue, which made the Dutchmen start from their seats, and seizing their pistols and swords, rush on deck. I had no difficulty, when I followed them, in interpreting what had been said. The pirate prahus were close upon us.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SIERRA NEVADA.

BEFORE leaving Granada, I should give a short account of some excursions we made in the neighbourhood. We went to the *Soto de Roma*, about nine miles from the city, an estate which in old times belonged to the kings of Granada, and was frequently bestowed on court favourites. After the victory of Salamanca, the Cortes granted the estate to "our duke, who held it, as it is called, in fee simple and unentailed." It contains between 4,000 and 5,000 acres. The small village of *Roma* lies on the banks of the *Xenil*. The town of *Santa Fé*, built by Ferdinand and Isabella during the long siege of Granada, is easily visited on one's return to the town; it is only curious from its associations, as it is in a most dilapidated state; but the capitulation of Granada was actually signed there, and it is also interesting in no common degree as the spot from whence Columbus set forth on his voyage of discovery.

Our next excursion was the ascent of the *Sierra Nevada*. We started soon after daylight. To those used to mountain expeditions there is no difficulty worth speaking of, not even for ladies. We had good strong mules, which we preferred, but horses may be had for those who like them. There is a very practicable way nearly to the summit, formed entirely by those who go every day at nightfall to procure snow for the consumption of Granada; their mules have made a regular track. The people employed in this work are called "*Neveros*," and the cavalcade is a very picturesque sight as it winds down the narrow path, each mule with its heavy load of snow, and the *Neveros* in their singular dress, looking well suited to the scene and the employment. We had very good intelligent guides, one to each mule; I never allowed mine to wander far from my bridle-rein, only far enough to procure me some of the numerous beautiful wild flowers growing all around. One halt we made at what is called the *Piedras de San Francisco* (the rocks of Saint Francis). The dark gloomy masses show strongly on the brilliant white of the *Sierra*. We then came upon the vast snow pits that bear so different an aspect when seen from below, looking hardly bigger than white spots on the mountain side, but in reality they are wide extended snow fields that never wholly disappear, not even in the most glowing summer heat. We had taken with us every sort of protection against the cold that either our own ingenuity or the kindness of friends could suggest, for we intended passing the night on the mountain in order to witness the sunrise from the summit. Not only were we provided with outward wraps, but with inward restoratives; and the night was most glorious. We had started so early that we had much time at our disposal after we reached the stone edifice built as a refuge for travellers, but there was so much to amuse us as we rambled about, so many lovely, or rather grand peeps of scenery to see, such curious stones to be picked up, such wild legends to listen to told by the guides, that we could hardly believe our eyes when watches were produced and we found the

time for our evening meal had arrived. Words would fail to give any description of the glory of a starlight night on the mountain.

Our guides took care to rouse us in good time, that we might get to the summit before the sun was up. They had made a blazing wood fire in order to warm us, and that we might enjoy some scalding hot coffee before our start; and very picturesque the fire looked in the dim light, as we turned back to take a last look at our bivouac. We rode as far as we could, and then leaving the mules we started for the final walk that was to bring us to the summit; it was very steep, but we did not mind it, and the morning promised to be glorious beyond description. At last a loud shout of rejoicing from all the guides told us the welcome news that the goal was reached, and we threw ourselves down on the cloaks spread for us to recover breath and strength before we gazed on all the wonders around. The sun was just showing his bright crimson and gold rays, colouring everything with gorgeous hues. We stood on a small platform as it were, with a deep abyss immediately below us; volumes of mist still rolled all over the lower valleys; the beautiful blue sea lay on one side, with a dim horizon line beyond it; rocky peaks, mountain summits, were below and around. Little by little the golden light ascended, and the eye grew more accustomed to the scene. It was a wonderful panorama indeed!

Another pleasant ride took us to the spot bearing the melancholy name of "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro." It was on that very spot, as history tells us, that Boabdil turned to take a last lingering farewell look at his beautiful city.

CHAPTER VII.—TO MALAGA.

At length the day came when beautiful Granada must be left behind. Many and many a time we called a halt in the cavalcade that we might take yet one more look at the Vega spread out like a verdant carpet, and at the glorious Sierra Nevada glistening in all its snowy beauty, for we started at that early hour, when, if the sky is clear and free from mists, the summits stand out against the blue sky as though carved in ivory. Last looks must be taken by others besides King Boabdil, and so finally, with sincere regret, we turned our faces and our thoughts towards our onward journey. We were to ride from Granada to Malaga, and thence proceed to Seville, and with so much enjoyment in prospect we had not time to dwell upon our regrets for past pleasures. Most delightful our journey proved.

We rode horses, and found them altogether less fatiguing than mules, whose paces are decidedly trying. Anything more wretched than the village of Caini, situated nearly at the lowest point of a funnel-like ravine or gorge, I never saw; perhaps it struck us more from the contrast it presented to the scenes we had just left. Then we passed the mineral baths of Alhama. As usual, the Moorish bath is far the best, and very picturesque; the water must be very hot, for clouds of vapour rose up from it. These baths are considered very efficacious in cases of rheumatism. We reached Alhama about four o'clock in the afternoon. Its situation is striking, and the artist might fill his portfolio with sketches taken from different points of view. Houses seem to be perched on the very edge of precipitous cliffs; their gardens look as if suspended in mid-air; the vines cover every trellis, climb here, there, and everywhere; and far down below the foaming river, the Marchan, boils in agitated tumult, forming nume-

rous cascades, and supplying water for the different mills.

Beyond Alhama the mountains are sterile and gloomy, but they have an air of wild grandeur that served to enhance our view the next morning of Vinnela, a small town or village lying in the very lap of plenty. In that rich summer season the abundance of produce of all sorts was astonishing.

As we rode on, and came in sight of Velez Malaga, we really were unable to express the extent of our admiration and delight. On a steep rock are the remains of an old Moorish castle, with the town clustered about it; spires, and convents, and towers, all in a picturesque confusion. The streams of water rushing down the sides of the mountains have brought in their course rich moist soil to fertilise the beautiful valleys of Velez; and the extraordinary luxuriance caused by the plentiful moisture, joined with the burning sun of that country, is almost incredible. Nothing can exceed the beauty of Velez Malaga with its vine-clad mountains, the lovely blue sea, and the enchanting climate to give added delights to all this beauty. Truly it may be said to be a land of oil and honey, for the honey made in the neighbourhood is most delicious, and it is exported in large quantities, while much is used in the preparation of various delicate confections. There are all the advantages of tropical climates, but none of the terrible scourges that usually accompany them. We see the tall stately palm-tree, but no scorching sandy desert; here the sugar-cane, which was brought to Spain in the days of the Carthaginians, flourishes in perfection, and yet our feelings are not distressed by the thoughts of the slave labour employed in the cultivation. So delightful did we think Velez Malaga, that, contrary to our intention, we lingered on day after day. Summer was in all its glory, for the heat had not lasted long enough to burn up its verdure. The sea breezes, too, were most invigorating, not to mention the delightful sea-bathing. The nights we spent in the midst of these scenes are never to be forgotten. The air was softer, warmer, purer, than any I have ever felt even in Madeira, where I spent a winter.

We were anxious to reach Seville before the burning August heats came on, so the orders were given and we were once more on our way. We soon found we had only passed on from one spot of exquisite beauty to another in every way equal to it. Malaga is between soft sloping hills and the bright waters of the Mediterranean. The climate is thought to be more salubrious than any other that Europe can boast of, and I can easily believe it from all I heard during our stay. Rain is almost unknown, and yet there is no burning heat, owing to the sea breezes, and the temperature in winter at the lowest is 50°.

The province of Malaga, of which this beautiful city is the capital, is without doubt the richest in Spain. The most valuable metals, the most rare and beautiful marbles abound in the hills that surround it; its floral treasures are varied and abundant. Sugar, cocoa, coffee, cotton, all are cultivated with great success; and the situation of the city on the bay gives every advantage for exporting all the varied produce of the land. Its fame as a trading port was well known to the Phœnicians, and for more than 3,000 years has it retained its commercial existence. It has from times of the most remote antiquity been the chosen residence of some of the merchant princes of different nations, and it is most interesting during a stay there to trace back its history. There is a curious custom, a remnant of old times: the great bell of the cathedral tolls three times on the 18th

of August every year at three in the afternoon, in commemoration of the terrible siege that was laid to the town by Ferdinand in 1487. On that day it surrendered, upon good terms as they were considered; but Ferdinand, with his usual faithlessness and treachery where the Moors were concerned, broke every promise he had made, and the success of the Christian army was celebrated by every sort of horror. Yet the sufferings of the Moors were quite equalled in later days, when the town was sacked by the French troops.

The ladies at Malaga are charming. We made acquaintance with some very agreeable families, and generally spent our evenings in the midst of a most delightful society. There is great beauty amongst the Malaguenas; they are most attractive, gay at times, and full of sprightly and piquant ideas, while at other times their mood changes, and they display all the fascinating languor and grace of the Orientals. When they heard it mentioned incidentally that I kept a journal, and described all I saw and heard with a view to its publication, their intense eagerness to know in what terms I had spoken of them was very amusing, and it was all displayed with a *naïveté* that gave it a great charm in our eyes. Their kindness and courteous hospitality during our stay will not easily be forgotten.

An extensive trade is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit, especially raisins. The kind of grape that is cultivated to be dried, is called the *Una Larga* (or large egg grape). They are sent to foreign parts in jars of a shape similar to those found in Pompeii. The manner of preparing them is by cutting the stalk partly through, and leaving them hanging in the sun. A million boxes or jars are exported every year. The Malaga sweet wines are also very celebrated; they are called muscatel wines. The sea air is supposed to be highly beneficial to the vines; they cover the hills sloping down to the sea for leagues and leagues around Malaga.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

OCTOBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

PERHAPS one of our first practical lessons in sidereal astronomy consists in noticing that peculiar apparent motion in stellar objects, so evident on a brilliant starlight night in winter, known as the twinkling or scintillation of the stars. This phenomenon, with which most of our readers have been acquainted from early youth, by the nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," has occupied the attention of scientific men for a long period, among others, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler, Hooke, Newton, Young, and Arago. To the unassisted eye, it consists of very rapid changes in the intensity of the lustre of the stars. These changes are also frequently accompanied by corresponding variations in colour, observations of which have been recorded by more than one astronomer. Forster, in 1824, not only noticed the variability of colour, but he endeavoured to obtain an idea of the law by which the changes took place.

One of the popular notions by which we distinguish a planet, consists in the comparative absence of any scintillation of its light, which consequently shines with a much more steady lustre than that of the fixed stars. But twinkling is not always a sure distinction between the light of the fixed stars and planets, for, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the latter have been known to scintillate more or less, and the phenomenon is also much more observable in the fixed stars on some nights

than on others. Many writers have given explanations of the cause of twinkling, each differing in some respects from the others, and even at the present time differences of opinion exist. Some have accounted for the phenomenon by the undulatory theory of light, by which the direct rays from the star reach the eye at regular and successive intervals of time, causing the object alternately to appear and disappear. But M. Arago considered that the scintillation of the stars is nothing more than a rapid change in their intensity and colour originating in our atmosphere, in which the progress of the stellar rays is interfered with by the unequal heating, density, or humidity of the different strata. The principal cause of the scintillation may be supposed to arise, therefore, from the unequal refraction, or bending, of the rays of light as they pass through aerial currents of different temperatures and densities. That this is so, is evident from the variability of stellar twinkling depending on the distance of the stars from the horizon. For example, it is generally much more visible in stars at a low altitude, where the density of the atmosphere is always the greatest, while its minimum effect exists in the zenith, where the least density prevails. This law of twinkling, according to the altitude of the object, is not, however, universal, for several of the principal fixed stars, on account of the nature and peculiarity of their own light, vary considerably in the intensity of their scintillations independently of their position in the heavens. Procyon and Arcturus are known to twinkle much less than Vega, the brilliant bluish-white star in Lyra. Kaemtz states that "planets scintillate less than stars, because as the latter appear to us as points, the least displacement, were it only a few seconds, would be sensible to our eye. The planets having a visible disk, it is more difficult to appreciate their apparent change in volume; however, through telescopes we frequently see the edges scintillate, especially if they are near the horizon." Aristotle curiously explained the phenomenon as the result of a mere strain of the eye, for he says "the fixed stars sparkle, but not the planets; for the latter are so near, that the eye is able to reach them; but in looking at the fixed stars the eye acquires a tremulous motion owing to the distance and the effort." M. Wolf, Astronomer at the Imperial Observatory of Paris, has lately made some observations of the spectra of the stars at a time when the scintillation appeared very great. He has noticed on these occasions several series of broad bands pass from one end of the continuous spectrum to the other, which apparently confirms the changing colour of the stars, according to the theory of M. Arago.

M. Dufour, who made an extensive series of observations on stellar twinkling at Morges, Switzerland, has found that the phenomenon varies frequently from one day to another. But it increases or diminishes proportionally for all the stars, excepting those near the horizon, where the twinkling is always large. It has also been observed to increase during the time of twilight, and when clouds are in the sky driven rapidly before the wind. During those nights in which the scintillation was very marked, M. Dufour noticed that the stars in all directions, including the zenith, were affected; but on nights when the phenomenon was less decided, all the zenithal objects shone steadily. In tropical countries, scintillation is but seldom observed in stars at a high elevation above the horizon, and then only to a very limited extent. Humboldt remarks that in Peru stars scintillate when near the horizon, but not at more than twenty degrees above it. Garcin, in a letter to M. Reaumur, published in the "Histoire de

L'Academie des Sciences, 1743," states that "in Arabia, in spring, summer, and autumn, the inhabitants sleep on the roofs of their houses. It is impossible to describe the pleasure experienced in contemplating the beauty of the sky, the brightness of the stars, and their apparent motion from east to west, while thus lying in the open air. The light of the stars is pure, steady, and brilliant; and it is only in the middle of winter that a slight degree of scintillation is observed."

Stars of the first magnitude twinkle much more than those of the second, while in the smallest stars visible



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, OCTOBER 15.

to the unassisted eye, the scintillation is altogether inappreciable. In the magnificent cold starlight nights of winter, this tremulous motion of the fixed stars creates an erroneous impression of their number. We are led to suppose, from their flickering in all directions, that we perceive more luminous points than the eye is really capable of distinguishing at any one time. Hence the popular surprise when informed that all the visible stars on the clearest of nights amount to less than two thousand.

Observations on the scintillation of the stars have been made by several observers in elevated positions on the earth's surface, especially by Saussure in the



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, OCTOBER 15.

mountainous districts of Switzerland, and Professor C. Piazzi Smyth on the Peak of Teneriffe. At the latter place, Professor Smyth was much struck by the quiet and steady planetary light of the stars, and was inclined at first to believe that there was no scintillation; but he soon found that this phenomenon even existed at his

elevated station of 10,702 feet, although to a much smaller extent than at the foot of the mountain. Dr. Tyndall noticed in 1859, from the Grands Mulets, on Mont Blanc, at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet, that when Capella first appeared near the horizon on the evening of August 13, the star scintillated very distinctly, but that at 2 A.M. on the morning of the 14th, the twinkling was scarcely perceptible. From this observation of Dr. Tyndall, we may conclude that, when viewed from the summit of Mont Blanc, the stars shine with a steady light. During a residence at the hospice of St. Bernard in the summer of 1856, M. Dufour also found that the scintillation was very trifling. Whether this absence of the phenomenon at such great elevations occurs at other seasons of the year, we have no recorded observations to show.

The occasional twinkling of the planets consists only of a slight tremulous motion of their disks when near the horizon. It has been noticed principally in Mercury, Venus, and Mars. But in such cases, the phenomenon is so difficult to observe, that practically it may be concluded that, to the naked eye, any displacement resulting from it is too minute to be perceived by any but practised observers.

At midnight in October, the eastern and south-eastern sky is becoming enriched by some of the most conspicuous constellations, including Orion, Taurus, and Gemini, but, excepting Taurus, they are outside the limit of the diagrams. Andromeda, Perseus, and Cassiopeia, now meet in the zenith, near which several important stars are visible. Let our attention be first directed to the lower or south diagram. The stars situated a few degrees east of the zenith belong to Perseus; Algol, or Beta Persei, in Medusa's head, being near the south edge of the Milky Way. Proceeding downwards towards the eastern horizon, or the upper part of the left-hand side of the diagram, we pass over the eastern corner of Taurus, and the second star in that constellation, Nath, or Beta Tauri. East of this star, but too near the horizon to be included in the diagram, several stars in Gemini and Canis Minor are visible, Procyon having just risen due east. Confining ourselves to this portion of the heavens for the present, or rather in an E.S.E. direction, the splendid group of first and second magnitude stars in Orion, which add so much lustre to the winter sky of the northern hemisphere, can be seen without any special instruction. Between Algol and Orion, but nearer the latter, Aldebaran and its companion stars, the Hyades, are easily recognised. A line drawn from the zenith through Algol to the three stars in the belt of Orion, passes through the Hyades. The universally-known Pleiades group can be seen to the right of Aldebaran. In the south-east, most of the sky is occupied by Eridanus, an extensive constellation, but as it contains no star greater than the third magnitude visible at London, this portion of the heavens appears bare in comparison with that to which we have just drawn the reader's attention. Eridanus extends from near Rigel, the south-west star in the quadrilateral of Orion, to within a few degrees of the south meridian near the horizon.

The following constellations are now on or near the south meridian, beginning at the zenith: Andromeda, Triangulum, Pisces, Aries, Cetus, and Sculptor, the last mentioned being in the horizon. Although there are but few large stars now on the meridian, those belonging to the separate constellations can be pointed out easily in the diagram, if we recollect that a line drawn from the zenith through the exact centre as far as the south

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, OCTOBER 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, OCTOBER 15.

horizon, will represent the corresponding position of the celestial meridian, looking south. Not very far from the zenith, a star rather brighter than those near, and slightly left of the meridian line, is Gamma Andromedæ, a beautiful triple star. One to the right of the meridian is Mirach, or Beta Andromedæ. A little lower, above two conspicuous stars, Alpha Trianguli can be noticed, the two large stars being respectively Alpha and Beta Arietis. To the right of these, a line of small stars in Pisces may be seen, marking the position of the two fishes and their connecting ribbon. Below Pisces a few stars of the third and fourth magnitudes belong to Cetus.

West of the meridian, the principal constellations above the horizon at midnight are Pegasus, Equuleus, Pisces, Aquarius, and portions of Andromeda, Cetus, and Sculptor. The chief stars on this side of the meridian are those in Andromeda and Pegasus. That near the zenith, a little to the right of the meridian, we have already pointed out as Beta Andromedæ. Between it and Alpherat, is Delta Andromedæ, of the third magnitude. The stars composing the celebrated square of Pegasus have been explained in preceding months; it is enough, therefore, to say at present, that Alpherat, or Alpha Andromedæ, is the nearest of the four to the zenith, Beta Pegasi is in the north-western corner of the square, Alpha Pegasi, or Markab, in the south-western, and Gamma Pegasi in the south-eastern. A tolerably bright star to the right of the square, and nearly at the limit of the diagram, is Epsilon Pegasi. That south-west of Markab is Zeta Pegasi, and in the same direction two others near the right-hand limit of the diagram, are Gamma and Alpha Aquarii. The only object of large magnitude south of these stars, Jupiter excepted, is Beta Ceti, which may be noticed towards the lower part of the diagram on the right-hand side of the meridian. Jupiter, as in last month, is in the constellation Pisces; he is the most brilliant object now above the horizon.

Pisces, the Fishes, is the twelfth and last of the zodiacal signs, and one of the original forty-eight asterisms of the ancients. It is represented on celestial globes and maps as two fishes widely separated from each other, with their tails joined together by a long ribbon or string. This constellation occupies a considerable space in the heavens, one of the fishes being situated under the right arm of Andromeda, and the other under the wing of Pegasus. A good guide to the position of the two fishes may be obtained by reference to the four stars in the square of Pegasus, a line drawn from Alpherat to Gamma Pegasi being parallel to the body of one fish, while another line from Gamma Pegasi to Markab is likewise parallel to the other fish. Pisces is bounded by Andromeda on the north, by Aries and Triangulum on the east, by Cetus on the south, and by Aquarius and Pegasus on the west. Alpha Piscium, of the third and a half magnitude, is a close double star, and the largest in this constellation. The colours of the two components of this beautiful object are a pale green and blue. About forty stars are visible to the naked eye in Pisces, of which Ptolemy recorded the approximate positions of thirty-eight. Bode's Atlas contains two hundred and fifty-seven. In addition to Alpha Piscium, there are several double stars included within the boundaries of Pisces, but although some of them are of an interesting character, there is nothing unusually remarkable in their appearance or history to require any special notice.

Owing to the retrogression of the equinoxes, that point of the heavens intersected by the celestial equator and ecliptic at the vernal equinox, and which in ancient

times was situated in Aries, is now a considerable distance west of that constellation. It is really far advanced in Pisces, which is strictly the first sign in the zodiac of the present age. However, astronomers, for the sake of uniformity, still retain the technical name, "the first point of Aries," by which this zero-point has been for ages known. It is not likely that the order of the zodiacal signs, commencing with Aries, will be disturbed for a similar reason, notwithstanding that Pisces is the habitation of the sun at the beginning of his annual course.

Andromeda is situated in a favourable position for observation in the latitude of London, where that portion of the constellation nearest the pole never sets, the remainder being also above the horizon during a considerable part of the year. In celestial maps, the figure of Andromeda is placed near those of her father, mother, and lover, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, and Perseus. She is represented in the bonds, which, according to the heathen mythology, she carried with her to the stars. Pegasus and Lacerta are on the west of Andromeda, Pisces on the south, Cepheus on the north-west, Cassiopeia on the north, and Perseus and Triangulum on the east. There are two hundred and twenty-six stars in Andromeda catalogued by Bode, about thirty of which are clearly visible to the naked eye. The principal star of this constellation is Alpherat, or Alpha Andromedæ, in the lady's head, and in the north-east corner of the square of Pegasus. This object heads the list of standard stars in the Nautical Almanac, whose accurate right ascensions and declinations are given for every ten days throughout the year, to be used for delicate astronomical purposes. The second star in magnitude is Beta Andromedæ, or Mirach, formerly placed by the Arabian astronomers in the northern fish's head. Mirach is of the second magnitude, and of a fine yellow colour. Delta Andromedæ is about midway between the two chief stars Alpherat and Mirach. The situation of the latter star can be pointed out by drawing a line from Alpha Ceti, or Menkar, through the two bright stars in Aries. Or if we follow the directions of the poet; its position in the sky will be very evident, Markab being the south-west star in the square of Pegasus.

"From Markab run a line beneath th' imprison'd lady's head,
And over *Delta* on her back to Mirach 'twill be led."

Gamma Andromedæ is a beautiful triple star in the lady's ankle, and is a very favourite object for amateur observation. This star was first seen double by C. Mayer, in 1778. The principal component is of the third magnitude, and of an orange-yellow colour, while the smaller one is between the fifth and sixth magnitudes, and of a bluish colour. In 1842, M. Struve, of the Pulkowa Observatory, announced that with his large equatorial he found that the smaller component actually consisted of two stars. This discovery has since been verified by other astronomers, and this object is now looked upon as one of the severest tests of the penetrating power of an astronomical telescope. It requires, however, one with an object-glass of a large aperture to be able to separate the smaller star into two.

Cassiopeia is now situated near the zenith, its principal stars having just passed the meridian. In the diagram of the north sky they are near the upper boundary line, forming some resemblance to an antique chair, of which the lower portion is composed of Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and a smaller star, Kappa. Beta is the most westerly of all, and Alpha the most southerly. To see Cassiopeia in the heavens at midnight in October, the observer's face being directed towards the north,

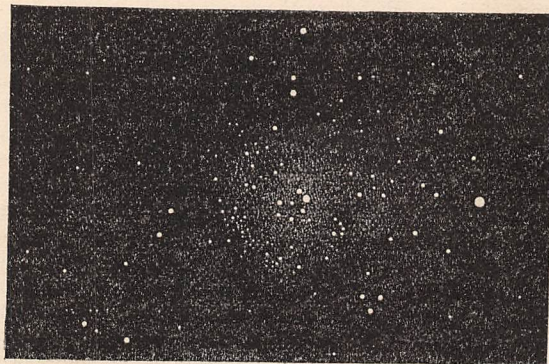
it is best to find first the position of the polar star, and then gradually to look upwards, almost to a point overhead. Between Polaris and Cassiopeia, there are no objects of sufficient magnitude to attract attention, excepting perhaps Gamma Cephei, which would be almost touched by a line drawn from Beta Cassiopeia to Polaris. In the north-western quadrant of the sky, several stars of large magnitude are visible in different directions, including Vega, Altair, and Deneb. From the zenith to the north-western horizon, we pass through Cassiopeia, Cepheus, Cygnus, Draco, Lyra, and Hercules. Looking due west, or along the upper boundary line of the diagram, there is no star sufficiently bright to notice especially, but towards the W.N.W., following the course of the Milky Way, several stars in Cygnus may be pointed out. The first is Deneb, or Alpha Cygni. That west, or to the left of Deneb, is Gamma Cygni, in the Milky Way. In the other arm of the Milky Way Epsilon Cygni may be seen. Zeta and Delta are apparently above and below the Milky Way respectively. North of Cygnus, the position of Lyra can be recognised by Vega, and the two neighbouring stars, Beta and Gamma Lyrae. To the right of Vega, and near the north meridian, Gamma and Beta Draconis are conspicuous, and below these several stars in Hercules are near the horizon. Below Cassiopeia, and between Cygnus and the meridian, Cepheus is situated. The two principal stars in Cepheus can be found by drawing a line from Alpha Cygni to Polaris, Alpha Cephei being the nearer one to Cygnus. All the chief stars in Ursa Minor are now to be found between Polaris and the north horizon. Kocab and Gamma Ursa Minoris at one end, and Polaris at the other, define the extent of this small but important constellation. Between Kocab and the horizon, the sky is occupied by portions of Draco and Boötes. Alkaid, the last star in Ursa Major, is exactly on the meridian.

East of the meridian the principal stars above the horizon are Capella, Castor, Pollux, and those in Ursa Major. In addition to these the planet Mars is a bright object north of east, about six degrees above the horizon. With the exception of Ursa Major, all the chief stars in this quarter of the sky are in E.N.E., and mostly in Perseus, Auriga, and Gemini. These three constellations are now partly in the northern, and partly in the southern half of the sky. Due east from the zenith, the nearest large star is Alpha Persei. The next conspicuous object is Capella, followed by Beta Aurigæ, and below these Castor and Pollux may be easily recognised in the heavens, Castor being the upper star of the two.

Perseus is principally a northern constellation, and for the most part circumpolar. It is one of the forty-eight asterisms of the ancients, and is situated in a very conspicuous part of the Milky Way, directly north of the Pleiades. Its chief stars are Alpha Persei, sometimes called Mirfak, and Beta Persei, or Algol. The latter is one of the most remarkable of the variable, or periodic, stars. The variation in lustre of this star was first noticed by Montanari in the seventeenth century, but its periodicity was first accurately determined in 1782 by Goodricke. Algol varies in magnitude from the second to the fourth in about three and a half hours, and back again to the second in the same interval of time. It continues at its greatest lustre during the remainder of its period, which has been ascertained to be about two days, twenty hours, and forty-nine minutes. Perseus contains several interesting stellar objects, one of which in his right-hand we give as an illustration. This beautiful cluster is scarcely visible to the naked eye,

even as a single star, but when viewed through a good telescope it exhibits a brilliant mass of stars, varying from the seventh to the fifteenth magnitudes. While gazing on this superb telescopic object we can well realise the poet's description of—

"Some sequestered star
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
Unseen by man; till telescopic eye,
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
And adds a jewel to the crown of night."



STAR CLUSTER IN PERSEUS.

In this beautiful cluster, the central group resembles a coronet, or rather an ellipse of small stars. The comparatively bright star to the right in the diagram is of the seventh magnitude. Sir William Herschel considered that this cluster, and another which follows it closely, belong to the Milky Way, in which they are situated. These two clusters are perfectly disconnected from each other, although the outlying stars in each can be brought into the field of view of a telescope at the same time. On very clear nights in winter they form, when taken together, one of the most interesting telescopic objects in the heavens. The writer recollects the great delight he felt when he was first shown these clusters, at a time when such objects were novel to him, and although thirty years of official experience have passed away since then, the impression on his memory of this first view of these gorgeous groups has never been effaced.

Our diagrams for October 15, with the accompanying descriptions, will be useful for the examination of the heavens on August 15 at 4 A.M., on September 15 at 2 A.M., on November 15 at 10 P.M., on December 15 at 8 P.M., and on January 15 at 6 P.M.

In October, 1868, Mercury is too near the sun to be observed favourably. He sets shortly after the sun during the month, and cannot therefore be seen with the naked eye.—Venus is still the principal morning star, rising on the 1st at 1.43 A.M., on the 15th at 2.10 A.M., and on the 31st at 2.45 A.M. On the 12th, in the afternoon, she will be in conjunction with the moon, behind which, by the aid of a telescope, she may be observed to disappear at 3.2 P.M. She will be rather near the W.N.W. horizon at the time, and before she emerges from the opposite side of the moon, both objects will have set. During the morning hours, before sunrise, Venus may be recognised due east.—Mars is also a conspicuous morning star in October, but there is no fear of any one mistaking him for Venus, Mars having a decided ruddy tinge, while Venus is a brilliant white. Mars rises on the 1st at 11.24 P.M., and on 31st at 10.55 P.M.—Jupiter rises on the 1st at 5.36 P.M., on the 15th

at 4.39 P.M., and on the 31st at 3.32 P.M. He is consequently now very favourably situated for observation, and is a beautiful evening telescopic object, with his four attendant moons. Jupiter is above the horizon all night at the beginning of the month, but at the end he disappears below it nearly three hours before sunrise.—Saturn can only be seen during this month in the south-west, as an early evening star, for an hour or two after sunset. He sets on the 1st at 7.41 P.M., and on the 31st at 5.52 P.M.—Both Uranus and Neptune can be observed as telescopic objects in October throughout the night.

The moon will be only a short distance from Jupiter on the evening of the 1st. On the 5th she will be near the Pleiades, and on the morning of the 6th near Aldebaran. On the 10th she will be in conjunction with Mars, and on the morning of the 12th Venus, Regulus, and the moon will be near each other. On the 28th, during the evening, the moon will be again near Jupiter at 8 P.M., when they will only be separated by about two degrees. At this time both objects are in the constellation Pisces.

The principal lunar phases are as follows:—Full moon on the 1st, at 7.58 P.M.; last quarter on the 9th, at 6.13 A.M.; new moon on the 15th, at 11.1 P.M.; first quarter on the 23rd, at 9.42 A.M.; and full moon, for the second time this month, on the 31st, at 11.5 A.M. The moon is nearest to the earth, or in perigee, on the 13th, and most distant, or in apogee, on the 25th.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

VIII.—AMUSEMENTS.

THE public amusements of the Japanese are nearly as varied as those of more western nations. Dramatic representations, including equestrian performances, wrestling matches, feats of skill and strength, rope-dancing, conjuring, etc., afford them entertainment.

There is no desire to shorten the enjoyment of theatrical displays, neither are they reserved for the evening time. A large square, or horseshoe-shaped space, is surrounded by temporary erections of two storeys. The upper one is reached from the outside, and partitions are set up at regular distances: each of these boxes will contain a family, and may be hired by the day or week. The enclosure is open to the sky, and the stage extends along the whole of one side. The audience are summoned by the sound of a rattle (which is sometimes continued for two or three hours). They are in the habit of providing themselves with provisions and refreshments; and a whole day can be passed quietly in witnessing the performances, which are sometimes of a soothing, sometimes of a rousing, character. Scenes of love and hatred, revenge and retribution, form the subject of their dramas. Male and female performers act the parts. Comedy does not enter largely into these compositions; but single combats are frequent, and seem to be much appreciated by the lookers-on. Their history, which has been of a most varied and striking character, furnishes them with numberless plots, and love, jealousy, and murder, supply the usual quota of domestic incidents. In some of the representations several plays are carried on alternately, that is, the first act of number two succeeds the first act of number one, and number three that of number two, and then the second and following acts of the three plays are performed in similar order; thus spectators can choose which piece they will follow, and in the intervals they may retire and attend to their business or pleasure.

At some of the theatres the performers pass through the midst of the audience to reach the stage, in order to familiarize them with the dress of the part they are acting, as the great object of a Japanese actor is to represent as many different characters in the same piece as possible. There are seldom more than two or three personages on the stage at one time, so this can be effected without much difficulty.

Occasionally the performance is so natural that the tragic episodes exercise great effect upon the more susceptible of the audience, and tears are freely shed when the hero of the piece, who ought to wed the fair heroine, falls a victim to the sword, or is secretly poisoned by a rival; but, as a rule, the performance goes smoothly on without much demonstration of feeling on the part of those who are present. In fact, the length of time through which these performances continue prevents any excessive outburst of emotion, as it would be impossible to keep the feelings harrowed and sympathy excited for a week or so on account of the woes of those who are palpably acting their parts; for the broad daylight which shines around, and the absence of accessories in the shape of scenery and lights, renders the task of a Japanese actor a particularly difficult one. Gorgeous dresses of silk and satin are worn, both the materials and colours being much richer than those which are in common use.

Besides set theatres, with a regular *corps dramatique*, itinerant performers are met with in the streets, who represent shorter plays and scenes. Both women and men in these small companies have their faces hideously coloured with red and white paint. Their dresses are poor, compared with those of the superior class of actors. They soon gather a large crowd around them in the busy streets, and seated or standing on mats and cushions, they recite their parts and enact the scenes in the open air, the spectators throwing down a few cash or a tempo when the performance is concluded.

The equestrian performances are rather plays on horseback than scenes in the circle, and consist of mounted actors, who ride in and out gesticulating, fighting, and going through mimic combats, while managing their wild-looking steeds on the wooden platform; a great clatter ensues, but the results are by no means terrific. In an exhibition of this nature, witnessed at Nagasaki, the only feat worthy of note performed by the horses was the ascent and descent of a somewhat steep wooden staircase; but as all travellers in Japan are constantly passing up and down stone steps when mounting the hill-sides and visiting the temples, such a performance was by no means extraordinary.

Japanese jugglers deserve a special mention from the great dexterity they exhibit in some elegant and surprising feats of skill. Nothing can be prettier in that way than the celebrated butterfly trick. A conjuror twists a piece of thin paper into the shape of a butterfly with outstretched wings; he then places it on his fan, and with a slight movement launches it into the air, where it flutters about, now settling on the edge of the fan, whose gentle motion regulates its movements, now flying high in the air, and then once more hovering over the fan with all the fitful gracefulness of a live insect. A second fan is sometimes brought into requisition, and the butterfly passes from one to the other, or flies away seemingly directed alone by its own will; the illusion is rendered still more perfect when another butterfly joins its companion, and the two together flutter about, hovering over a bunch of flowers, which the conjuror holds in one hand, seemingly sipping their sweets as they rest for a few seconds on the coloured petals, and

then dance away again on their airy flight. A teapot is held out, and the butterflies quit the bright flowers and rest on its rim; then they fly inside, as if anxious to explore the dark interior, and are lost to sight for a few seconds; but they soon emerge and flutter about more gaily than ever, glad, it would seem, to regain the light and liberty. One experiences a feeling of regret when the pretty graceful butterflies are at length ruthlessly caught and torn to pieces, so completely do they seem animated creatures, and not mere toys.

Top-spinning is also carried to perfection in Japan. The tops are of various sizes and shapes, chiefly that of a brightly painted wooden cylinder, pierced by a small round metal axis, on which the cylinder moves freely. Others are more like umbrellas, but nearly all can be made to revolve in extraordinary places. For instance, a top is set spinning along the edge of a sharp sword, on a slender piece of twine, or up an ascent and into the interior of a box, where it strikes a certain number of bells and then emerges at an open door, still spinning as fast as when it commenced its curious journey. It is well to mention, as another peculiarity of Japanese top-spinning, that this journey is made on the side of the cylinder, and not on the point of the axle. Family—or, as they are sometimes called, hen and chicken—tops are also common. A large top contains a number of small ones, and while the large one revolves these pop out one after the other, and commence spinning around the parent top, which is soon surrounded by a number of small ones, all turning so rapidly that the eye can scarcely see them move.

The tops vary in size from three inches to three feet in circumference; sometimes a large top is, as it were, wound up to such a degree that the sides of smaller tops are applied to its side, and the momentum thus acquired is sufficient to set them spinning at once. From time to time the performers wipe their hands on their paper pocket-handkerchiefs, so that no moisture may impede the perfect action of the top. The top is removed from place to place with the greatest freedom, the equilibrium being maintained, whether it is spinning on the point of a bamboo or on the surface of a flat table.

Birds are trained to play many tricks; to select cards, pull up small buckets, carry weapons, and run up ladders, open doors, etc. The clever little performers hop about with a well-satisfied air, and are rewarded for a successful trick by the present of a hemp seed. When going through their mimic labours they are quite at liberty, and have the full use of their wings, but do not attempt to escape, and seem perfectly under the control of their trainer, who, with his assistant, carries the cages and apparatus from village to village, stopping at the country houses of the better classes, and at the residential parts of the temples, where he exhibits his little companions' skill to the admiring eyes of the ladies of the establishment. There is a serious gravity of demeanour about these exhibitors, when, seated on their heels, and dressed in dark silk garments, they direct the movements of the birds, which renders these performances far more picturesque than similar ones in England.

Some of the balancing is also very extraordinary. The Imperial Japanese troupe, at present exhibiting in this country, give examples of these efforts of skill and strength. Some of them are in the highest degree sensational; yet but few persons feel alarmed at these exhibitions, so calmly do the performers go through their evolutions, and each one manifests such perfect confidence in the address and skill of the others. It is also a feature of Japanese exhibitions, that

a number of assistants are always at hand, dressed in handsome garments, who stand about in picturesque groups, and, while adding to the general effect of the scene, are prepared to act should an emergency arise. Sensational as many of our exhibitions are, they are equalled by those of the Japanese rope-dancers, bamboo-climbers, and acrobats, who appear to have learnt from the monkeys the art of ascending upright poles, and of clinging by the toes and hands to the smoothest surfaces; and while the performer is in a position which to an ordinary person would be one of the greatest danger to life and limb, he calmly draws out his fan from his girdle and begins to fan himself, regarding the spectators below with a self-complacent and nonchalant air. A juggler lies on his back and balances a huge tub on his feet, and puts it through a variety of evolutions; a number of buckets are placed under it in succession, and raise it to a considerable height; after balancing these for a short time, first on one foot and then on the other, he kicks away the small buckets, and catches the large tub upon his feet. A boy sometimes is introduced, and takes the place of the large tub.

Musicians, either male or female, accompany these exhibitions with their tinkling guitars and sharp-toned flutes. Feats of posturing and agility are also performed, and boys, whose vertebral columns must resemble india-rubber, put their heads between their legs, double themselves up, and walk in the most crab-like fashion; and when two of them are gambolling together, it is difficult to distinguish to which individual the respective heads and limbs belong. Some street mountebanks dress themselves up in a feathery head gear, or draw over their heads a mask, which makes them resemble frogs, whose movements they imitate.

WRESTLERS.

The Japanese differ from the Chinese and Hindoos in the value they attach to athletic games, and wrestling is the national sport. Wrestling matches are therefore amongst the most popular exhibitions.

Each Damio has a number of professional wrestlers attached to his establishment, who, like the gladiators of old, devote their existence to trials of strength. These men are remarkable for their muscular development, and they take a great pride in the size and strength of their limbs. They are attended by servants, who wait upon them, hand them their fans, and dress and undress them, for when they engage in wrestling they are all but perfectly naked; but this is not remarkable in a country where the men of the lower or working classes throw off their loose garments the moment they have any extra work to perform. Wrestling is not reserved for the professionals, but nearly all Japanese men exercise themselves in it, and when the labours of the day are concluded, arrange matches amongst themselves. A circle is formed, the spectators squatting on their heels, and two antagonists step into the ring. First they assume the national attitude of sitting on their heels, then they each take up a handful of earth and cast it over their shoulders, and watch each other like two cats, intent upon a spring. Several feints are generally made before an opportunity arises of seizing each other. The great object of each one seems to be to throw his opponent over his head; and when a skilled wrestler encounters a novice, this is quickly done; in other cases, the contest continues for some time, the wrestlers exerting their utmost strength, and entwining their limbs round each other in their efforts to throw one another. But no ill-feeling seems engendered, and there

are no spiteful blows or savage looks, but the conquered and the conqueror part in perfect good temper. A succession of antagonists enter the circle, until all have exhibited their prowess or tried their strength. It is not alone at matches that they thus exercise themselves. If two coolies meet who have nothing particular to do, they may be seen striving with one another; and in default of a living antagonist, a strong young sapling has been seen to serve as a substitute, the wrestler putting forth all his strength and pushing against the tree, as if endeavouring to overturn it. This national characteristic is doubtless an indication of the greater vigour of mind and body possessed by the Japanese, and which causes them to present a strong contrast to the more enervating forms of ancient civilization met with in Asiatic communities.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER XI.—SOME SPECIAL CASES.

THERE exists no parochial clergyman but has met with cases of peculiar interest in the course of his ministrations. I will endeavour to relate in this chapter one or two of the most interesting cases that fell under my immediate notice in my first curacy.

In a former part of my narrative I have alluded to three burials in one family. The case was as follows. Abraham Adams had been a tradesman from early manhood in one of our neighbouring towns; indeed he succeeded his father in his business, that of a tailor, and at one time was well-to-do in circumstances. But when he was about thirty years old, the hereditary disease of his family, consumption, attacked him; it had previously carried off several of his relatives. He strove against its insidious progress as long as he was able, but was soon obliged to relinquish an active share in the management of his business. This declined, and the foreman robbed him, and absconded with so much ready money, that Adams was made a bankrupt. The family honourably paid all their debts, but when this was done, very little, in fact only a few pounds, remained to them. They gathered all together, and took a lodging in a poorer part of the town. Here Adams became rapidly worse, and as the only means of saving his life, the surgeon who attended him ordered him into the country. Hopes were created which were only raised to be blighted, for when he arrived at our village, I saw upon my first visit that there was not the slightest chance of his recovery. He was extremely patient under his trying affliction, but he did not live long after he came into the parish. On the particulars of his illness and my repeated visits I will not dwell, though to me, as a clergyman, they were gratifying and hopeful.

One remarkable and sad coincidence occurred at this trying period. Adams's two sons caught scarlet fever, and it was so violent in its attack that they both died on the morning of the fifth day after they were taken ill. The same evening their father died. Thus was the poor wife bereft of her husband and two sons in one day.

But a worse personal calamity also quickly befel Mary Adams. Her eyesight had been rather defective for some time; indeed, during her husband's illness she had rather overstrained it by taking in a little needlework, so she told me, in the town where she had lived. But now, from excessive grief at her triple loss, and from anxiety of mind with regard to the future, in six weeks time from the death of her husband and children she became totally blind, and when I left the parish she

remained in that sad state without the slightest hope of restoration.

The father and two sons were buried on the same day, and the overflowing congregation testified to the deep sympathy excited by the sad events. We succeeded in raising a sum of money for the widow, as the distressing nature of her affliction created sympathy on every side. With the money she purchased a mangle, and was promised the linen belonging to many families; she was only able to turn the handle of the mangle, while her little girl, the only child left, laid the linen straight within the rollers.

It was a saddening sight, and also pitiful, though comforting in another view, to see the eagerness with which this woman tried to learn the raised letters of Moon's type for the blind. How very quickly she learnt to master the difficulty! Perhaps this arose partly from the fact that she had been a pretty good scholar in her earlier years; but, however this may have been, certainly God does seem, when he deprives any of his creatures of one sense, to sharpen and strengthen the powers of those remaining. Very regularly was the widow to be seen in her wonted place in the house of God, led by her little daughter; and I know that it often caused a feeling of shame in the minds of other people, to behold her peaceful resigned expression of countenance, knowing how light their own trials were compared with hers.

I have previously stated that the wages of an agricultural labourer in this part of Devonshire were very low, compared with those of other counties. But the smallness of the pay of the farm-labourer was distanced by the poverty of the needlewomen in the district.

A manufacturer in the nearest town contracted very largely with Government for shirts for the army and navy, and these he was accustomed to have made by the women living in the villages surrounding his warehouse. But he paid these women very badly, and must have made a very large profit from his different contracts. Two old women in my district had been employed by him for many years. But after all, what was their remuneration? Threepence-halfpenny a shirt, in which they had to work six button-holes, and to find their own needles and thread!

One of the poor old creatures informed me that she had been engaged in this kind of shirt-making for ten years; that when she had mastered the little difficulties which have to be encountered at first learning any trade, her fingers were so nimble that she could regularly make three shirts a day, which were all able to bear the severe strain of the "approver and weigher;" but now that she was getting old, and her fingers stiffening with rheumatism, she could only with difficulty make one shirt during the day.

I could tell even of worse things than this, for I really found some of our women engaged upon coarser shirts for a French house, receiving the mere pittance of twopence halfpenny each shirt, working four button-holes in each, and finding their own needles and cotton! Surely Hood's poem was no fable.

Another case I have to report which was painfully interesting. I was called upon, in the vicar's absence, to go immediately and visit a man said to be dying in one of our most remote hamlets. With a little difficulty I found my way to the house I was in search of, if it was allowable to apply such a term to a building consisting of a mere decayed heap of "cob," with the thatch off in many places, and with large stones placed on the remaining portion to keep it from being entirely blown away. A broken gate and neglected strip of ground led to this dilapidated-looking dwelling. Two noisy

and rather savage dogs made their appearance at my approach, and I was obliged to shout out for them to be tied up before they would allow me to come nearer to the house. I have a legitimate horror of Devonshire dogs, having been bitten by them no less than six times in the space of five years. When at last I succeeded in entering the cottage—and even to effect this I had to step over a couple of puddles of dirty water, a potato-skin heap, and another of peat ashes—I found that the interior was even in a worse condition than the badness of the outside could have prepared me for. Filth of every description lay scraped into little heaps on the floor, which having been deprived of its tiles, presented an uneven appearance. In the midst of all this dirt was a truckle bedstead; there was an old mattress on it, but no blankets, and the sheets were entirely in holes. On this bed was the object of my visit. As he lay there, I should have said he was probably about fifty or fifty-five years of age, though I afterwards found that he was much younger. He was, or rather had been, exceedingly handsome; he possessed most regular features, curly black hair and beard, the latter at the period of my visit tinged with grey. He presented a marked contrast to his female companion and attendant, whom the neighbours called his wife. She was coarse, common, and bloated, from her constant drinking habits. I found that the man was in the last stage of consumption. My visit on this occasion was very short, as the atmosphere of the room was more than I could bear; besides which, I found out that the man was very deaf, and as I had to approach close to the bed in order to make him at all sensible of what I was saying, I had to keep a strict watch, lest the innumerable vermin which crawled about in all directions should be attracted to myself as fresher prey.

The next day I repeated my visit, for I was anxious to make some faint impression upon the man who I thought would not have lasted many days, though he actually lingered for nearly a month.

I made inquiries if he had no relatives who could come and see to his wants, or at least send some assistance, as he evidently stood in need of the common necessities of life, and even of common decencies also. The woman told me the sick man had a sister, and that she had written for her to come immediately, and, added she, "she is a perfect lady." I was somewhat surprised to hear this statement, but the man's features and manner showed plainly enough that he was not of the lower orders of society.

On the day of my third visit the sister arrived, and very thankful indeed I was to see her there, for she had brought a large supply of things with her, and immediately had clean bed-linen supplied, and sent off to the nearest town to procure blankets and other necessities. Her brother was too far advanced in his illness to be removed to better lodgings, even if they could have been obtained. His sister told me his history.

"The name he now bears," she said, "is not his own, he has borrowed it from the woman with whom he lives: His father was a colonel in the army, his mother was the daughter of an Irish Earl. His godfathers were a peer of the realm and a baronet. His brothers, three of them in number, died early in life as officers in the army, cut off by the same disease which is now approaching a fatal termination in himself.

"He is only forty-one years of age, though he looks so much older. His father died when he was quite young, and his dying words to his wife were, 'bring Edward up tenderly.' This request, it is needless to say, was literally fulfilled. He was brought up ten-

derly, too tenderly as it proved, for his wayward temper first led him into many a boyish scrape, afterwards ripening into manhood's vices.

"When seventeen years of age, a commission was procured for him in the Indian army; he soon afterwards set sail from his native country and joined his regiment. In India his temper, which he had never learnt to control, led him into a great deal of trouble, and a love of gambling and drinking which soon developed itself, encircled him with large debts. These his dotingly fond mother paid. Soon afterwards, however, he committed such an offence against all military honour, and morality in general, that he was obliged to resign his commission and return to England. His disgrace was a crushing blow to his mother, it broke her heart, and she died.

"A few months after, appearing to be deeply penitent, a most excellent appointment was procured for him in Australia, a post of influence and trust. He went out provided with everything suitable to his new position. Here, however, as soon as the novelty of the situation wore off, his old bad habits were renewed with tenfold intensity, and a second time he returned to his native land covered with disgrace.

"A rupture took place between himself and his family. I, his sister, paid all his debts and settled a small sum upon him to be paid monthly through the family lawyer. For four years he entirely disappeared, and would never let us know where or how he was living. At length we traced him to a low part of the east end of London, and found him living with the vilest associates. Our efforts were in vain to reclaim him, and I never met him until the day I came here and saw him in this awful condition. When he was in London he met with this woman, and they passed as man and wife. A feeling of shame perhaps induced him to drop his own surname and adopt hers instead. I must, however, do her the credit to say that she persuaded him to leave the vile neighbourhood in which they were located, and they removed to a back street in the west central district of the metropolis. She obtained the washing of some of the more respectable families in the neighbourhood." And he, when he was sober, employed himself in ironing the linen, and was so lost to shame that he actually carried it home to the very houses where he had formerly dined as an equal. Their quarrelsome habits and their drunkenness combined, lost them the washing of respectable people, and his illness increasing they were obliged to move into cheaper lodgings. They tried to support themselves by keeping a sweet shop for children, but failed; and at last they resolved to sell all they possessed and come down into Devonshire, where they vainly hoped the climate would perhaps restore him to his wonted health."

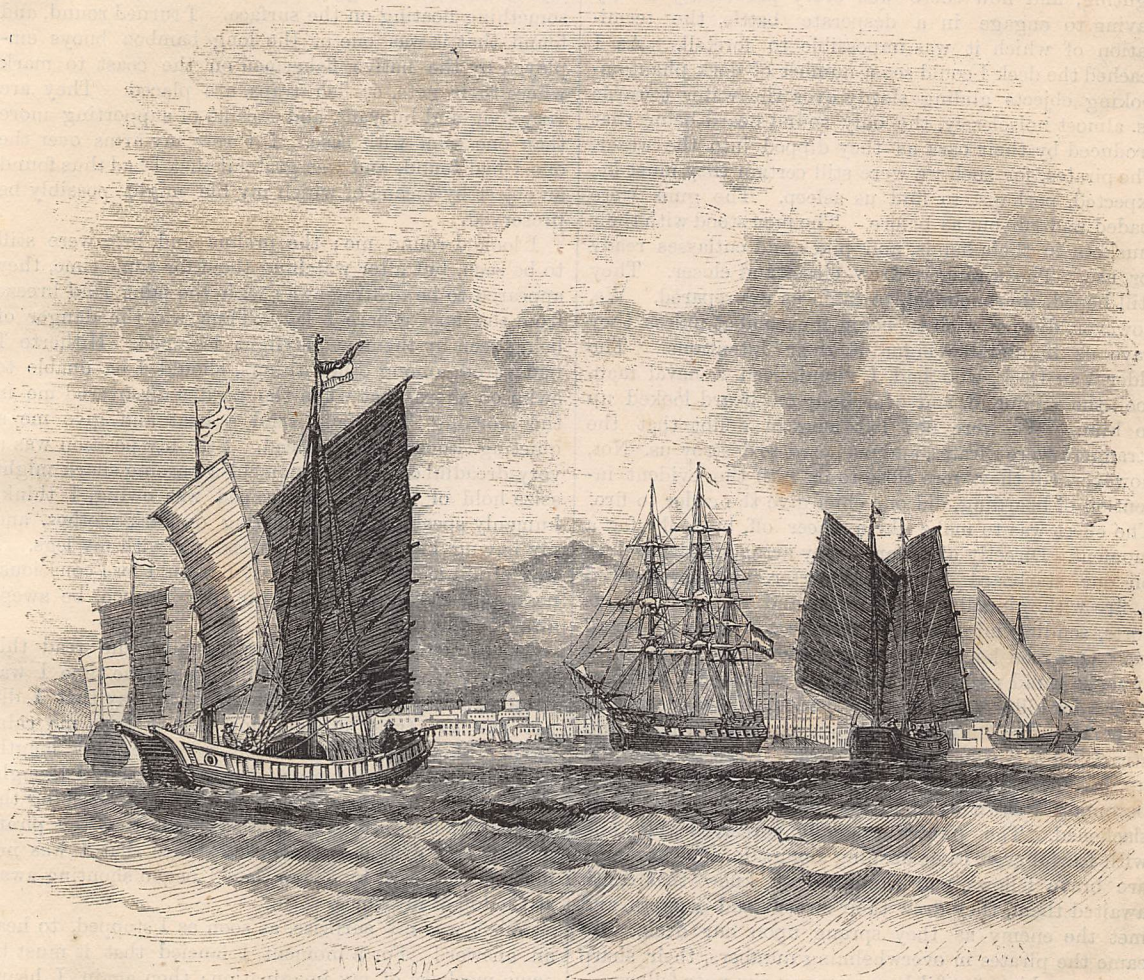
Such was the melancholy history told me by this lady. She was much distressed at the sad condition of her brother, and most anxious about the state of his soul. The payment of his debts had much impoverished her, as they were of very large amount. She remained in the neighbourhood for three weeks, until her brother died, seeing him and attending him every day. She seemed satisfied with the sincerity of his repentance, but I confess that his excessive deafness made it an extremely difficult task to make him at all sensible of what was addressed to him, and when he seemed to understand there was little response.

What a sad ending was this to a life so happily and prosperously commenced; and what a lesson of warning to young men should this record be of a thoroughly wasted life!

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*.



BATAVIA FROM THE SEA.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HEARTILY acknowledge that war is hateful to God, and ought to be, indeed is so, to man also, the nearer by faith, by love, by charity, by mercy, he approaches to the nature of God. Fighting, even in a worldly point of view, is, I conceive, a disgrace to the boasted mental powers of the human race; still more so is it to our professed Christianity: and it behoves us to strive and pray for the time when wars may cease, and peace be established among men. But I have faith in one

means alone, the spread of real, vital Christianity. We have learned from the sad experience of centuries that nominal Christianity, which men call religion, is utterly powerless to stop warfare; it may, in a few instances, have lessened some of its horrors, but only a few. The annals of the wars which have taken place for the last three hundred years since the world has improved in civilization show that nations rush into war as eagerly as ever, and that cruelties and abominations of all sorts, such as the fiercest savages cannot surpass, are committed by men who profess to be Christians. Read the accounts of the wars of the Duke of Alva and

his successors in the Netherlands, the civil wars of France, the foreign wars of Napoleon, the deeds of horror done at the storming and capture of towns during the war in the Peninsula, not only by Frenchmen and Spaniards, but by the British soldiers, and indeed the accounts of all the wars in the pages of history, and we shall learn what a fearful and dreadful thing war is, and strive to assist the spread of the true principles of the Gospel as the only means of putting a stop to it.

Such thoughts as these had been occupying my mind on board the brig, on the morning of that eventful day of which I have just been speaking. Here was I, a peace-loving man, engaged in a peaceable occupation, and yet finding myself continually in the midst of fighting, and now there was every probability of my having to engage in a desperate battle, the termination of which it was impossible to foretell. As I reached the deck I could see a number of dark phantom-looking objects gliding slowly over the water towards us almost noiselessly, the only sound heard being that produced by their oars as they dipped into the water. The pirates, for such we were still certain they must be, expected, perhaps, to find us asleep. The guns were loaded and run out as before. The men stood with their muskets in their hands, and pikes and cutlasses ready for use. The strangers drew closer and closer. They still hoped, we concluded, to catch us unprepared. We, however, did not wish to begin the combat unless they gave us indubitable signs of their intentions. The elder Van Deck, who had, I found, been a naval man, took the command, and everybody on board looked up to him. We were not left long in doubt that the strangers were pirates, and purposed to destroy us. Not, however, till they were close to us with the evident intention of boarding, did our chief give the order to fire. The effect was to make them sheer off, but only for a moment. Directly afterwards they arranged themselves on our starboard bow and quarter, and commenced a fire with gingalls, matchlocks, and guns of various sorts, sending missiles of all shapes and sizes on board us. Our men kept firing away bravely, but in a short time, so rapid was the fire kept up on us, that three or four were killed and several wounded. I was standing near the brave Dutchman when a dart shot from a gun struck him, and he fell to the deck. I ran to raise him up, but he had ceased to breathe. His death soon becoming known among the crew, their fire visibly slackened. The pirates probably perceived this, and with fearful cries came dashing alongside. The Javanese are brave fellows, and though they knew that death awaited them, they drew their swords and daggers and met the enemy as they sprang upon our deck. On came the pirates in overwhelming numbers, their sharp creeses making fearful havoc among our poor fellows.

I saw that all was lost. I was still unwounded. Rather than fall alive into the hands of the pirates, as with the survivors of the crew I was driven across the deck, I determined to leap overboard, and endeavour to swim to land. That was not a moment for considering the distance or the dangers to be encountered. Death was certain if I remained in the ship. Unnoticed by the enemy, I threw myself overboard, and struck out in the direction, as I believed, of the shore. I was a good swimmer, but light as were my clothes, I was not aware of the impediment they would prove to me. Already I was beginning to grow tired, and to feel that I could not reach the shore. Yet life was sweet, very sweet, in prospect. I prayed for strength, and resolved to struggle on as long as I could move an arm. I threw myself on my back to float. I could see the brig, at no great

distance, surrounded by the prahus. All sounds of strife had ceased. Only the confused murmurs of many tongues moving at once reached my ears. Now that I had ceased for a few minutes to exert myself, two fearful ideas occurred to me: one, that I might be swimming from the land, the other, that at any moment a shark might seize me and carry me to the depths below. Had I allowed my mind to dwell on these ideas, I should speedily have lost courage, but instead I had recourse to the only means by which, under similar trials and dangers, a man can hope to be supported. I turned my thoughts upwards, and prayed earnestly for protection and deliverance.

I was striking out gently with my feet to keep myself moving through the water when my head struck something floating on the surface. I turned round, and found that it was one of the long bamboo buoys employed by the native fishermen on the coast to mark where their nets, or fish traps, are placed. They are very long and buoyant, and capable of supporting more than one man with ease. I threw my arms over the one I had found, and was grateful that I had thus found an object by means of which my life might possibly be preserved.

I looked round me; the prahus and brig were still to be seen, but after watching them for some time, they appeared to be drifting away with the faint land breeze from the spot where I lay. Thus was the danger of being seen by them at daylight lessened. Hitherto I had feared, among other things, should I be unable to swim on shore, that when the pirates discovered me in the morning they would send a boat and give me a quieting knock on the head. Still my position was a very dreadful one. Any moment a passing shark might seize hold of me; that I escaped was owing, I think, humanly speaking, to my having on dark clothes, and my having kept constantly splashing with my legs. I was afraid of resting, also, lest I should lose consciousness, and, letting go my hold of the bamboo, be swept away by the tide.

I will not trouble you, my friends who read this narrative, with my thoughts during all the time I was hanging on to the float, further than to say that I did not lose my trust in God, and that it kept me calm during this trying period of suspense. At length, when my legs became weary of moving about, I thought that I would try the effect of my voice in keeping the sharks at a distance. I first ascertained that the pirate prahus had drifted to such a distance that I was not likely to be heard by them, then I began shouting away at the top of my voice.

What was my surprise, as soon as I stopped, to hear an answer! For a moment I fancied that it must be some mockery of my imagination; then again I heard the voice say, "What, Braithwaite! is that you?"

It must be, I knew, my friend Van Deck who spoke, yet the voice sounded hollow and strange, very unlike his.

I can scarcely describe the relief I felt at discovering, in the first place that my friend had escaped, and then on finding that a civilized human being was near me. I could not tell whether he knew that his brother was killed. I did not allude to the subject. We did our best to encourage each other. We would gladly have got nearer together to talk with more ease, but were afraid of letting go our hold of the support, frail though it seemed, to which we clung. Van Deck encouraged me by the assurance that it would soon be daylight, and that at early dawn the fishermen would come off to examine the nets.

"They bear the Dutch, I am sorry to say, no good

will," he observed. "We are accused too justly of laying the produce of their industry under tribute; but they will respect you as an Englishman, and for your sake save the lives of both of us. Till I found that you had escaped, I was very anxious on that score."

As I have said, we talked continually, for silence was painful, as I could not tell when my companion's voice was silent whether he had been drawn down suddenly by a shark, or had sunk overcome by fatigue. Even with conversation kept up in this way, the time passed very slowly by. How much worse off I should have been alone! At length Van Deck exclaimed that he saw the dawn breaking in the sky. Rapidly after this objects became more and more distinct: the tall bamboo buoys, with their tufts of dry grass at the top, floating on the glassy water; then I could distinguish my companion's head and shoulders just above the surface; and the land about two miles off, on which, however, a surf broke which would have made landing difficult, if not dangerous. The tall trees and the mountains, range above range, seemed to rise directly out of it.

Soon the fishermen's voices, as they pulled out, singing in chorus, towards their buoys, greeted our ears. Two boats came close to us. The fishermen exhibited much surprise at finding us, but instead of at once coming up and taking us on board, they lay on their oars, and appeared to be consulting what they should do with the strangers. How the discussion might have terminated seemed doubtful, had not Van Deck told them that I was an Englishman, whose countrymen had just conquered the island; that he was my friend; and that if any harm happened to us my people would come and cut off all the people in the district, whereas if we were well treated they would be munificently rewarded. This address, which taken in its oriental meaning was literally true, had the desired effect: one of the boats approached me. As the Javanese took my arms to lift me out of the water, I felt that I could not have held on another minute. Immediately that I was in the boat I fainted, and I believe that my friend was much in the same condition. He, however, quickly recovered, and by the promise of an increased reward induced the fishermen to return at once to the shore. I did not return to consciousness till I found myself being lifted out of the boat and placed on a litter of wicker-work. Van Deck was carried in the same way, as he was too weak to walk. We were thus conveyed to the house of a chief, who resided not far from the shore, built on the summit of a rising ground overlooking the sea.

The chief, who was every inch a gentleman, received us with the greatest hospitality, and, seeing what we most required, had us both put into clean, comfortable beds in a large airy room, where, after we had taken a few cups of hot coffee, we fell asleep, and did not awake again till the evening. Our host had then a sumptuous repast ready for us, of which by that time we were pretty well capable of partaking. Poor Van Deck was naturally very much out of spirits at the loss of his brother, but the necessity of interpreting for me kept him from dwelling on his own grief.

Now let me speak of the natives of Java. From what I saw of them, I formed a very favourable opinion of their character. They are intelligent, industrious, brave, and honest. Under a good government much might have been made of them; but, warm as is my regard for many Dutchmen, and for Holland in general, I am bound to say that the Dutch colonial system is the reverse of good. The colonial government is tyrannical and oppressive, and too many of its officers are unscrupulous and oppressive. The people are over-taxed

and ill-treated in every possible way, to such an extent, indeed, that they have been driven in their despair to take up arms, in a vain attempt to regain their liberty, and have suffered severely in consequence. The Dutch officials go out to Java with the one sole object in view of making money—honestly, if they can, but to make money. Soon after the capture of Java by the English, the enlightened Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of the now flourishing settlement of Singapore, was sent out as governor. He at once instituted a system perfectly different from that of the Dutch. His great aim was to grant their rights to all classes of men, and to allow them the most perfect freedom in all their business transactions. The result of this enlightened system was that the Javanese paid the British government the most perfect and willing obedience, and showed that no dependency of the crown could be so easily and happily governed. Sir Stamford Raffles also made numerous tours throughout the island, and convinced himself, from its numberless and valuable natural productions, of the immense amount of wealth it was capable of affording. All this information Sir Stamford carefully remitted to the government at home; but it is asserted that so indifferent were the ministers of the crown in those days to the far off colonies of the empire, that his despatches were not only not read, but actually not opened! And thus when after the termination of the war the territorial acquisitions of the various belligerents were readjusted, unhappy Java was delivered up to the Dutch without the slightest regard to the interests of the inhabitants or any stipulation that the rights granted to them by the English should be held sacred. The consequence was that the old tyrannical system under which they had before groaned was speedily re-established.

It must have been a heart-breaking thing to Sir Stamford Raffles, when after six years of labour he saw the people in whom he had taken so great an interest, delivered up to their old oppressors. He must have had the satisfaction, however, of feeling that for those six years he had benefited them very greatly, and also that he had established, during his government of the British possessions in the eastern seas, the most flourishing city in that part of the world.

At the time of which I have hitherto been speaking, when I was in the east, the spot on which Singapore, with its streets of stone palaces, its superb public edifices, and rich warehouses, now stands, was a sandy flat, with a few straggling huts inhabited by fishermen or pirates. I am about to give a piece of history posterior to my voyage as a supercargo. After the peace of 1814, when Java and its dependencies were given, as I have mentioned, up to the Dutch, their first act was to impose restrictions on British commerce in the Archipelago. They were enabled to effect this object from the position of their settlements, those in the straits of Malacca and Sunda commanding all the western entrances to the China and Java seas, and it therefore became evident that without some effort to destroy their monopolies, the sale of British manufactures in the eastern islands would soon cease. Sir Stamford Raffles, who was at that time governor of Bencoolen, represented the case so strongly to the Supreme Government at Bengal that the Governor-General gave him the permission he asked to make a settlement near the north-east entrance of the straits of Malacca. He accordingly, in the year 1819, fixed on Singapore, which stands on the south side of an island, about sixty miles in circumference, separated by a narrow strait from the Malay peninsula. Of course the establishment was

opposed by the Dutch, who so strenuously remonstrated with the British Government that the latter declined having anything to do with it, and threw the whole responsibility on Sir Stamford Raffles. It was not until it had been established for three years, in the last of which the trade was already estimated at several millions of dollars, that Singapore was recognised by Great Britain.

However, I must return to my journal. After a rest of a couple of days, poor Van Deck and I were sufficiently recovered to commence our journey back to Batavia. He was anxious to be there that he might take charge of his late brother's affairs—I, that I might report the loss of the brig, and make fresh arrangements for securing a cargo for Sydney. We met with no adventures worthy of note on our journey, and I am not writing a Java guide-book. I can say, however, that I saw enough to convince me of the wonderful fertility of the soil and the vast internal resources of the country, and I could not help feeling considerable satisfaction that England had obtained so splendid an acquisition.

On our return to Batavia, much sympathy was excited for my friend Van Deck among the merchants at the loss of his brother, and the naval commander-in-chief, returning soon after from Sourabaya, despatched two frigates and a brig of war in search of the pirates. They were supposed to belong to some place on the coast of Borneo, which has for many years abounded with nests of these desperadoes. The fleet in question was supposed to belong to a famous chief, the very idol of his followers on account of the success of his expeditions. His title was the Rajah Raga, and he was brother to the Sultan Coti, a potentate of Borneo. The Rajah Raga had subsequently some wonderful escapes; for he probably got due notice that an English squadron was looking after him, and took good care to keep out of their way. He was afterwards cruising with three large prahus, when he fell in with an English sloop-of-war, which he was compelled to engage. Two of his prahus, by placing themselves between him and the enemy, held her in check a sufficient time to enable him to escape, and were themselves then sent to the bottom; indeed, they must have expected no other fate. On another occasion the rajah remained on shore, but sent his own prahu, which carried upwards of a hundred and fifty men and several large guns, on a cruise, under the command of his favourite panglima, or captain. Falling in after some time with a brig merchantman, as he supposed, and wishing to distinguish himself by her capture, he fired into her, and made preparations to board. Great was his dismay when he saw a line of ports open in the side of his expected prize, and he found himself under the guns of a British man-of-war. The panglima hailed, and with many apologies tried to make it appear that he had acted under a misapprehension; but his subterfuge was of no avail: a broadside from the man-of-war sent his vessel at once to the bottom, and he and all his crew perished, with the exception of two or three who, clinging to a piece of the wreck, were picked up by a native craft, and carried an account of the disaster to their chief. Piracy has been the bane of these seas for years, and will continue to be so unless repressed by ships of war kept constantly on the alert to punish transgressors. Whenever the ships of war are absent, it again springs up as active as ever. So it will continue to be the case until true religion, civilisation, and commercial enterprise are established firmly among the inhabitants of these fertile regions. The Dutch missionaries are, I understand, making some progress in spreading the truths of the Gospel among

the people of Java and its dependencies, but there is a wide field for missionary enterprise in these regions, as yet comparatively little worked.

We were fortunate in obtaining the full amount of the goods we required without having to wait much longer at Batavia. There is an old proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows no one good." The vessel for which they were intended had lost her master and both mates by sickness, and the merchant therefore sold them to me. We had not altogether escaped, and several of our men who were perfectly healthy when we entered the harbour fell victims to the fever engendered by the pestiferous climate. We were compelled to fill up their places with others, who afterwards gave us much trouble.

It was with sincere regret I parted from my friend Van Deck. I was glad, however, to find that he was likely to obtain employment suited to his talents under the English government. The most direct course for New South Wales would have been through Torres Straits, but the east trade wind still blowing, compelled us to take the longer route round the south of New Holland, and through Bass's Straits, not many years before discovered, between that vast island and the smaller one of Van Diemen's Land. A northerly breeze at length coming on, enabled us to sight the south-west point of New Holland, and thence we sailed along the coast, occasionally seeing tall columns of smoke ascending from the wood, showing the presence of natives.

On approaching Bass's Straits, the captain was one day expressing his regret to me that we had not time to anchor off one of the islands in it to catch seals, great numbers of which animals frequented the place in those days. He had known, he remarked, considerable sums made in that way in a very short time. Our conversation, it appeared, was overheard by one of the men we had shipped at Batavia. We had had a good deal of insubordination among the crew since we left that place, and we traced it all to that man, Miles Badham, as he called himself. He was about thirty, very plausible and insinuating in his manner, a regular sea-lawyer, a character very dangerous on board ship, and greatly disliked by most captains. He had managed to gain a considerable influence over the crew, especially the younger portion. His appearance was in his favour, and in spite of the qualities I have mentioned, I would not have supposed him capable of the acts of atrocity which were with good reason laid to his charge. Ben Stubbs, the second mate, had charge of the deck one night, and, unable to sleep, I was taking a turn with him, when Mr. Gwynne, the surgeon, came up to us. "There is something wrong going on among the people below," he whispered; "I cannot make out what it is exactly, but if we do not look out we may possibly all have our throats cut before morning." "You must have been dreaming, Gwynne," answered Stubbs; "there isn't a man in the ship would dare do such a thing." "I am not certain of that," I observed; "at all events, let us be on the right side. Fore-warned, fore-armed. We will let the captain know, and I trust that we may thus defeat the plot, whatever it is."

TRAMPS AND VAGRANTS.

BY A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

My house is situated in the suburbs of an agricultural town, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. The

high road from a much larger and more important place passes by my gate, and leads to a fashionable watering-place much resorted to in the summer months. As every roving tramp, who enters Fairmead from the side on which I live, has had a walk of some twenty miles, with very scanty opportunities of foraging in the scattered villages, few and far between on the main road, he naturally approaches our town with a sharpened appetite for doing business. The neat Elizabethan style of my residence possibly suggests to the observant begging fraternity that it is the vicarage; and to that circumstance I am very likely indebted for many visits I should not otherwise receive; for it is not usually the practice of the tramp to beg from house to house, as he enters a strange place. He will pass by the most tempting suburban villas, as if he had no designs whatsoever upon their occupants. But he knows perfectly well what he is about. Meanwhile, it is always a safe move to try it on at the vicarage; and so I have noticed that tramps will turn in at my own gate, who postpone their calls upon my neighbours until they have learned a little more about them. Such experience as I may have gained, under these circumstances, after having been taken in, times not a few, I am most happy to communicate.

I have often wondered what relation the tramp roaming the country bears to the sharp practitioner of the city. Have we the same man, occasionally indulging himself with a sniff of country air and a view of the green fields, whom we see by-and-by pursuing his trade in the large town? Sometimes I think that the town and the country tramp are one and the same species; at other times I feel persuaded that they are totally distinct. A genuine tramp can sleep anywhere. There are very few nights in the course of the year which are too inclement for him to lie under the shelter of a stack, or creep into a barn or outhouse. He wants plenty of air, and the close putrid atmosphere of a metropolitan lodging-house would be, as an ordinary rule, more than he could endure.

In illustration of this last remark, a very curious incident comes to my recollection. A man and a woman were approaching Fairmead late in the evening, in the month of November. They had walked some fifteen miles since the morning, when the man was taken so ill that he fell down in the road. His companion helped him through a gate into the nearest field, and left him under the hedge whilst she went forward to Fairmead to get assistance. His illness proved to be a bad case of small-pox. As there happened to be an empty shed within a few yards of the place where the man was lying, he was removed there with the consent of the owner; a stove was fitted up and a door put in, and plenty of fresh straw and clean bedding were forwarded by the parish authorities. In fact, in the course of twenty-four hours, the outhouse was made to assume the appearance of great comfort; and the medical man was unremitting in his attentions.

When the disease had reached its crisis, the doctor left his patient one evening, with serious misgivings as to the turn the malady might take. He by no means felt any confidence that the man would recover. He went, accordingly, the first thing the next morning, to see how matters were going on, and to his astonishment he found that both the man and the woman had disappeared. It was a raw cold morning, and a drizzling rain had been falling the whole night. Looking round, he noticed the woman's bonnet lying on the floor, and presently he observed that the blankets were gone. It occurred to

him then that they could not be far off. After a short search he found both the man and the woman fast asleep under a hedge, with the blankets they had taken from the shed wrapped around them. The woman told the doctor, in explanation, that her husband was so unaccustomed to sleep under a roof, that he complained he could not get breath; and so, at his urgent request, she had removed him into the open air. Strange to say, he began from that night to improve rapidly, and in a few days was able to resume his wandering life.

It is estimated that there are no less than thirty thousand vagrants in this country moving about from place to place. They would decline the best situation, and sacrifice the fairest prospects, rather than devote themselves to any fixed industrial occupation. Their peculiar study, therefore, is how to get a livelihood under the condition of never being at rest. This, I take it, is the reason why the tramp apparently neglects the better class of houses as he enters the various towns which lie in his route. He is an economist of his time. He has no inclination for an unnecessary expenditure of trouble. He pursues his way, therefore, at once to the lodging-house, which is his house of call, where all the special information he is in want of is to be obtained. In some of these places it is said that regularly prepared schedules are kept, containing the names of the most kind-hearted and charitably disposed inhabitants. I have been told that the report of a local charity was found in one of these houses to be extremely serviceable. All I can say is, that if the wandering fraternity do make use of published reports to aid them in their enterprises, they are not peculiar in so doing; as any one will know who has his name down in any professional or charitable list to which the innumerable writers of circulars and publishers of other printed matter have access. The tramp's information, however, is chiefly communicated by word of mouth. Each one is ready to tell all he knows. He has no secrets and no jealousies to prevent him from proclaiming what the exploits and successes of the day have been. He is off to-morrow, or the next day, and it will be a long time before he comes the same way again. He has no motive, therefore, for keeping it close where he has done well, or by what means he managed his little game. And if those who have given, and those who have refused to listen to him, could respectively hear how they are alluded to during the evening, they would find that the latter come in for far more complimentary language than the former; for the tramp seems to have much more real respect for the shrewdness which sees through his dodges, than for the soft-heartedness which is duped by his hypocrisy. "It's no use going to that spot, he is a wide-awake cove;" this on the one hand, and on the other, "Try it on there by all means, he's jolly green."

As late as half-past nine o'clock one evening a woman called at my house with a most pressing request, that I would allow her to see me only for one minute. Her story was, that she lived in a neighbouring village, and that she had just arrived in Fairmead by the last train, intending to proceed to Liverpool by the Government train the next morning. Her fare to America, whither she was going to join her son, was already paid; but she had just discovered that she was three shillings short of the sum needed to pay her railway expenses; and she had nothing wherewith to provide herself with a lodging that night: would I have the kindness to lend her four shillings? She had friends in the village she came from, who would gladly repay me. She would be so thankful if I could help her in her difficulty, for she did

not know what in the world to do, she had never been in such a situation before. Now, what can one do under such circumstances as these? Your petitioner has managed, with much adroitness, to throw the full responsibility of her case upon you. Her passage money is paid; her friends have aided her in getting her outfit; her son, on the other side of the Atlantic, is awaiting her arrival. If her tale be a true one, it would be a hard thing to entail upon a respectable woman so much loss and such heavy disappointment, when it is in your power to help her with a small loan; and if, on the other hand, her story be untrue, you have no means of detecting the imposture, except by turning out at a late hour of a comfortless night to pursue the investigation. After a careful cross-examination, which failed to detect a single weak point in the woman's statement, I lent her the small sum she named; and I was so won over by her respectable demeanour, that when she withdrew I wished her a prosperous voyage, and a happy meeting with her son. Need I say that she was a clever impostor, and that I found out by subsequent inquiries that no such person was known in the village from which she professed to come? I resolved, in consequence of this imposition, that I would never be taken in after that fashion again, and especially that I would listen to no applicants who chose a late hour in the evening as the time to honour me with their acquaintance. Not long afterwards, however, another case occurred which showed how the wisest resolution will yield under artful management. In this case it was "a broken-down medical man" by whom I was victimised. The story was so ingenious that I was completely taken in, and to an extent that gave a permanent lesson of caution.

I can now venture to recommend a course of action with respect to vagrants which I have frequently tested and never found it fail. Whereas I was at one time pestered by these wanderers, I am very seldom honoured by a visit from them now. This is my practice. Whenever a stranger makes his appearance, and I perceive that his object is begging, I take care to be the first to speak:—

"Are you a Fairmead man?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must wish you good morning."

Sometimes this summary way of breaking off the interview draws forth a muttered curse or a volley of abuse, and then you can have no question in your own mind that you have acted wisely. But, not unfrequently, your petitioner will withdraw with a meek, pained, disappointed look, and this is more trying. It makes you doubt, whether you may not have turned away a deserving object from your door. It is quite possible, I acknowledge, that some poor, down-hearted creature may any day present himself before you, and may watch your countenance with the eagerness of real destitution to see if there be mercy there to give him hope that his supplication will not be in vain. This is a supposable case, but one I am convinced that happens very rarely indeed. I was on the point of calling back a most forlorn object one day, feeling that I had acted with harshness in not listening to his story. He had turned quietly, but sadly, away, and crawled, as if in great suffering, down the path. But when he arrived at the gate, he turned round and gave an evil, threatening look towards the house, and then wrenched the gate open and swung it upon its hinges with as much violence as he dared employ, evidently hoping in his spitefulness that he might do some injury.

But the truth is, if we adopt the rule of never giving to beggars, we ought to do it on the principle of having

already done our duty to the full amongst those who have a genuine claim upon our compassion. If we own the obligation resting upon every one of us to show mercy to the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, and to search out those who are really deserving and help them, we need feel no qualms of conscience about some possible case of wretchedness over which there always hangs the suspicion that it may be an imposture after all. Systematic charity, exercised towards our less fortunate neighbours, is the true antidote against vagrancy. It is a moderate computation that six hundred thousand pounds are levied annually to support the restless host who beg from town to town, and from village to village, from sunrise on January 1st till sunset on December 31st. They earn nothing, they create nothing, they produce nothing, and yet they live well, with occasional privations when they have a run of bad luck.

The professional beggar trades upon that weakness which indisposes us to meet him promptly with a decided refusal. We do not care for him; we do not respect him. He is a nuisance, and we would gladly be rid of him. We call in the aid of the constable to keep a sharp look out upon him. We are not sorry when we hear of his being put in the lock-up. And yet, for all this, we supply him with means, and extend to him the charity which alone enables him to follow his idle calling.

Speaking from my own experience, I have said that the rule of promptly refusing to listen to a stranger, unless he can say that he is resident in the place, and so gives you the opportunity of investigating his story, effectually relieves you of their attentions. I have verified the soundness of this assertion by frequent experiments. If you have not had a vagrant at your door for weeks, you can make sure of half-a-dozen any day you feel inclined to make the experiment.

I found this out in the following manner. Contrary to my usual practice, I entered into conversation with a man who was coming towards the house along the garden walk. His first word proclaimed him an Irishman, and it was owing to his native fluency of speech that he got on a good way into his story before I had the chance of stopping him. He was a discharged soldier and had served in India. It was the mention of this latter circumstance that made me feel interested in, and therefore disposed to listen to, his narrative. He had been in several parts of that country, where I have friends and relatives. All that he told me was undoubtedly true. So, after talking with him for some time, he received a gratuity, which evidently struck him as being rather handsome.

"And now, my good fellow," I said, "please don't go and tell all the world that I have given you anything; but I was interested in what you said about India."

"An' your honour may depind upon it, I'll not mintion it to a sowl; as shure as me name's O'Reilley."

Walking down my garden a few minutes later, I smelt the fumes of tobacco, and I heard voices just beneath the sunk fence, with its hedge of dwarf yew-trees, which borders the high road. And this is what I heard:—

"His honour's a gintleman intirely. I towld him me story, I did, an' he gives me this"—exhibiting, I suppose, the coin I had given him. "Shure, an' he did—that's truth."

This is how Mr. O'Reilley kept his word. And if his sense of gratitude was so overpowering within so short a time of promising that he would not "mintion it to a sowl," it is easy to guess how communicative he

would become when he came to spend the evening amongst his comrades, with whom it is a point of honour to enumerate for the common weal all the good things they have dropped in for during the day. Within twenty-four hours of receiving the honour of Mr. O'Reilly's visit, some six or seven applicants favoured me with a call; but as I sent them away empty, the stream subsided almost as suddenly as it had risen.

With one word more of caution, the result of dear-bought experience, I conclude this paper. Never parley with a tramp; let the direct inquiry, "Are you a Fairmead man?"—which admits of only one answer, yes or no—begin and end the interview. If he says Yes, then you ask, "Where do you live?" Having been satisfied on this head, you can reply, "Very well, I will call upon you at your house:" and in the meanwhile you have full leisure to investigate the circumstances. But if the answer be No, then you decline to say anything more. But be sure that you are firm. You are certain to be outwitted if you stay and listen to a single sentence. Your opponent has carefully studied his part, and has perfected it by a thousand rehearsals. You think, it may be, that you detect a flaw in his plausible story, and you are down upon him in a moment with the most impolitic impetuousity. But he has an explanation at hand which entirely disposes of your anticipated advantage. And then follows the natural termination of the interview, upon which he has quietly counted from the commencement; you hand him over a gratuity in order to get rid of him.

Every one who parleys with a professional beggar courts defeat. A friend of mine told me the other day, that his practice is to hand over to the vagrant who presents himself at his door, what he called a "regulation penny." "I never listen," he explained, "to what they have to say. I give them a penny, and tell them that if they get as much at every house they will do well." I ought to add, that my friend is not much troubled by these gentry, but still, I would venture to suggest that it is a wrong principle. It does something, although it does not do much, towards maintaining a bad system. It overlooks the important rule, that our charity ought to be bestowed where we have strong reasons for believing that it is being well bestowed. It may be convenient to rid oneself of a nuisance on such easy terms, but it does not satisfy our ideas of duty. In the same manner, people have said to me, "We never give money, we always give victuals at the door." They do not know what a trade is carried on in these self-same victuals. Lodging-house keepers' pigs are amongst the fattest in the land; and no wonder, for they live upon the choicest food, such as no nobleman would dream of throwing to his swine. You imagine that you are mercifully feeding the hungry when you dispense to some famishing applicant a few slices of good white bread with butter spread upon it, or a piece of meat or bacon to make it more palatable; but you are not aware that your mendicant carries a wallet, and that the "swag" he may chance to collect in his day's rounds has its fixed price with the lodging-house keeper, and finds its way to the pig-tub in return for something warm and savoury for supper.

"What have you got there, my man?" said our superintendent the other evening to an ultra-economical tramp who applied for a night's lodging at the vagrant ward with a large bag well filled with broken victuals,—"What have you got there?"

"Only some bread and meat," was the reply.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Eat it, to be sure; what else should I do with it?"

"Nay, my lad, that story won't do here. We don't find lodging for such as you when you've enough to pay for a bed and breakfast into the bargain."

This question—how to deal with vagrants—is a very important one. I have endeavoured to show that the recipients of our indiscriminate charity are demoralised by the alms we bestow. They trade upon the indisposition of the public to refuse them assistance; when they can, they contrive to get a hearing. This drives them to all kinds of shifts and expedients to excite compassion. It is the business of their life, therefore, to study and to practise deception. They are utterly careless of truth, if a falsehood will serve their purpose better. A person representing himself as author of well-known writings, lived for many weeks this year in London by calling on clergymen, editors, literary men, and others, with a false tale of woe. He had lost his purse, and wanted enough to convey himself and a sick sister to Huntingdon. He always paid his visit late in the evening, when "offices and houses of business (where he could have got the money) were closed." The chances of being found out are small, the gains of a well-sustained imposture are large. And yet the public are successfully imposed upon, because each man fears that he might possibly be turning a deaf ear and giving a hard-hearted denial to some case of genuine distress. The long and the short of the matter is this, we are victimised because conscience is not satisfied that we have done our duty towards the poor and needy. The remedy, therefore, is evident. Ascertain what you can and ought to give for the relief of the necessities of others. Distribute personally what you are able, and dispense through recognised channels what you cannot personally administer. And then with a clear conscience you can say to all whom it may concern, "No, I have nothing for you, I have already given as much as I can afford."

Whatever the Legislature may find it necessary to enact to cope with this gigantic evil, as it presses itself upon the attention in large towns, it is a good and wholesome principle never to give one penny to any member of the flying column of idle vagrants, ever ranging the country and living upon its resources, whilst truer, better, and more responsible folk are pining in the cold shade of our neglect.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.—RONDA.

WE were much divided in opinion as to our onward progress. We were all agreed that we wished to arrive at Seville before the end of July. Our stay at Granada had been longer than we intended, and we had continued to linger on our way, both at Velez Malaga and at Malaga, till the month was farther advanced already than we wished. Still we could not have enjoyed ourselves more entirely than we had done hitherto, and we certainly were not hampered as to time for our further proceedings. So we determined not to be annoyed if we reached Seville later than at first intended; and forthwith resolved not to forego a short expedition from which we promised ourselves much enjoyment, namely, the ride from Malaga to Ronda, and thence to Gibraltar. We were assured that if we took provisions with us we should find no difficulties worth speaking of; and that by starting at daybreak, resting during the great heat of the day and then going on again in the beautiful nights, we should avoid any inconvenience.

I was fortunate enough to be a very fair Spanish

scholar when I started; and certainly a great deal of enjoyment I obtained from the curious narratives with which our muleteers would beguile the way during some of our long mountain rides. Their endurance of fatigue is a characteristic of these men; they never seem to think of themselves, and they show a sort of chivalrous regard for the comfort of the ladies of the party. They are popularly called *Arrieros*. Their dress is very picturesque. Many of them in former times were known to have saved a great deal of money, and they were much sought after as husbands by the fair ones they met on their different journeys. They were not always supposed to be patterns of constancy, but the roving life they led rather threw temptation in their way; and here a sprightly Andalusian, there a Maja in her fanciful costume, or perhaps some beauty of Malaga, full of soft bewitching grace, would lay dangerous siege to the affections of the hapless muleteer. If, in spite of all these blandishments, he remained true to his first love, some Spanish peasant girl in his native village, he might be deemed worthy of all praise.

We made a long day from Malaga to Ronda, as there is literally no place where it would be possible for ladies to spend the night between the two places. The road leads through the beautiful and extensive plain surrounding Malaga, previous to entering upon the wild mountain defiles that succeed each other the greater part of the way to Ronda. The hamlets are as savage and gloomy in their aspect as the scenes that surround them; and for the first time since we entered Spain the weather was not as propitious as usual. We had heavy storms of rain, and we were glad to wrap ourselves up in all the warm garments we had at hand, for the mountain air during these storms seemed to pierce through and through one. Still we did not quarrel with the change, for we were compensated by the grand effect of mingled storm and mist and sunshine on the wild and stupendous scenery around us. The people of these mountains are the finest that we saw in Spain, and the contrabandista of Ronda is the beau ideal of a roving mountaineer. The stories related of their prowess, their daring, their clever stratagems, and their numerous smuggling adventures, are endless; many I wrote down at the time, so much was I struck by them.

The approach to Ronda is most striking. It stands on a steep rock, with a rapid river washing the base of it, and the road up to it is so steep that I should have been very unwilling to have attempted it in a carriage of any sort. Our sure-footed steeds made no difficulty about it, and a succession of fine views delighted us during the ascent. It is a curious place, both as to situation and as to its population; it was, some little time ago, the head-quarters of the contrabandistas. Even now the inhabitants consist largely of smugglers, young men in training for the bull fights, and the mountaineers of the district of Ronda; and it may be some characters not quite so respectable resort thither. There is a curious abyss between what is called the old and the new town. The Guadalvin (or deep stream) is the name of the river encircling the town. The old Moorish castle and the Moorish mills low down in the valley are very picturesque. Nothing I have seen is more striking than the bridge which crosses the chasm, as seen from these mills; it seems as if it was suspended in the clouds, the elevation is so great, between six and seven hundred feet above one; and the beautiful river emerging into light and sunshine from the rocky defiles it has struggled through, looks like burnished gold in the dazzling light, as it falls down

from rock to rock before it reaches the valley. It was a glorious scene, and in picturesque and beautiful Moorish remains altogether more striking than any spot I visited during my stay in Spain.

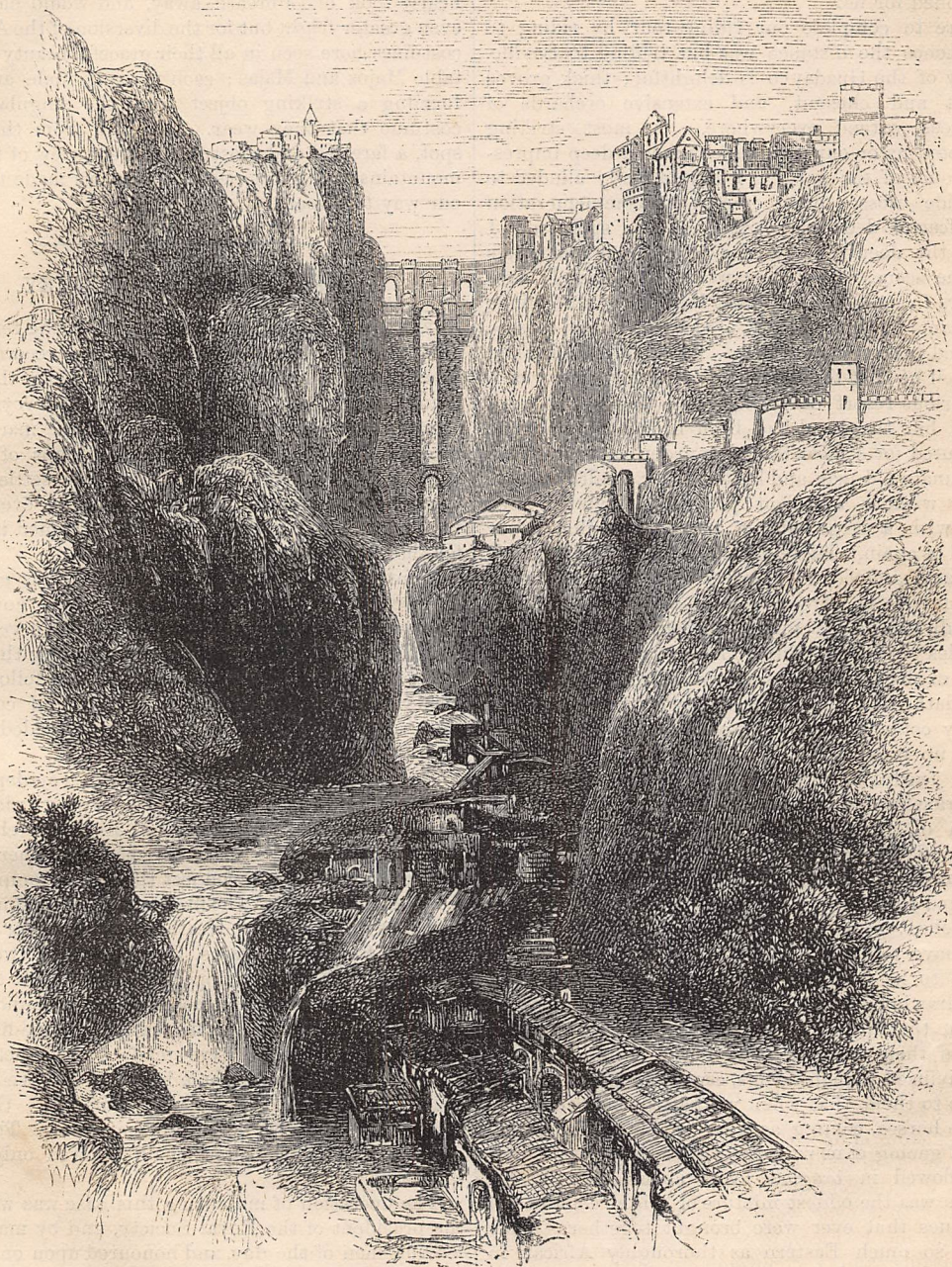
One perfect gem of a Moorish house is situated in the Calle San Pedro. A ghastly legend is related in connection with it. It is stated that it belonged to El Rey Moro Al Motadhed (the Moorish King Motadhed), who drank his sherbet or iced drinks out of cups formed of the skulls of those whom he had himself beheaded. It is said that these horrible goblets were adorned with costly gems and with rubies and emeralds; and that diamonds glittered in the empty sockets where formerly dark eyes might have flashed, and that pearls were arrayed side by side in mockery of the teeth once there.

Ronda is better worth seeing than many places of far greater celebrity. There are very fairly comfortable inns there: indeed we were so well satisfied, and found so much to engage our attention, that we prolonged our stay for four days, and would willingly have lingered on, but for the reasons already given. The peasant girls at Ronda put one greatly in mind of Murillo's pictures; they have the sunny brightness of complexion in which he delighted, the bright colour, the splendid black hair with a sheen on it, the laughing black eyes, and the same roundness of form, with the well-shaped hands and feet. The mountain breezes at Ronda prevent all enervating effect from the heat, and it is reckoned very healthy. They have a proverb to this effect: "*En Ronda los hombres à ochenta son pollones*" (At Ronda old men of eighty are but chickens). The people are devoted to their bull fights, and there is a very fine arena for these spectacles, probably unrivalled as to its situation; it is near the edge of the precipitous rock, and commands the whole beautiful view of the abyss below, the rocks, and mountains, and valleys. The fruits and flowers are plentiful and most delightful, and the Alameda is one tangled mass of the most beautiful roses. We were too late to see the fair, when Ronda puts forth all her attractions, and Spanish peasants and Spaniards of the middle classes flock thither from all the neighbouring parts. We decided to let our horses remain at Ronda, and we hired some excellent horses of the country, small but very strong and active, for our ride to Gibraltar. We had already tried them in different most delightful excursions from Ronda which I have not time to dwell upon.

Our object was simply the ride, for we had all seen Gibraltar thoroughly many years ago, but we were told that the whole aspect of the towns and villages on the route, even to their very names, were more entirely Moorish than any other district we had seen. Most certainly the peasantry are far more Eastern in their aspect than European, and the situations chosen for the villages reminded me forcibly of what I had seen in the East, where they erect their abodes frequently on inaccessible rocks all clustered together in an incredibly small space. I could indeed have fancied, when such names as Benarraba, Benadad, and Bendalida sounded in my ears, that I had suddenly been transported to the East; but the industry the peasants show in cultivating every available spot of ground on the mountain sides is like anything but Eastern indolence. We made two days of the ride, sleeping the first night at Gaucin. Here, as usual, there is a castle with a splendid view from it. The descent, the following day on leaving Gaucin, was really tremendous; it is a descent down an apparently impassable wall of rocks which form a barrier as it were to Granada. I do not know that my

nerves were ever more severely tried, though the horses are so surefooted that one rarely hears of accidents, and it is only the aspect of the awful precipice that is

freshed our sight. The sight of some lonely shepherds armed with slings similar to the one used by David in his combat with Goliath, brought curious associations



RONDA.

alarming. It is the grandest part of these mountain defiles, and most lovely it is to pass from this chaotic mass of the most rugged and magnificent mountains into a very Garden of Eden. Orange groves growing along the banks of the Guadayo—oleanders, with their gorgeous crimson flowers glowing in the richest profusion—and, as we advanced towards San Roque, after crossing the picturesque ferry of the Xenar, the most luxuriant woods of chesnut-trees and cork-trees re-

to our minds, and carried us far back to other times. The Spanish shepherds use these slings in the management of their flocks.

San Roque, as my readers are aware, is the Spanish town that was built by the Spaniards after their loss of Gibraltar. It was a singular way of seeking to compensate themselves, making a settlement actually within sight of the conquered fortress, so that their loss must have been for ever before them. We did

not wish to enter Gibraltar, so we took up our quarters at Macre's Hotel, where we really fared very well, and the rest after our fatiguing ride was most agreeable. We had English friends at Gibraltar, who kindly came to us at San Roque, and we had been so long banished from English newspapers and English friends, that the time passed only too rapidly in the enjoyment they provided for us.

We were to complete our riding tour by riding to Xerez, whence the distance was but trifling to Seville. The valley of the Guadayvo is delightful; thick groves of walnut and chesnut, and extensive orchards of almond-trees, extend everywhere. A most striking sight greeted us on our way, which made a deep impression on some of the party. I have already alluded to the wayside crosses often erected in commemoration of some fearful deed perpetrated on the spot, and I spoke of the deeply tragic character these memorials gave to the scene where they were placed, but I leave my readers to imagine what must have been our feelings when we came in sight of eight of these memorial crosses all clustered in a very small space. Our guides had taken care to tell us that the defile we were entering was a most notorious resort of robbers, and that not so very long ago; but the band had been broken up and the chief executed for a most fearful murder committed on an unfortunate old man and his daughter, wealthy people travelling without sufficient precautions, and it was supposed with a large sum of money, but that never was heard of again. These dreary crosses, looking dark and ominous, seemed to threaten the passer-by with some fearful doom, stretching out their long arms in different directions, as many of them were placed at right angles with each other. These crosses each bear the name of the person who was murdered on that spot, with the date; and it is the custom with the Spaniards when they come within sight of these crosses to halt and offer up prayers for the repose of the victim cut off in so fearful a manner. They make upon the passing traveller an unpleasant impression; but the succession of striking scenes after a time brought brighter and pleasanter thoughts. Nothing can be more mountainous than the route, and often and often we regretted that none of our party were able to carry away sketches: as far as the landscape was concerned, it would have required the genius of Salvator Rosa to do justice to its grandeur and magnificence; but most effective drawings might have been made of many of the women that we saw. Anything more strange and weird than their looks I have never seen; the very sight of civilised human beings, especially ladies, seemed so strange to them, that when we halted they clustered round the horses, coming as near as our guides would allow, and gazing at us with their glittering eyes. Their hair all flowed in tangled locks about their heads, their dress was the oddest mixture of bright colours and strange hues that ever were brought together. They were not so much Eastern as thoroughly African in their appearance, and I could imagine many of them being quite ready to aid brothers or husbands in any daring exploit whatsoever. The pass over the mountain, called San Cristobal, is very steep and lofty, and rarely free from snow on the summit.

We were quite glad after our fatigues and the excitement we had experienced, to find ourselves at the tidy little posada, or inn, where we intended to pass the night, and thought with increasing pleasure of our near approach to Seville. The following day the scenery changed completely. We came to a smiling luxuriant district, where fruits, flowers, and verdure vied with

each other in displaying their varied beauties, bright rivers refreshed the thirsty earth and watered the lovely gardens with their welcome streams of ice cold water! Pine woods afforded most delicious shade and coolness, and presently we reached Arcos, situated, as are all these mountain towns or villages, on almost inaccessible heights. The awful precipice that skirted the road nearly took one's breath away, and would have caused even greater fright but for the diversion of the Andalusian costumes here seen in all their graceful beauty—the veritable Majos and Majas; each peasant, male and female, forming a striking object from the singular national costume that they wear. We had, from this strange spot, a farewell and most magnificent view of the Ronda mountains. A short rest and then we made the best of our way to Xerez.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

SURVEYS, in the land valuator's sense of the term, are no new things. Doomsday book was a record of land, describing with minute accuracy the plots, their value, tenure, crops, and stock. Nor are surveys, in the astronomer's or geographer's sense, marvels, the ancients having left us charts and maps of no mean value. But with the advance of science, settlement, and the arts, refinements became necessary; even the surveys of a few years ago have been deemed insufficient for the requirements of the present day.

Thus it is that the Ordnance Survey has grown into its present form. Its history we would now outline. The immediate origin of the Ordnance Survey may be traced to the desire, in 1783, of connecting the observatories of Paris and Greenwich. In the following year General Roy, R.E., measured a base, and commenced that triangulation which has since extended over the United Kingdom.

On the accuracy of a base of any survey depends that of the whole work, so that the utmost niceties are resorted to in its measurement, and as a check upon even that base, it is usual to measure other bases at remote distances, and connect them for comparison by a series of triangles. The first base measured in England was that on Hounslow Heath in 1784. For this were tried at first steel chains, then deal rods, twenty-three feet three inches long, tipped with metal, but the hygrometric changes of the atmosphere were found to affect this length sometimes to the extent of one-fifteenth of an inch, which would have made a difference of more than seven feet in the whole length of the five-and-a-half mile base, fatal to the accuracy aimed at. Glass rods were next used with great improvement. Their result against that of the steel chain showed only a small difference.

The operation of measuring this base was watched by the president of the Royal Society, and by many of the leading men of the day, and honoured upon one occasion by the presence of his Majesty George III. Other bases were measured about the same time, including one on Salisbury Plain in 1794.

About 1828 a vast improvement was introduced into measuring apparatus: compensation bars were invented. These are not easy to describe without drawings, but it may be mentioned that, by a self-adjusting process, they avoid showing any variations in length from change of temperature. With these compensation bars a new base, ten miles long, was measured near Lough Foyle, in the north of Ireland, in 1848. These tests upon previous work are as satisfactory as they are instructive.

The results of the measurement of the Salisbury Plain base stood thus :—

Measurement with Ramsden's steel chain, 1794 . . .	36,575·64 feet.
" with Colby's compensation bars, in 1849 . . .	36,577·95 "
Computed by calculation from Lough Foyle base . . .	36,577·34 "

A result equally beautiful and illustrative of the general excellence of the instruments and work of the British triangulation.

Hounslow Heath measured when reduced to the—

Ordinance standard, with glass rods, 1784 . . .	27,405·06 feet.
Ditto ditto with steel chain, 1791 . . .	27,405·38 "
Deduced by computation from Lough Foyle base . . .	27,405·83 "

A result which may be considered unparalleled in geodesy, when the extent of the triangulation intervening between the two bases is considered.

The delicacy of the operation of measuring a base cannot be here described, but its labour may be inferred from a few details. For instance: The work is carried on under oblong tents, especially on days when the sun would overheat the bars, or possibly heat one end more than another. The starting point each day was a stone pillar having a plug of platina with a silver pin point in it let into its centre. The direction of the line was given by a delicate transit instrument. At the termination of each day's work a heavy triangular plate with a moveable silver pin point in it was sunk under the end of the last bar laid, and the dot in its centre being brought under the focus of the extreme microscope, served as a starting-point the next day. A sentinel was always placed at night over this mark. The extremities of the bases are invariably marked by similar pins of metal let into heavy guns, or blocks of masonry, and protected from injury by some superstructure, as well as by being placed below the surface of the ground.

But we must dismiss bases, and go on with our triangulation, which is the next operation. The first side of our first triangle is, of course, our base. Points on hills or prominent objects are selected, and other points beyond these, generally increasing in distance from each other as they recede from the comparatively small base. At all these stations as well as at the extremities of the base, the angles between all other visible points are observed; the instruments being placed over the stations with every regard to a continuance of the minute accuracy implied in the use of fine dots at our base points.

The sides of the triangles, *i.e.*, the horizontal distances of the stations on the hilly ground from the ends of the base, are calculated with great care, and form fresh bases from which the distances to other stations can be ascertained in like manner.

The method is continued until the territory to be mapped is spread over with a network of triangles, the sides being in proportion to the extent of the survey and the quality and correctness of the instruments employed; care being taken that the sides of the triangles should rapidly increase from the measured base, and that the angles should be about 60°.

This network of triangles was finished in 1858, and encloses, so to speak, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; for the angle of one of the triangles is at the St. Agnes Lighthouse, off the Scilly Isles, the angle of another triangle is at Saxaford, the northern extremity of the Hebrides, and a third on the west coast of Kerry.

The great triangulation being effected, the country has to be cut up into smaller portions for the surveyors of the details, *viz.*, roads, rivers, railways, houses, fences, hedgerows, etc.

The largest instrument made use of for observing

angles on the Ordnance Survey is a theodolite three feet in diameter. It has been upwards of seventy years in use, and upon the highest mountains, and at most of the trigonometrical stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was the instrument used in making the necessary trigonometrical observations to determine the longitude between the Observatories of London and Paris. It is on record that a station has been observed with this instrument at a distance of 111 miles, *viz.*, from Sea Fell, in Cumberland, to Slieve Donard, County Down. The distances between Sea Fell and Snowdon, and Snowdon and Slieve Donard, from which observations were also taken, are nearly as great.

Theodolites, eighteen inches diameter, are used for determining the secondary triangles, the length of their sides being about ten or twelve miles. These are subdivided into lesser triangles of sides from one to three miles, the angles being observed by seven-inch theodolites.

The great trigonometrical work may be said to have been conducted and brought to a close under the successive directors of the survey, Generals Roy, Mudge, and Colby, men who had all worked unceasingly in the wild life of their mountain labours—labours of which little has been written, but much might be said—on lone mountain tops in all weathers, and far on into winter when travelling was laborious (for there were no railways in those days and few roads)—often with but poor fare—at times, too, reft by storm of even the shelter of their tents. Let me record an incident in point.

The tents of a surveying party being liable to be blown down the mountain side, the occupants were in the habit of sleeping with their working garments under their pillows. This custom, however, was not approved of by a young Irishman, who lacked the experience of mountain tempests, and in spite of the warning of his comrades, usually suspended his attire from the tent pole. One night, however, a violent gale swept away the encampment to the bottom of the valley, and in consequence Paddy not only presented a deplorable appearance, but became a conspicuous object in the midnight search for the debris of the camp, every new comer illuminating him by turning his lantern upon him, to ascertain whether he really belonged to the camp, and then generally greeting the unhappy surveyor with a loud laugh. History is silent as to the length of time Paddy "stood in the cold."

To observe a distant object it must be visible, and to observe it well, that is often, so as to obtain a mean or average of a number of observations, you may wait weeks, even months. The haze of the atmosphere, even in fine weather, being an enemy to the telescope, the sun's rays in the early days of the survey were, with the assistance of mirrors or tin plates, made available for rendering distant stations visible from each other. As the sun's rays could not, however, be borrowed in sufficient quantity from the moon to be of service at night, Bengal lights, argand lamps, parabolic reflectors, and plano-convex lenses have been used with more or less success to produce lights sufficiently brilliant.

The light invented by Captain Drummond, R.E., in 1826, far surpassed previous contrivances. It consists of a ball of lime, placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and raised to an intense heat by a stream of oxygen gas directed through a flame of alcohol. The brightness was so intense, that a station at Slieve Snacht, in Donegal, which it was of great importance to view from Mount Divis, near Belfast, sixty-six miles distant, was, in spite of hazy weather, rendered distinctly visible. The experiment, however, was conducted under con-

siderable difficulties, for the season was inclement, and as Mount Divis and the surveying camp were enveloped in snow, with a keen cold wind continually blowing, the situation was more romantic than agreeable. More than once a storm carried away the few worldly possessions of the party; and the occupants of the camp at Slieve Snacht, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, were not better off, for their tents were so shattered that they had to obtain shelter by building rude stone cabins. At last, however, the light was directed on Mount Divis, and, notwithstanding the keen blasts, it was at once seen by the Sapper sentry there, and burnt for the required time with great brilliancy. Thus years and years were saved in time that otherwise would have been lost waiting for excessively clear weather.

In flat countries or about large towns the trigonometrical stations were necessarily upon buildings, and on curious ones too. On Norwich spire the great theodolite was 299 feet from the ground. Some of the stations above church spires rocked in even gentle breezes in a manner by no means agreeable. But the station which attracted most public attention was that on St. Paul's, London.

A survey of London, with the primary object of improving its sanitary condition, was commenced in 1848, and terminated in 1850. The City was covered with a network of triangles, the summits of Primrose Hill, the tops of towers, steeples, roofs of churches, etc., etc., having been made available as trigonometrical stations. By their aid the relative position of every street, square, and alley, with their relative levels, was gradually ascertained and mapped. The survey extended eight miles from St. Paul's Cathedral, and above its cross was one of the principal stations. The account of the construction of the station or "crow's-nest" round St. Paul's Cross is so interesting that I have extracted it from the "History of the Royal Sappers and Miners," by Quartermaster (now Captain) Connolly, R.E. :—

"The scaffolding was of rough poles. The stage, ten feet square, formed of planks, which supported the observatory, rested on the gallery on the top of the great cone. The four lower posts, twenty-nine feet long, stood upon short planks, bedded on the stone footway, and the top supported the angles of four horizontal planks, each twenty-three feet long, bolted together at the angles. From these planks rose a screen, to prevent materials, etc., from falling. The base of the four upper posts, fifty-three feet long, rested on the angles of the above planks, and the scaffold, in addition to these posts, consisted of four sets of horizontal and four sets of transverse braces on each side, the whole being fastened together with spikes and ropes. Fifty-six of the up-rights were double poles, placed base and point, and bound together with hoop-iron and wedges, and with bolts and hoop-iron at the splices. The height from base to floor was eighty-two feet, and to the extreme top of the observatory, ninety-two feet. A railing surrounded the 'crow's-nest.' The ascent was made by the inside of the tower or lantern to the circular openings, then to the outside of the foot ladders set at the north-east corner, parallel to the north-east principal post inside the scaffold. The whole of the materials were drawn up from the floor by a permanent windlass erected in the tower, to the Golden Gallery, and thence passed to the outside through an aperture thirty-two inches wide, and finally were drawn up and put into position by an apparatus erected for the purpose. The whole construction weighed about five tons, and the time occupied in going up the ladder was only seven minutes, the descent requiring only five. In the hazardous and

intricate operations of building and dismantling the 'crow's-nest' not the slightest accident to human life or limb—not even the breaking of a single pane of glass—occurred."

The history of the scale of the survey maps may be regarded as a history of the advance of wealth in the kingdom. When General Roy commenced England, it was deemed sufficient to engrave the maps upon the scale of one inch on the paper to a mile on the ground. These maps, engraved for all the South of England and Wales, show roads, parks, rivers, and (by shading) the hills and valleys. When the survey in 1824 was to be extended to Ireland, a committee reported that nothing under six inches to a mile would suffice. Upon this scale, which shows every fence, field, and house, maps of Ireland have been published. The North of England perceived the improvement, and for many years after the Irish maps had shown the way, maps of the Northern Counties, and subsequently of part of the South of Scotland, were published on this scale. The value of these maps, and the possibility of making them of still further value if on a larger scale, became so apparent, that after deep consideration by a Parliamentary committee and scientific commissions in 1853, it was resolved to do the cultivated lands on a scale of about twenty-five inches to a mile. Maps of towns and cities according to their size and character have also been published on scales of sixty and 120 inches to the mile. In these every lamp-post and doorstep can be correctly made visible.

Had England and Wales been originally surveyed on the twenty-five inch scale, the country would have been saved the expense of the survey made some years ago (at a cost of about £4,000,000) by the Tithe Commissioners.

Some of the northern counties of England, and many of those towards the south of Scotland, also the isles of Arran, Rothesay, etc., etc., have been surveyed upon this scale. Its value is almost incalculable; and for want of a similar one in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Dover, Pembroke, Sheerness, and other localities where certain fortifications (now either in progress or completed) were proposed to be constructed, a special survey of those districts had to be made at some considerable expense.

In the early maps hills were shown by shading, and for small scale maps this method of delineating ground still holds its place and retains its admirers. On six-inch maps shading would be confusing and lack artistic effect. Numbers of actual instrumental levels have therefore been introduced referable to marks on houses, milestones, etc. etc., and to these, contours, or level lines at equally distant *vertical* heights, have been added. These render a map so perfect, that civil engineers have given evidence that they could with a sufficiency of contours, sit at home and trace a railway within any narrow limits of its proper position.

Up to 1842, the datum level for the altitudes of the principal mountains and hills of Ireland was low-water spring tide, but in England the datum was the mean level of ordinary tides. A series of observations having determined that the latter level was the most constant, it has been adopted in the survey of Scotland and the North of England. During its progress, as opportunity offered, the altitudes of the chief mountain ranges and hills were ascertained, by which it appears that Ben Nevis, in Aberdeenshire, is the highest mountain of the United Kingdom, being 4,406 feet above the sea.

Before parting from our subject it is but fair to say that the Ordnance Survey has been one of the best conducted public institutions in the kingdom. To the late

General Colby is this chiefly due. His officers were invariably selected by merit; and if found not equal to expectations, were soon changed for abler. The names of Drummond, Portlock, Sir Thomas Larcom, and Captain Ross Clark, all engineer officers, are household words in the homes of science. Under General Colby the officers were trained to disregard all personal consideration and to give all their attention to the work in hand. The annals of the survey tell how General Colby has walked many miles over mountains before breakfast; and the twenty or thirty mile journeys he made day after day with his subalterns at almost racing pace over the roughest country, evidence how he infused energy by example. Not content with example, he carried with him the highest feelings of his officers by embracing every opportunity to publicly acknowledge any improvements suggested by them, however junior their rank; and perhaps in this was the secret of his success in rearing zealous men. Had he lived until Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Gosset, R.E., initiated the application of photography as an economical method of reducing plans from a large to a smaller scale, and until Captain De Courcy Scott, R.E., by his chemical researches developed this into photozincography, whereby thousands a year have been saved, he would have gloried in making known the authors of the improvement. The solicitude of his officers for their work was as remarkable as it was sincere. Their observing instruments they regarded almost as mothers do their children; and there are yet a few living whose eyes brighten as they talk of "Ramsden's" (the familiar name of the great three feet theodolite), and the old days of the trigonometrical survey. The pastimes of these gentlemen in hazy weather on the mountain tops were not many; but a favourite one with officers and men, was to dig about some huge rock, often several days' work, and at last by powerful levers to detach the mass, and send it hurling down the mountain side, crashing, and dashing, and bounding away, a great Leviathan in its disportings.

As might be supposed, many of General Colby's lieutenants have been called upon to fill important situations in other departments of the State, both at home and in the colonies, and with advantage to the public service.

The head-quarter-office of the Ordnance Survey is at Southampton, to which station it was transferred after the destruction of the Map-office at the Tower by fire; and there are branch offices in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and at other stations, when required. In addition to the general business, the engraving and printing the maps is carried on at Southampton; also the reduction of maps from a large to a small scale, by the aid of photography. The force consists of four companies of the Royal Engineers and a number of civil assistants, every branch being under the direction and control of the Royal Engineers, who are responsible that the work is carried out accurately, and in accordance with prescribed instructions.

The Ordnance Survey has long been in existence, but it began by a travelling map of England. It is progressing as a work which will subserve every known purpose of valuation, agricultural statistics, and taxation, that can be worked from accurate detail plans. It is to be hoped that it will not conclude until it forms the basis and index for a complete registration of deeds, connected with the sale, lease, mortgage, or demise of property, whereby the transfer of, and all transactions relating to, landed property might be as easily effected as a transfer of stock in the funds.

Although the Ordnance Survey appears to occupy a

long period, it must be remembered that every year the face of the country in many districts undergoes considerable change. Cities and villages spring up; railways, bridges, and roads are constructed with marvellous rapidity; woods are cut down, or arable land converted into plantations; so that new measurements and maps are often required to keep pace with the modern architect and engineer. At the same time every bleak mountain, forest, moor, river, plain, is gradually brought under the power of the Ordnance Survey.

The latest official report of the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey and Topographical Department to 31st of December, 1867, states that in England the survey is proceeding in the counties of Kent, Surrey and Hants; and we are completing the survey of the interior of London. The general progress of the survey has been greatly retarded by the excessive amount of work required to make a perfect survey of London and its environs, but except the central sheets, the plans are now well advanced and many of them published. The parish of Aberdare in South Wales is now being surveyed, and drawn on the scales of 1—500, and 1—2—500, the inhabitants having undertaken to pay £2,200, two-thirds of the actual cost, in consideration of their having the survey of their town made immediately. In Scotland the survey is proceeding in the counties of Aberdeenshire, three-quarters of which is surveyed, Banff, which is nearly finished, Elgin, Inverness, and Argyle. The small county of Nairn has been finished. In Ireland the county of Dublin and the township of Bray in the county of Wicklow, have been revised and redrawn on the scale of 1—25,000, for the purpose of the valuation, as Sir R. Griffith, the chief valuator, did not consider the valuation of so closely inhabited a county could be properly valued with plans on a lesser scale. The survey of the Isle of Man is finished, and the plans are in progress. The cost of this survey will be defrayed out of the revenue of the island.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER XII.—VEXATIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

THERE are vexations and disappointments in every class of life. Yet perhaps a clergyman is exposed to a greater number of vexations and "worries" than fall to the lot of others. I am not speaking now of personal and private troubles, but of trials in the work of the ministry. Nor am I speaking morbidly, nor despondingly, though the frightful scenes of disease, distress, and poverty combined are quite sufficient to cause a man to despond. Still it is very hard to see one's hopes blighted and desires frustrated, when all has been done that is in our power for the benefit of some individual in whom a great and warm interest had been taken. Yet a clergyman, knowing that these trials will not fail to come, should be prepared to meet them. He should remember the text, a very favourite one of mine, and one which has often brought light in darkness, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

I will relate a case or two of bitter disappointment.

A young man in whom I wished to take an interest, but to whom I could not readily obtain access, he being rather wild and careless in conduct, was one day thrown from a waggon when half tipsy, and broke his leg in the fall. It was a bad fracture, and he was confined to his bed for six weeks. I cannot say truly that I was altogether sorry for this accident, for I was thereby enabled to get near him, and try what influence I could exercise over him for the future. I went to see him at

once, and attended him nearly daily the whole of the long period he was confined to his bed.

I tried to make his wearisome hours as pleasant as possible; accordingly, I taught him several games, such as chess and draughts, and lent him interesting pictorial books. I did this partly as a help to his recovery, which depended much on his general health, but chiefly in order to gain his ear for his spiritual welfare. Often as I read and prayed with him, the tears would run down his cheeks, and he would promise fervently to lead a holier and more steady life. Now, if he had died during this illness, his friends would have said that his repentance was sincere, and I might have coincided with that judgment. But was it true, real, and genuine?

He rose from his long confinement perfectly cured. He also went to church once after, it is true; but he quickly made vast strides in the downward path, and became much worse in his habits of life. He behaved so badly that he ran away to the city of Exeter, leaving a poor village girl to die of a broken heart, her last words breathing a prayer for him. Oh, how bitter was this particular disappointment to me! But does it not show the hollowness of so many apparently genuine repentances, and the caution required in judging of them?

After I had been in my first curacy a few months, I became painfully aware that my visits to a sick man, instead of doing good, produced positive harm. In this instance I had been asked one day to visit a man in consumption. I was warned that I might not find him very civil, as he was of a morose, sullen disposition, but nevertheless it was thought he would receive me. Accordingly I went, and in answer to my knock the door of the house was opened by a tall, military-looking man, standing about six feet three inches at least; he begged me to enter, and, strange to say, was extremely civil and polite.

In order to open conversation with him, for I had not previously seen him, I asked if he had always lived in Devon, to which question he replied that he had been a soldier in the Horse Guards, and since the period of his discharge had travelled in America, of which country and its institutions he seemed very proud, and concerning which he told me many interesting anecdotes. He made also shrewd remarks touching the state of England, and its government, which caused me to notice his finely shaped forehead. Altogether he was a remarkable man both in body and mind. After a little more general conversation, I relieved his bodily wants, and took my leave, intimating that I should call again, to which remark he made no objection. During my next visit I found the thin edge of his moroseness inserted: he was not quite so polite, still I thought people had much exaggerated the evil of his character. He spoke disdainfully of the higher order, and yet the tone of his voice had a certain tinge of envy in it, as he decried their wealth and power. I found also he had some queer notions respecting the laws of this country, and he so excited himself while talking, that it produced a violent fit of coughing which quite exhausted him. When it subsided I left, feeling saddened at my want of success, for hitherto religion had hardly been named between us, as I had been especially warned not to speak upon it until I had made some way with him in common conversation. I made two more attempts to bring him to a right understanding of many things, for it seemed his judgment was perfectly warped, and he was besides exceedingly bigoted. During these later conversations, I found that he was a complete infidel.

A few days after my last visit, his wife called and wished to see me. The object of her call was to ask me

to discontinue my visits to her husband, and she was prepared with reasons to back her request. She told me, in vindication of her conduct, that her husband, not being able for some reason or other to fall out with myself, he after each of my visits had given her a severe thrashing, for allowing me to come in and see him, though it was himself in the first instance that opened the door, and so gave me entrance. Three successive beatings the wife had borne in silence, being anxious for his soul's sake that I should speak to him upon the subject of his approaching death; for the surgeon had told her most distinctly, from the nature of his complaint, that he would never recover. But the fourth beating she received was so severe that she said she could not endure another such, even for the sake of my visits. I now know that these acts of cruelty were of frequent occurrence, and were not invariably caused by the advent of "the parson." The wife added that as lately as that very morning, because the new loaf of bread which she had provided for his breakfast was not exactly to his liking (I think she said it was not crusty enough), he cut it into small pieces, put the fragments into a wooden bucket, piled up all the fuel in the house upon it, and covered it with burning peat, daring her to touch it till all was consumed. Nor was this a solitary instance of outrageous conduct. Yet he was entirely dependent upon his wife for everything he had, not having been able to do a stroke of work for eighteen months.

Now I have only singled out two particular cases of disappointment from a vast number, and the sole reason why I do not give the details of other more depressing disappointments, is because they are more personal; they consist of ingratitude of the deepest dye, practised towards myself.

I may, however, bear my strong testimony as to some causes and some times of special annoyance and sorrow. How I dreaded the season of Whitsuntide! There was a kind of fair held in one of the hamlets of the parish at that period, ever since old times. Why it was held in that spot I never was able to ascertain; but its effects upon the young people were most baneful. More girls were at that season led astray than in all the remaining portion of the year put together.

"Mops," or statute-hiring, also occurred once a year in our neighbourhood. They were held on the borders, and not strictly speaking within the bounds, of the parish. I attended one of these mops, and I can assure my readers who have never seen one, that it was a most disgraceful scene. The waggoners had whipcord and ribbons round their hats; the servants wanting cooks' places held little gridirons in their hands; housemaids brushes and dustpans; dairymaids milk-cans; ploughmen and labourers toy implements representing the situations they respectively required: so that without any questions you saw at once what place the person waiting to be hired wanted. No character was asked for or given. The hiring was merely for a year. The second or third day (for these mops were held for several days, the publicans reaping a rich harvest each evening), wages fell, just as prices do the last few hours of an ordinary cattle market, the best beasts having previously been disposed of at a higher rate.

Happily the efforts of philanthropists have been and still are directed towards the suppression of these disgraceful scenes, and with great success, I am glad to add. The evils attending this pernicious system, both with regard to master and man, maid and mistress, are too apparent to need comment.

That particular part of Devonshire in which my first curacy was situated, was nearly entirely given up to

"the gang system," one of the greatest curses, I believe, to the well-being of the morals of the labourers' children. It is also the constant bugbear of the parochial clergyman. For instance, no sooner is one school nicely established and the attendance good, than one fine morning you enter the room and find it nearly deserted, and the schoolmaster or mistress in great trouble; for all education is virtually abandoned at such times, when "stone picking," "bird keeping," "potato gathering," "bog or peat turning," arrives. Thus the children's education proceeded under great difficulties, which made the establishment of night schools and adult classes all the more necessary.

BUSINESS HOURS IN LONDON STREETS.

THE lower we descend in the scale of commerce and traffic, the harder and more oppressive becomes the labour of those by whom business is carried on. When the great Baron Rothschild used to take his station at that pillar in the Royal Exchange, and transact his momentous bargains more by nods and signs than by articulate speech, he was seldom there for more than an hour or an hour and a half in the day; yet in that brief space of time it was nothing unusual for him to gain from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds. Our merchant princes spend but little time, comparatively, in their offices and warehouses, and derive their magnificent incomes without undergoing anything like bodily labour, being able to delegate all that to others. It is much the same with the prosperous banker: his hours are fixed, to be sure, but they are few and limited, and followed by certainly-recurring leisure. So with the wealthier class of dealers and traders in the money-making callings; they can and do shut up their shops and places of business early in the evening, and betake themselves to the enjoyments they most affect. It is different with the average trader, who pleads that he must make the most of his day in order to keep his credit good; and it is still more different with the struggling one, who must rise early and go to bed late, and eat the bread of carefulness, that he may make both ends meet, and have bread to eat at all.

It is in the traffic of the streets that the limitations as to time are the widest, and the struggle for bread is the fiercest. There are peripatetic traders of one class or other pursuing their occupation in the highways and byways of London for more than twenty hours out of the twenty-four; they are the earliest and the latest of all the traffickers of the metropolis: so early and so late, indeed, are some of them, that to many people it is a mystery what business they find to do. Let us glance at one or two of them.

The early breakfast-houses in London, thousands in number, though they open long before sunrise, are anticipated in their labours by the early breakfast-stalls erected in the streets. We have come upon these stalls at their first appearance less than three hours after midnight. They are among the oldest of the street institutions in London, and are doubtless a boon to a large class of early workers, who, rising long before dawn, are enabled by their means to break their fast with something solid and something hot at the price of a penny or threehalfpence; and they are no less welcome to the poor night-wanderer, who, not having twopence to pay for a bed, camps out, and hoards his one penny to pay for a breakfast. The breakfast used to consist of a thick hunch of bread, with dripping or salt butter, and a cup of saloop, which was a decoction of sassafras

chips, in place of salep (the dried and pounded tuber of *orchis mascula*), sweetened with coarse sugar. Since the fall in the price of tea, saloop is gone much out of fashion, though there are still a few of the old staggers who supply it to customers to whom use has made it pleasant. The salopians pitch their stalls in all weathers at all seasons of the year, and for the most part in spots where in daytime the traffic is densest: we have seen them in the Strand, in Holborn, on the bridges, and in the most frequented parts of the City. They vanish before the business hours, and that of necessity, for the crowd would crush them out of the way did they attempt to remain. An exception seems to be made in their favour in Covent Garden, where they do business under the piazzas to a later hour.

The milkman is known for an early bird, but he is not generally known for such an early bird as he really is. He has to turn out often before four in the morning, to get his horse in the cart and load his empty cans, that he may drive off to the railway-station and exchange them for full ones—most of the London milk now coming daily from the country, and being sent up by the earliest trains. Almost as early, the watercress hawkers betake themselves to Farringdon Market to buy their stock, and to cleanse and bundle it in preparation for hawking. About the same time the straggling hosts of costermongers begin to invade Covent Garden and Billingsgate. Few people who have not witnessed their matutinal gatherings have any conception of the numbers of these gentry. They not only inundate the district, but literally overflow in all directions, blocking up the channels of approach from every quarter, and presenting in their motley assemblage a spectacle as startling as it is significant.

Of the mass of traders of all descriptions who throng the thoroughfares during the ordinary business hours, we can say but little here. Their numbers, which have always been great, are constantly on the increase. With the growth of wealth around us there is, and always must be, a corresponding growth of poverty—and numbers are being constantly thrust into the streets to earn a living, who in times past were able to maintain themselves at home. This is one reason—perhaps the principal reason—why within the memory of the existing generation the traffic of the streets has assumed so many and such various phases. Time was when little if anything besides comestibles was sold in the street. Pies, gingerbread, cakes, nuts, fruits of all kinds when they were in season, fish just arrived from the sea, vegetables for the table—such used to be the stock of the street trader, supplemented in summer by flowers "all a-growing and a-blowing" in pots, and flowers in bouquets and posies gathered from the garden. We have changed all that now, and indeed have been long familiar with the change. At the present moment you can buy almost anything in the streets of London without troubling the shopkeeper—anything, that is, which is at all portable. The travelling stationer hawks his writing paper and envelopes; the printseller sets out a gallery of art in the concavity of an upturned umbrella; the cabinet-maker decks the dead-walls with his writing-desks, work-boxes, and letter-racks; the cutler sidles up to you with his razors; the working optician claims attention to his eye-glasses and spectacles; the toy-maker displays his stock of toys on the kerb; walking-sticks, padlocks, dog-collars, carpenters' tools, microscopes, mirrors, musical instruments, flat-irons, roasting-jacks, pots, pans, brushes, mops, glass, china, tin-ware, jewellery, statuary, paintings in oil—all these things, and a thousand things besides, walk the streets

of London on the backs of their producers and purveyors, all eagerly on the look-out for a market. The number of wandering commercials engaged in this multifarious traffic has never been even approximately ascertained, and probably is not ascertainable; they must amount to some tens of thousands, and seeing that the rents of shops are constantly growing dearer, while the flag-stones are free from both rent and taxes, there is little likelihood at present of their diminishing. We leave this heterogeneous cosmos of commerce to the reader's tender mercies, confessing, however, to a substratum of regard for them all, and commending them to his kindly consideration.

But now evening draws on, and the nomads whose business has special reference to the decline of day begin to make their appearance. Hark! that is the muffin-bell, followed by the voice of the muffin-man! Of all the "wandering voices" that charmed the ear of the poet, commend us to him. No *vox et preterea nihil* is his, but *vox* and muffins to boot, with other succulent dainties which muffins bring in their train. Listen to what he says—

"Come buy my nice muffins, and crumpets, and pikelets,
Come buy them of me!
You'll find them hot, and large, and good,
And they're all fresh baked for tea!"

He composed that beautiful lyric himself, without assistance from the poet-laureate or any one else; and if you feel disposed to criticise the muffin-man's muse, recollect, if you please, that whatever you may think of his metre, his muffins are irreproachable, and be sparing of your strictures. For our part, we never find fault with the "good man's poetry," as he calls it, choosing rather to confine our remarks to the burden of the song—the muffins themselves. Still there is one thing mysterious about the muffin-man, which has perplexed us any time these forty years, and which we could never satisfactorily get over—and it is this: why muffin-man? or muffin-boy, which is the same thing in the future tense? What have the women and the girls done, that they are rigidly shut out from the commerce in muffins? Who ever heard of a muffin-woman, or a muffin-girl? And if not, why not? as argumentative people put it. Is there any salique law that forbids the succession of the softer sex to the sovereignty of the muffin-basket? If so, give us the authority for it and set our minds at rest. For more years than make up an average generation have we looked for the muffin-woman, and have never found her, or even a trace of her. Nay, more; amid all the stir that has been made of late for woman's rights—notwithstanding all the women's conventions that have been held—the muffins have been kept carefully in the background, and usurping man (and boy) left in undisputed possession.

It is summer-time, and the sun is setting, his level beams piercing the hazy atmosphere and garbing the London chimney-pots in red shirts, till they look like an irregular squad of Garibaldians. About this time there is a branch of street trade carried on for an hour or two which always has a claim on our sympathies. Of the growing flowers in pots which left Covent Garden in the morning, many yet remain unsold. They have drooped and languished under the fierce mid-day sun, and their owners have been obliged to carry them to some sheltering shade, and quench their raging thirst, in order to restore their failing blossoms; and now they have revived again, they are brought forth in the cool of the evening to be sold for what they will fetch. Buy a few of them, my friend, for your bow-window or parlour flower-stand, and don't allow your knowledge of

the fact that their owners have no place wherein to stow them safely for the night lead you to drive too hard a bargain.

About the same time you may chance to fall in with the country lad who brings to London a dripping hamper of water-lilies in the bud. He never gathers them in flower, as, once blown, they will not long survive away from their native pools; but he plucks them by hundreds in the bud, and pulls them into full bloom as fast as they are wanted—converting the shiny, unsightly cone, into a glorious vision of beauty by a few touches of his fingers—or he will sell you a couple of the buds for a penny and leave you to open them yourself if you prefer it. You don't catch him in the full glare of sunshine, but either in some shady shelter or in the cool of the twilight hour.

At certain recurring seasons old ocean sends up her supplies of food to our shores, of the arrival of which the Londoner gets his first information from the cries that resound through the streets after dark. At one time it is sprats that are hoarsely vocal in the thoroughfare as the hour of supper draws near. It is a current notion that everybody sups off sprats once a year, though they might do worse; what may be nearer the truth is, that everybody has the opportunity of doing so when the sprat season comes round. At another time it is mackerel, and it is noteworthy that these fish are allowed to over-ride the fourth commandment, and the statute of Charles II enforcing its observance, and to be hawked and bawled for sale on the Sunday—a privilege, if it be a privilege, which our customs accord to no other fish that swims. Crabs and lobsters are often roving about the suburbs up to ten and eleven o'clock, but they only indulge in these rakish habits in hot weather; the truth being that they are in a hurry to be eaten while they are worth eating, which they assuredly will not be if they are relegated to the chances of the morrow.

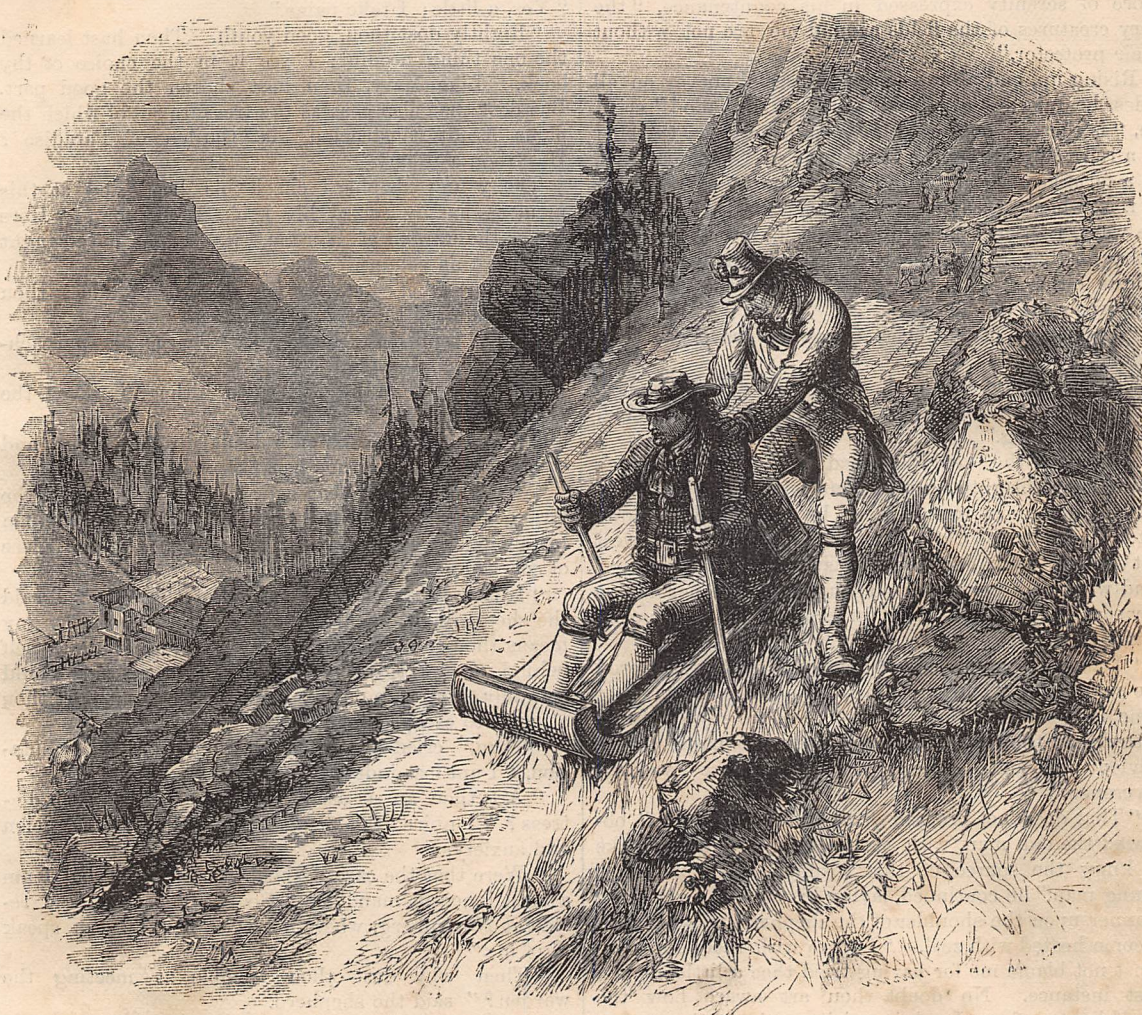
One might suppose that when all the world had had their suppers, and the major half had gone to bed, there would at least be a cessation of the trade of hawking eatables in the street. By no means. It is not at all unusual for us to be roused out of our first sleep by a cry which may reach us while it is yet a quarter of a mile off, and is shot explosively from lungs of prodigious power, to the tune of "Hot! all hot! smoking hot!" As late as half an hour after midnight have we heard this cry in the far suburbs; it proceeds from the vendor of baked potatoes, who, carrying his wares on his head, and travelling at the quick march, literally hunts down his belated customers, sending forth his stentorian cry to herald his coming. Who and what are the unenviable class dependent upon him for a meal, we must leave to the conjectures of the reader.

Thus it is seen that the latest supper-time of the street nomad and his earliest breakfast-time are but a brief space apart: a little more, and we should have brought the serpent's tail round into his mouth, and made of the street traffic one complete circle. It is not so, however, we are thankful to say; there are two or three of the small hours still left in the morning when the busy spirit of traffic is lulled to quietness, and the echoes have rest in the interminable thoroughfares. We should like to extend the narrow margin of silence, and stretch it over a few more of the hours of darkness; and we cannot help longing at times, amidst the boastings of onward progress, for so much retrogression at least as shall give back to our homes the silence of the night, and to the labourer the hours of sleep for his needful refreshment and repose.

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GETTING READY FOR A SWIFT DESCENT.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER I.

LIGHTLY and mildly the south wind traversed the Alpine tracts of the Tannen Mountain, in the archbishopric of Salzburg. On a thousand flowerets the glistening tears of the morning dews sparkled like diamonds in the rays of a May-day sun. On the green velvet of the young grass the solemn chief of the lowing herd marched along with the far-sounding bell pendant from his ample and powerful neck, attended by the dun cow, the bearded goat, and his bleating flock. From the dark

blue vales arose small clouds of white vapour, which, dissolving into long semi-transparent lines, resembled veils floating above the wood-darkened ridges of the mountains. Gigantic eminences reared their hoary summits unto the azure sky.

A man, in years already beyond the middle age, still active, and whose appearance bespoke him of a respectable class, was with difficulty ascending the steep.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, almost breathless with exertion, as he loosened a burden from his back and stretched himself out upon the grass. "Oh! this is indeed a mountain to climb! These stiff ascents soon make the

infirmities of the body apparent. My feet totter, my chest aches, and my arms are weary and benumbed. Once this toil was almost a pastime!" and after a little pause, he thus soliloquised, with his eyes raised towards the mountains still above him: "Yes, yes, noble Watzmann there! and thou, stupendous Gœhl! with snow-capped summits pointing to heaven, you remind me that above is our only true fatherland; for there, no Archbishop von Firmian domineereth, to pursue us, with his familiars, like hunted deer."

The wanderer now gazed fearfully around. "Hist! silence, old man! for though none but quadruped observers are moving about thee, a Jesuit may probably lie in wait concealed among them, in order to detect the execrated heretic. But, at all events," said he, with more of serenity expressed in his countenance, "the very creatures of the fields around me are not without their protector."

Rising up, and after a long and careful survey on all sides, he raised his voice aloud: "Ho! hallo!" cried he, "is there no one here who can assist a weary traveller to a refreshing draught? I thought so!" he murmured, as a form arose from behind one of the huge fragments of rock which were lying strewn around. "So I thought! Be wary, George," he said to himself, in an undertone, "though that fellow does not look like a spy of the priests either." He now drew near to the shepherd, who was a stout, ruddy youth.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" was the traveller's salutation.

The face of the shepherd, which at first had assumed a friendly aspect, darkly lowered, as he curtly responded, "Good morning."

Although the reply seemed cool, the stranger's countenance brightened up. But feigning a reproachful look and stern tone of voice, he continued: "How! art thou not a good Catholic Christian, that thou knowest not how to make a proper answer to my greeting? And what do I perceive? Thou hearest neither rosary nor scapulary, as the lordly fathers have expressly commanded."

"I am truly a Catholic Christian," gruffly answered the shepherd; "and if I am not quite a good one—for none is good but God alone—I believe myself to be better than thou art, since thou usest the name of our Saviour without necessity, and therefore without reverence."

"That does not proceed from thine own brain," observed the old man, with satisfaction. "I should like to know the source of this wisdom. Be not hasty, young man," he continued, laying his hand in a pacifying manner upon the shoulder of the shepherd, who had now become heated with zeal. "I agree with thee, but thou canst not blame me for having tried thee a little in the first instance. No doubt thou art aware how the worshippers of our Lord, in spirit and in truth, are persecuted in the valleys below, by those who name themselves, indeed, after Jesus, but who are ravenous wolves in sheep's clothing. But I am thirsty. Hast thou no fresh milk in store?"

Both the men now stepped up to the rock behind which the shepherd had been reposing, and the latter, producing a large pitcher, cordially offered its contents to the stranger, who, although thirsty as he had previously declared himself to be, instead of accepting it, took hold of the youth's hand, which he observed clasped an object that intensely excited the traveller's curiosity.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Dost thou use a book for a cover to thy milk-jug? Let me see it."

After some hesitation the shepherd presented it to him.

"Dr. Arndt's 'True Garden of Paradise,'" said he, reading half audibly, and marvelling greatly within himself. "How camest thou by this book?" he asked.

"I bought it," answered the shepherd, with a joyful air of satisfaction.

"For the cover of thy milk-can?"

"By no means," said the other, testily. "I was deeply considering it when thy call disturbed me, and I always read it when I can find time."

"Then thou knowest how to read?" asked the traveller, doubtfully.

It was not without a modest blush, nor yet without evident satisfaction, that the interrogation was answered, "Yes, a little; I take pains."

"Rightly dost thou, good youth. Thou hast learned the one thing needful; I see it in the choice of thy book. Like Mary, thou hast chosen the good part. But dost thou also possess the treasure out of which the pious Arndt constructed his 'Garden of Paradise'? Hast thou a Bible?"

The young shepherd shook his head, and at this moment hastily seized his book, exclaiming, "Here comes the warden of Werffen,* who might have caught me with this volume."

"Who? what? the warden of Werffen, didst thou say?" inquired the stranger, pale and terrified.

"Yes," replied the shepherd. "There he is approaching with his followers."

"Thinkest thou he will come hither?" asked the other, trembling.

"Assuredly; the footpath leads directly to us, and over the part which thou hast ascended."

With the utmost fear expressed in his features, the stranger ran back for his bundle, and placing it upon his shoulders, asked the shepherd to show him a place of concealment.

"If thou hast cause to be afraid of the warden," said the shepherd, "thou art in danger, for, even if by any means thou couldst elude his eagle-eye, and hide thyself behind one of these jutting rocks, his mastiffs would certainly scent thee out, or overtake thee, shouldst thou attempt to escape by flight."

"Then," cried the traveller, in a tone of lamentation, "I am lost indeed!"

"Art thou an assassin, that thou art in such distress?" inquired the shepherd, with an air of suspicion and anxiety.

"Were that the case, I should suffer justly, but I am a most innocent man: I am George Frommer, and reside at Nuremberg, where not even a child can speak ill of me."

"Then why dost thou tremble at meeting the warden?" said the shepherd.

"What had Hans Lerchner of Radstadt, or Veit Bremen of Schwabock done," inquired Frommer, "that they should have been imprisoned, and tortured by hunger and thirst, frost and stripes? Only because a Christian book was found in their possession. And what will be my fate, who have here a package full of Bibles, which I am endeavouring to distribute among the poor, forsaken flock of Jesus? Assist me, my son; help a poor old man who has not yet courage to quit

* *Warden of Werffen*.—The principality and archbishopric, now the circle of Salzburg, was divided into four jurisdictions, denominated *Pfleggerichte*, memorials of the practice noticed by Tacitus among the German tribes, whose cantons were under the government of a nobleman deputed by the prince to administer justice, settle controversies, etc., like the sheriffs of the Anglo-Saxons in their respective shires.

this world, to which he is bound by the ties of wife and children."

"Thou art right," said the youth, "thou mightst fare badly if thou wert in the warden's power. There is one means of escaping from him, however, but it does not suit a man who, coming from the plains, is unaccustomed to our mountain toil."

"Ah! I have lived on the mountains longer than thou hast, and it is but a few years since I quitted Salzburg for Nuremberg."

"The better for thee," replied the shepherd, "but thou saidst that thy package was filled with Bibles. I should be rejoiced to possess one of them. What may be the—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the old man. "When death is following close at my heels, can I occupy myself with the affairs of trade? Thou shalt assuredly have a Bible, but I cannot take it out of the package at present. Assist me to depart in safety."

"Take courage," said the youth, "for see they are still passing along the marsh which separates us from them, and in the meantime we can come to a settlement in a few words. Art thou acquainted with the wealthy Mr. Manlicken, at the Shippen?"

"Yes, yes, but the warden!"

"He is not come yet. This rich Mr. Manlicken," continued he, "is my master. I let him keep my wages for me, and he can pay thee out of them, if thou wilt entrust him with a Bible on my account. He will not betray thee," he added, observing the anxiety of the traveller visibly increasing whilst they conversed.

"Detain me no longer," entreated the latter earnestly, overcome by his fears. "Help me! save me!"

"Well, then," rejoined the other, "dost thou not see that I am already making preparations?" Thus saying, he laid hold of a little sledge, which he carried to one side of the Alp, where, covered with soft grass, it sloped almost perpendicularly into the abyss beneath. George Frommer followed.

"Look!" said the youth, "the warden and his followers have not yet passed through the marsh down there, and cannot perceive the manner of thy escape. But prepare quickly: 'twere better that the package should be fastened behind, so as to be drawn after the sledge; it will serve for a counterpoise, and prevent thee from being overturned. So; art thou ready? Here are the shaft-sticks; keep thyself steady whilst I start the sledge in its course; and steer steadily to the left, or thou mayst perchance fall into the marble quarries."

"But what will become of thee, my brave youth," inquired Frommer, who was already slowly gliding over the slippery turf in the little sledge which had been set in motion by the powerful hand of the young man, "if the warden should discover thee?"

"Be not anxious on my account," said the other, laughing. "My 'Garden of Paradise'* is not a piece of bacon or a sausage that the dogs can scent it out, and therefore I am in no danger from him."

"Thanks for thy kindness," said Frommer; and as he cast a glance at the package which was now being tossed from side to side, he exclaimed, "God forgive me! that I should suffer his Holy Word to be thus irreverently treated, but—"

* "*My Garden of Paradise*," etc.—The books to which the Protestants were most attached, and for the possession of which they were punished with pecuniary penalties, were the German Bible, "The Postills of Luther," "Spangeberg," and "Simon Paul;" Arndt's "True Christianity" and "Little Garden of Paradise;" Luther's Catechism, and the Tracts of Schaitberg.—*Schithorn, Comments de Religionis Ecang. in Prov. Salziurg ortu et fatie*, sect. lx., p. 96.

The peasant now removed his hands from George Frommer's shoulders, when the latter shot down in the sledge with a fearful and continually increasing velocity; so that the remainder of his speech was quickly lost. The shepherd looked cheerfully after him as he continued his dangerous descent, and as soon as he perceived that Frommer was almost out of sight, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he called out to the full extent of his powerful voice, "My name is Johannes Weinleidtnr, dost thou hear?" "Dost thou hear!" echoed back the mountain on the right. "Dost thou hear!" was the faint response from the vale beneath.

CHAPTER II.

THE valley of the Werffen lay between mountains whose snow-covered summits now gleamed, in the reflection of the evening sun, with the glorious radiance of gold. The Salza, loudly murmuring, rushed over the rocky ground, scattering a silver foam upon its dark-green mossy banks. The village cottages, standing far apart, were overshadowed by tall walnut-trees, and encircled by thickly clustered vines. Of all these homesteads the most considerable was that called the Shippen. The gentle declivity of the mountain against which it stood formed several terraces, bordered with vines and gooseberry bushes. In the intervening spaces, fine linen was spread upon the turf to bleach, affording satisfactory evidence of its owner's opulence. Outhouses and sheds of smaller size surrounded the spacious court, where the poultry had just finished their evening meal and were repairing to their roost. A number of horses laden with heavy sacks of flour were waiting to be relieved from their burdens. Close by them a flock of sheep pressed with clamorous bleating to consume the savoury repast prepared for them in their pens. The luxuriant fruit-trees which on all sides adorned the court appeared one sheet of bloom, and the aromatic scent of elders, honeysuckles, and woodbines was diffused around.

The owner of this domain was sheltered in an arbour from which he commanded a full view of the road. His cheerful and vigilant partner, his blooming daughter—a damsel just entering into womanhood—and two sons, her juniors, were seated at their frugal repast. Herdsmen, plodding homewards, saluted him kindly as they passed, bright-eyed maidens cast respectful glances, whilst the aged of the village paused on their way to address familiar greetings to the friend and kinsman of all.

George Frommer of Nuremberg approached the arbour in order to execute his commission. With the exception of several rude shocks, his sliding expedition at the morning's dawn had terminated safely. In a few minutes he had made his descent into the valley, which otherwise would have occupied him a couple of hours. It seemed, too, that he had found plenty of customers for his prohibited wares, since he now appeared without his package, and wore an air of contentment.

"May God grant thee a good evening, Manlicken!" cried he.

"The same to thee, George Frommer: whence comest thou?"

"From Nuremberg," said Frommer. "I can never remain long away from my native place, its attractions are always irresistible."

"Then why dost thou not stay here altogether?" replied Manlicken.

"That would not suit me; I have not only my employment, but my wife and children in Nuremberg."

"Thou art of a restless disposition," rejoined his friend, "or thou wouldst change this mode of life."

"Leave me to my own choice, friend Manlicken," said Frommer. "But thou must know that I have already derived a benefit from thee! There is a worthy young fellow keeping thy cattle on the Alp, who willingly gave the traveller a draught of good milk."

"Ah, thou art speaking of our Hans."

"Yes, yes, that is his name. He shouted it after me when I had almost lost both sight and hearing by the rapidity of my journey; Hans Wein something."

"It was Weinleidtner," observed the daughter, eagerly.

"Very likely," said Frommer. "He is a very fine, and, what is more, a very worthy youth, who does not pass his time unprofitably on the Alp, but devotes it to the study of pious books. Moreover, he has preserved me from the warden of Werffen, who, thou mayst be certain, would not have been at all lenient towards me, if my package had fallen under his scrutiny. For this reason I have brought him a great treasure," pointing to a small parcel under his arm; "a Bible," he whispered, cautiously, "for which thou wert to pay me out of his wages; but God forbid that I should take a farthing from him. The holy book is a faithful mirror, in which man need only look, in order to learn how to act through life—a counsellor in joy and grief—a comforter in adversity, and a guide to heaven."

"Peace, softly!" said Manlicken, evincing a little confusion; "think of the warden."

"Of that miserable being, whom I well knew as clerk to the old tax-gatherer?" rejoined Frommer.

"Very true," said Manlicken, "but he is now become our governor, and is a baron besides."

"Humph!" continued Frommer, "through the money of the peasants, which, whether they liked it or not, they were obliged to advance him for the purchase of his nobility. Ah! Manlicken, thy coughing and hemming betray perplexity: ha, ha, ha! he has also laid thee under contribution, I expect, has he not? Well, do not be angry; but—"

"Hush!" cried Manlicken, "help thyself to our fare."

"Thanks, thanks," said Frommer, "but I must be gone, for Anthony Wallner is to expound the word of the Lord this evening to a congregation of our devout countrymen. Thou mayst accompany me if thou choosest."

"I have to remove my flour into the store-room, and to trim the hedge that is running wild behind the court," replied Manlicken, by way of excuse.

"I see," said Frommer, "thou art one of those who, according to scripture, have bought a field, or five yoke of oxen, or taken a wife, and therefore cannot come. Thou art plainly represented in the divine mirror. One thing, however, I say to thee, Lay not up for thyself treasure, which the moth and the rust corrupt, and which thieves dig up; but rather lay up for thyself treasure in heaven. May the Lord open thine eyes! Thou art, surely, not afraid of receiving thy good Hans's property and delivering it to him?" It was not without a feeling of shame that Manlicken took the present, and the worthy distributor of Bibles departed, murmuring audibly, "May God protect thee!"

Manlicken left the task of removing the flour to his wife and daughter, the hedge was suffered to continue in its wild and neglected state, whilst he himself withdrew to his chamber, deeply absorbed in the thoughts of what he had just heard. There he unclosed the sacred volume, turning over the pages of the New Testament. His mind as well as his eyes were riveted

by the passage, "Verily I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." In great alarm he laid down the book, and for some time continued pacing up and down the room.

At length he called to his daughter. "Barbara," he said, "get a quartern of our finest white flour, a side of bacon, and three score of eggs; take them to the holy father, and desire him to include us in his prayers, that when our time arrives our death may be happy."

With a mind more tranquillised he then returned to the volume, to which he was drawn by an irresistible attraction. He turned over the leaves for a long time to find whether there were other passages which in like manner might be applied to himself. At last he read: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully," etc., Luke xii. 16. "But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" This affected him deeply. With a secret shudder he caught up the little looking-glass to see whether there appeared any shadowing of that relentless death who he feared might summon him so speedily away. His countenance seemed paler than usual. In order to appease his disquietude he occupied himself with different matters in the courtyard, where, after a little time, he was soon accosted by his daughter on her return home.

"Well, what said the holy father?" eagerly inquired Manlicken.

"He wished to know," replied Barbara, evidently disgusted at the result of her mission, "whether that was our finest flour, if we had only bacon instead of ham, and whether our hens laid only such small eggs."

"Ah! covetous, insatiate priest!" muttered the angry farmer. "But will he include us in his prayer?" he asked aloud.

"Yes, my father, he will include thee; but as for me," said the maiden, colouring with indignation, "he began to address such language to me that I hastily escaped from him."

Irritated and inwardly shocked by the answer he received, Manlicken returned to his chamber, where he gave the Bible in charge to his wife, with directions to conceal it amongst Weinleidtner's effects. All the rest of the evening he spent in company with his sons indoors. At length he sent the eldest in search of his mother, when the latter came back with the news that he had found her and Barbara sitting upon Weinleidtner's trunk, and reading out of the new, thick book. Manlicken felt uneasy in his mind. The cricket, which he heard unweariedly chirping at the foot of his bed throughout the sleepless night, appeared to him the death-watch ticking in ominous warning. He was but little refreshed by that night's repose.*

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

How different the mental from the physical portrait! The first, a likeness of graceful form and simple beauty; the last, a picture of what Byron rudely called, "a dumpy woman." In person Miss Mitford was short, rotund, and unshapely; but in her manners, easy,

* The historical tale of "The Exiles of Salzburg," by Gustaf Nieritz, is translated for the "Leisure Hour," by the author's special permission, by Mrs. L. H. Kerr, translator of Professor von Ranke's "Servia."

amiable, and interesting, and in her writings, natural, intellectual, and delightful. Her volumes descriptive of country life are charming, and, soon after the first was published, were accepted with deserved admiration by the public. The most famous artists of the Low Countries never produced paintings of greater truth, whether given to character or to scenery; and with her all the same skill was chastened by female delicacy and refined feeling. From manly cricket to childish pastimes, she could follow every turn of the games; and good humour, as well as good sense, attended her everywhere, and guided the spirit of observation upon homely English life.

But she entertained yet higher aspirations in literature, and several tragedies bear witness to her dramatic powers. "Julian and Foscari," and "Rienzi," the best of all, afford ample proof of her great talent and extraordinary perseverance. "Rienzi" was a triumph, and I had next morning a letter from her father announcing the success. Dr. Mitford was a fine, hearty, jolly Whig of the old school, and a magistrate in the county. In person he was the beau-ideal of our pictorial John Bull—bluff, yet gentlemanly, tall, stout, portly, and fresh-looking; and one who, if his physical lineaments were not inherited, certainly transmitted the high good-humour I have noticed to his accomplished daughter. And she had sometimes much need of it; for circumstances demanded that possession of equanimity and contentment which strikingly marked her character, disarming adversity, and creating the sincere esteem and affection of all the friends who knew her.

Yet amiable and gentle as she was, it cannot be supposed that she was deficient in energy or destitute of enthusiasm. If she had been, she never could have gone through the trials of her literary and dramatic labours, and the cares and disappointments which invariably appertain to such a career, and which are but poorly recompensed in the end, even when it is successful.

In her retired rustic home at Three Mile Cross, three miles from Reading, Miss Mitford resided thirty years, cultivating her flowers, mostly of common sorts, and enjoying the shade of at least one fine umbrageous tree, which shielded the poetic spot from the scorching summer sun. Hither her fame attracted many admiring pilgrims and the visits of attached friends. Among the latter I may mention two, who prominently took deep and constant interest in her welfare—the Rev. Mr. Harness, her literary executor, and Mr. Francis Bennoch, a city merchant, whose attentions to her, whether of a literary or comforting description, were incessant, and continued to the last.*

And, as I am naming names, it may not be out of place to commence my illustrations by a portion of a letter, exhibiting the Lyric among her literary pursuits, from the authoress to her last-mentioned friend:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—That song is now charming, though whether the conclusion will go well to music is more than I can tell. You know, of course, that all musicians, whether composers or singers, complain of Sir Walter, and that even the matchless "County Guy" won't song. If this be so, the

fault will be with me, or rather with my first stanza, for I always feel a conviction that your writings are music in themselves; or rather the fault will be in the additional line, exquisite as to sense, and essential to the accordance of the two stanzas; and after all, a musician of any skill ought to manage it.

The following is the song about the euphony and correctness of which she was so anxious. The second stanza certainly maintains the original sentiment, and the pathos of the whole is as certainly enhanced by the addition of the final lines, which do credit to the co-operation she solicited from her friend.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, good morrow! Warm, rosy, and bright
Grow the clouds in the east, laughing heralds of light;
Whilst still as the glorious colours decay,
Full gushes of music seem tracking their way.

Hark, hark!

Is it the sheep-bell among the ling,
Or the early milkmaid's carolling?

Hark, hark!

Or is it the lark,

As he bids the sun good morrow?

Good morrow,

Though every day brings sorrow!

The daylight is dying, the night drawing near,
The workers are silent, yet ringing and clear,
From the leafiest tree in the shady bowers
Comes melody falling in silvery showers.

Hark, hark!

Is it the musical chime on the hill,
That sweetly ringeth when all is still?

Hark, hark!

Oh! sweeter than lark

Is the nightingale's song of sorrow,
Of sorrow;

But pleasure will come to-morrow.

My next letter is to the same friend, and falls so naturally within the scope of my portraiture, that I feel much indebted for the copy.

Now that the weather seems breaking, dearest Mr. B—, I am beginning to think of all pleasant things; of primroses in the meadow, violets on the bank, sweetbriar at the garden-gate, and you, with your cheery looks and voice, here in my room. Well I know that you will come when you can, and you know that the flowers of May cannot be more welcome. I want cheering just now more than ever, for while there is no sort of change in my powers of motion, there is one much for the worse in another respect, this smoky, dusty room having greatly affected my eyesight. Well, we must hope. Everybody is kind to me as usual. Amongst the rest, your friend Delille. What I want of Lally Tolland is a memoir of his father, containing an account of his retreat from Pondicherry in 1761, and if he could procure me that work, or a sight of it, I would most gladly and gratefully pay all expenses. It is probably comprised in the memoirs of Plaidoyers, Paris, 1771, which forms one of the works in his list—a list more ample than that in the Biographie Universelle (6 vols. 4to, Paris, 1841), which has hitherto been the only one I have been able to obtain.

Will you have the great goodness to tell him this, with a thousand thanks on my part. What has become of the poem of which you promised me a slip? Lady Russell asked me yesterday when your poems would come out,* but I expect that new bridges are standing in the way, and I expect too much from that volume to hurry it. I have just been reading Mr. Justice Talfourd's new play, "The Cordiliere," printed, not published, and as yet, to use his own words, "a very private one," since he has not given it to a dozen persons. The subject is the revolt at Toledo headed by Podilla, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Fifth, and it is very beautifully written. Adieu, dearest friend.

Ever faithfully yours,

M. R. M.

* In the "Art Journal," published soon after her death, appeared "Recollections of Miss Mitford," from the pen of this gentleman, with additions by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, altogether a very interesting memoir. From it we gather that Mr. Harness was prepared to carry out her wishes by publishing her correspondence and collected works, but was baffled by the greediness of her two servants, to whom she had bequeathed her personality. It is to be hoped that with the mass of materials in his and Mr. Harness's hands, Mr. Bennoch may yet be enabled (though thirteen years have passed away since we mourned her death) to overcome this difficulty, and accomplish the fulfilment of a design so likely to be highly appreciated by the literary world.

* A design not yet carried into effect, and of the merits of which only an opinion may be gathered from some brief specimens in the recent publication of selections from modern Scottish songsters by Dr. Rogers, at Stirling.

Our next is still very miscellaneous, and exhibits more and more the grateful heart touched by every feeling, and the stirring mind alive to every incident that was passing around.

Thank you, a thousand times, dear friend, for your kindness about the oranges. I myself eat one a day, but one wants them sometimes for children, and perhaps to squeeze occasionally in water; so if they will keep a month, perhaps half a hundred once a month would be the right quantity. It is not like the same fruit with the trash sold in Reading, or even with some that a friend sent me this year from Covent Garden; but you have an instinct for the best in all things.

Once only that instinctive good taste has failed you. Appreciating heartily and gratefully the generous kindness which inclines you to do everything for those books of mine, I yet differ most entirely with you as to the common decency of my writing a notice of my own life for a newspaper. I would not do so were it certain to make the difference of the highest success or the most signal failure. I should as soon write a critique on my own works. The one would be as unseemly as the other. All that I can do is to furnish you with a list of publications. Correspondents are out of the question. It is wrong to drag one's friends into a matter of the sort. I could not put the dates of the play, every copy that I had having been sent to the printer's, so keep the dates back.

And once again I have to entreat you not to ask me to write *anything*. No; not a note merely. You would not if you knew the harm it does me. The position is so painful that it takes away my breath, and greatly aggravates for many hours that rheumatic pain which increases every day, and will, I suppose, finish in the heart complaint, which is its very frequent consequence. Every exertion, every fatigue, every excitement—above all, every worry, brings on more palpitation of the heart, which lasts for many hours. I see clearly that you have no notion of my bodily state. You judge (as people judge of the cheerfulness of the blind) by the good spirits which you see during the two or three hours enlivened by the rare delight of your company. The reaction of days and weeks you do not see; but I have a right to be believed when I tell you this, and I am sure that K—— and Sam (her maid and man servant) and Mr. May (her medical attendant) will tell you the same, because from my youth to this hour I have never spared myself. I have always been over-willing to exert every faculty, whether of mind or body. A year and a half ago I received, and did my best to entertain, Mr. Field and Grace Greenwood during such a state of fever that Mr. May (here at the time) wished to send them off, and that on their departure I took to my bed, which I did not leave for a month. I finished "Atherton" when very very few people would even have held a pen.

A word with you, my dear friend. I do wish that your visits should not be quite like those to a hospital. Do not retort this upon me, and do not force me into writing these unhappy truths again. Above all, treat me as a friend who loves you dearly and gratefully, and not as a machine for putting words together. Summer air may do me good, but till July or August the very air will be fatigue, and no amendment can be hoped for. God bless you. Do not be angry with me.

Ever yours,

M. R. M.*

These familiar letters, it is true, enter upon minute details, but they are The Life of a highly-popular national author, and from her own pencil. So she went on from day to day, cheered by good offices and elevated by the homage paid to her by friends of such station in rank and the world of letters, that she might well think their admiration was like "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, praise indeed!" Then there came the flattery dear to literary fame,—pilgrims from foreign parts, who procured introductions to manifest their personal

respect for her and her writings. Two are mentioned in the last letter, and worthy of a note, namely, Mr. Field, the eminent publisher (Ticknor and Field) of Boston, himself a pleasing poet, and Grace Greenwood, the *nom de plume* of a very popular American authoress, of the genuine Mary Mitford ring, and well worth similar admiration across the Atlantic. Both were delighted with their visit, little suspecting that it cost their hostess so much.*

But withal, the asylum, whether from cares or sickness, which consoled and comforted her the most was that into which love of literary pursuits led the way: For though literature is,

Like the tempest-troubled ocean,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,

it has its quiet places, as the sea has its harbours, which the storms do not reach; and the author (sailor-like) finding nothing but pleasure there, forgets the toils and troubles common to every-day existence. And this is the undying resource of the ideal from the real: imagination creating its own bright sky to dwell in for a while, far above the gloom and shadows of the changing world. Devotedness to literature enjoys still more grateful solace than this in its disappointments and sorrows; for the genuine literary man or woman feels intensely that his or her toiling is not for self, but for the well-being of human-kind; a higher motive than the thirst for fame.

Well, but literary labourers are not all simplicity and honey. Though not armed, like trade, with "quills upon the fretful porcupine," they can sometimes wake up to take their own parts with their one quill after a fashion, and assert, or try to defend, their special worldly affairs. Mary Mitford, though a poet, was an active little body, and did not like to be put down or imposed upon. The following letter demonstrates this characteristic in her, and grieved am I to add that it also shows how severely the changes of fortune, to which I have reluctantly alluded, sometimes affected her moderate circumstances and disturbed the equanimity of her placid nature.

MY DEAR MR. JERDAN,—You will, I am sure, remember that you wrote to me on the part of Mr. Schloss, at whose request I edited for him the Bijou Almanack of the present year. Besides the usual quantity of verse, I wrote an introduction and some stanzas (not used on account of the plate not being finished), besides an advertisement in prose. In short, I did more than I stipulated to perform, although my dear father was slowly dying at the time, and it was with unspeakable pain and difficulty that I could raise my spirits to any literary exertion. I mention this to account for my applying to you in consequence of Mr. Schloss's unaccountable silence, who, upon my requesting him to transmit the money due, has not even thought fit to reply to my letter. Will you, should you be going that way, have the great goodness to tell him how much I should be obliged by his remitting the sum mentioned by you? I am most unwilling to trouble you, but circumstances compel me to make the application, my income

* This letter was in reply to one from Mr. Bennoch, who, seeing how her strength diminished, was anxious to obtain a list of her works, their dates of publication, and a few notes as to her own life. Although she scolded him, she nevertheless complied, and hence the accuracy of the brief biography in the "Fine Arts Journal," prepared by her friend and correspondent.

* In a series of Home Traits, it may be permitted to add any trifling anecdotes which may exhibit a feature of like characteristics from distant lands. Thus I remember Mr. Field, on a visit to me, passing nearly a whole night in a Kentish wood, listening for the nightingale, which he had never heard. They would not sing in consequence of the cold moonlessness of the season. Near the same spot, at a hayfield merry-making, the boys of the host, another poet (boisterous as usual), conspired to tumble an unlucky gentleman (selected on account of his wearing spectacles) and the good-humoured Grace Greenwood simultaneously into a hayrick, and throw armfuls of hay over them, amid shouts of laughter. In a momentary pause the voice of the smothering gentleman was heard to call out "More Hay"; and the joke was so relished that in a volume of Recollections published by Grace on her return home to America, she did not forget the droll and witty impromptu.

being so slender, and my health so uncertain, as to render even this trifling sum important to me in my present situation.

*Pray excuse my freedom
in obliging to you, I believe
me, my dear Sir, with every
good wish,
your obliged friend & servant
M. R. Mitford*

Three Mile Cross, near Reading,

July 4th, 1843.

Of course, if I do not speedily receive this money, I must make the matter known in other quarters less friendly.

Poor Schloss, whom I introduced to Miss Mitford at his request (when L. E. L. could no more give him her aid, which she had bestowed gratuitously), was a slow German, and had not appeared to time. I appealed to him, and he made amends. But his curious little almanack, about the size of a folio thumb-nail, did not latterly much profit the projector, whose fussiness about it was a trouble not small like itself, nor like Miss Mitford's notes in her correspondence, which were all written upon sheets (shall I call them) of letter-paper, four and a half by three and a half inches in length and breadth! And these were filled to the utmost, beginning at top, and ending in so crowded a conglomeration of words that the conclusion and signature were most difficult to decipher—her orthography throughout being (besides) rather a conventional formation of the letters than clearly legible. The above specimen is a favourable one.

Towards the end, after death had removed all her anxieties about her beloved father, the narrowness of means was so mitigated as never to be felt when limited to herself alone; but she suffered much from increasing ill-health and infirmities, and was brought to the condition which cannot be described in language more touching to the human heart than in this, our last letter.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You would hardly believe that our good friend in Cheapside wholly overlooked the article in the "Illustrated London News," and that I have only just seen it from a neighbour. He has, I believe, from the extracts in the advertisements, overlooked others in the same way. Well, let me talk of the article. It is so kind and so good that but for a little confusion of dates in the earlier paragraphs, I should certainly take it for yours; and the latter part I think certainly is—and so different from those feminine misdoings which I think you do not quite forgive my rating at their just value. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I have had a most affectionate letter from my dear old friend, Dean Milman, who is now in Cornwall on his autumnal progress, this year to the Land's End, and will not get the books until he returns to St. Paul's. But as Arthur Stanley (one of the props of the "Quarterly") and Hugh Pearson have taken the Dramatic Works as their English book into Switzerland, there are good hopes that he may do it. They return the sooner (in three weeks) that my beloved friend may have a chance of seeing me once more—indeed he was most unwilling to go. I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive, such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it (*sic*). I have always felt that his visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to himself. May he give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends. We are of different forms, but surely of

one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole thrice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve; but still I am subject to wandering thoughts—flattering thoughts. I cannot realise ever that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you and my reliance upon yours when you read these last few lines. Mr. Pearson staid over Monday that he might administer the sacrament to me. I and one of my oldest and kindest friends, a daughter of Sir Mathew Wood, received it with us, although a nephew of her husband's had died that morning.

I go on gradually but steadily declining. All depends, humanly speaking, on nourishment.

Did I tell you of Appleton's application for my agency? God bless you!

Ever yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IX.—XEREZ AND SEVILLE.

XEREZ I dare say my readers will recognise as the place whence comes the wine so universally known and drunk, namely, sherry. The name of the town in Moorish days was Sherish Philistin, and hence comes the name of the wine. Truly vines are everywhere in this curious place; hills covered with the precious plant surround the town. We are told that this famous wine was first brought into England in the reign of Henry VII, but it was then esteemed a great rarity, and more used as a generous cordial than as a beverage in common use. In Elizabeth's reign a far larger quantity was imported to England. When the renowned Earl of Essex took Cadiz he brought, on his return, some considerable quantity of what then went by the name of "sherris sack." In Spain it is still called "seco," and in France "sec." For a long time sherris, as it was for some time called, continued the fashion, and it was found in all the cellars of any note in the country. In the days of Lord Holland, to come down to modern times, it became quite the rage; for he was a great traveller in Spain, and brought back the very best wine that could be procured. Spaniards residing far away from Xerez rarely taste this wine in its best form, as all the best is sent out of the country.

No one who has not travelled in this country can imagine the picturesqueness of a Spanish vintage. The costume of the peasantry adds greatly to the general effect, and their animated language, their strong superlative expressions of delight at the beauty of the fruit, are all very entertaining to the by-stander. They are very superstitious, and nothing would induce them to begin the vintage on what they term an unlucky day, or without invoking the protection of one at least of their favourite saints. Instead of the violin that stimulates the exertions of the men who in France tread out the fruit, they employ a guitar; this, with the castanets played by a young girl, seemed to answer the purpose equally well. The Spanish wines are measured by what are called arrobas. This is a Moorish name and measure that has been retained through all the changes that have occurred in the country. It contains of our measures one quarter of a hundredweight. It seems almost incredible, but the statement was made to me by one of the greatest wine merchants at Xerez, and afterwards confirmed by the best authorities, that the annual growth of wine amounts to the vast quantity of 500,000 arrobas; thirty arrobas are equal to a butt of wine. Not more than one-third of the wine produced

ranks as first-class wine, what the Spaniards call "vino seco, fino, generoso;" which wine is very dear, costing rather more than half a dollar a bottle on the spot. We found that pure genuine sherry about twelve years old was worth from fifty-five to eighty guineas a butt in the bodega, or wine-store. When every expense has been added, the wine merchants importing the wine to England will have paid from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five guineas for the butt before it reaches their cellars, and the butt will average about fifty-three dozen bottles. I dare say many of my readers will be surprised to hear that the excellence of sherry depends entirely on the care in the treatment of the wine introduced by different dealers; there are celebrated English, French, German, and Spanish wine merchants.

A bodega, or wine-store, is totally unlike our wine cellars, as it is always above ground. The external heat and glare are always carefully excluded, and it is like entering a delightful grotto. There are thousands and thousands of butts piled up in these stores, all in the most perfect order. There they remain during the rearing and maturing processes, as they are called. The sherry is entirely made from Xeres grapes; still it is made up from many different butts. The preparation of the wines is managed by the "Capataz," or head man. These officials are usually natives of the Asturian mountains; and their office is so important, that any one really practised in its duties, may ask nearly any remuneration he pleases. It is said to be rare to find these men perfectly honest, they have so much in their power; they generally end by cheating not only their immediate masters, but also the growers, who are far more difficult to deceive. The famous Amontillado is so called on account of the peculiar flavour of bitter almonds that it possesses. In all the celebrated bodegas a venerable butt of wine is always found; this is for the purpose of improving the young wines. The old butt contains the very richest wine that can be made. They have a curious custom amongst the growers of calling these butts by different celebrated names, such as Nelson, Wellington, Ferdinand, etc., etc. Rarely is the name of a French celebrity chosen, so intense is the dislike felt for the French people by the Spaniards. The vineyard we visited the most frequently during the vintage was beautifully situated, and in admirable order. Enormous fortunes have been made and also lost in the wine trade; nothing can guard the dealers from the vicissitudes of the seasons, and a vintage looked forward to as one of no common promise may totally change its character from causes which to the unenlightened would seem of no moment. The Spanish vines are trained more like the vines in Italy than either like French or German vines; they are left to grow more freely and luxuriantly, and are trained on trees of a moderate height, but not allowed to grow vagrantly. When the white, green, and purple grapes are ripening, and the heavy bunches weigh down the branches, the sight is most pleasing. In old Spanish romances it is said, "Golden is the grape that grows by the Guadalite," showing that the fruit was as celebrated in the olden time as in the present. A railroad now conveys these precious butts of golden liquid actually on board the vessels that are to convey them to foreign parts.

The Spanish vineyards have the same peculiarity as the French ones, viz., that they are left entirely unclosed. When the fruit begins to ripen, fields near the roads are chosen, and there temporary sheds and awnings are run up, and huts are sometimes built with reeds or boughs. In these is placed the vinadero, or watch-

man; he is armed with a long gun, and he creeps in and out, constantly on the watch, like a watch-dog. If he sees any one approaching he rushes forth with the utmost fierceness in defence of his charge. The way-faring Spaniards, tired, hot, and dusty, long eagerly for some of the refreshing fruit; every practised stratagem, every crafty trick, is essayed to deceive the wary guardian, but in most instances without effect.

Xerez is a curious old town. It ceased to belong to the Moors in 1264. The alcazar is a beautiful specimen of a Moorish fortified palace, with its numerous turrets and picturesque ornaments. The great merchants do not live actually in the town; they very wisely eschew the narrow gloomy streets, with nothing to recommend them but their picturesque air of antiquity, and they have made their homes in the suburbs. Most luxurious are their princely residences, combining every comfort and every attraction that money can purchase, or that can be found in that bright southern land. But I have lingered long enough at Xerez, and must continue my story.

After leaving Xerez we were delighted with the variety and beauty of the wild flowers that grew in abundance over a plain called La Llanura de Caulina. The scene was thoroughly Spanish; no living thing was to be seen, but these beautiful blossoms covered every part of the plain. It would be a rare field for botanical researches. We were told that at a certain season of the year the beautiful lilac iris grew there in profusion, giving its own bright colouring to the ground, so thickly did it cover the plain; and later on, the seed, in the form of clusters of bright scarlet berries, would be nearly as ornamental. Many of the flowers were entirely unknown to me, but there were brilliant cyclamens with their crimson blossoms, many of the cistus tribe, and others too numerous to mention. Flora might well hold her court there! Very loth we were to leave all this beauty. We did pause for a considerable time, and loaded our baskets with the different specimens, but there was a limit to our coachman's patience and we found we had reached it.

Alcala de Guadaira is remarkable as being literally the bakehouse of Seville; it is quite near to it, but what originally gave rise to the bread for the consumption of Seville being all made at Alcala I could not make out, though I made many inquiries on the subject. Such bread I certainly never tasted anywhere else, and as Spanish bread was famous even in the days of the Romans, one must suppose that the talent for making it in such perfection has been handed down from generation to generation. Every one in Alcala seemed to be employed in the business. The grain is thrashed in the most primitive way in the open air, and in consequence it gets mixed with earthy particles which it is the business of women and children to separate from the corn. We visited one of the large baking-houses, and saw the proceedings from first to last; in kneading, the dough is worked and reworked with much patient care. Every morning at a very early hour the bread is taken into Seville. There are between fifty and sixty ovens in Alcala. The castle of this bread-making town is most interesting, one of the finest Moorish relics to be seen in Spain. From its situation its possession by an invading army was necessarily most important, and in consequence the castle must have been of great strength in order to resist the constant attacks. The subterranean corn granaries (mazmorras) and the cisterns are very curious. Alcala is as famous for the clearness and purity of the water as for the fineness of the bread it furnishes. The excavations into the very

heart of the rock are most picturesque; they date from the time of the Moors, and the crystal streams are conveyed from Alcala to Seville by an aqueduct.

It is impossible by any language to give the reader any real idea of the beauty of Seville, as amidst orange and lemon groves I first saw it rising with its golden towers out of the plain below us. The day was closing

and advantage should visit it many times. Above all, visit it in the evening, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows, or again at night when its various chapels are partially lighted up, and its immense aisles dimly illuminated by rows of silver lamps.

There was one sight I was never tired of contem-



AQUEDUCT NEAR SEVILLE.

in, so that the scene had every advantage from the light of the setting sun, and the season also was most favourable for a first visit to this enchanting spot. My companions, who were then seeing for the first time the wonders of southern vegetation, were in continual transports. We drove to the Fonda de Madrid, where a kind friend had secured rooms for us. He possessed one of the most beautiful houses in Seville, where he always came for the winter and spring, and in the course of a few days he laid us under still further obligations, by placing another private house entirely at our disposal. This house, or rather villa, although within less than two miles of Seville, was as solitary as it would be at fifty miles distance from a town in any other country, and nothing reminded us of the vicinity at night but the deep melodious chimes of the cathedral bells.

The character of the city is very peculiar, and there is a strong Moorish colouring evident, go where one will. The churches furnished us with continual banquets; they are very rich in paintings, and I am inclined to think it gave all the greater zest to our enjoyment to feel that, unlike the great Italian paintings that have been admired and talked of till one is almost weary of the subject, these paintings are comparatively but little known to the world at large. The cathedral is indeed glorious, but any one wishing to see it to ad-

plating, the Moorish tower of the Great Mosque, from which the muezzin of old called the faithful to prayer. It is upwards of 250 feet in height, without the beautiful belfry, which was added at a much later period. We were fortunate enough to be at Seville at one of the great church festivals, when this beautiful belfry, with its open filigree-work, is brilliantly illuminated. The effect of such a mass of light at that height, suspended as it seems in mid-air, with no apparent connection with the earth, is indescribably beautiful. The top of the Giralda is the abode of a perfect colony of the smaller hawks; they wheel their airy flight about the tower. (*For view of the Giralda, see p. 392.*)

Seville is the very focus as it were of the adoration of the Virgin. All the ceremonials, all the processions, pictures, statues, and engravings, are in connection with, and in honour of the Virgin. Some of the processions, we were told, were very picturesque, and they are most frequent in winter, and usually at nightfall. All the balconies of the houses before which the procession passes are illuminated, and the uncertain gleams of light that shine on the long treble ranks of the devout worshippers give a singular effect to the varied dresses of the crowd. They chant fine old hymns, and the united voices, as the sound rises and falls upon the ear, thrill through one with a very powerful effect as the centre of the pro-

cession draws near. We had an opportunity of hearing this fine chanting or singing of old hymns in a musical celebration that occurred during our stay, and I could therefore well imagine the thrilling effect of the voices heard at night. The gorgeous lamps used in the churches are seen casting bright rays on all the sumptuous dresses of the priests, who of course take part in the pageant; and the most splendid silken banners, one mass of gold and silver embroidery, are waved aloft, all gathered round the central banner on which the figure of the Virgin is represented. No sooner has the long stream of the procession passed by than every light is extinguished, thus keeping up the idea that the sacred banner sheds light and brightness along the way it traverses, while darkness closes in on those regions not blessed by its presence. The ceremonies during the Holy Week, as they call it, are said to be second only to those at Rome in the magnificence of the arrangements, decorations, and pomp.

The number of convents and other religious establishments that formerly existed at Seville seems almost incredible; it is stated as high as between 150 and 200. All are now in a measure dismantled and turned to other uses. This universal destruction of these venerable establishments gives an air of melancholy desolation.

The Moorish decorations in the alcazar, or royal palace, are unique, and many of the most beautiful have been admirably restored, chiefly by removal of the whitewash from the gilding and from the delicate colouring. Don Pedro the Cruel was one of the great restorers of this interesting old palace. Most of the celebrated Spanish sovereigns resided here. Charles V was married in the alcazar to Isabella of Portugal. The grand court is magnificent, but the rooms looking to the garden are the gems of the whole building in my opinion. In some of the gardens at Seville the orange-trees, without exaggeration, attain almost to the size of large trees. The myrtles also are beyond description beautiful.

The museum at Seville is with good reason considered the best in Spain. Here are some of Murillo's exquisite pictures, especially one of the Virgin and Child, called *La Servileto*, because it was originally sketched on a dinner napkin; the figure of the Holy Child is very highly praised by the best judges.

Any one who likes getting into odd corners, and finding out striking little bits of scenery for himself, may have his taste amply gratified at Seville in the Jews' quarter, "*La Juderia*." It is rich in the most picturesque scenes; such houses, such gateways, such arches, such balconies as are not to be seen elsewhere. The establishment of *Laundresses* is also a most picturesque scene; it is in *El Corral del Conde*.

We were rather disappointed in the beauty of the women of Seville. There were beautiful women there, no doubt, but they were more the exceptions than the rule; the generality of female faces we saw there were sunburnt, and singularly devoid of freshness and bloom.

One excursion we made down the river to an old convent, called *San Juan de Alfara*. It is built among the ruins of an old Moorish castle, and we spent the evening at a charming country seat in the neighbourhood, which had also been a Moorish retreat in days of yore. In those country seats one continually meets with relics of Moorish labour and taste, channels cut in the sides of the hills through the living rock in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it, and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

But we had already reached the middle of September, and it was necessary to make preparations for our onward progress. We reflected that more than two-thirds of the time allotted to our stay in Spain were gone, and we had yet much to see before our tour was completed. We were to go to Madrid, pausing only a short time at Cordova.

One spot in the environs of Seville it was impossible to pass by without a shuddering feeling of horror seeming to pervade one's whole being. I allude to the plain just outside the walls, called *El Prado del Sebastian*, where were enacted all those awful and guilty tragedies connected with the Inquisition. There the miserable victims of a narrow-minded and most ferocious bigotry met their death. The gloomy fires of the Inquisition were constantly lighted on that spot, and the traces of the terrible scenes enacted upon it are not left entirely to the imagination, for there are still to be seen the marks of the places where the foundations of the square platform were raised on which the faggots were placed.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CURATE'S PETS.

THAT "man was not made to live alone" is a trite truism. Start not, fair readers, and think that I am going to indulge in a piece of sentimentalism, and introduce you to some, or rather to one, of the numerous young ladies of my acquaintance. My narrative is not a novel, but merely a record of dry, true facts. But many a man who cannot afford to marry and settle, and who tires of being always at his work and his books, must seek some relaxation in his leisure hours. It will not do to keep the bow always strung. How often has this been felt since I have become a metropolitan curate, with not many minutes to spare from dawn till night! Health gives way, and usefulness is at an end, under the strain of incessant toil.

When I was in the country I amused myself with keeping various pets, including a dog, a number of good white *Cochin China* fowls, a canary, an aquarium, and a tame pike. A short description of the last shall come first.

An artificial pond had been made in the vicar's garden for the purpose of supplying the house constantly with water. I have mentioned previously that the village was only supplied by little running brooks from the Tors and from small hill-side springs. A young pike was procured to cleanse the pond from all impurities, such as beetles, lizards, and the like insects and reptiles which inhabit stagnant fresh sheets of water. He fulfilled his appointed task so effectually that he himself soon needed to be artificially fed. This I undertook to do, and every morning when I went to the pond I nearly always found him in one identical spot. If he was not on the surface of the water, he would immediately rise and begin to wag his fins and tail with delight in anticipation of the coming banquet.

In the course of a few weeks he would follow me round the pond, and a little later he would allow me to tickle his back and sides with a slender twig. I managed to retain him as a favourite for three years. Each winter he used to disappear for nearly three months, and when he reappeared in the early spring he looked all the worse for his long fast, for I suppose he went to sleep in the mud at the bottom of the pond for that period. When he again awoke up his appetite was enormous, as if he intended to make up for lost time, and he would easily

swallow eight or ten good-sized frogs as his daily meal.

One day, unfortunately, I tried the experiment of seeing if he would take and eat one of those disagreeable-looking brown land lizards, which are commonly found under trailing plants in a damp situation; so, having caught one of these newts, I first threw into the pond two or three frogs, which the pike greedily and quickly devoured; I then threw in my lizard, when it was as quickly captured and swallowed as the frogs had been, perhaps because it was thought to be one. A bad and fatal result attended my experiment. In about half an hour after seizing the lizard the fish began to swim about the pond as if in the greatest agony, increasing his speed each hour, and even lashing the water and covering it with foam by the impetus of his movements. I was really quite dismayed at the issue of my thoughtlessness, but powerless to render any assistance. The next day the pike, having completely lost his natural colour and exchanged it for a dull leaden one, turned over and died. When I had rescued it from the water it weighed four and a half pounds. The cause of its death, I suppose, was poison from the lizard it had devoured.

Of course my dog was of all my pets my especial favourite, being the most intelligent. He was my constant companion in my walks, and in my parochial visits, though, from his showing a decided enmity towards cats, he sometimes brought us both into trouble. He was a mongrel-bred dog, though the skye terrier predominated. He was a very faithful watch, and possessed of no ordinary cunning. Among other capabilities, he could sham illness to perfection. When he wanted to gain what I had denied him, he would go to the side of the room, and there lean his head against the wall and turn up his eyes until nothing but the whites of them remained visible. And if, when in this position, I began to pity him, he would shake and tremble all over, so that a spectator would imagine he was going to die in convulsions. But, as I have already said, these shams were only put on to gain a desired object. For instance, if I had denied his accompanying me in a walk, he would begin to act in the above-mentioned way. If I told him he might go out along with me, no sooner had the words escaped my lips than he would jump about so furiously with delight, and wag his tail, and make such a disturbance, that he would forget everything about his pretended illness. I suppose he at first expected I would have to stay at home with him. He did not try the trick when he saw I knew what he was up to.

The clerk's wife gave him to me as a puppy, and he always retained great affection for her. If he could steal away from the parsonage and get to her house he would be quite delighted and perfectly satisfied. On these solitary journeys he never travelled by the ordinary road, fearing, I suppose, lest he should be stopped and brought back; but to avoid such a catastrophe he would go to the clerk's house by way of a long ditch overshadowed with fern and brake, and then skirting the village in a roundabout manner, he would jump a high wall and alight in the garden, and thence sneak into the house, where he would rest content till I called for him to take him home. But, on the other hand, if I called *with* him, and wished him to stay there while I paid parochial visits, nothing would induce him to remain: why, I know not.

With respect to my aquarium, it was a source both of much amusement and instruction to myself, as hundreds who possess a properly ordered one can well suppose.

The interest is much heightened if all the inhabitants of the aquarium have been procured by the personal exertions of the owner. Give me a good clean ditch, or a shallow pond, and then I have a fund of amusement for hours together. Often when the old people of the village passed me as I was groping and poking about the side of a pond with my can and my nets, they smiled at my enthusiasm, and wondered what I could see in a pond that was worth all this searching. Nevertheless I persevered, and even induced several of the young people to find specimens for themselves.

A caution or two I would venture to tender to those wishing to form aquariums. Never crowd your tank with too many inhabitants. Insects, like human beings, thrive best with plenty of air and space.

The next important thing in regulating an aquarium is to discover what species will best agree together in the same globe. Now the golden carp and the common little stickleback will by no means do together, for the latter will soon destroy the former, chasing them incessantly about the aquarium, and trying to pierce their enemies' sides with the sharp thorn, or horn, that they are able to erect and thrust out from their own sides. They remind one very much by their motions of what we read of a combat between a sword-fish and a whale; for the poor gold-fish are just as defenceless against the attacks of the sticklebacks, although they are only the size of their tails, as are the whales against the persevering attacks of their foes.

Again, the larger striped black-beetle should never be put into the same aquarium with fish of any kind, for they will soon attack and kill the fish, especially tench or roach, by biting them under the belly.

I could tell many interesting anecdotes about my aquarium and its inhabitants, but I will only on the present occasion relate two. Mine was a large one, and possessed a vast variety of insects, who, from my constant vigilance, lived somewhat in the same relation towards one another as do the indwellers of those cages entitled "happy families," seen about the London streets. Among other things I had a quantity of the larvæ of the dragon-fly, and a number of those beetles which are popularly known by the name of "boatman." These were always at variance one with another; perhaps, more properly speaking, I should say they were engaged in an exterminating warfare. I did not find out this at first, but saw that daily the number of each species was rapidly decreasing. So I resolved to watch and discover the cause. Sitting down quietly, I soon perceived a "boatman" beetle sink to the bottom of the aquarium, and then proceed to carefully survey the surrounding neighbourhood. Presently a larva of the dragon-fly peeped very cautiously out of some weeds, and commenced to crawl along for a little way towards the beetle, and then halting, remained motionless. It was, however, soon perceived by the beetle, who advanced circumspectly to the fray. The two insects crept gradually towards each other, until the distance between them was diminished to about an inch. There they remained without the slightest outward sign of movement for a few minutes; when the larva, darting forth a tongue somewhat like the ant-eater's, as it advanced to the attack, seized the beetle with it, and in a second or so, so very short was the interval, the beetle was torn in pieces and eaten on the spot.

In this same aquarium the larger kind of water lizard, commonly called the great black triton, strove to become master over all the tribe of lizards: and its enmity, or appetite, was especially directed towards a small buff-coloured lizard, which the black triton

frequently swallowed to the extremity of its tail. The words "frequently swallowed" may surprise the readers of this anecdote; but I declare that it is true, for I have seen the buff lizard in the throat of the larger triton for upwards of eight hours at a time, and at the end of that period it has been released apparently without injury.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

By the time the readers of these papers have got so far, they will have become acquainted with a few of the disjointed incidents of my first curacy, the particulars of which have been rather hastily jotted down. In this curacy I served my apprenticeship in the ministry of the Church of England. I remained in it seven years—seven of the best years of my life, as regards physical strength. In such perfect harmony did my vicar and myself work, that during the whole of the seven years we had not a single serious disagreement. The little varieties of opinion between us on some occasions were caused by the interference of another, who should have been the very last to have tried to engender strife.

I thankfully acknowledge that in this retired pastoral Devonshire parish I enjoyed much hospitality, and received many kindnesses, especially from those ladies who assisted in the parish, to whom I have already alluded, and also from two or three of the farmers.

But I should not be honest, nor would this narrative be truthful, if I did not also confess that in this parish I met with many trials and was caused much needless sorrow. Some of the vexations which befell me were no doubt brought about by my own errors of judgment; but whether I succeeded or failed in the various undertakings I set on foot, I can conscientiously say that I laboured hard during the time I was resident among the people, with an earnest desire to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of all classes.

Upon looking back upon these seven years one acknowledges that if this time could be recalled a different line of action might have been chosen in conducting many schemes of usefulness in the parish; but this being simply a vain and fruitless complaint, the past must live to speak for itself. A day will come when the work will be tried by its results, and I, as other curates, must stand or fall by that verdict. Be this as it may, very grateful am I for the experience I bought in my first curacy—grateful to my fellow-helpers in their labour of love, and grateful above all, I hope I am, for that protecting, guiding Hand which sustained me in times of trouble, cheered me when cast down, and strengthened me when fainting under a sense of my awful responsibility in the work of the ministry.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WENT down into the captain's cabin, and, awakening him, told him what the surgeon had said.

"Mutiny!" he exclaimed, as he dressed himself with the usual rapidity of a seaman. "We will soon settle that matter." He stuck his pistols into a belt he put on for the purpose, and took a cutlass in his hand. "Here, Braithwaite, arm yourself," he said. "Tell the officers to do so likewise. We will soon see which of the two, that sea lawyer or I, is to command the *Barbara*."

Telling Gwynne and Toby to guard the arm-chest, and Randolph to rally round him the most trustworthy men on deck, he desired Stubbs and me to follow him forward. Without a word of warning he suddenly appeared among the men, who were supposed to be in their

berths asleep. Going directly up to the berth Badham occupied, he seized hold of him and dragged him on deck, with a pistol pointed at his head, exclaiming at the same time—"Shoot any one who offers to interfere."

The captain was very confident that he had the ringleader, and that the rest would not move without him. "Now!" he exclaimed, when he had got him on the quarterdeck. "Confess who are your accomplices, and what you intended to do! Remember, no falsehood! I shall cross-question the others. If you are obstinate, overboard you go."

Badham, surprised by the sudden seizure, and confused, was completely cowed. In an abject tone he whined out, "Spare my life, sir, and I will tell you all."

"Out with it then," answered the captain. "We have no time to spare."

"Well, sir, then I will tell you all. We didn't intend to injure any one, that we didn't, believe me, sir; but some of us didn't want to go back to Sydney, so we agreed that we would just wreck the ship, and as there are plenty of seals to be got hereabouts, go sealing on our own account, and sell the oil and skins to the ships passing through the straits, and, when we should get tired of the work, go home in one of them."

"And so, for the sake of gaining a few hundred dollars for yourself, you deliberately planned the destruction of this fine ship, and very likely of all on board. Now, understand, you will be put in irons, and if I find the slightest attempt among the crew to rescue you, up you go to the yardarm, and the leader of the party will keep you company on the other."

Badham, in his whining tone, acknowledged that he understood clearly what the captain said, and hoped never again to offend. On this he was led by two of the mates to one of the after store-rooms, where he could be under their sight when irons were put on him, and he was left to his meditations, the door being locked on him. The next morning the crew went about their work as usual, Badham's dupes or accomplices being easily distinguished by their downcast, cowed looks, and by the unusual promptness with which they obeyed all orders. The officers and I continued to wear our pistols and side-arms as a precautionary measure, though we might safely have dispensed with them.

A short time before this, in 1802, a settlement had been formed in Van Diemen's Land, and lately Hobart Town, the capital, had been commenced. It was, however, a convict station, and no ships were allowed to land cargoes there except those which came from England direct with stores or were sent from Sydney, in consequence of which restriction the colonists were several times nearly on the point of starvation.

The heads of Port Jackson at length hove in sight, and we entered that magnificent harbour, the entrance to which Cook saw and named. Wanting in his usual sagacity, he took it for a small boat harbour, and passed by without further exploring it. Having first brought up in Neutral Bay, that we might be reported to the Governor, we proceeded some miles up to Sydney Cove, where we anchored in excellent holding ground about half-pistol-shot from the shore. Sydney had already begun to assume the appearance of a town of some consideration, and contained fully 5,000 inhabitants, though still called the camp by some of the old settlers. As to the houses, however, except the stores and public offices, the greater number, eight in ten at least, were of one story, and were, for the most part, composed of wattle and plaster, although a few were of brick and stone. It is divided into two parts by a river which runs into the cove, and affords it unrivalled advantages

of water communication. Several settlements in the country had already been established, among the chief of which were Paramatta and Hawkesbury. The latter settlement is about six miles long, and about forty miles from Sydney; vessels of two hundred tons can ascend by the river up it a distance of at least forty miles. The town, such as it then was, covered about a mile of ground from one end to the other, and already gave promise of becoming a place of considerable extent. A wise and active governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Lachlan Macquarie, had ruled the settlement for about a year, during which period it had made rapid progress. The previous governor was the notorious Captain Bligh, whose tyrannical conduct when in command of the *Bounty*, produced the disastrous mutiny which took place on board that ship. The same style of conduct when governor of New South Wales, especially in his treatment of Mr. John McArthur, the father as he was called of the settlement, induced the colonists to depose him. The officers and men of the New South Wales corps marched up to the Government House, and, after hunting for him for some time, found him concealed under a bed. His person and property were, however, carefully protected, and he was shortly afterwards put on board the *Porpoise* sloop-of-war, and sent off to England. The settlement, however, quickly recovered from the mismanagement of this unhappy man, and was at the time of my visit in a flourishing condition.

Nearly up to this time the colonists had been in a constant state of dread of starvation from the want of meat and corn. Live stock had now so greatly increased, and wheat was grown on so many farms, that all fear on that score had vanished. A manufactory of coarse woollen cloth from the country wool had been established, and both linen and canvas had been made from the country flax. A coarse kind of pottery was manufactured at Paramatta. A water-mill, the only one in the colony, was nearly finished. Curing and table salt, which will not liquefy, was made at Sydney, and in the same place a manufactory for hats was established. A school also had been opened on the Lancastrian system, each pupil to pay one shilling per week. Altogether it will be seen that the settlement had by this time made great progress, while the governor was making tours of inspection to ascertain what further benefits he could confer on it.

I was fortunate in disposing of the larger part of the cargo under my charge at good prices. Hassall and I agreed, however, that more might be done for our owners, and we proposed, therefore, visiting some of the islands in the Pacific, and either returning home the way we had come, or continuing on round Cape Horn. We had not been long in harbour before O'Carroll made his appearance on board. He had brought the ship of which he had taken charge in safety into harbour, when the emigrants presented him with so handsome a testimonial that he resolved to settle in the colony and lay it out to advantage. The governor had made him a grant of a large extent of farm land, and assigned him some twenty convict servants, land in those days being given away to free settlers, and labour of the nature I have described found them gratis.

"Altogether I am in a fair way of some day becoming a rich man," he observed, "the which I should never have been had I continued ploughing the salt ocean. Besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "how do I know, if I did, that I should not some day fall into the clutches of that fearful little monster La Roche; and if I did, I know that he would not spare me. Do you know that even to this day I cannot altogether get over

my old feelings, and often congratulate myself as I ride through the bush that I am far out of his reach?"

O'Carroll kept to his resolution, and became a very successful and wealthy settler. I frequently received letters from him after my return home. In one of them he told me that he had had a surprise. The governor asked him one day, as he could speak French, whether he would like to have some French convicts assigned to him. He had no objection, as he thought that he could manage them easily. What was his astonishment when the party arrived at the farm, to recognise among them, in a little wizened-looking old man, his once dreaded enemy La Roche! He determined to try and melt the man's strong heart by kindness. At first he was almost hopeless in the matter, but he succeeded at last. La Roche confessed that he had placed himself within the power of the British laws in consequence of a visit he paid to England after the war, for the purpose of carrying out a speculation which ended unfortunately. It was satisfactory to hear that he lived to become a changed man, truly repenting of his mis-spent life, and thankful that he had been spared to repent.

I have not spoken of the would-be mutineer, Badham. It must be remembered that he had committed no overt act of mutiny, and though Captain Hassall was perfectly right in putting him in irons, he could not have been brought to trial on shore. The day before we reached Sydney he pleaded so hard to be forgiven, and so vehemently promised amendment in all respects, that the captain resolved to give him a trial. It must be confessed that he was not altogether disinterested in this, as it would have been impossible to get fresh hands at Sydney, the temptation to settle in the country having by that time become very great, so that it was with difficulty we could keep several of our people who had come from England.

Once more we were at sea. We touched at Norfolk Island, to which convicts from New South Wales were sent. It seemed a pity that so fertile a spot, so perfect a little paradise, should be given up for such a purpose. We obtained here a supply of vegetables and pork, which were not to be got at that time at any price at Sydney. After a rapid voyage from this lovely little island we anchored in Matavai Bay, in the island of Otaheite. It was at an interesting time of the history of the island and its king, Otoo, who since the death of his father had taken the name of Pomarre. For many years the band of zealous missionaries who had come out in the ship *Duff* had laboured on among the people, but though they taught the king, the young prince Otoo, and some of their people, to read and write, they confessed that they had not made one satisfactory convert. In 1808 the greater number of the missionaries retired from Otaheite to the island of Huahine, and the following year all the married ones left that island for New South Wales, in consequence of the wars in which the king was constantly engaged, the destruction of all their property, the risk they ran of losing their lives, and the seeming hopelessness of introducing Christianity among such a people. After an absence of between two and three years, several of them, having wished to make a fresh attempt to carry out the work, sailed from Sydney for Tahiti, but stopped at the neighbouring island of Eimeo, where the king was residing, as Tahiti was still in a state of rebellion. They taught the people as before, and now some began to listen to them gladly. They still seemed to have considered the king as a hopeless

heathen; but misfortune had humbled him, he felt his own nothingness and sinfulness, and the utter inability of the faith of his fathers to give him relief. After the missionaries had lived in the island about a year, the king came to them and offered himself as a candidate for baptism, declaring that it was his fixed determination to worship Jehovah, the true God, and expressing his desire to be further instructed in the principles of religion. The king proved his sincerity, and ever after remained a true and earnest Christian. He still resided at Eimeo, but a considerable number of people in Tahiti had by this time been converted, and the old heathen gods were falling into disrepute.

Now I take this opportunity most emphatically to declare my conviction, from my own experience and from the evidence of other disinterested witnesses, that the accounts of the happy change brought about by the labours of missionaries in the South Sea Islands, as well as in other parts of the world, are perfectly and substantially correct. At the same time, owing greatly to the direct encouragement given to vice by our own so-called Christian seamen who navigate those seas, the ports, like those of England or other parts of Europe, contain many profligate persons. But the character of the islanders must not be judged by these. It cannot be too often repeated that in those places frequented by European seamen the greatest drawback to the progress of the Gospel among the natives is the pernicious example set them by the nominally Christian visitors.

So devastating had been the character of the late wars in Tahiti, that we found it impossible to obtain supplies, and we therefore sailed for Ulitea, the largest of the Georgian group, where we were informed that we should probably be more successful. No sooner had we dropped anchor within the coral bed which surrounds the island than the king and queen came off to pay us a visit. They were very polite, but not disinterested, as their object was to collect as many gifts as we were disposed to bestow. This island was the chief seat of the idolatry of the Society Islands. It was looked upon as a sacred isle by the inhabitants of the other islands of the group, and more idols existed and more human sacrifices were offered up than in all the others. We were so completely deceived by the plausible manners of the king and queen and those who accompanied them, that the captain and I, the surgeon, and two of the mates, went on shore to visit them in return, accompanied by several of the crew, leaving the ship in charge of Mr. Randolph, the first mate. We fortunately carried our arms, though deeming it an unnecessary measure of precaution. The king had an entertainment ready for us, and afterwards we were allowed to roam about the island wherever we pleased. I observed the people at length pressing round us, and not liking their looks, advised Captain Hassall to order our men to keep together, and to be prepared for an attack. Whether or not they saw that we were suspicious of them we could not tell, but from this time their conduct changed, and they would only allow us to proceed in the direction they chose. At length, however, we got down to the landing-place. As we approached the boats we saw a band of armed natives making for them. We rushed down to the beach, and reaching the boats just before they did, we jumped in and shoved off. These savages, though savage as ever, were also more formidable enemies than formerly, as many of them had firearms, and all had sharp daggers or swords.

On reaching the ship we found that Badham and his

associates had, soon after we left, seized a boat, and, in spite of all Mr. Randolph could say or do, had taken all their clothes and other property with them, and gone on shore. Although by this conduct Badham showed that he could no longer be trusted, and therefore that we were well rid of him, it was important that we should get back the other men, and we agreed to go on shore the next morning to recover them. Accordingly, the chief mate and I went on shore as we proposed, with eight well-armed men, and demanded an interview with the king. He did not come himself, but sent his prime minister, who agreed for six hatchets and a piece of cloth, to deliver them up. We waited for some hours, but the deserters were not forthcoming, and at last the minister and another chief appeared, and declared that as the men were likely to fight for their liberty, it would be necessary that we should lend them our arms.

"Very likely, indeed, gentlemen," answered Mr. Randolph, at once detecting the palpable trick to get us into their power.

"I say, Braithwaite, what say you to seizing these fellows and carrying them on board as hostages? It could easily be done."

"Cook lost his life in making a similar attempt, and we might lose ours," I answered. "I would rather lose the men than run any such risk."

In vain we endeavoured by diplomacy to recover the men, and at last we returned on board, the minister losing the hatchets and piece of cloth. A feeling of anxiety prevented me from turning in, and I walked the deck for some time with Benjie Stubbs, the officer of the watch. At length I went below and threw myself on my bed, all standing, as sailors say when they keep their clothes on. I had scarcely dropped asleep, when I was awoken by hearing Stubbs order the lead to be hove. I was on deck in a moment, followed by the captain and the other officers.

"We are on shore to a certainty," exclaimed Stubbs, in an unusually agitated tone.

"Impossible!" observed the captain, "the anchors are holding."

"We'll haul in on the cables and see, sir," answered Stubbs, calling some of the crew to his assistance. The cables immediately came on board. They had been cut through. Still there was a perceptible motion of the ship towards the shore. Another anchor with an iron stock was immediately cleared away, but some time was lost in stocking it, and before it could be let go we felt the ship strike against a coral reef with considerable force. Happily there was no wind, or she would speedily have gone to pieces. At last we carried the anchors out, and hauled her off, but not without unusual difficulty. Suddenly the captain jumped into a boat, and pulled round the ship.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed; "the villains have fastened a rope to her rudder, and were towing us on the rocks." He cut the rope as he spoke, and with comparative ease we got the ship out of her perilous position. Still she was so near the high cliffs which almost surrounded us that we might be seriously annoyed, not only by musketry, but by stones and darts. It was evident, also, that should a breeze set in from the sea, the single anchor would not hold, and that we must be driven back again on the coral rocks.

We were not left long in doubt as to the intention of the savages and the deserters their instigators. Suddenly, fearful shouts burst from the cliffs above us, and we were assailed by a fire of musketry and by

darts and stones hurled on our deck. To return it would have been useless, for we could not see our enemies. Meantime we kept the men under cover as much as possible, and got another anchor stocked and ready to carry out ahead. The savages must have seen the boat, for as soon as she was clear of the ship they opened fire on her, and it was not without difficulty that the anchor was carried out to the required distance, and the crew of the boat hurriedly returned on board.

Owing to Badham's machinations, some of the crew had at first been disaffected, but a common danger now united them, as they saw full well the treatment they might expect should the savages get possession of the ship. Besides the ship's guns we had four swivels, thirty muskets, and several blunderbusses and braces of pistols. These were all loaded and placed ready for use, with a number of boarding pikes, for we thought that at any moment the savages would come off in their canoes and attempt to board us. The whole night long they kept us on the alert, howling and shrieking in the most fearful manner. Soon after day broke their numbers increased, and as they could now take aim with their firearms our danger became greater. Fortunately they were very bad marksmen, or they would have picked us all off. Strange as it may seem, no one was hit, though our rigging and boats received much damage. After the crew had breakfasted, we sent two boats out ahead to tow off the ship, but the bullets and other missiles flew so thickly about them that they returned, the men declaring that the work was too dangerous. However, Benjie Stubbs, jumping into one of the boats, persuaded them to go again, while we opened a fire from the deck of the ship. As soon as the savages saw us ready to fire, they dodged behind the rocks, so that none of them were wounded. Still we hoped that by this means the boats would be allowed to tow ahead without molestation. We were mistaken, for the savages shifted their ground, and once more drove the boats on board. We clearly distinguished Badham and the rest of the deserters among the savages, and several times they were seen to fire at us. Happily they also were wretched shots, and their muskets thoroughly bad also. That they should venture to fire showed that they had no doubt of getting us into their power, for should we escape and inform against them, they would run a great chance of being captured and hung. Later in the day, Toby and I again made attempts to tow out the ship from her perilous position.

The savages all the day continued howling and shrieking and working themselves into what seemed an ungovernable fury, while they were, however, biding their time, knowing that probably a strong sea-breeze would soon spring up and cast the ship helpless into their power. Thus another night closed on us. Ere long great was our joy to feel a light air blowing off the shore. The pauls of the windlass were muffled, and not a word was spoken. The anchors were lifted, the top-sails were suddenly let drop, and slowly we glided off from the land. The weather becoming very thick and dark, we were compelled again to anchor, lest we might have run on one of the many reefs surrounding the island. Here we remained on our guard till daylight, when we could see the natives dancing and gesticulating with rage at finding that we had escaped them. The favourable breeze continuing, we were soon able to get far out of their reach, I for one deeply thankful that we had not only escaped without loss ourselves, but without killing any of the unhappy savages. The treatment we received was such as at that time might have been ex-

pected from the inhabitants of nearly all the islands of the Pacific, including those of New Zealand, and numberless were the instances of ships' companies and boats' crews cut off by them.

A very few years after our visit, this very island was brought under missionary influence, the idols were overthrown, heathenism and all its abominable practices disappeared, and the inhabitants became a thoroughly well-ordered, God-fearing, and law-obeying Christian community. The same account may be given of the larger number of the islands which stud the wide Pacific, and ships may now sail from north to south, and east to west, without the slightest danger from the inhabitants of by far the greater portion of them.

But it is time that I should bring my narrative to a conclusion. This adventure at Ulitea was amongst my last. Finding that our trading expedition to the Pacific Islands was not likely to prove of advantage to our owners, Captain Hassall and I resolved to proceed home at once round Cape Horn.

We happily accomplished our voyage without accident and without any further occurrence worthy of note. Our path was no longer beset by hostile cruisers, for there was a lull in the affairs of Europe. After the many excitements of the past few months, the days seemed long and tedious as I had never known them before; and it was with a sense of relief as well as of real pleasure, that I again saw in the early morning light the shores of old England looming clear in the distance. I need not dwell on all the happy circumstances of my return, or on the special satisfaction with which I looked again on one familiar face. Suffice it to say that I had the gratification of receiving the commendation of my kind friend Mr. Jarrin for the way in which I had carried out his instructions and performed my duties as a Supercargo; and that this voyage prepared the way for more substantial proofs of his favour.

MUSEUMS AS AIDS TO EDUCATION.

IN his inaugural address as President of the British Association at Norwich, Dr. Hooker gave the following valuable hints on the educational uses of museums:—

Much as has been written upon the uses of museums, I believe that the subject is still far from being exhausted; for in the present state of education in this country, these appear to me to afford the only means of efficiently teaching to schools the elements of zoology and physiology. I say in the present state of education, because I believe it will be many years before we have school masters and mistresses trained to teach these subjects, and many more years before either provincial or private schools will be supplied with such illustrative specimens as are essential for the teacher's purposes.

Confining myself to the consideration of provincial and local museums, and their requirements for educational purposes, each should contain a series of specimens illustrating the principal and some of the lesser divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, so disposed, in well-lighted cases, as that an inquiring observer might learn therefrom the principles upon which animals and plants are classified, the relations of their organs to one another and to those of their allies, the functions of those organs, and other matters relating to their habits, uses, and place in the economy of nature. Such an arrangement has not been carried out in any museum known to me, though partially attained in that at

Ipswich. It requires some space, many pictorial illustrations, magnified views of the smaller organs and their structure, and copious legible descriptive labels; and it should not contain a single specimen more than is wanted. The other requirements of a provincial museum are—complete collections of the plants and animals of the province, which should be kept entirely apart from the instructional series, and from everything else. The curator of the museum should be able to give elementary demonstrations (not lectures, and quite apart from any powers of lecturing that he may possess) upon this classified series, to schools and others, for which a fee should be charged, and go to the support of the institution. And the museum might be available (under similar conditions of payment) for lectures and other demonstrations. Did such a museum exist in Norwich I am sure that there is not an intelligent schoolmaster in the city who would not see that his school profited by the demonstrator's offices, nor a parent who would grudge the trifling fee. You boast of a superb collection of birds of prey; how much would the value of this be enhanced could there be seen near to it such an illustration of the nature, habits, and affinities of the *raptores* as might well be obtained by an exhibition of the skeleton and dissected organs of one hawk and one owl, so laid out and ticketed that a schoolboy should see the structure of their beak, feet, wings, feathers, bones, and internal organs—should see why it is that hawks and owls are pre-eminent among birds for power of sight and of flight; for circling and for swooping; for rapacity, voracity, and tenacity of life—should see, in short, the affinities and special attributes of birds of prey. This, which refers to the teaching of natural history, is an operation altogether apart from training the minds to habits of exact observation, which, as is now fully admitted, is best attained in schools by Professor Henslow's method of teaching botany. Excellent manuals of many branches of geology are now published, which are invaluable to the advanced student and demonstrator; but from which the schoolboy recoils, who would not refuse to accept objects and pictures as memory's pegs, on which to hang ideas, facts, and hard names. To schoolboys, skeletons have often a strange fascination, and upon the structure of these and the classification of the vertebrata much depends. What boy that had ever been shown their skulls would call a seal or porpoise a fish, or believe a hedgehog could milk cows, as I am told many boys in Norfolk and Suffolk, as elsewhere, do believe implicitly? A series of illustrated specimens, occupying some 5,800 ft. of wall-space, would give at a glance a connected and intelligible elementary view of the classification and structure of the whole animal kingdom; it would stand in the same relation to a complete museum and *systema Naturæ* as a chart on which the principal cities and coast-lines are clearly laid down does to a map crowded with undistinguishable details.

Much of the utility of museums depends on two conditions often strangely overlooked—their situation, and their lighting and interior arrangements. The provincial museum is too often huddled away, almost out of sight, in a dark, crowded, and dirty thoroughfare, where it pays dear for ground-rent, rates, and taxes, and cannot be extended; the object, apparently, being to catch country people on market days. Such localities are frequented by the towns-people only when on business, and when they consequently have no time for sight-seeing. In the evening, or on holidays, when they could visit the museum, they naturally prefer the outskirts of the town to its centre. Hence, too, the

country gentry scarcely know of the museum's existence; and I never remember to have heard of a provincial museum that was frequented by schools, but rather the contrary. I do not believe that this arises from indifference to knowledge on the part of the upper classes or of teachers, but to the generally uninteresting nature of the contents of these museums, and their uninviting exterior and interior. There are plenty of visitors of all classes to the museums at Kew, despite the outer attractions of the gardens.

The museum should be in an open grassed square or park, planted with trees, in or in the outskirts of the town, a main object being to secure cleanliness, a cheerful aspect, and space for extension. Now, vegetation is the best interceptor of dust, which is injurious to the specimen as well as unsightly, while a cheerful aspect and grass and trees will attract visitors, and especially families and schools. If the external accessories of provincial museums are bad, the internal are often worse; the rooms are usually lit by windows on one side only, so that the cases between the walls are dark, and those opposite the window reflect the light when viewed obliquely, and when viewed in front the visitor stands in his own light. For provincial museums, when space is an object, there is no better plan than rectangular long rooms, with opposite windows on each side, and buttress cases projecting into the room between each pair of windows. This arrangement combines economy of space with perfect illumination, and affords facilities for classification. Upon this plan the large museum in Kew is built, where the three principal rooms are 70ft. long by 25ft. wide, and each accommodates 1,000 square feet of admirably lighted cases, 6,700ft. of wall-room for pictures and for portraits of naturalists, besides two fireplaces, four entrances, and a well-staircase, 11ft. each way. A circular building, with cases radiating from the wall between the windows, would probably be the best arrangement of all. A light spiral staircase in the centre would lead to the upper stories. Two or more of the bays might be converted into private rooms without disturbing the symmetry of the interior or intercepting the lighting of the cases. The proportions of the basement and first floor might be such as to admit of additional stories being added, and the roof be so constructed as to be removable without difficulty when an additional story was required; furthermore, rectangular galleries might be built, radiating from the central building, and lit by opposite windows, with buttress cases between each pair of windows.

In respect of its natural history collections the position of the British Museum appears to me to be a disadvantageous one; it is surrounded by miles of streets, including some of the principal metropolitan thoroughfares, which pour clouds of dust and the product of coal combustion into its area day and night; and I know few more disappointing sights, to me, than its badly-lit interior presents on a hot and crowded public holiday, when whole families from London and its outskirts flock to the building. Then young and old may be seen gasping for fresh air in its galleries, with no alternative but the hotter and dustier streets to resort to. How different it would be were these collections removed to the townward end of one of the great parks, where spacious and well-lit galleries could be built, among trees, grass, and fountains; and where whole families need not any more be cooped up for the day in the building, but avail themselves of the fresh air and its accessories at the same time as they profit by the collection.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A SUDDEN ACCIDENT.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER III.

At the commencement of this narrative, Hans was described as a stout and ruddy youth; now, a few weeks later, and on the point of quitting the Shippen, he had become evidently pale and wasted.

"Whither away, Hans?" said Barbara, in a soft and melancholy tone, which detained him. She herself best knew how to give the answer to this question.

Almost speechless, and without raising his eyes to the maiden's countenance, he replied,

"Up to the Alp to relieve Veit!"

"Never before were you in so great a hurry," remarked Barbara, looking bashfully on the ground.

"Yes, once—it is true—but now," he said, with a profound sigh, "my heart becomes lighter only when I am away; so farewell, Barbara." He slowly proceeded to depart, but without stirring an inch farther.

"You might fetch me," rejoined Barbara, lowering her voice—"you might fetch me a few pails of water to sprinkle the linen." Hans stood irresolute, with his head inclined towards the maiden, then laid his stick and bundle carefully down, and obediently went to a

neighbouring cistern for the water. At last the quietness with which the water was brought by Hans, and the linen sprinkled by Barbara, became insupportable to the latter, who at length said, "But perhaps you do not like the task?"

"Oh, why not?" he replied, summoning all his fortitude. "Why should I not cheerfully assist in bleaching the linen for thy marriage portion, so that the wedding may be the sooner?"

"Hans! this from thee!" and he observed a large tear rolling down her cheek.

"Barbara!" said Hans, tremulously. The long restrained sorrow in the youth's breast burst forth, and he desperately bit his lip as, with sobs, he continued, "Let my tears fall upon thy bridal linen, Barbara, and then it will be bleached sooner than with cold water. And if thou cuttest the cloth and my heart in twain at the same time, should there be any to spare—oh, give it me for a winding-sheet!"

"How have I deserved this from thee?" exclaimed the afflicted girl, in a paroxysm of grief.

"And when the pipers and fiddlers," continued Hans, without remorse, "are merrily playing the wedding dance, I also shall be dancing with an airy companion on the Wenger Alp! Then, when thou shalt proceed into thy nuptial chamber with thy beloved, be not alarmed shouldst thou hear a light knocking at the window. It will be my last farewell! Adieu!" Still he went not. "But," he again resumed, "what shouldst thou care for a poor youth like me? Thy proud cousin, who will one day occupy this fine estate, is a very different suitor, even if he limped and squinted ten times worse, and his hair were still more fiery coloured."

"Go on, go on!" said Barbara, warmly, "vex my heart, Hans, and then my sufferings will be at an end."

Hans looked upon her sorrowful countenance, and his heart was softened.

"Say thyself, can I do otherwise," she demanded, reproachfully; "must I not obey my father, who daily urges me to marry my cousin? must I not listen to my mother, who entreats me earnestly to do so? Am I not much more unhappy than thou art? Thou canst find sufficient consolation in thy holy book, but to me it is forbidden. But do pray earnestly and diligently; thou hast thyself advised me to do so."

"That I will, indeed," said Hans, piously; "I will pray for thee, and for thy happiness, my good Barbara."

"And I," replied the latter, drying her tears, "will tell my cousin that I cannot bear him; that I only take him on the compulsion of my father's command; and then let him do as he pleases."

"Yes, do!" began Hans, but all at once he hastily seized his bundle, and with hasty strides he was out of sight.

Barbara soon comprehended the reason of his very abrupt departure, when she perceived her intended bridegroom limping towards her through the opposite gate. Hans had not exaggerated the unsightliness of his personal appearance. The damsel awaited him with the composure and resolution with which she was inspired by her late conversation with Hans. The bridegroom, though yet at a distance, descried Barbara, and opening his capacious mouth to its full extent: "Ha, ha! ha!" exclaimed he, laughing, "thy father will wonder where I am gone! He has been dragging me over hedge and ditch, through thick and thin, over ploughed land and marshy meadows, discoursing to me about the management of this ground, and the improvement of that. It was very tedious, but I limped bravely

along. However, I watched my opportunity and luckily slipped away. Ha, ha, ha! what a search he will make for me, whilst I am sitting sheltered by my dear Barbara's side!" As he concluded, he pinched the cheek of his bride elect, and put on a fond and love-sick look, which bore, it must be confessed, resemblance to the grinning of a satyr.

Barbara disengaged herself from the clumsy fingers of her intended, and anxiously gazed at the spot whence Hans had disappeared. She now stood undecided in what manner she should put into execution a design which she had formed. Her cousin, feeling himself highly flattered by her remaining near him, resumed the conversation.

"I do not comprehend," he said, shaking his head, "what possesses thy father, to be so determined to make a farmer of me. He has been aware from my earliest years that I find no pleasure in it. On this account he never liked me, but was well satisfied when I took it into my head to become a carpenter, for by that means the house was freed from my presence. At that time thou wert a little squaller, about so high. Oh! who would have thought that we should ever become such a stately couple? When I returned from abroad thy father would scarcely receive me, and now all at once—but I am a great gainer by it, and well satisfied. Sit down by me, dearest."

"I have no time," replied Barbara. "I must sprinkle the linen."

"It will not run away," said Peter. "Come, then, and I will tell thee how I intend to arrange my daily work for the future. I shall never rise early, or else I should require two breakfasts every morning; thus one will suffice for me, but that must be a very good one. After that I shall take my gun and saunter about the thickets and fields, looking after the labourers. Precisely at mid-day I shall come home to dinner, and that over, I shall take a nap for a few hours. If the weather be bad, too hot, too dry, too stormy, or damp, I shall stay at home, and pass away the time at my work-bench until the evening meal. After that I shall go to the ale-house, and at last—"

"But," began Barbara, hesitating.

"No buts," said Peter. "Thus it will be, and no otherwise, as sure as my name is Peter."

"But if I now tell thee that—that—"

"Well, what, my dear?"

"That I do not—not at all—like thee, that I should be happy if thou wouldst seek another wife."

"Ha, ha, ha! wouldst thou?" but suddenly changing his tone, "Well now, look! there is our foolish Hans! When I was coming in at one gate, he ran out at the other. I thought that by this time he must have been some miles off, and there he stands with his eyes and mouth wide open, staring at us over the wall."

But Barbara was unable to look in that direction; heaving a sigh, she took the watering-can and continued sprinkling the linen, completing a task she abhorred.

CHAPTER IV.

THE wedding-cakes were baking in the oven; oxen and fowls were slaughtered; the house and yard were swept and decorated. The wedding dress lay ready. Hans, in despair, was on the Alp. Peter seemed in an ocean of delight. The mother wore a look of anxiety. Barbara sat with wan and faded countenance.

Such was the state of the Shippen on the eve of the marriage. The bride, making her escape from her talkative mother, hastened into the garden and sought

refuge amongst the close overhanging elder-trees to give vent to her oppressed heart in unrestrained tears. She sighed for immediate death; in her deep distress she failed to hear the loud confused hum of numerous voices, which approached nearer and nearer to the Shippen. The voices became still more distinct; but Barbara noticed them not, until a sound in unison with her feelings, the lamentation of a person in suffering, reached her ear. Then it was that she looked up. With a face besmeared with blood and dust, his clothes torn and covered with mud, Peter was limping at the head of a multitude of people, in the midst of whom was carried a man severely wounded, and who seemed struggling with death. An indescribable pang pierced Barbara's heart. Hans! had he committed suicide? a quarrel with Peter! these were the frightful thoughts which assailed her mind. But soon she reproached herself bitterly, for it was with diminished grief that she observed the wounded man was not Hans—no, it was her father.

"The Warden!" cried a hundred voices, as wife and daughter threw themselves upon the unconscious sufferer—"The Warden is to blame, who placed him on the most dangerous part of the timber raft."

Messengers were despatched in haste for a surgeon; mother and daughter washed the blood from the wounds of the poor sufferer with trembling hands. In vain did Peter cry out that the cakes in the oven were burning to cinders; nobody heeded him, no one could now laugh at his ridiculous gesticulations.

By the application of simple remedies the unconscious Manlicken was brought to his senses. As he faintly opened his eyes he cast a bewildered look upon the group of bystanders, and raising his finger in a menacing attitude, he said with great difficulty, "Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required of thee." His whole countenance wore a look of intense sorrow, and again he closed his eyes. "He is delirious," said some. "He means the Warden," said others.

But Manlicken, whom they believed had again fainted, shaking his head to reprove their mistake, pointed to himself. This voiceless act produced redoubled lamentations amongst his family. During this mournful scene Peter was busily engaged out of doors, tossing the charred wedding cakes out of the oven upon the grass in utter despair, as he reflected that, under existing circumstances, the wedding was not likely to take place on the morrow.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER V.—LAW AND ORDER.

THAT would be a happy era in our history, an omen of the true prosperity of our country, that should be marked by a noble resolution on the part of mothers generally to educate their children themselves—that is, up to a certain stage, when the discipline of numbers may be necessary to prepare the child for entering upon life as an independent but still responsible being. In all instances where this is the case—and there are such instances standing out before the world as examples of high attainment—I believe that the reward to the mother has been more than commensurate for her trouble, and the advantage to her children beyond all calculation. For how is it possible that any stranger can understand so well that deepest yet most delicate of all mysteries, the heart and mind of a child? How

can a stranger know as the mother knows, the peculiarities of each individual child, its capacity and incapacity, its points of susceptibility, its constitutional tendencies, its inlets for the entrance of knowledge, or its mode of receiving impression? and who can care for all these, and ponder them in the heart, like a mother? There is no picture presented by the whole of life more beautiful than that of a mother educating her own children—really educating them, intellectually and morally, through all the early stages of youth, and making this great purpose of her existence of such paramount importance, that it is not in the power of any inferior claims upon her time or attention to interfere with or set it aside.

Let us consider how closely the mother's task may come to that which is generally understood by education, without imposing upon her the duty of giving direct lessons. As children advance from infancy, their lives naturally and necessarily branch out, and grasp simultaneously such material as serves to furnish both head and heart, and as their powers expand, these become so blended that in the general character of youth they work and grow together.

One of the first stages of this kind of blending is that in which a child discovers that it is a social being, and necessarily subject to laws which, though not always pleasant to the individual, are good for the community of which that individual forms a part. This is a hard lesson, difficult to teach, most difficult to learn. It is generally taught at school by the discipline of numbers, and the sharing of a common lot amongst many similarly circumstanced. But there are two ways of understanding this lesson, a high way, and a low way; and whatever else we do with children, I repeat that we should keep them high, never degrade them. The high way of which I speak is this, to be made to see that law and order are absolutely necessary where numbers are concerned, because they secure property, preserve rights, prevent quarrels, and induce, when rightly regarded, a constant and habitual reference to the good of others, of the family, the community, or the state. The low way is that which consists in calculating that if I do not observe this law or rule, I shall get into a scrape; and it is needless to say how much this method of learning to observe law and order prevails in schools.

There is a strong individuality about children that is much opposed to that sharing of a common lot which must be, some time or other, the discipline of all lives worth living. This individuality prevails not only in childhood, but with all ignorant and unthinking persons. It requires considerable enlargement of heart, as well as extension of thought, rightly to feel how we are situated with regard to our fellow-beings, and what are the duties involved in our social position. The little child sees only itself, that centre of importance, and of intense and absorbing interest; and long after the stage of infancy, the same tendency remains, the same egotism, the same self-centring of all calculations, but especially such as relate to enjoyment or suffering.

We cannot justly call this individualism selfishness, strictly speaking, because some who are remarkable in this way are generous in giving and sharing. It is rather an absence of regard for what is due to others, which ought to be corrected in the child even before it leaves the mother's care, and corrected in the higher way of learning the value of law and order as they affect others, as well as ourselves, not in the way of learning merely to obey law as a means of avoiding disgrace or punishment.

The blind obedience of the nursery does not teach this lesson. Although so necessary in itself, it only teaches that a condition of absolute obedience is really the happiest, as well as the best, for all creatures while incapable of observing truly and thinking rationally—such creatures as would injure or destroy themselves from ignorance of things destructive—in short, for all creatures that have to act under wisdom superior to their own, or under authority which they have no power to overthrow, and no right to dispute.

Children, and ignorant persons generally, are apt to doubt such wisdom, and to rebel against such authority. They see it in a personal point of view, and resist it with a personal dislike. Here the nature and the absolute necessity of law should be brought in to supersede this personal feeling, by making it clear to the child that there must be law and order, and that he who observes both not only serves his own interests, but promotes the welfare of the whole community of which he forms a part.

With boys especially the nature and the claims of law require to be clearly understood. Girls are more influenced by those of order; but it would be well if both could be brought before the consideration of youth in a manner more likely to excite an intelligent interest than is generally the case. To obey law and observe order, is thought sufficient for the young, and well indeed would it be if this desirable end could always be attained. The life-long labour of those who have to maintain law and keep order in schools, sufficiently testifies to the absence of all education of the heart in these matters, except in very rare and happy instances.

Lessons on these subjects are certainly more easily taught at school than at home, where domestic arrangements and habits, unconsciously formed, regulate the routine of daily life. But it is useless to speculate upon what might be done at school in the way of introducing a different order of lessons, bearing more upon the circumstances of actual life in which youth will have to take a social as well as an individual part. It is useless—but let us hope only for the present useless—to dream of what might be done in this way towards sending out better members of society, men impressed with the value of moral law, and women capable of producing this impression on the hearts and lives of their children.

To obey the laws of a school is generally accepted as sufficient even for youth considerably advanced beyond childhood. No matter how blindly these are obeyed. No matter how their enforcement is attributed to the personal will, or the personal spite of the teacher. No matter how they are secretly evaded, provided only that they are publicly and openly observed. No matter how the moral nature of a child is suffering under this external aspect of unbroken law, nor how he is living in a state of spiritual rebellion.

To obey and to conform, this is what is required, and this must be insisted upon at any cost. Unquestionably it must, so far as this, that neither in act nor in spirit must rebellion be allowed to exist. But I am speaking of methods by which rebellion in spirit might be prevented, not merely rebellion in act kept down. I am speaking of a desire to conform to existing law because it is useful and good, being made to spring up in the heart of a noble and intelligent youth; and it is needless to say that this can never be effected by a system of blind obedience. Blind obedience was for the child during its life in the nursery. It is still for the youth to obey, but not blindly. Indeed he must obey the

restraints of society, of the people, and the circumstances amongst which he lives. If properly instructed in the nature and purpose of law, he will see that he must do this; but if that simple obedience which was fitted for the child in the nursery be extended and imposed as an unexplained necessity upon the thinking and intelligent youth, how can he, under such a system, be said in any sense to be learning that great lesson of life—how to govern himself? He is only *being governed*, and that is a totally different matter. The boy who is required to render a blind obedience up to the verge of manhood may possibly never again be required absolutely to *obey* in the whole course of his life. He may thenceforth have to govern, and what can he know of government, who has never understood, nor indeed been taught to understand, those laws by which his own life has been regulated.

If any one doubts whether or not the character and conduct of a child can really be effectually reached by a different mode of training from that usually pursued, let them try the experiment upon two or three thinking children at school, or if not at school, in some way or other situated amongst numbers, and subject to social law. Let such children be admitted to the confidence of those who govern this community, so far as their rules tending to social order are concerned. Let them be consulted as to the right or wrong working of some established rule; and it should always be borne in mind that those who are subject to the laws of a community are really better judges of their right or wrong working than are the authorities who enforce them, and who merely look on, as it were, from without. Children or young persons thus consulted as to the abrogation of an old, useless, or oppressive law, and made parties to the establishment of a new and better one, will naturally feel themselves pledged to keep that unbroken; and if of a noble nature, and well trained at home, will thus become animated with a generous enthusiasm to make sacrifices, if necessary, of personal gratification for the general good.

For all this the mother may prepare her child, although for the practical working-out of such plans or modes of training for after life, a community is required like that existing in schools. But if in this respect the mother stands at a disadvantage with the school-teacher, she has greatly the advantage in hers being a heart work. It is true that one of the great obstacles to the training of home is that none of the children of a family stand on common ground. Each is older or younger. Not even two of the number can be on exactly the same level as at school, and afterwards in society, where people live and act in classes subject to common laws. Hence home training can never in this respect be a true and practical preparation for after life. Hence then the value of schools, if they could only be made to affect the heart as wisely and as faithfully as they now affect the head.

In considering the subject of order, and how its value might be taught to the young, it presents this difference from law—that while the theory of the latter conveys to the mind of youth an idea of something severe and uninteresting, the former, being obvious to the senses, may be brought under a very different aspect, and presented as an essential part of the beautiful in nature and art.

My acquaintance with human life, and especially with life in its early stages, leads me to believe that there is, as the phrenologists tell us, a distinct faculty of order. It is true that order may be taught, it may also be enforced, and so made a habit; but to love order for its

own sake, to delight in it where it exists, and to be made miserable by disorder, belongs, I think, to some natural conformation, in the same way that a musical ear belongs to some individuals, though scarcely, perhaps, in so distinct a manner.

With those who naturally delight in order, it is a pleasant task for the educator or the companion of youth to point out the beauty of order as illustrated in the works of creation—as illustrated also in all branches of art, but especially in sculpture and architecture. It is pleasant also to point out the social uses of order—the comfort, the safety—the economy of time and means which is secured by its observance in our domestic arrangements, and in all those transactions which place us in relation to others.

But there are, unfortunately, cases in which this love of order does not exist naturally, and then what is the mother to do? what is any one to do? What, especially, can be done with girls, who absolutely *must* observe order? Boys without this natural faculty are generally let go. It seems to be taken for granted, particularly in the families of the poor, that boys can do without order, perhaps because the world is abundantly supplied with women to gather up, arrange, and make orderly what men leave otherwise; and it is astonishing what pains are taken amongst women of this class, both mothers, wives, and sisters, to maintain a kind of domestic tyranny on the part of men by their treatment of boys, and of slavery on their own part, with the privilege of occasional rebellion.

A little higher in the range of intelligence, the same exemption from the law of order at home seems still to be allowed to boys, with a kind of vague belief that the occupations of boys in general will effect the desired result; and indeed there is much to do this in their games, and still more in their scientific pursuits, which have a tendency to make them exact in manipulation, without which no one can be skilful in execution; and thus a certain observance of order is acquired even without the natural love of it, and without any perception of its intrinsic beauty. This habit may exist without any reference in the mind of the child to the comfort or convenience of others, and hence without any idea of the value of order as a principle. The mother's especial work is to produce the same results by higher and better means, and thus to make what she accomplishes a thing of enduring—nay, of eternal value—by giving to a simple act a far reaching motive, such as falls in legitimately with the whole course of Christian life.

But if it is imperative upon girls that the minute, as well as the greater affairs of their lives should be marked by a strict regard for order, and this because they have so much to do with and for others, they have this advantage on their side, that they are generally quick to see and feel what is beautiful, or the reverse. Once convince a girl that her disorderly habits create absolute ugliness, and consequently excite feelings of disgust, and she will experience a wholesome check, although by being worked upon merely in this, which I have called a negative manner, she will only be checked; she will not be inspired as she ought to be with a heart-warm love of order for its own sake, and a consequent desire to regulate her conduct by the laws of order for the sake of others.

In pursuing her interesting work, the mother will find sometimes, perhaps to her own surprise, that motives which have great force when placed before one child produce no effect whatever upon another. In the study of her children's characters, however, she will find out and learn to understand the peculiarities of their separate

natures, and so will be able to use one class of motives in influencing one child, and a different class with others. To a lover of the beautiful in nature, and a despiser of order in domestic life, it might perhaps be well to point out, and at suitable times expatiate upon, the wonderful observance of order in the creation, in the seasons with their regular return, in the flowers and fruits of the earth, in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and, in short, in all that is minute and exact, as well as all that is majestic and sublime, in the visible universe of God. It might be well to ask of such a child, or in some way to put her upon thinking, where would be the beauty, the grandeur, and the beneficence of all this display of wisdom and power, if the law of order should cease to be observed, if another day should fail to dawn, if spring should fade and wither and give place to winter, or if any of those steadily recurring events upon which we hang our faith until they become household proverbs, should fail at their appointed time and place, and thus overthrow the whole system of which they form a part.

Another child might be shown—and indeed the lesson is important for all—that social happiness is to a great extent dependent upon order; that it is an almost inevitable consequence of disorder that grievous mistakes are made; while delays, disappointments, quarrels, separations and enmities, are the frequent attendants upon habitual disorder.

I once knew a young lady of a generous and noble disposition who had no natural love of order, and in whose case it seemed impossible to compel her to observe it. In vain was the beauty of order in the creation pointed out to her. This made no difference, any more than pointing out the desirableness of order in her own personal habits. At last her friends hit upon the expedient of blaming the little coterie with whom she was associated for the general state of disorder with which she appeared well satisfied to be surrounded. This aroused her attention; and while deepening the impression by showing her how this would always be the case in after life, that others would share the blame of her want of order, the heart of the generous girl was touched with a sense of the injustice of which she would thus be guilty, and she set about from that time to labour at being orderly—for it was labour to her—as diligently as many labour at some difficult accomplishment.

The heart of a girl may generally be reached by some reference to the bearing of her actions and character upon the tastes or feelings of others. Order comprehends many points, on the observance or non-observance of which may depend much happiness or misery to our friends.

Punctuality is a branch of order. "I only kept you waiting five minutes," says a girl who began late to prepare, and who, like many late beginners, has suffered from the loss of half the things which she thought she could have laid her hands upon in the dark, and the loss of her temper besides. "I only kept you five minutes." Yes, but if five people besides herself are concerned, the entire loss of time is twenty-five minutes, or rather, including herself, it is thirty minutes—a good half-hour of precious time, of which she has absolutely robbed her friends; and the robbery is the more serious because time is a treasure which she can by no possibility restore to them. She has taken it by her own will, cast it into the past, and it is gone for ever. Neither they nor she can bring the treasure back. The composed manner and pleasant air with which certain young persons can do this, is something wonderful

to behold. One can only conclude in charity that they have never had the subject pressed upon their attention truly and faithfully. They have probably never realised their position as social and responsible beings, never understood that we can none of us live alone unconnected with others—only for ourselves.

In many of the higher ranges of instruction, especially such as require a technical knowledge of what is taught, there are mothers who would be greatly at a loss in undertaking the education of their children, because of the defective nature of their own preparation for this task. But let such mothers take courage from this fact, that there are just modes of thinking which are quite within the range of their abilities, and that to teach a child to think rationally and justly on matters intimately connected with human character and conduct, is of more consequence to that child than to teach it to decline a Greek or Latin verb. A woman may think rationally and rightly on many subjects without being eminent as a scholar. She may have used well those quick powers of observation with which most women are gifted by nature. She may have listened well, read well, and thought well; and if I am not greatly mistaken, the mother who has done this will be a more intelligent and useful instructor of her children than one who, without having done this, may have passed a learned examination and received academical honours.

There are many subjects on which, if a mother has observed and thought rationally, she may help a child in regard to its future career—its place in the world as a good citizen, and a good Christian, and perhaps in no case more essentially than on those which relate to social duty. The government of different countries, political measures, national and individual rights, with many other important and comprehensive considerations, appear to me to belong more or less to this subject, and may be so treated as to introduce collaterally to the mind of a child much that we deem most interesting both in history and experience.

Nor let the mother in the commencement of this task despise such humble means as have been placed within her reach for teaching the simple lessons of a noble life. A great principle may be involved in a small act, and habits, apparently unimportant in themselves, may develop into conduct illustrious for truth, dignity, and heroism. Her work, being a heart work, must necessarily begin early, and practically it must begin indeed so simply as to look, to the unconcerned observer, scarcely worthy of serious attention. Let us take an example of this from that selfishness inherent in children, which is with them a natural and legitimate principle of action.

While the child is very young, many efforts which it would otherwise shrink from are cheerfully made, and even persevered in, for the sake of some gratification to self. A sturdy little boy will fetch out his own toys for a favourite game, even when panting under the fatigue of carrying them. He does this for himself, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, somebody else carries the toys away, and puts them in their places. The fetching is for self, the carrying back is for others, that they may not be inconvenienced or annoyed. Is it from the child's innate selfishness, or is it from the want of proper training, that the carrying back and putting away of the toys is so much more difficult than it was to bring them?

Whatever the cause of this difficulty may be, I cannot but think that a wholesome and useful lesson on social duty might be made out of this simple matter of fetching for self, and carrying away for others; that a

child might be so taught as to receive in this way a clear idea, and perhaps his first, of the laws which govern society, and which he will have to observe through the whole of his after life.

That the teaching of this lesson would be much more irksome to the instructor than it would be to put away almost any amount of toys with her own hand, I do not for a moment doubt. That is not the question. Neither is it so much the question whether in every case this particular act shall be done or not. But it is a question, and a very important one, whether or not the child shall learn to take pleasure in, and esteem it an honour to do, such little acts of service to those amongst whom he lives. In the little heart, even of a boy, there is sometimes a real happiness derived from the idea that he *helps*. Yet how little is made of this in the boyish character; how little is it trained so as to constitute an essential element in the character of a true man and a gentleman!

The first working of those laws by which society is held together, by which order is preserved, and justice and right maintained, is, I think, best understood by reciprocity, or, in other words, by showing how, if we behave well to society, it will behave well to us; if we insult, annoy, or inconvenience others, they will exercise but little concern as to how we are insulted, annoyed, or put to inconvenience ourselves. Very early in life a child may be made to understand something of this—so far, at least, as to comprehend that law by which a borrowed article must be returned uninjured. These, with many other lessons of the same tendency, will present themselves to the mind of a thoughtful mother in the performance of her ever varying but always interesting task.

And an interesting task indeed is that which the mother has before her. It is the dry bones of learning, and the bare details of unexplained duty enforced without motive or purpose, which make both so dull and wearisome to the teacher and the taught. When the breath of moral and spiritual life is breathed into that which the mother works with, it becomes instinct with meaning and with power to help in the carrying out of the highest purposes of human existence.

It may seem but a little thing that the child in the nursery should carry back his toys, as well as bring them out; but when the child has grown to manhood, it will be a great thing for him—whether prince or peasant, statesman or soldier, merchant or artisan—that he has learned to see the value of law and order as they affect the welfare of a family, a people, or a state; and it will be a great thing for him, and for all with whom he may be associated, that he has learned the golden rule of doing to others as we would that they should do to us.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER X.—LA MANCHA.

WE had hired a very commodious carriage to take us to Madrid, making a pause at Cordova. The weather was most delightful, similar to our finest summer weather, but with a light exhilarating air that made everything seem enjoyable to us.

Let me here say, for the sake of those seeking a desirable residence for invalids, that I have been in all those places usually resorted to, even including Madeira and Cairo. These two last-named places are unexceptionable as far as climate goes; but for many invalids the great distance from their own country, the long sea voyages,

and other objections, might put either of them out of the question. Whereas to either Valencia, Malaga, or Velez Malaga, no such objections can apply; and these are very easily accessible either by sea or land; taking the journey as described in the earlier chapters of these sketches, and proceeding on from Alicante to Velez Malaga by steam. There is neither fatigue nor inconvenience of any sort to be encountered. Not even an invalid, just recovering from illness, would find much difficulty in making the journey in that manner; indeed, it would be a most delightful trip in fine weather. There is, moreover, excellent accommodation at either of these places. Velez Malaga would have the advantage of being an equally desirable residence all the year round. Valencia might be too hot in the height of the summer season. There is no one charm to be desired to make daily life agreeable that these favoured spots do not possess; and the very brightness and gaiety that seems to pervade the atmosphere is most beneficial in cases of depressed spirits.

I must not pause on my journey, or I could tell of the Moorish remains at Ecija, its beautiful fountains and gardens, etc., or of another notorious haunt of bandits, "Les Niños de Ecija." Nothing can do away with the terrors still felt by muleteers, coachmen, and guides, as they approach the evil locality, though it is many years since any one was attacked there. Many weary miles have to be passed over endless plains, with nothing to interest the tired traveller in any way, and the dreary waste immediately preceding the approach to Cordova is perhaps the most monotonous and tedious of them all; so that we felt very much relieved when the palms and olives that encircle that town of many associations appeared in view. It is a picturesque city seen from a distance, almost like an oriental town; but, alas! it is better seen from the outside, as far as the present time is concerned; for within the change from its former glory is painfully apparent. Its fame as a renowned city is of very ancient date. Under whatever rule, this town seems always to have been celebrated for its learning, and the patronage it bestowed upon all those who were in any way distinguished for scientific or learned pursuits. Under the Gothic rule, as well as under the Moorish, Cordova was famed for piety as well as for learning, and many of the most celebrated Spanish authors were born within her walls. At one time so great was the celebrity of this city, that it was even compared to Damascus, and other great eastern towns. Indeed, it is like reading a wonderful romance, or one of the Arabian Nights, to peruse the account of Cordova under the rule of the Emir Al Mumemir; his own history is in itself as wild and romantic as any story that fiction could invent.

It is difficult to account for the total decay that seems to have fallen upon this once prosperous capital; its fate is more mournful even than that of other Spanish cities. It is now a melancholy sight—the long deserted gloomy streets, the half-ruined buildings, the uninhabited houses, and the utter absence of anything like movement in the place. After the brilliant and sunny scenes we had so lately left, the contrast was most striking. We visited the ancient mosque, once the third in importance in Mussulman estimation: it was supposed to be of equal sanctity with that at Jerusalem, and almost on an equality with Mecca. It was singular to stand within the altered walls (it is the present cathedral) and think of the thronging devotees that had formerly trod those floors, and prostrated themselves with all the signs of eastern humility within

the sacred edifice. It can boast of no exterior attraction, as it is surrounded by high thick walls; but the Court of Oranges, as it is called, gives one some idea of what the beauty of the entrance must have been in former days. Though now adapted to the Christian worship, it is thought to be a perfect specimen of the true Mohammedan temple, in its outer form and internal arrangements; beautiful marbles abound everywhere, priceless in value; but now even these seem to have lost their bright polish, and to partake of the gloomy character of all around, though much beautiful Moorish work still remains. It is a remarkable trait in these people, that with all their devoted admiration for beauty of all kinds, they were yet the most ruthless destroyers of the beautiful remains of antiquity. It is a well-known fact that they seldom would be at the pains of obtaining the materials for the works from the quarries, but they would seek some old Roman remains wherever they settled, generally fixing upon some spot where towns had formerly stood, and turning these to their own purposes, beautiful use they made of them; but still it is impossible not to regret their destruction of these remains of antiquity.

The walk round the walls was what pleased me the most in Cordova; there was a degree of melancholy attending the enjoyment, but not of a painful character, and I indulged in more than one lonely ramble round them, during the two days we spent at Cordova. The palm-trees were always a fresh source of pleasure to me, so great is my admiration of that beautiful tree. There is a touching legend told respecting the first tree of the kind planted at Cordova. The beautiful Eastern favourite of Abderahman, who followed her lord from Damascus to his western capital, was so miserable at the change, and especially lamented in such poetic terms the loss of the beautiful feathery palms of her native land, that her royal lover, willing to gratify her wish, caused some of these stately trees to be planted around her new home. Whether the remedy was efficacious in reconciling her to her European palace the legend does not relate. But there are the palms, flourishing as well as they do in their own country.

The decay of Cordova seems to make progress almost every day, and unless some sudden change occurs to restore some of its ancient prosperity, it will soon become really a deserted city. Beautiful filigree work is still executed there, and amongst the women one may meet with the most exquisite bits of old silver, with emeralds set in them. It is not easy to induce them to part with these: one is obliged to go very warily to work, so as not to let them perceive the value one places on the article, beyond its intrinsic worth; they are thoroughly eastern both in design and execution.

We were none of us sorry when we drove out of Cordova: the gloom and desolation began to affect us, and the sight of the beautiful Guadalquivir, with its noble bridge, and the rich fertile country on beyond, was certainly very agreeable. At Carpio, a small town on our road, we first perceived a change in the beautiful Andalusian dress, the women wearing green serge mantles of a peculiar shape, and handkerchiefs on their heads; and after leaving the miserable town of Bailen, famous only as having given the name to the battle of Bailen, where the Spaniards defeated the French forces under Marshal Dupont, the well-known Spanish brown cloaks and the corded sandals are frequently met with; for we were drawing near to La Mancha, and about to leave beautiful Andalusia. Oh, what a dreary change from everything most luxuriant and lovely in nature, to the arid, stony, desolate

country called by that well-known name! We entered the gorges of the mountains after passing Bailen, and once through these passes the change in the vegetation was most striking. But the mountain scenery is fine, rocks of most curious shapes overhang the road, and as the road enters one deep narrow gorge, called Despeñaperros, nothing can be more grand; it seems as if it was the portal of another world, so completely do these masses of rock separate the lovely province of Andalusia from La Mancha. How different must be the feelings of travellers, according as they are about to penetrate into that beautiful region, or, as was the case with ourselves, on the point of leaving all its many enjoyments behind! The contrast is so striking; you do not gradually exchange all the exquisite charm of tropical vegetation, of that blue sea, those romantic and picturesque Moorish towns and villages, for country less attractive, possibly, but still possessing its own charm, as so frequently occurs in other lands; but all at once, as an imaginative writer strongly expresses it, you pass from Eden, "a very Garden of Eden," into a comparative desert. Once through that magnificent gorge, and there is a great change.

But I must say a few words on La Mancha. The name of this province will recall to everyone that work of a world-wide celebrity, "Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha." When once one has travelled through this country, and seen how wholly it is without a feature to interest, the admiration felt for that wonderful author, Cervantes, increases tenfold as one reflects upon the charm he has contrived to throw around a scene so wanting in all charm. Its very name signifies "dry land." No trees, no verdure, no produce, but wide extended plains, or wastes rather, that look scorched up by the burning heat of the sun. And if we turn from the country to the towns we gain nothing, for they are miserably poor, and they look the very picture of monotonous desolation. It takes one a little time to believe that, in spite of appearances, these weary plains do in reality produce crops of grain, and that even vines grow there; still more strange, the wines made from the grapes are peculiarly rich in quality. Saffron is also largely cultivated on these plains. The inhabitants are in all respects superior to the region they dwell in; indeed, they have many really fine qualities that we should seek for in vain in the pleasure-loving Andalusians or Valencians. They are brave almost to rashness, singularly temperate, and capable of the firmest attachments to those that have in any way befriended them. They are perhaps more attached to their own families than any other of the Spanish peasants, and will work in the most untiring manner to support them. Had they been treated with anything like kindness by their superiors, instead of with the overbearing and harsh manner of a master to a slave, they might have made most attached dependants, whereas now, for the greater part, they shut themselves up in a reserved silence alike from their superiors and their equals.

The dress of the Manchegan peasant is unusually simple, composed of the universal brown cloth, with a singularly inconvenient cap. Strange that in this dreary region, where all seems alike sombre, that at the slightest hint of a merry-making all their stern gravity is laid aside, and not the gayest Majo and Maja can excel the Manchegans in the sprightliness of their songs, or the activity, lightness, and grace of their dances.

No sooner had we passed through the rocky portal I have described, than we found ourselves in the midst of all the scenery of Don Quixote. The Torre Nueva, the

Venta de Cardenas, and the Sierra, to the left of our road, were all scenes described in that famous book. Everything in Spain, the country, the inhabitants, the towns, all are so unaltered, that to read an account of a Spanish inn in the days of Cervantes is to read the exact account of one in these days. Of course I speak only of retired, out-of-the-way country inns.

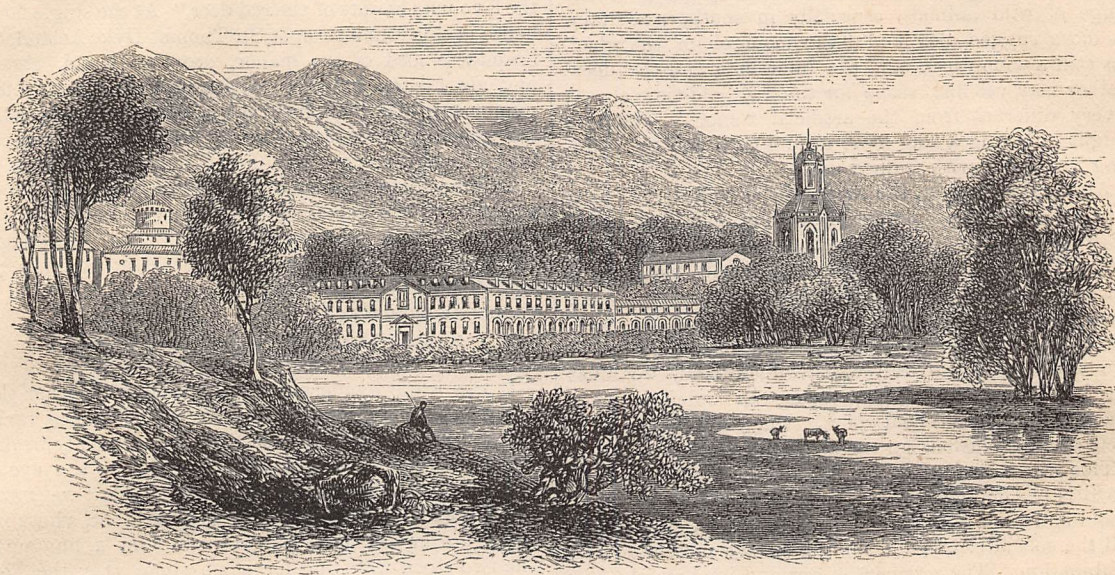
The description of the Spanish hidalgo and his associates is so faithful, that one has not far to go to find originals for these characters. That strange mixture of qualities of profound gravity and sparkling humour is all described in these pages with such life-like truth and reality, that we might almost fancy as we read that the book was written in the present day. The attachment of Sancho to his master, his conviction of his superiority to all the rest of the world, is marvellously true to life. Even the devotion of the muleteers and guides to their masters, in cases where the connection between them has lasted for a considerable period, is proverbial. They will exalt the qualities of their lords for the time being, little caring whether the facts they relate are such as they state them to be, so long as they redound to the credit of their masters. They have the true feeling that should exist between a master and his dependant, that in exalting him they in fact exalt themselves; and many instances occurred during the Peninsular War where this almost chivalrous devotion was most admirably displayed in situations of peril and difficulty. It is impossible not to admire this part of the Spanish character. "Don Quixote" is really an invaluable book for the traveller in Spain. The love for short oracular sayings that is universal in Spain is clearly a remnant of the Oriental admixture which has left so many traces in the country and its inhabitants. All their opinions are delivered in this form; especially it is so amongst the lower and middle classes, and though at times it borders on the ridiculous to hear these scraps of philosophy brought in at every opportunity without much regard to their fitness, yet at the same time it imparts a certain dignity to their conversation, and gives scope for many witty sayings, and an opportunity for a display of that racy humour which so often distinguishes the Spaniards of the lower classes. But it is necessary to possess a very fair knowledge of their language before the traveller can really enter into or enjoy these peculiarities. So much has it ever been the custom of the people to resort to proverbs to explain or illustrate their meaning, that there are numerous curious collections of them that have been made at different periods.

But we were to see a scene still more connected with Don Quixote's history than any of those I have named. On the main road to Madrid that we were then travelling, there is a miserable little village named Puerto Lapiche. Near to this hamlet the road winds between two hills covered with olive-trees, and on these hills there are numerous mills for pressing out the oil, and also for grinding grain of different sorts. These mills are not very like ours, and they are considerably less in size. And as it was in this very district that the knight told Sancho they were to expect frequent adventures, it is not to be wondered at that he should have taken mills, precisely similar to the ones we saw, for gigantic individuals that he was bound to attack, especially as we must remember that at that time mills had not been long known in Spain.

The nearer we approached to the capital of Spain, the more completely uninviting does the country become. Nothing can go beyond the sameness of the colouring; and coming fresh as we did from all the brilliant hues of the south, it struck us all the more painfully. Not

even the brilliant September sun could brighten the scene. The women are strikingly plain, and wrapped up in their rusty brown cloaks their appearance is most unpleasing. There is one singularity attending the river Guadiana. It disappears entirely, and for a long time no one supposed that its waters ever came to light again; but later observations proved that it only runs underground for some leagues (about eight), and then again comes forth to the outer world; but unlike any other subterranean river (of which I have seen two, one in Syria and another in Derbyshire), it does not keep entirely out of sight. There are lakes along

palace. Ever since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella it has been used as a summer residence by the reigning sovereign, and many of the Spanish songs speak in the most glowing terms of the delights of Aranjuez, its nightingales, trees, flowers and fountains. The palace, if so it must be called, has been added to by the different sovereigns, especially by the Bourbon kings, and there is a great amount of bad taste displayed in it; but after the arid dreary plains we had been traversing, the verdure in the valley of Aranjuez was most welcome to our eyes: The beautiful avenues of palm-trees, and the magnificent elm-trees, would bear comparison with the



PALACE OF ARANJUEZ.

its underground course which are known to be fed by its waters. They are chiefly remarkable for the fish which abound in them. The whole scenery of these lakes, and the singular cave of Montesinos, are admirably described in the pages of "Don Quixote."

Were it not for the interest thrown around a great part of the road to Madrid from its having been connected with many of the scenes of that clever and truthful book, the whole way from Cordova to Madrid would be monotonous and wearying in the extreme. At Villarta, our coachman told us we were entering the province of New Castile, which so closely resembles La Mancha, that there is scarcely anything to tell the traveller he has entered a new part of the country. What a remarkable thing it is, that stop where one will in Spain, at the poorest wayside inn or at a first-rate hotel, the bread surpasses any that can be eaten anywhere else in Europe! It is really delicious. Whether this excellence proceeds from the fineness of the flour or the skill of the making I cannot say. Enormous quantities of corn are grown in all this country, and the time of the harvest must bring some life and movement and cheerfulness into this ordinarily monotonous and melancholy region.

We certainly none of us regretted when our approach once more to a rocky pass through some most arid and gloomy-looking hills told us that we were approaching Aranjuez, where we were to spend a day.

Most people who have heard or read any accounts of Spain, either in the form of travels or history, will remember how famous this place has been as a royal

fine trees of our own wooded country; and though we came too late in the year to enjoy the singing of the nightingales, we were told by many of our friends that the accounts one has read of their numbers is by no means exaggerated, and that in the soft spring evenings nothing can be more ravishing or delightful than their song. Birds of many kinds frequent the royal gardens, where they are never interfered with, and very greatly they must add to the liveliness of the scene in the spring and early summer months. The royal residence is situated in a valley, well watered with streams and enjoying fresh healthful breezes, when the other parts of Castile are burnt up by the scorching heat and the want of water. Fountains abound in these gardens. We spent a long morning sauntering about the shady walks, or sitting down within hearing of the soft murmuring sound of falling water. The day was lovely, and the beauty of the foliage was great; here and there brilliant hues told of approaching autumn, while other trees still seemed decked in all their summer verdure. The palace was to me wholly uninteresting. As I contemplated the different rooms I thought of the beautiful Moorish palaces I had so lately seen, and felt more than ever how far better they understood the style of dwelling suited to the burning heat of the Spanish climate; and how little the Spaniards had profited by the beautiful models offered for their imitation. Those who care for such things may be interested in seeing the rare china and glass that has been collected by the royal inhabitants. The royal stables are very fine, and seem to be admirably managed. We saw some beautiful animals

there, and at the royal breeding establishments in the neighbourhood. I had not believed that even a Spanish mule could be such a beautiful creature as was one that I saw there. We were informed that the expense of keeping up these breeding stables is very great. There were a number of English horses, some that had only just arrived.

THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD DEER IN THE SOUTH.

THE march of civilisation, and the accompanying increase of the area of agriculture, have materially narrowed the range of wild animals, especially in southern Britain. In more rugged Scotland "the monarch of the glen" has still a wide range, and the huntsman and the deer-stalker may yet find scope for the real old-time chase;—very different from the artificial "sport" which is sought in letting a stag loose from a cart, and then running him down with trained dogs.

Although, however, the range of the wild deer is thus narrowed, it is not altogether obliterated. In one or more of the still uncultured and unenclosed tracts of the south, the herds of this noble animal still find a scant but sufficient pasturage, and their continued existence gives unwonted zest to the chase. In penning some descriptive details of one of these few remaining primitive districts of our railway-traversed land, we must not be understood as expressing an opinion for or against this kind of field sport. Our readers will form their own conclusions on the abstract question.

This wild deer land of the south lies on that shore of the Bristol Channel where Somerset and Devon meet, a bold and romantic line of coast in which the rugged and the soft alternate and mingle in rare succession and combination. The prospect of sea and land which may be gained from the summits of the noble headlands is truly magnificent, whilst the view of the interior hills from the coast is equally grand. Taking, for instance, his stand at Warren Point, which the reader will find on a good map, the spectator has in prospect a line of hill country some twenty miles in length—on the extreme left the towering Quantocks, and thence, stretching towards the right, the ranges of the Croydon and Grabhurst hills, which extend to the still bolder Dunkery, and the bleak heights of Exmoor. Such are the broad outlines of the landscape. The filling-in is rich with foliage and verdure; the well-timbered combes, the living green of the meadow land, the hanging woods of a deer park, and the brown gorse of the moorlands. Exmoor, at the extreme right of our *point de vue*, and indeed hidden from our supposed spectator at Warren Point by the North Hill, comprises upwards of 14,000 acres of forest and moorland, the surface undulating and rough in the extreme, the hill-sides producing little else than heather and ling. Few and far between are the habitations of man in this wild and barren tract, the aspect of which, when overhung with clouds, is dark and lonesome, suggesting the origin of a local name—the Blackdown Hills—a system which, according to Sir Henry De La Beche, forms "an elevated tableland cut into, more particularly on the west and south, by deep valleys, which thus divide it into several long lines chiefly running to the west, south-west, and south," and extending from near the northern to the southern coast of Devon—almost from the Bristol to the English Channel.*

* "Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset," p. 3.

The deep gorges and glens of this country are locally called combes, the luxuriant timbering of which contrasts strikingly with the fern and gorse of the uplands. Especially is this so when, as is mostly the case, thecombe is the channel of a brooklet whose rapid waters, falling to the lower levels, seem to say:—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Among these choice spots is the hill-side of Cloutsham, one of the minor eminences of Dunkery, "rising," says a writer in the "Saturday Review," "from a waving sheet of woodland, a copse chiefly of oak and ash just swelling into a forest, and containing coverts which are the favourite haunts of the red deer." At the single farmhouse in this romantic spot Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, the hospitable lord of the manor, provides bread, cheese, and ale for the hunting parties at "the meet," often numbering 300, including not a few Dianas who share the general enthusiasm for the chase. Not, however, that all who come to "the meet" follow the hounds.

In immediate vicinity to Cloutsham is Horner Wood, a scene of the rarest sylvan beauty. Very many of the trees with ivy-covered trunks are exceedingly curious. Ferns and mosses are abundant. Along the bottom runs the "brawling stream" required to fill in the poetic picture:—

"In copsewood deep the glow-worm lights his spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending."

It was while wandering in the glades of Horner that we first encountered the hunt. The deep silence, varied only by the ripple of the waters, was suddenly broken in upon by a loud shout which caught up the eye to the brow of the overhanging hill. There we saw a single horseman, presently joined by another, whose red coat glowing in the sun bespoke him a huntsman. The two stood watching for some time; then the horn was vigorously blown, and anon thirty or forty more horsemen were on the spot, followed by the hounds, who streamed in eager procession down the precipitous sides, impracticable for horse or man. In another brief space a bevy of hunters, who had found a route to the bottom, poured into the wood in pursuit of the deer, which, for a moment, we saw, far in front of its pursuers, up the course of the stream. "Take the waters, take the waters!" was the shout which, from the huntsman at the top, rang loud through the valley, and speedily the dashing cavalcade vanished from sight, leaving us to our botanical researches in silence and seclusion.

The hunting season of 1867 was marked by several noteworthy incidents. Thus at a "meet" at Higher Combe, Dulverton, a fine stag was started which ran for many miles, right over the cultivated country, and at last found its way to Bickleigh, near Tiverton, where he ran into the river Exe, swimming majestically up the stream, but was, alas! captured. A farmer related to us the circumstances of a hunt in which the swift deer ran thirty-five miles in two hours twenty-seven minutes; 300 horsemen began the pursuit, but only thirteen were in at the close. The venerable pastor of one of these hill-side parishes told us that recently the hunted deer sought refuge in his vicarage meadow. The hounds and their masters ignored the right of sanctuary, and the stricken deer was caught where, if anywhere, peace and repose might reign. "Did you go out to see it?" was asked. "No," said the good man, "I could not bring my mind to witness the cruelty attaching to this sport." The excitement of the chase over the moors is enhanced by the perils of bog and precipice. "Mole's Chamber," for instance, is said to owe its name to the

swallowing up of a man in one of these bogs, and marvellous stories are told of hair-breadth escapes at precipices. Many of the local traditions relate to hunting. The instinct of the animal is said to be for making seaward, and only last year a fine stag ran to the very edge of a precipice overhanging the Bristol Channel, and falling over perished. Of olden times it is related that the deer has stood at bay near the head of Minehead Pier, scattering the few leading hounds with his antlers, and then, dashing out to sea, been captured by boatmen. Another tale depicts the inroad of a stag on a cottage standing with its back to the hill and face to the sea. The alarmed old woman of the house ran out at the front door, slamming it to, and so the deer was taken as in a snare. Such are the tales of the country side.

It is time, however, to pass from such anecdotes, and to resume our more immediate object, the description of the country. We wrote at the outset of that grand range of interior hills. This is not, like Scotland, "the land of the mountain and the flood," but it is "a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." The elevated ridge of which we speak is, in fact, the water-shed of two systems of rivers: those on the north—the Torridge, the Tor, and the Lyn—finding their way by short and rapid declivities to the Bristol Channel; while those on the south—the Exe, the Otter, and the Axe—pour their waters down a more gradual slope to the English Channel. Several of these principal rivers are swelled by tributaries which have also their source in these uplands.

During our visits we gained an insight into the little-explored phenomena of the river valleys. Starting, on one occasion, from Watersmeet, near Lynton, we walked for six hours along the course of the Lyn and the Brendon, the waters all the way tumbling, rushing, foaming over magnificent rocks:

"Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in . . .
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending."

The entire fall of the waters must be several hundred feet. Ever and anon tributaries pour their treasures into the main rivers, and on and on they go, enriching the well-timbered banks, and fairly forbidding sleep to the artist or angler who may come that way. When, at the close of our six hours' walk, we were compelled to strike for the upland moors, we saw the silver line of the waters still stretching far beyond into the valley. Again, we walked for five-and-twenty miles down the valley of the Exe. Having crossed the hills at one of their loftiest points (Outcombe), we came upon the river at Eyeson Hill, from whose sides iron ore is taken, reminding one of that promised "land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." To our first sight the Exe was but a little rivulet; ere the close of that walk we saw it a fine broad river. All along its meandering course the water is beautifully clear, running a rapid career in a perpetual succession of cascades. Throughout this prolonged but circuitous glen, hollowed out of the table-land already described, the sides are gorgeously timbered. It being the autumn season, the varied tints were beautiful. Every now and then other glens or combes opened up right and left, presenting landscape groupings sometimes of great extent, at others more limited. Then again the rocks overgrown with mosses often crop out, and the whole

forms a succession of scenes which pen or pencil must alike fail to depict. The signs of population are few and far between. A writer, already quoted, observes that it is "not uncommon for a farm-house, in the region of the upper waters, to find its nearest neighbour at from three to five miles off. There is little arable cultivation in these wild uplands, and the flocks and herds which form the farmers' chief wealth have a wide range of pasture." There are hardly any villages or churches, and as to churches, there seems to have been a strange fancy for perching them on the hill-tops.

The first village of any size on our route was Bridgetown. We remarked to one of the villagers, "A beautiful place this." "Well, I dun know, yaas, a comfortable village!" was the man's unconcerned reply. So true is it, that the mind must be educated to see beauty even where it is thus divinely stamped on the very face of nature. At Chilly Bridge we made a *detour* of two miles to Dulverton, a little town nestled amidst an amphitheatre of wooded hills. Here we struck upon the Barle, twin stream with the Exe, which it joins at Exebridge. From the junction of the waters we pursued our way along the now united and augmented river as far as Tiverton, the boundary of a long day's excursion, and on the following Sabbath a "quiet resting place."

We have spoken of the glorious land scenery along these river banks. Let us observe, that the waters are also rich in their peculiar treasures. "The river Exe is," says Mr. Frank Buckland, "naturally a salmon river." Passing over his remarks on its lower course, we further read that, "From Tiverton upwards I hear no river keepers or anglers have ever seen an adult, but they do see smolts or gravelings descending in large numbers—not many in 1866, but in 1865 a large number. From Tiverton up as far as the junction of the Barle there are alternations of deep pools and magnificent spawning grounds, but no one has ever seen a salmon making its nest in this district. As the young are seen to descend, I have taken great pains to ascertain where they could have been born. They do not spawn in the small streams on Exmoor, but all the evidence goes to prove that this operation is carried on in the streams above Dulverton, where they are protected from their enemies at this dangerous period of their existence by brushwood, which forms pleasant covers, and which come down close upon the water's edge. The river Exe appears to be the largest and most promising river in the West of England."

Our return journey was up instead of down the Exe valley, and with a varied route which included a sight of the river-side ruins of Barlinch Abbey. According to Tanner, William De Lay, in the time of Henry II, founded here a priory of Black Canons. It had about the time of the dissolution eight canons, who were endowed with £98 18s. 4d. per annum. The house was granted by Henry VIII to Sir John Wallop. The extensive ruins are now occupied as farm premises. As to the landscape on our return route, description would be but a repetition of what is already written. Suffice it to say that, as the shades of evening closed in, we had again reached the summit of the lofty ridge of hills. Here all at once we sighted the sea:—

"When sudden, as I turned my way,
Burst in the ocean-waves;
And lo! a blue wild-dancing bay,
Fantastic rocks and caves!"

The twilight had become darkness ere our long but pleasant walk was ended. Does the reader ask how he may visit this land? Minehead, Dunster, or Porlock, within easy reach of the Williton station, may be adopted

as places of sojourn whence the desired excursions can be made. The most central spot is Porlock, celebrated by Southey, during his detention at the village inn:—

"Porlock, thy verdant vale, so fair to sight,
Thy lofty hills, which fern and furze embrown,
Thy waters, that roll musically down
Thy woody glens—the traveller with delight
Recalls to memory."



JOSEPH GLASS,

THE CLIMBING-BOYS' ADVOCATE.



It is commonly supposed that the race of little chimney-climbers has happily disappeared from the face of the country. It takes something like a long memory to recollect those "innocent blacknesses," as Charles Lamb called them. Swart servants of a dark age, they used to toddle about after their masters with soot-bag and shovel: nothing white or natural about them from head to foot but their shining eyes and glittering teeth. When the flue of *Materfamilias* smoked, or the parish engines had been in requisition for a fire in her chimney, a proprietor of these poor little slaves was sent for. He came like a ratcatcher with his ferret—had a look at the "chimbley," as if it were a rabbit hole—spread his dirty sacks and clouts to catch the soot—and then he popped the wretched climbing-boy in. There was a scuffle and a struggling as the small thing worked its painful way up in the filthy reek; presently you heard a clattering of shovel and broom, and the soot came down in black avalanches; then the master of this grimy ferret used to go out to see that the lad went right up and put his hapless head or hand and brush out at the very top. When he did not roll

down neck and crop, the little wretch emerged choked and covered with the soot, all except the irrepressible child-eyes and hungry child-teeth. Sometimes he stuck fast and could not be got at, and sometimes he came down the wrong shaft over a fire and was asphyxiated; his miserable knees always used to get scratched and torn, and sooner or later he was pretty sure to have "sweep's lungs," or "sweep's cancer." It was a cruel and wicked practice, and most shocking is the reflection that it existed so long. But at last the law did sweep the little sweeps away; the "machine" was invented, which does the business perfectly; and this breed of tiny Africans won their emancipation.

But a horrible story, told this summer in the Maidstone Assize Court, revealed the fact that climbing-boys are still employed in some parts of the country. The report of that case elicited from a morning newspaper an indignant article, from which our opening paragraph is extracted. It is to be hoped that such cruelties now rarely occur; and that they are now exceptional is due to many benevolent persons, and especially to one, whose labours in this good cause deserve perpetual record.

In the year 1823, among the workmen then employed in building Finsbury Circus, London, was one whose industrious habits, quiet manners, and neat personal appearance, singled him out from amongst his fellows. He never kept Saint Monday. When the day's work was done he went home, donned his working clothes for cleaner attire, and spent the evening with his wife. His home and his wife were a picture of comfort. There was only one room: the furniture was simple but all new and neat, and there was a handsome Kidderminster carpet, a luxury just beginning to be introduced into the houses of the poorer classes of the community. His domestic happiness is best described in his own words. "An arrangement was entered into between my wife and myself that each should do the best we could to please each other. By this means everything passed on most delightfully. On going home to my meals I found everything in the nicest order. At breakfast-time the fire was bright, the toast was made and ready cut, and by the time I could sit down the coffee was poured out. At dinner-time I had not to wait a minute, all was ready; and at night, when my work was done, I leisurely enjoyed my tea. This done, we entered upon a retrospect of the past and expressed our anticipations of the future. Our position was to both of us the commencement of happy days: year after year passed away and there was no abatement in our domestic felicity."

Joseph Glass, whom we thus present to the reader, spent the early part of his life at Manningtree, in Essex, and from his boyhood was remarkable for his intelligence and retiring habits. Another characteristic was that of self-control, evidenced by two circumstances which occurred before he was twenty years of age. At a village feast he had been induced to drink to excess, and was carried home helpless. Feeling the disgrace acutely, he formed a determination never to drink again. This was long before Temperance or Total Abstinence Societies were heard of. He kept his resolve throughout his life, and remained an earnest "teetotaler" to his dying day. At another time he gave way to violent passion. Upon after reflection he felt mortified and humbled by its unreasonableness and sinfulness, and made a vow never to give way to passion again. He wrote his vow upon a piece of paper, and kept it in his waistcoat-pocket. Whenever he found his passion

rising, he felt for the paper, and thus learned to rule his own spirit in spite of his naturally hasty temperament.

He was celebrated among his village neighbours for his rhymes. Some of his papers on "Contentment," "Retirement," and "The True Gentleman," after the lapse of nearly half a century, are still decorating the walls of the cottages in the neighbourhood in which he lived.

The father of Joseph Glass, a stonemason of Colchester, a man of extreme political opinions, who had been nearly pelted to death for refusing to take off his hat to King George III, went to Pennsylvania, leaving his son in the care of his deceased wife's brother, who was a builder in Manningtree. There he learned his uncle's trade, and became early schooled in trouble. The sober, quiet habits of the nephew were not appreciated by his relative, and before his apprenticeship was completed he had to shift for himself. "I hired a large old-fashioned room," he afterwards wrote, "at one shilling per week. On evenings after work I decorated the fire-place with Scripture Dutch tiles, and adorned the walls in water-colours with country scenes, churches, farm-houses, and cottages." Three years he dwelt in his painted chamber, and then he went on his travels, working for some time not far from Beverley, in Yorkshire. He was about thirty years of age when he came to London, and married his wife, Mary Hutchinson, to whom he had been attached before he left his home in Essex.

A year or two of happiness had scarcely elapsed, when he was unexpectedly applied to by the Society for the Suppression of Climbing-Boys, and a new current was given to his life. The cruelty of the practice of employing young children in sweeping chimneys was beginning to be recognised. Jonas Hanway, in the preceding century, had done much to alleviate the sufferings of these friendless children. Not long before the time we are writing of, James Montgomery published a book advocating the claims of climbing-boys to the sympathies of the public. Charles Lamb wrote a genial article about the poor boys in his *Essays of Elia*. The extent of the evil was indeed very great. Hundreds of children perished miserably in their perilous work. Boys, and even girls, at the age of six years and upwards, were *bought* by the chimney-sweepers and trained to ascend the foulest of flues. Imagine a poor child with a black cap drawn over his head and face, ascending, by dint of alternate pressure of knees and back, perpendicular heights of forty, sixty, and sometimes eighty feet, and some idea may be formed of the fearful nature of the employment. The knees became excoriated and ulcerated in all cases before the skin of these little sufferers became inured to their daily work. Sometimes by drawing their knees up too tightly in ascending the flues the children became wedged in, incapable of moving one way or other. Grappling irons had to be used from above, or ropes fastened to the feet below, in order to extricate them from their positions. Who can describe the exquisite torture thus produced? It would be useless to detail the numberless instances of children roasted, smothered, and crushed to death, or lingering in painful disease, as the result of their disgusting employment.

It was strange that the system ever found defenders at all. Southey, writing in "The Doctor," about 1814, gives an account of one of the opponents of emancipation. "The bill which should have put an end to the inhuman practice of employing children to sweep chimneys, was thrown out on the third reading in the House of Lords (having passed the Commons without a

dissentient voice), by a speech from Lord Lauderdale, the force of which consisted in, literally, a Joe Miller jest. He related that an Irishman used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down which was fastened round the leg of a goose; upon which he replied that a couple of ducks might do as well. The Lords laughed; his lordship had the satisfaction of throwing out the bill, and the home negro trade has continued from that time, now seven years, till this day, and still continues. His lordship had his jest, and it is speaking within compass to say that, in the course of those seven years, two thousand children have been *sacrificed* in consequence."

There was, nevertheless, an insuperable difficulty in the way of passing a bill. No effectual means had been contrived to *supersede* the use of the climbing-boy. Men of eminence in engineering science had been consulted, and had failed to suggest anything that would do the work of the children. The climbing-boy appeared to be indispensable, a kind of necessary evil, to be mitigated, but not prevented, by the humane.

The society for the suppression of the traffic had, however, applied to the right man when they asked the hitherto quiet and contented workman to try his hand. He was fired with the idea. Here was a work in which he might become a public benefactor, and thousands of children look upon him as their friend and saviour from a miserable and soul-killing occupation. But the new undertaking was far from being "respectable." How would his affectionate wife, a "pattern of neatness and good taste," as she was styled, bear the contact with soot and dirt. It was no dilettante interest that had to be taken in the experiment; but stern, hard, ill-remunerated work, to discover by actual practice how chimneys could be swept without the aid of children. His friends unanimously advised him not to enter upon such a precarious enterprise. Self-reliant and hopeful, and following the dictates of his heart, he finally decided to undertake the work; and was soon taxing all his energies and inventive powers to discover a method of sweeping chimneys mechanically. One difficulty after another was surmounted, and in 1827 he produced the *chimney-sweeping machine*, still in universal use throughout the United Kingdom. The bundle of jointed rods, surmounted by the large stiff circular whalebone brush, must be familiar to all who have seen the sooty chimney-sweeper on his daily round.

It was no easy matter to introduce the machine to the public. The chimney-sweepers were violently opposed to the use of it, and strove by every means in their power to prevent its adoption. The trade had become an important one, for statistics showed that nearly one thousand boys were employed in sweeping chimneys in London alone. After seven years' labour, Mr. Glass succeeded in bringing the machine into such general use in the metropolis, that he was able to give a list of more than one hundred public buildings in London swept by the machine, when called upon to give evidence before a committee of the House of Lords in 1834, to whom was referred another bill for the prohibition of the use of climbing-boys. Unfortunately the opposition was not confined to the chimney-sweepers, for representatives of insurance companies, architects, builders, and others, gave evidence against the bill in committee: and the bill was thrown out.

In conjunction with the Society for the Suppression of Climbing-Boys, Mr. Glass held meetings, not only of the public, but also of the chimney-sweepers themselves. The writer well remembers an assemblage of some hundreds of chimney-sweepers, held in a large school-

room in Milton Street, Cripplegate, of the most uproarious character. When Mr. Glass attempted to explain the machine, and recommend its use, on the grounds that it was more effective than the use of boys, and that it would prevent an incalculable amount of human suffering, the yelling and shouting were fearful. It needed a considerable amount of moral courage in Mr. Glass and the gentlemen who accompanied him, to enable them to face the riotous audience.* In spite of opposition the philanthropists laboured on; and great was the triumph when at last they found that the public recognised their efforts, and an eloquent leader in the "Times" heralded the way to the introduction of a fresh bill into Parliament. Before a select committee of the House of Lords the battle was waged. It is surprising to read in the present day that the managing director of one of the largest insurance companies objected to the discontinuance of the use of boys because they were in the habit of sending up the poor children, after a chimney had been on fire, to see if the fire was out! How would they know that a fire was out unless they sent somebody up the chimney to see! But the evidence of the effectiveness of the machine, and the cruelty of the practice of employing boys, was overwhelming. The bill was recommended by the committee, passed both Houses, and became what is now called the Act of 1840, for the Regulation of Chimneys and Chimney-Sweepers, any one employing boys being liable to a penalty of five pounds for the first offence, and ten pounds for the second.

During the two years before the Act came into operation, Mr. Glass travelled all over England, holding meetings, explaining the provisions of the Act, showing the practicability of the machine, and taking steps for the discontinuance of the use of boys. The labour was enormous. Nearly every large town in England was visited, and many of the country residences of the nobility were examined, and the chimneys altered to enable them to be swept by machinery. So thoroughly was the work done, that when the Act came into force, in 1842, the adoption of the machine was complete in the metropolis, and general throughout the country. Prejudices were, however, still very strong in many places, and occasional journeys had to be made in the interests of the climbing-boys.

Mr. Glass was actively employed in other works of usefulness. Identifying himself with the temperance movement, he was one of its foremost supporters. His house was open and a welcome always ready for the reclaimed men who were afterwards its most eloquent advocates. Amongst those who thus partook of his hospitality was John Cassell, who came up to London from his carpenter's bench to lay, in the adoption and advocacy of temperance principles, the foundation of his remarkable success. Mr. Glass was for some time chairman of the Parent Committee of the British and Foreign Temperance Society. He wrote "The Experiences of a Journeyman Bricklayer," a temperance paper of so much practical good sense and freedom from verbiage, that it became the most popular and widely distributed tract of the day.

* Mr. Hone, in his "Every-day Book," describes an invention of Mr. George Smart, called a "Scandiscope," for which two gold medals were given by the Society of Arts. It appears to have been one of the earliest machines which excited the opposition of the master chimney-sweepers. The same book contains an account of a meeting in St. John's Wood, on the 1st of May, 1826, where one master sweeper affirmed with great vehemence, and amidst general enthusiasm, that it was "a thing impossible" to do away with climbing-boys. "For instance, look at the Duke of York's fifty-one new chimneys. Let me ask any one of you in company, is it possible a machine could be poked up any one of them?"

He was singularly unsectarian. Originally belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, without discontinuing his connection with them, he for some years regularly attended his district church, and was as ready to support the Sunday schools and other religious undertakings of the one as the other. Latterly he attended the ministry at Stockwell Chapel, evidencing the same catholicity that had distinguished him in earlier life.

In his later years Mr. Glass gradually retired from all active engagements. His memory going back to the scenes of his boyhood, he employed some of his leisure hours in writing a "History of Manningtree" in rhyme. But his heart was still in his old work. Finding that the boys were clandestinely used for sweeping chimneys in many of the provincial towns, he published a little monthly periodical called "The Climbing-Boys' Advocate," and succeeded in arousing the attention of the humane in Derby, Leicester, and other places.

Mr. Glass never patented his useful invention. He received the silver medal from the Society for the Suppression of Climbing-Boys, and £200 left by a benevolent lady as a prize to the inventor of an effective machine for sweeping chimneys. Modest and unobtrusive, he rarely mentioned his own name in connection with the Climbing-Boy Emancipation. In the "Advocate" he signs himself "The Editor," and with the exception of occasional references to Glass's Machine, the uninformed reader would learn nothing concerning this earnest and self-denying philanthropist.

Full of years, without a care, having accomplished the object of his life's work, Joseph Glass passed away to his rest. The last time he took up his pen he wrote to one of his sons:—"I have lived a lengthened period, and have seen better days than my ancestors. My long life after all seems but short, only I have the consolation of knowing that my last days are my best. Sometimes I think the winter or the summer as it comes round will be my last. But I do not think so despairingly. I have faith in the future, and trust in the only sure foundation." Three weeks after the above was written death came as a welcome messenger. He died on the 29th December, 1867, in his seventy-sixth year.

A PARISIAN MUSHROOM CAVE.

It is pretty generally known that mushrooms are grown in great quantity under Paris and its environs, but it is somewhat difficult to obtain access to these *carrières*, and therefore a few words descriptive of one of them may not be unacceptable. The locality is that of Montrouge, just outside Paris. The surface of ground is cropped with wheat; here and there are heaps of white large cut stones ready to be transported to the buildings of Paris, and which have recently been brought to the surface through the coal-pit like openings. There is nothing like a "quarry," as we understand it, to be seen about, but the stone is extracted as we extract coal, and with no interference whatever with the surface of the ground. We find a "champignoniste" after some trouble, and he accompanies us across some fields to the mouth of his subterranean garden, if we may so call it. It is a circular opening, half of it being covered with planks, and the head of a pole with sticks thrust through it appears a couple of feet above the surface, its base resting in the darkness seventy feet below. We descend by this shaky pole with the sticks thrust through it, and soon reach the bottom of the shaft, from which little passages radiate. A few small lamps fixed at the ends of pointed

sticks are placed below, and with one of these we follow our guide. Our passage is narrow, but roomy enough to stand erect, and immediately on entering it mushroom culture begins. On each side of the pathway there is a small bed of moist half-decomposed stable manure, not covered with earth—they are beds which have been made quite recently, and have not yet been spawned. Presently we arrive at beds in which the spawn has been placed, and is "taking" freely. The spawn in this cave is introduced to the little beds by means of flakes taken from an old bed, or, still better, from a heap of stable manure in which it occurs "naturally." Such spawn our guide preferred, and called it virgin spawn, and considered it many times more valuable than that taken from old beds. Of spawn in bricks, as in England, there is none.

Our championniste pointed with pride to the way in which the flakes of spawn had begun to spread their influence through the little beds, and passed on, sometimes stooping very low, and cautioning us against the pointed stones in the roof, to where the beds were in a more advanced state. Here we saw, and with much pleasure, little, smooth, pretty-coloured ridges running against all the sides of the passages, and wherever the rocky subway became as wide as a small bedroom, two or three beds were placed parallel to each other. These beds were young, and dotted over on their sides with mushrooms no bigger than sweet pea seeds, but regularly dotted thus, and affording an excellent prospect of a crop. Be it observed that the little beds contain a much smaller body of stuff than is ever the case in our gardens—twenty inches high, and about the same width at base, being about the maximum, and of course these against the sides of the passages have not so much matter as those shaped like little potato pits, and placed in the more open spaces. The soil with which they are covered to the depth of about an inch is nearly white—it is simply sifted from the rubbish of the stone cutting above, and the use of this gives the recently made bed the appearance of being covered with whitish putty. Although we are from seventy to eighty feet below the surface of the ground everything looks very neat, in fact very much more so than could have been expected, not a particle of litter or matter out of place being met with the whole time. Some length of bed is made every day in the year, and as they naturally finish one gallery or series of galleries at a time, the beds in each have a like character. As we proceed to these in full bearing, creeping up and down narrow passages, winding always between the two little narrow beds that line the passages, and seeing now and then wider nooks at the side filled with two or three little beds, even if the space be but a few feet long, daylight is again seen, this time coming through another well-like shaft, formerly used for getting up the stone, but now for throwing the requisite materials into the cave. At the bottom lies a large heap of white earth before alluded to, and a barrel of water—for gentle waterings are required in the quiet, cool, mighty stillness of these caves, as well as in the mushroom-houses on the upper crust.

Again we plunge into a passage dark as ink, and are between two lines of little beds in full bearing, the beautiful white button-like mushrooms appearing everywhere in profusion along the sides of the diminutive beds, something like the drills which farmers make for green crops. As the proprietor goes along he removes sundry bunches that are in perfection, and leaves them on the spot, so that they may be gathered with the collection for to-morrow's market. He gathers largely every day,

occasionally sending more than 400 lb. weight per day, the average being about 300 lb. A moment more and we are in an open space, a sort of chamber, say 20 feet by 12, and here the little beds are arranged in parallel lines, a passage of not more than four inches separating them, and the sides of the beds literally blistered over with mushrooms. There is one exception; on half of the bed and for about ten feet long the little mushrooms have appeared and are appearing, but they never get so large as the pea stage, and then shrivel away, "bewitched" as it were. At least such was the inference to be drawn from the cultivator's expressions about it. Generally the mushrooms grow in bunches, and so equally-sized that it is often desirable to gather the whole crop at the same time.

The sides of one bed here had been almost stripped by the taking away of such bunches, and it is worthy of note that they are not only taken out, root and all, when being gathered, but the very spot in which they grew is scraped out a little, so as to get rid of every trace of the old bunch, and then the space is covered with a little earth from the bottom of the heap. It is the habit to do this in every case, and when our guide leaves a small hole from which he has pulled even a solitary mushroom, he fills it with some of the white earth from the base, no doubt intending to gather other mushrooms from the same spots ere many weeks pass. The mushrooms look very white and pretty, and are apparently of prime quality. The absence of all litter coverings, dust, etc., and the daily gatherings, secure them in what we may term perfect condition. I visited this cave on the 6th day of July, and doubt very much if at that season a more remarkable crop of mushrooms could be anywhere found than was here presented in this subterranean chamber—a mere speck in the space devoted to mushroom culture even by one individual. When I state that he has 10,000 *metres* (yards) run of mushroom beds in the ramifications of this cave, and yet it is but one of a large number, our readers will have some opportunity of judging of the extent to which mushroom culture is carried out near Paris, not only for its own vast wants in this way, but also for other countries, for they are successfully preserved and sent in quantity to England and other countries. There were some traces of the teeth of rats on the mushrooms, and it need not be said these enemies are not agreeable in such a place, but they did not seem to have committed any serious ravages, and are probably only casual visitors, who take the first opportunity of obtaining more varied food than is afforded them by these caves. We again find our way to the bottom of the shaft, mount one by one carefully up the rather shaky pole, and again stand in the hot sun in the midst of the ripe wheat. In traversing the fields, two things relating to mushroom culture are observed—heaps of white gritty earth, sifted from the *debris* of the white stone, and large heaps of stable manure accumulated for mushroom growing, and undergoing preparation for it. That preparation is different from what we are accustomed to give it. It is ordinary stable manure, not droppings, or very short stuff, and it is thrown in heaps four or five feet high, and perhaps thirty feet wide. The men were employed turning this over, the mass being stamped down with their feet, and a water-cart and pots lying beside to thoroughly water it where dry. The mushrooms grown by the market gardeners in their gardens in winter are considered to possess the finest flavour, but mushrooms may be and are cultivated in the equable temperature of the caves with success.—*The Gardeners' Chronicle*.

Varieties.

SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST.—At the Norwich meeting of the British Association much interest was excited by the following telegram despatched from India two days previously: "August 21, 1868—Eclipse. Observed protuberances. Spectrum very remarkable and unexpected. Protuberances of a gaseous nature." This was addressed to Admiral Manners, President of the Royal Astronomical Society, by Dr. Janssen, head of the expedition sent from Paris. A telegram was also received from the English expedition, announcing that the observations in India had been successful. In our August astronomical paper will be found a notice of this expedition, and of the objects to be specially observed, a full report of which will in due course be given. The determination of the nature of the red protuberances on the sun's disk when eclipsed was made by the spectrum analysis, which is revealing so many physical secrets of the remote heavens.

PETROLEUM.—Professor Hitchcock, of New York, states that petroleum is unquestionably of organic origin. In his opinion the great mass of it has been derived from plants; it has been thought by some to be derived from the animal kingdom, being either a fish oil or a substance related to adipocere. It does not appear to be the result of a natural distillation of coal, since its chemical composition is different from the oil manufactured from the cannels, containing neither aniline nor nitrobenzole. Moreover, petroleum occupied fissures in the Silurian and Devonian strata of America long before the trees of the coal period were growing in their native forests. Brine is generally associated with petroleum, and the fact of the slight solubility of hydrocarbon in fresh water, but insolubility in salt water, excites the inquiry whether salt water of primeval lagoons may not have prevented the escape of the vegetable gases beneath and condensed them into liquid. The immense territory in North America, several hundred square miles in extent, underlaid by certain geological formations in an unaltered state, implies that the petroleum of the New World, like its coal, is probably inexhaustible. In a paper by Professor Hitchcock, read before the British Association in 1866, he states that in five years the United States of America produced more than 300,000,000 gallons of petroleum. The average daily yield in the year 1866 was at least 12,000 barrels. The business of collecting, transporting, and refining it employed as many hands as either the coal or iron trade. The most prolific of all the petroleum regions is Western Pennsylvania. The oil is found beneath each of three sandstones or sets of impervious strata. Petroleum may occur in cavities and fissures in the strata. The existence of a cavity is inferred from the prodigious amount of fluid spouting out of the ground; at the Grant well at Pitt Hole the produce was at the rate of 1,800 barrels of petroleum per day. There are no less than fourteen different formations in North America from which petroleum has been obtained.

COURTS OF CONCILIATION AND ARBITRATION.—The manufacturers and operatives of the Staffordshire Potteries have formed a Court of Conciliation and Arbitration for the settlement of disputes in the pottery trade, consisting of ten employers and ten workmen. Courts of Conciliation existed in ancient Greece and Rome, and have been in operation since 1803 in France, where there were eighty Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration. In the last few years no less than 174,487 trade disputes have been settled by the lesser court, which consisted of four members, leaving nearly 10,000 for the decision of the larger, or arbitration board; but when it was found that these 10,000 cases could not be settled by the Court of Conciliation, 4,589 were withdrawn, and only 5,178 went before the higher tribunal. These courts worked well in Belgium, but have been most successful in Denmark and Norway, where the principle has been applied not only to trade purposes, but to a settlement of differences in private life. Three years before the establishment of these courts there were 25,000 cases for the lawyers, but in the year following their formation there were but 9,000. The time has come for legislation on this question in England.

TROUVILLE.—Trouville has become the fashionable sea-bathing place. It has beaten Dieppe, Havre, Etretat, and Villier, and rivals Biarritz. I ought to be proud of this success, for the town is my America, and I have this in common with Columbus, that I have not given my name to my discovery. That event happened in 1831. The place was then at the end of the world; three days were required to reach it;

and it was the *Stetinus hic tandem* of the Parisian tourist. One day a commercial traveller appeared there, another day an artist. Neither history nor legend has preserved the name of the former, and the remembrance of the latter is only due to its owner's celebrity. He was the idealist Paul Huet, who contends in every exhibition with the realist Courbet. I was the third voyager who approached the locality. From the Trouville which I found in 1831 to that of to-day there is the difference between the Otaheite of Bougainville and that of Dupetit-Thouars. When I first went there, the village contained fifteen or twenty fishermen's huts, a dozen thatched cottages, a population of 150 souls, and a single inn, the Auberge de la Plage. At present there are 1,000 houses, 5,000 inhabitants at ordinary times, and 15,000 during the bathing season, with twenty-five hotels; some of them palaces. In 1831 people walked about in shirt-sleeves or blouses, sometimes even still less clad. At this moment the rule is to dress three times a day, and occasionally the actors of the Comédie-Française come and perform there. In addition, there are races, concerts, promenades, picnics, balls, magnificent toilettes; in fact, all the usual amusements of the seaside.—*Alexander Dumas, senior.*

THE CAUCASUS.—Three members of the Alpine Club, Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, with a Chamonix guide and two Urspich porters, this summer ascended to the summit of Kazbek (16,546 feet), and of Elbrouz (18,526 feet). These mountains lying considerably to the north of the main chain of the Caucasus are within the limit of Europe, and therefore, as the explorers remark, "the claim so long made for Mont Blanc to supremacy among European mountains is quite unfounded."

ICE.—Mr. Lousada, her Majesty's Consul at Boston, in his report on the trade and commerce of Massachusetts, states that, even in America, although this important article of export is mostly called "Wenham Lake," yet, in reality, only a very moderate quantity is cut on that pond. He reports that ice is so much an article of necessity with all Americans that nothing surprises and annoys them more on their travels than the parsimonious use of it in Europe. They have frequently told Mr. Lousada that the first ring of it against the tumbler on their return to America had a most pleasant and home-like greeting. The export of ice from Boston is steadily increasing. In 1863, 71,245 tons were exported, and in 1864, 104,356 tons were shipped to the following countries:—Calcutta, 7,472 tons; Hongkong, 2,381 tons; Bombay, 3,255 tons; Madras, 1,508 tons; Cape of Good Hope, 300 tons; Mauritius, 1,350 tons; Kingston, Jamaica, 2,232 tons; Barbadoes, 1,309 tons; Havannah, 8,181 tons; St. Thomas, 1,282 tons; all other ports, 75,137 tons. In 1866, 124,751 tons were exported. The crop of 1867-8 was the finest ever known, of at least twenty-two inches thick, and of crystal purity; only 88,496 tons of it were exported. Most of the block ice used in England is imported from Norway.

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.—The expenditure in relief has increased from £6,317,255 in 1834 to £6,959,840 in 1867; and the management charges alone have increased from £596,162 in 1853 to £696,098 in 1863, and £730,704 in 1867. No doubt these figures ought to be carefully watched; but they prove that pauperism has greatly diminished in comparison with the growth of population and wealth. During the larger period, of thirty years, the population of England and Wales has increased from 14,322,000 to 21,100,000; that is, we have become nearly half as many again. Had we now the same proportion of pauperism as in 1834, it would be costing nearly ten millions sterling; nay, a good deal more, for wages are much higher than they were thirty years ago. It is necessary to pay more in order to obtain efficient officers, and the scale of indoor as well as outdoor relief is much more liberal, and therefore more costly, than when the law first started, bare, hard, and cold, from the brain of political economy.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.—From the report of Mr. Juland Danvers, the Government Director of the Indian Railway Companies, it appears that there are now 3,943 miles of railway open in India. "Ten years ago it took about three months to convey a regiment from Calcutta to Simla; now it occupies five or six days. Then, about 300 miles of railway were open throughout all India, and about 2,000,000 of people travelled on them; now there are nearly 4,000 miles, traversed by 13,746,300. The capital expended ten years ago amounted to about £20,000,000; now it amounts to upwards of £75,000,000."

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ON THE WAY TO THE CASTLE.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER V.

FOR many weeks Manlicken was confined to his bed, gradually though slowly recovering from the serious injuries which he had sustained. In order to relieve his active mind from the weariness which oppressed it, Barbara frequently read to him out of Hans Weinsleider's Bible. Thus it happened that the father's eyes were frequently fixed upon the reader's countenance. It forcibly occurred to him, at last, that in all probability he himself had occasioned the wan and

pallid appearance of his child, formerly so blooming. Frequently he would seize her hand and press it long and fervently; as frequently Barbara experienced pangs, not less acute from her disappointed love for Hans than from the consciousness that she had erred against her parent, for she had felt happy in the evil surmise and naughty hope, against which she had nevertheless struggled with all her power, that in consequence of her father's misfortune the detested marriage would be necessarily deferred. Nay, she had even permitted a gentle whisper from the inmost recesses of her heart to steal upon her, that by the death of her father, for

whom she felt, nevertheless, great affection, she would be freed from a suitor whom she found it impossible to love. To atone for this evil thought she directed all her care and tenderness to the sufferer, to whom her assiduity appeared to restore composure. And thus it also happened that Catherine, the faithful and loving wife and mother, felt her affection deepen still more when she perceived the bonds of cordial love more intimately uniting the parent and child. This soothing peace augmented Manlicken's contentment. At times he would anxiously inquire after his domestic affairs, and the progress of the farm, when from the mother's lips, eloquent in praise, he would learn how skilfully and industriously Hans attended to the business, occupying himself from an early hour in the morning until late at night, so that the neighbours could not sufficiently admire the ability and experience of so young a man. On such occasions a mild beam of satisfaction illumined Manlicken's countenance; but still brighter was the ray which shone from the eyes of the delighted daughter.

Peter, the intended bridegroom, alone disturbed the tranquillity of the united family. At first he was certainly moved by his kinsman's misfortune, and had vowed to ruin the Warden, who was the cause of injury to Manlicken. But he became gradually less incensed on that account, and now bitterly complained that his happiness should be so long deferred. At last he proposed that the marriage ceremony should be performed by the bedside of the patient, alleging that he would then be invested with a greater right to superintend the husbandry, and his affairs generally. Moreover, he urged that by an early wedding it would be unnecessary to make other preparations for a feast, whereas, if it were put off, the viands already procured, which had been sufficiently expensive, would thus be rendered wholly useless.

To these reiterated proposals Manlicken did not answer a syllable, but always sank into serious and placid meditation. At length, when Peter could not but perceive the increasing satisfaction of both mother and daughter at the unceasing exertions of Hans, he would angrily seize his gun and roam about the whole day.

Neighbours and friends from distant parts continued to visit the patient. Even Father Grinselm appeared with his pot of holy water and aspersory to console his penitent. Yet the latter by no means derived edification from this source. The priest conversed with him, and declaimed against that execrable Lutheranism, which was secretly spreading wider and wider over the land, and which had already caused a considerable diminution of his income. This reflection would throw him into a paroxysm of rage, in which he would pace the room, uttering loud complaints and revilings, totally forgetting the intention of his visit and the condition of the sufferer.

Besides these visitors, George Frommer came now and then, and on those occasions Manlicken gave orders that they should be left alone, and he would turn the conversation upon worldly riches, although he well knew that Frommer always expressed himself very strongly on this text, and severely reprobated the covetousness of the opulent. "They who covet riches," observed Frommer, "fall into temptation and snares. Thou canst not serve both God and Mammon. Art thou acquainted with the story of the rich man and Lazarus? How the beggar was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom, while the rich man passed into torment? Wilt thou too surrender the hope of eternal joy for the mere enjoyment of worldly happiness?"

And why should we so much prize earthly prosperity? Speak for thyself, Manlicken, whether, notwithstanding all thy riches, thou hast felt so perfectly contented as to have nothing more to desire? Does not the approaching thunderstorm fill thee with anxious fear for thy property? or the possibility of a hailstorm alarm thee for the safety of thy crops? Dost thou think an accidental or intentional conflagration, or a destructive murrain amongst thy cattle, is impossible? Was it not thy wealth which excited the ill-will of the Warden, and eventually threw thee on a bed of pain and sickness, rendering thy daughter and poor Hans truly wretched? If we have food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

Conversations of this nature did not fail to affect the docile Manlicken. At a later period of his convalescence, a number of the friends of the Gospel assembled at his house, generally at night, when the Bible, drawn from its place of concealment, was read and expounded by Anthony Wallner. Peter was then snoring above in his chamber; Catherine, Barbara, and even Hans, though fatigued with work, were constant and attentive hearers on such occasions.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a kind of jubilee amongst all the inmates of the Schüppelhof when Manlicken, having recovered from his wounds, made his first appearance in public, accompanied by his family. Never had the air appeared to him so invigorating, or the aspect of nature presented more attractive charms. In the barns and stables, in the fields and meadows, wherever he turned his eyes, the excellent order in which he found everything drew forth his warmest approbation of Hans, who blushed and looked sheepish under such well-merited praises. For several succeeding days Manlicken was occupied in surveying his estate, taking an inventory of all his property, numbering the stores, casting up accounts, and, in short, making all those preparations which seemed indicative of an intention to deliver the Schüppelhof, with its lands and implements of husbandry in the best condition, into the hands of a purchaser.

One fine morning, some worthy farmers, whom he was expecting, called on him, and were received with great cordiality. Soon afterwards, attended by his family and the whole of his household, together with his friends, all dressed in their best attire, he left the mansion, which, during his absence, he committed to the care of the village watchmen. With firm and measured steps, and casting kind and friendly looks upon the bystanders, Manlicken walked at the head of the party. They now approached the church, the bell of which had long been heard through the fresh morning air, ringing the matins.

"Praise be to Heaven!" cried the powerful voice of the priest. "Come in on this holy day, for the sake of our Holy Lady and the blessed Patron!"

"Praise be to Heaven!" responded Peter, with delight, bending his steps to the church door; but the rest of the company, following Manlicken's example, after reverently bending their heads, proceeded on their way, leaving the bewildered Peter standing before the priest, who began loudly reviling the heretics. Beckoned by Manlicken, Peter rejoined the company, but with a mind greatly perplexed at their conduct. Thus they advanced for a long way amongst the mountains, until at last they came in sight of a lofty and precipitous rock, upon which arose a stronghold, defended by high walls, towers, pinnacles, battlements and loopholes. This fortress was the castle of Werffen, the residence of the

rigorous Warden, the Baron Von Motzel. The procession in a long file passed up the narrow winding path that led to the castle. It was not, however, until they had given in their names, and the cause of their visit, together with assurances that they were unarmed, that the drawbridge was lowered for their entrance.

In the spacious judgment-hall, on an elevated seat under a canopy, the powerful baron was enthroned; two scribes were seated near him, who, for want of other employment, were industriously mending their pens. After the usual salutation of respect, Manlicken stepped forward, and solicited a patient hearing.

"What brings thee hither on a day on which no suits are preferred?" said the Warden. "Though I have certainly been apprised of thy visit, I am still ignorant of its motive. I understand that thou hast been ill for some time? Perhaps the near approach of death has induced thee to make thy last will? Yet for what purpose is this numerous attendance?"

"Thou hast almost divined the true nature of my business, Baron Von Motzel. It actually does relate to a will, although not my own, but that of my deceased kinsman, Andrew Pommer."

"He that left thee the beautiful Schüppelhof and all its appurtenances?"

"Just so," said Manlicken, "and I now appear before your worship, in order to cancel it before these respectable witnesses."

"How! do I rightly understand thee?"

"Assuredly; but first allow me a little explanation."

These words produced the greatest astonishment in the minds of all present. Even his own relations were surprised; but Manlicken calmly continued: "Your worship may probably remember, that both my parents died when I was very young, leaving me only a small cottage in the village and a plot of ground for my support. I was an orphan of eleven years of age when my wealthy kinsman, Andrew Pommer, took me to his home. He wished to have me as a substitute for a worthless youth, his only son, who, after having inflicted every possible grief upon his father's heart, absconded, leaving no trace of where he had gone. He was sought for in several countries, but without the desired intelligence being obtained. The conjecture of the elder Pommer, that his son might no longer be in existence, was duly confirmed by the report of an imperial sergeant-major who visited the Schüppelhof. He averred that he had known young Pommer, who enlisted as a musketeer, and had died in a hospital within a few weeks of his arrival at Vienna. My kinsman therefore bequeathed his estate to me. About twelve years ago, towards the close of a stormy day in autumn, a man, miserably clad, leading a little boy trembling with cold and hunger, came to the house and urgently besought shelter, which was freely given to him. The poor creatures, after having eagerly swallowed the food set before them, and drunk a little wine, withdrew to their room, where, overcome by fatigue, they both fell into a profound and deathlike slumber. About midnight I was aroused by cries of agony. I sprang hastily from my bed, and went into the adjoining chamber, into which the strangers had been shown. There I found the boy still in a sound sleep, but the father was struggling in the powerful grasp of death. With his last breath he implored me to take care of his child, whose certificate of baptism he had with him; and before medical aid could arrive his soul had departed from its frail tenement. The stranger, as I discovered from his passport and marriage certificate, proved to be no other than old Pommer's fugitive son, and the boy,

his child, is the same lame Peter who now stands in your worship's presence, and whose name is, therefore, not Doehele, but Pommer."

When the assembly had a little recovered from their astonishment, Manlicken resumed the thread of his narrative, and thus continued:—"I conscientiously discharged the duty I had undertaken, I treated the little boy as my own child, allowing him to choose the employment for which he evinced most inclination. A secret voice, however, continually admonished me that I no longer possessed the Schüppelhof by right, and that it belonged in reality to the grandson of the testator. I confessed my doubts and scruples to Father Grinselm, and received absolution; I gave much and often to the church, and also to the poor; but it was all in vain, the voice within my heart never ceased to be heard. In order to ensure peace of mind, I decided on giving Peter Pommer my daughter in marriage, with the estate as a dowry; and I was on the point of sacrificing my poor child Barbara to my selfish views, but I thank God that my fall from the raft into the Salza preserved my soul from a still more fatal abyss. In thy presence, then, my lord baron, and before these witnesses, I surrender to Peter Pommer all my claims to the Schüppelhof;" and then addressing the bewildered Peter, he said, "I have never been idle, as thou well knowest, cousin Peter; but whatever I have acquired since I have had possession of this property, thou wilt find duly accounted for to a penny. Enjoy thy estate in peace. Catherine, my beloved wife, thou wilt surely not repine at exchanging the stately dwelling for an humble cottage, since thy husband by that means preserves his soul from danger. And thou, my good Barbara, wilt not thou rejoice, since thou canst now select the partner of thy heart? We are now become poor, but we shall not feel the pressure of want. One word more, Peter; let me commend to thy care the cattle of the Schüppelhof, from the powerful steer to the smallest chicken. Do not unnecessarily cut down the tall and beautiful pine-trees in the wood, but endeavour to improve the meadows and fields. I earnestly commit my late servants to thy protection; faithful, honest, young men; painstaking and active maidens. Above all, take care of the good Hans Weinleidtner. To him leave the arrangement of thy property. He is another Joseph, in whose hands everything prospers with a twofold increase. And now, my children," addressing the servants, who stood amazed, "give me your hands in farewell greeting to me, and I pray you to offer them to your new master, in token of that fidelity which you must render to him."

Old and young, with interrupting sobs, obeyed the directions of their beloved master; but when it came to Weinleidtner's turn to give his hand to Peter, he said, sullenly, "No, I will never do that, I will continue to be thy servant, Manlicken."

"Hans, that cannot be," said Manlicken. "I scarcely know whether I can find bread enough for my own family, much less can I keep a servant in my cottage."

"Where there is enough for five there is enough for six," said Hans. "Besides, I do not require wages, at least in money," casting a significant glance at Barbara, who, fully comprehending his meaning, blushed deeply. "Make no objections, sir, thou art still weak from illness, and cannot yet bear fatigue. Let me at all events set thy affairs in order, and then we can arrange further."

"Give me thy hand, my good Hans," cried Manlicken, with emotion, "and thou too, Barbara," and joining both their hands together he said, "Be lovers in the eyes of the world as ye have hitherto been in your

hearts towards each other. I here betroth ye, for ye are worthy of one another. In good truth, my friends," he added, addressing the witnesses, "I have already enjoyed more satisfaction from this decision and arrangement than the entire Schüppelhof is worth."

The Warden now beckoned the speaker aside. "A word with thee, Manlicken," he said, in a whisper. "What has become of the bond for four hundred florins which thou hadst from me? In thine altered circumstances it can no longer be of any use to thee. As a prudent man, thou comprehendest my meaning. Wilt thou return it to me at once?"

But Manlicken, surprised at the demand, answered him, "Your worship, the amount being the produce of the Schüppelhof, it henceforth belongs to Peter Pommer, the rightful proprietor. I have, therefore, put him in possession of the document, and I have no longer any concern in the affair."

His face flushing with anger, the baron exclaimed, "Thou art ignorant as a child—"

"Yes, your worship," said Manlicken, interrupting him, "and I will continue even as a child, for 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Dost thou pay the expenses of this foolish business?" was the question the Warden now addressed to Peter Pommer, who, starting as if from a dream, made an awkward bow, and replied, with all humility, "As your worship pleases."

The latter, muttering something between his teeth, dismissed all the company excepting Peter, whom he called back from the assemblage. Much as the latter dreaded the wicked Warden, yet he was glad to find himself freed from the presence of Manlicken, who, although he had given him a beautiful estate, thus cruelly refused him his beautiful daughter. He felt quite at a loss to know in what manner he should behave towards him—whether to thank or to upbraid him.

But Manlicken, with a contented mind displayed on his countenance, turning, ere their homeward journey, to Anthony Wallner, who had been present at the transaction, inquired whether his conduct had met with his approbation. With earnestness Wallner replied, "Thou hast only done thy duty, Manlicken, and even after we have accomplished that, we ought still to confess ourselves unprofitable servants."

Afflicted at this severe sentence, Manlicken, whose pleasing anticipations were somewhat disappointed, cast his eyes on the ground and remained silent.

"Do not misunderstand me," the scribe mildly said, by way of comfort to him. "Thou hast taken a great step towards thy peace in yielding up so cheerfully the property of which thou wert unjustly possessed; but if thou wouldst be fully worthy of our Saviour thou shouldst be ready to offer him everything—fortune, wife, child, and even thy life. Art thou capable of this?"

Manlicken pensively gazed on all who were dear to him, and then meekly replied, "I will not tempt the Lord, and therefore I leave thy question unanswered. His will be done; praised be his name."

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.*

On the third day of this month the people of the United States will make their choice of a new President; and on the fourth of March, 1869, the successful candidate will be inaugurated, in as much state as

republican principles will admit of, at the national Capitol, surrounded by the official dignitaries of the nation and by the envoys of foreign powers. The workings of American politics are so little understood in England—and indeed they are somewhat confusing to Americans themselves—that this seems a proper time to explain by what process the highest officer of the republic is chosen. The steps by which the result is reached are gradual and various: let us begin at the beginning, and briefly follow the "movement" which results in the choice of a President, until that end is reached. The final election taking place in the autumn, the subject begins to be mooted in the preceding winter. The two great parties—Republican and Democratic—begin to bestir themselves to look about for a candidate, and to "pull the wires" for the purpose of securing that man as their nominee who is most likely at once to catch the popular vote, and faithfully to carry out the principles of the party if elected to the chief office. When the time approaches for the election, of course there are a number of men in both parties spoken of as candidates, and between whom the preliminary choice is to be made.

The first thing to understand is, that the profession of politics in America is carried on entirely by nominations, caucuses, and conventions; and that it is very rarely that any candidate proposes himself to the people for any office, however insignificant, unless he has received the formal nomination of a convention of his party. In England, the candidates for Parliament propose themselves, or their friends propose for them; there is no mustering of the party to which they belong in formal convention, no balloting for candidates of the party, no majority of a convention necessary to a man in order that he may stand a fair chance of being elected. The first movement in America, in view of an approaching presidential election, is to call a ward-meeting of the party—each of the two parties holding separate meetings, of course—in the cities, or a "town-meeting" in country towns. All persons who belong to the party which has called the meeting through its local committee, are admitted to participate and to vote in it; but such meetings are not seldom "managed" by two or three local politicians, who know "the ropes," and in whom the body of the party place their trust.

These ward and town meetings get together in the winter preceding the presidential election, and choose a certain number of delegates to the "state convention" of the party. The "state convention" is a body of delegates chosen from all the wards and towns of the state—each state in the Union having its separate state convention—which assembles in some central or important city. Each party holds its own state convention: that need hardly be said. When the state convention, in its turn, meets together—usually some time in the spring before the presidential election—they proceed to nominate by ballot (a majority securing a "nomination" of a candidate) their choice for the state officers, namely, the governor, secretary, attorney-general, and so on, of the state. They then vote for a certain number of men for delegates to the national convention of the party. The number of delegates thus elected corresponds to the number of congressional representatives and senators from the state, which varies in each state.

When, in all the states, the party has made its choice of delegates to the national convention, this largest and most important of party assemblages is summoned to convene in one of the large cities. From what has been said it will be understood that the national con-

* We are indebted for this paper to Mr. George M. Towle, of the American Consular service.

vention is composed of delegates from all the states in the Union, each state convention sending a certain number, and that the number of delegates in the national convention exactly corresponds to the number of the National Senate and House of Representatives added together. The interest of the party, of which the national convention is the supreme power and authority, concentrates throughout the country, as may be easily imagined, upon the period of its meeting; while the hostile party regards its assembling with almost equal interest, as by its action they will learn who is to be the opponent of their own candidate for the Presidency of the United States. As the time approaches when one or other of the great party conventions is to meet, the people begin to conjecture, the newspapers to discuss, and the politicians to calculate, who will succeed in winning its choice. Often the state conventions, having a positive choice among the many names offered, pass resolutions "pledging" the delegates whom they elect to the national convention to vote for such and such a person for the presidential candidacy; and when a number of state conventions do this, it enhances the excitement with which people anticipate the meeting of the larger body, as the rivalry of various prominent persons thus becomes sharper and more distinct. As the time for the assembling of the national convention approaches, the wire-pulling and manœuvring of the politicians becomes more and more earnest—some, because they hope to reap a reward in the shape of offices, in case the man they are working for wins, and others, less selfish, working with a will from party zeal or personal enthusiasm. Multitudes of these nervous and excited folks flock to the city where the convention is to meet. The hotels and boarding-houses are full to overflowing, and the halls and corridors resound with excited discussions, and busy conferences, and loud-talking crowds.

As large a hall as can be found is engaged for the sessions of the convention; sometimes (as when the Republican convention, which nominated Lincoln, met at Chicago in 1860) a huge extempore wooden building is erected on a vast area of ground, and called, in stump parlance, a "wigwam." This building is covered with flags and festoons, and other national emblems; it is fitted up within with a large broad platform fancifully decorated, and supplied with rude but striking portraits of the party chiefs; long rows of wooden benches rise one behind the other, for the delegates, and there are rudely constructed galleries for those who are fortunate enough to obtain tickets as spectators. The assembling of the national conventions, and afterward the presidential election, are to Americans, in one respect, what the Derby day is to Englishmen—the occasion for an unlimited amount of wagers. Bets run high on the various names when the convention meets; and the first morning the "wigwam," or hall, is surrounded by immense crowds, who listen to the speeches of some politician who "spreads himself" outside the building, while the convention is organising within.

The first day of the session is occupied in electing presiding officers and secretaries, examining the credentials of the delegates and receiving them, and, if there is time left after these tasks are over, in listening to some distinguished party orator who happens to be present, and who regales his hearers with a most eloquent harangue on "the issues of the hour." The national conventions contain, it need hardly be said, many delegates who have held high office, and are well known in the country; for the foremost leaders of the party in each state are chosen as delegates to the

higher body. You will find governors and generals, ex-plenipotentiaries and ex-cabinet ministers, members of congress and judges, among the number of those who have got together to choose the party candidate for president. On the second day of the convention's session, all preliminary and organising business being disposed of, the chairman announces that the next thing in order is to ballot for a candidate for the presidency. This creates great confusion and uproarious excitement: delegates huddle together in groups, rush about with slips of paper in their hands, and are most unwilling to "come to order." It should be said that the delegates of each state, having chosen one of their number as the "chairman" of the delegation, sit together; and the way the voting is done is, that this chairman collects the votes of the several delegates of his state, and announces them to the convention. Although it is called "balloting for a candidate," the mode of voting is *viva voce*, and not by ballot; the chairman of the different delegations announcing the votes as they are called on.

Before the voting begins, candidates are proposed to the convention, with brief but grandiloquent speeches by various delegates; one jumps up and says, "The New York delegation nominates Horatio Seymour;" another, "I beg to present to the convention the name of that heroic soldier and noble man, General Hancock;" whereat there is, of course, uproarious applause from the friends of the gentleman named. When all the candidates for the nomination are proposed—every delegate having the right to propose one if he wishes—the secretary of the convention proceeds to call the states alphabetically. For example, he calls out "Alabama!" Then the chairman of the Alabama delegation rises in his place, and says, "Alabama casts six votes for Seymour, two votes for Hancock, and one vote for Hendricks," or whatever the votes of the delegates of Alabama are; or, as in the Republican convention of last spring, "Alabama casts all her votes for General Grant!" In the Republican convention, a majority of delegates' votes decided the nomination; in the Democratic convention, it required a two-thirds vote to secure a nomination. The secretary goes on in like manner through the roll of the states, and when he has concluded, the vote is announced. If the vote results in a sufficient number for one man, he is declared by the chairman of the convention the successful "nominee"; but this result is seldom reached on a first vote. If no one has the requisite number, the balloting continues day after day, until that object is attained. Meantime, the evenings and recesses are taken up by innumerable meetings of the different state delegations and friends of the respective aspirants, coalitions are effected or fail, "combinations" are made, and the "wire-pullers" and outside politicians work with desperate pertinacity and earnestness.

When the convention at last succeeds in making a choice, the scene is one which mocks description, and such as is not, perhaps, witnessed at any other time or place in the civilised world. As soon as it is known that a man has received the requisite majority, all the state delegations, who have before voted against him, hasten to change their votes, and record them for the winner of the contest. They hotly vie with each other which shall be the first to "wheel in" for the successful man; chairmen jump upon the benches, frantically gesticulate to catch the presiding officer's eye, and strain their lungs to their utmost capacity in order to be heard. Meanwhile the whole body of the convention is taken with an irresistible furore of enthusiasm,

the successful aspirant becomes all at once a very hero, and his name is shouted from every side, mingled with cheers and shouts; delegates jump on the benches and chairs, waving their hands, and the ladies in the galleries (if there are any there) shake their handkerchiefs responsively. The chairman finds his attempts to preserve order quite ineffectual: presently the roar of cannon and the shouts of the outside multitude add to the excitement of the scene; and now full-length portraits of the nominated candidate, and mottoes from his speeches, suddenly appear on the platform, and awake one more deafening shout of applause. The telegraph is busy sending the news to the remotest corner of the nation, and in a thousand towns on that evening cannon are fired, and enthusiastic speeches made.

The next day there is a repetition of the scene—somewhat, however, toned down; for the next thing for the convention to do is to nominate a candidate for vice-president, the second office on the national ticket. This is done in a manner exactly similar to the nomination of the presidential candidate; and the choice made, the convention then proceeds to adopt a “platform” of the principles upon which the party bases its appeal to the suffrage of the people. A committee, which has been appointed in the first day’s session, reports a series of resolutions, which announce the views of the party, and taken together, constitute the party “platform”—the “platform” upon which the candidates are supposed, metaphorically, to stand; these resolutions are put to vote in the convention, and generally adopted with exemplary unanimity. The last thing to do is to choose a committee, consisting of one delegate from each state, to wait upon the “nominees” for president and vice-president, tender them the nomination, ask their approval of the platform and their acceptance of the candidacy. This is done soon after the National Convention adjourns, and the nominees, in reply, write letters, which are at once everywhere published.

When both conventions have chosen their candidates and platforms, and have adjourned, the “campaign” opens. Flags, bearing the names of the candidates, are unfolded to the breeze in every city, town, and village, principally over the newspaper offices; the Republican flags this year bearing “Grant and Colfax,” and the Democratic “Seymour and Blair.” Campaign clubs are formed, meetings are held in the campaign halls, and the papers devote themselves almost exclusively to discussions of the careers, personal habits, political life and principles of the several candidates. As the time of election approaches, the meetings grow more frequent, torch-light processions get to be the order of the day—or rather, night—and the editors become more fierce and pungent in their attacks upon their antagonists. It is time to say that the state conventions, when they meet, choose a certain number (equalling the number of senators and representatives) of their partisans as “presidential electors.” The Americans do not cast their votes directly for the candidates for the presidency, but vote for presidential electors who are pledged to vote for one or other of the candidates. The whole nation votes on the same day—this year, on the 3rd of November. Each of the two parties has in each state a ticket of presidential electors. The voter chooses either the Democratic or the Republican ticket of electors, as he prefers, and deposits it in the ballot-box. Thus it is that he must vote for his party candidates for both president and vice-president; he cannot vote for the Republican nominee for president, and at the same time for the Democratic nominee for vice-president—for the electors for whom he votes are pledged to vote, when the time

comes, for *both* the party nominees; so the voter must vote for both candidates of one party or the other.

The cities and towns are divided into convenient districts for the voting, so that every voter in the land may with ease deposit his ballot within the specified hours—between eight in the morning and six at night. The election judges sit behind a desk, where there are several large ballot-boxes, having before them the register of qualified voters; as each voter comes up, he gives his name; and if it is found on the register, he is permitted to deposit his folded ballot in the boxes. Every two or three hours the votes already accumulated are counted by one of the judges, and the progressive result of the count is posted on the walls for all to see; thus some idea may be gained in the course of the day how each district is likely “to go.” This frequent counting facilitates a speedy knowledge of the popular decision at the close of the day. All through the evening of election day the telegraph wires are everywhere at work, sending to and fro the results in each state and town. Multitudes assemble about ten or eleven o’clock before the newspaper offices and in public halls, where the returns are read out to eager listeners as fast as they arrive; and so complete is the system of counting and arriving at results, that you may learn enough of them by midnight of election day to indicate whether the Grant or the Seymour electors are in a majority, and hence who will be the next president.

The elected presidential electors, who, throughout the nation, are exactly equal in number to the Senate and House of Representatives, are called, when taken together, the “Electoral College”; a majority of this Electoral College elects the president and vice-president; but as they are all pledged on one side or the other, it is practically known who is the successful candidate for president on the night of the election day. It is wonderful how the public mind calms down immediately after the election. During the fortnight before, you would almost think the community on the verge of revolution, so excited is it, and to a foreigner not used to such scenes, so seemingly violent; a week after the great day, however, you would never know that such a day had been. The community settles down to its every-day pursuits, and thinks no more of politics until Congress meets again in the ensuing December. The presidential electors who have been chosen in the several states meet very quietly, some months after the election, and proceed to give their votes as they have previously been pledged to do; and it is one illustration of the successful working of the mode of presidential elections, that since the foundation of the Republic, but a single presidential elector has voted contrary to his pledge.

The election made in the Electoral College, the result is recorded, sealed up, and forwarded to the President of the National Senate. In the month of February the Senate and House of Representatives meet together, and in presence of the united Legislature, the President of the Senate proceeds to break the seals which contain the votes of the Electoral College, to read the record, and then forthwith to proclaim and declare the successful candidates duly elected president and vice-president of the United States for four years, from the ensuing fourth day of March. On that day the president and vice-president elect proceed to the Capitol and take the oath of office; and the simple yet imposing ceremony closes with the inaugural address of the new chief magistrate, delivered from the portico of the Capitol, in presence of all the dignitaries and of an immense multitude of citizens.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

ANY traveller passing from the southern maritime provinces of Spain cannot but feel great disappointment when he finds himself traversing the arid, dusty plains of the Castiles. These two provinces contain much that is highly interesting and characteristic. The towns are amongst the most ancient and the most Spanish, and occasionally one meets with some varied scenery, with rocks and hills and streams—but oh, those plains! Nothing but the wild monotonous prairies of the Far West can come near them in sameness and in dreariness; and in their depressing tendency on the mind they outdo the prairies. There are neither trees nor birds, hedges or inclosures of any sort. It is a singular fact that the Castilians have a positive dislike to trees, so that the burning sun has it all his own way, and everything, both animal and vegetable, seems dried up by the glaring heat. Rain is a blessing prayed for, hoped for, longed for, weeks before it really makes its appearance, and there is a general brown aspect over everything—the earth, the skin of the inhabitants, their very clothes, all are of the same sombre hue. There are very few villages to enliven the scene, and even when at long distances a hamlet does appear, the dingy colour of the houses, the windows without any glass, take nothing from the general gloom. But I must not allow my readers to think that there is no good in the Castiles, for it is not so. The Castilian of the better class is noble not only by birth, but in reality he is honourable and true; and though at times his pride has been such as to pass into a proverb, it has also enabled him to bear adversity with true courage and endurance. The peasants are very hard-working. From early morn till late at night they toil on uncomplaining, yet ready at every opportunity to lighten their toil by any amusement that presents itself. I have seen instances of open-hearted hospitality in a Castilian's cottage, which would have done honour to one much better born. They dearly love their independence, and have generally managed to preserve it.

Madrid itself has but few advantages in point of situation, excepting that imaginary one which is thought so much of in Spain, namely, its being in the centre of the country. It is in the midst of a plain; but though apparently a plain, the situation is really somewhat elevated, rather more than two thousand feet above the sea. The climate is generally supposed to be very faulty; intensely, scorchingly hot at times, and at others bitterly cold, from the exposed situation and the keen icy winds that sweep down from the mountains. As far as we ourselves were concerned, we were most fortunate. We arrived at the capital in September, and though it was warm, certainly we were none of us incommoded by the heat in any degree, though we were anything but idle during our stay. For a lengthened residence I should certainly never select Madrid. The Castilian ladies are very inferior to many of their countrywomen in their powers of attraction. They have not the soft languid grace of the Valencians, nor the exquisitely fascinating manners of the Andalusians, but many of them are exceedingly high bred, both in look and manner. I have seen a Castilian peasant girl so very thorough bred (as far as her looks and form went) that one might have supposed her possessed of the famous blue blood (*sangre azuro*) so much prized in this proud country.

The destruction of the immense number of convents

has made a very great change in Madrid. If travellers made their way direct thither from France, they would find much to attract their attention in the novelty of the scene and the contrast between many of the customs there and those in use in other European towns. Madrid is as expensive, as regards every article of food, lodging, and amusement, as any town I have sojourned in, and my experience is pretty large. We were fortunate enough to be welcomed by kind friends to their own house, so that all the trouble and annoyance of being at an indifferent hotel was spared us; and we heard from good judges that no hotel in Madrid could be pronounced really comfortable.

The sights of Madrid have been too often described to need recapitulation here. The people live chiefly out of doors, preferring the bright sun and blue sky to the dark, dingy dwellings awaiting them at home: for nothing can be more uninviting than the houses of the lower classes. On one side may be seen fierce, wild-looking men, having all the air of bandits on the lookout for an adventure; on the other, a Castilian lady, attended by her duenna, and her servant bearing the prayer-books and the squares of carpet to lay down for her when she is at her devotions—the graceful mantilla still folded around her, though, alas! it is fast disappearing out of the land. Then, again, may be seen the picturesque figure of some Andalusian, perhaps in attendance on a riding party of travellers. The variety of dress and appearance in the streets and public walks is very remarkable and very entertaining, and there are endless subjects for the pencil.

Certainly the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (I do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any people in the world. As a rule, Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown amongst them, according to our meaning of the word, especially amongst the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days, there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go, and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favourite saint. Everything connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women, and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock, till the heat of the day is over; every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

The palaces of the grandees are very disappointing. They were so pillaged and injured in every way by

the French, that one can form no idea of their original state. Their dwellings are in a complete state of decadence or decay, as complete as is their own deterioration. Of course there are brilliant exceptions amongst some of the oldest houses; but, generally speaking, the *grandees*, properly so called, are very poor representatives of that old nobility once unrivalled in Europe. They are mostly small in stature, and they have a dried-up, almost shrivelled, look, as if the constant baking of their scorching sun had dried up every particle of moisture in the human frame, in the same way that it has imparted to the land the arid, brown appearance familiar to all visitors to the Castiles. There is a great want of cultivation in the higher classes at Madrid, and a complete absence of all general curiosity; they truly seem to care for nothing but Madrid, its bull fights, its churches, and, it should be added, its official life, for they are most determined seekers after employments within the official circles. No matter how trifling or unimportant the charge may be, a bit of coloured ribbon in the button-hole is a distinction coveted by all who think they have the slightest chance of obtaining it.

I have already referred to the many striking contrasts which Spain presents. What other country can bring before one, at no very wonderful distance from each other, buildings so opposite, in every single feature, as the glittering, ornamented, smiling, and most beautiful Alhambra, and the oppressively gloomy Escorial. But in order to prove my words to those who have not seen these two equally famous edifices, I will now give some account of an excursion we made to the latter during our stay at Madrid. We started quite early on a beautiful day in October—the very first day of that enjoyable month it was—and anything more beautiful than the colouring of that southern sky I had never seen, not even in Andalusia. Well might it be called “the saffron brightness of morning!” After all the monotonous brown colouring of Castile, this exquisite sight was doubly welcome to us. The road is really a very fine one, if it only led through any other country than the dreary environs of Madrid: there was not a sight or a sound to enliven the way; only a miserable population, scanty in numbers, and most forbidding in aspect. The land was apparently barren, and in the distance was the gloomy Sierra, whither we were bound. There, beneath the shelter of the rugged rocky hill, stands the celebrated Escorial, so massive and grand a pile, that even surrounded as it is by hills—nay, one may almost say mountains—it still looks a wonderful pile. Up nearly to the very gates the barren appearance of the country continues, and it is more in accordance with the gloomy thoughts brought to one's mind by this strange edifice than would have been a smiling landscape.

Most of my readers will remember that the Escorial was built by Philip II, originally with the view of founding a magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns, but as he proceeded his plans were enlarged, and not only was it formed to receive the royal dead, but it was also destined as a splendid though most gloomy residence for them during their lives. Nor was the all-powerful Church forgotten: a convent arose within the walls for the reception of a number of monks. In this strange manner did the royal bigot fulfil a vow made by him when suffering from the dread of the French army about to engage his own forces and those of his allies in a decisive battle. Contrary to his panic fear he was victorious, and in the first enthusiastic warmth of his gratitude, he fulfilled the vow he had made to erect a convent on a certain spot. Building

became his favourite pursuit, and the immense pile rose gradually under his auspices. For nineteen years after its completion (it was nearly twenty-two years before it was finished) did this singular sovereign reside within its melancholy walls, and finally he died there in 1598.

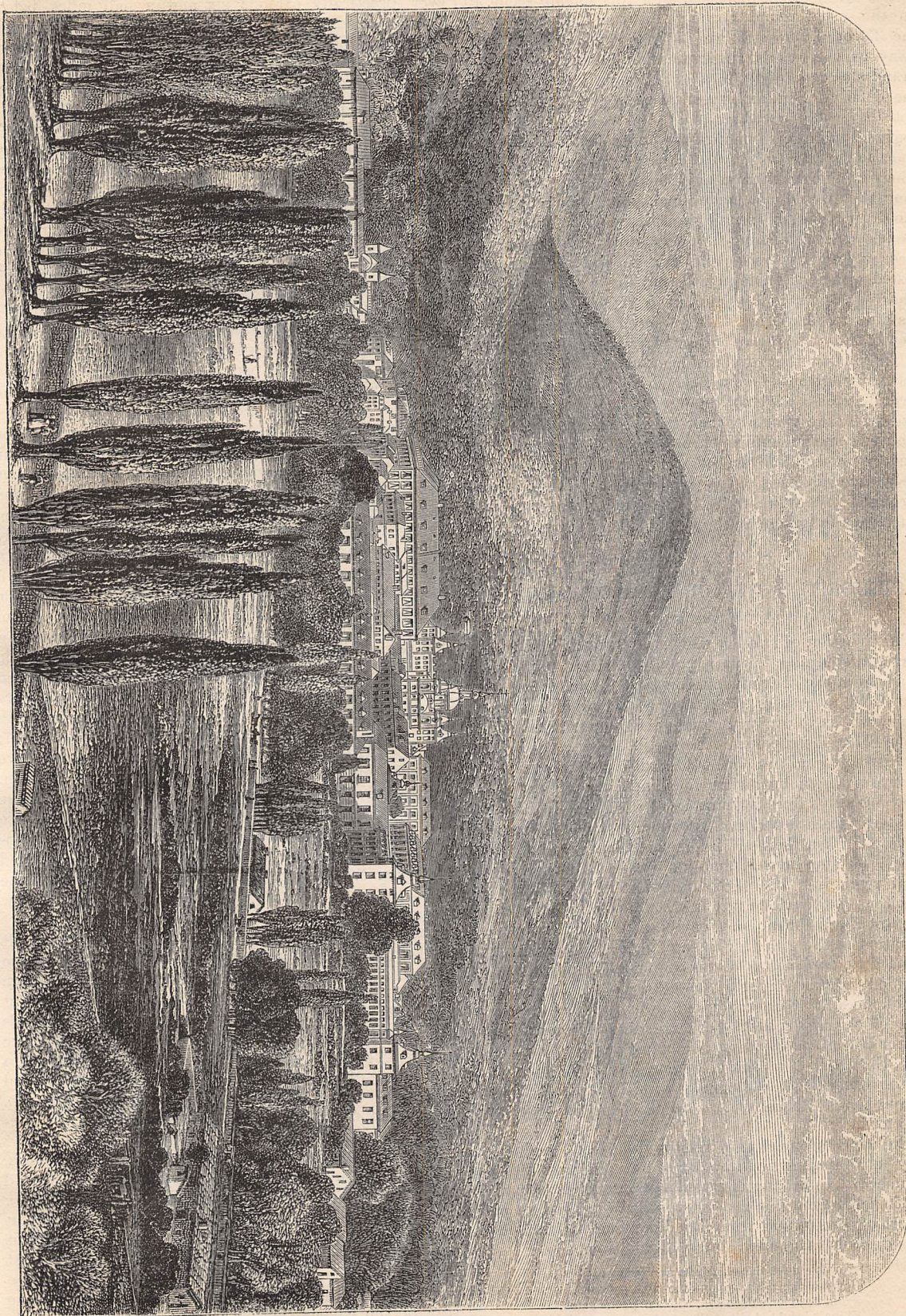
As it first appears in sight the palace has a most imposing effect, but a nearer approach rather dispels these first impressions. It has too modern an aspect, though this in reality only arises from the materials used in the building, which have in no way suffered from the lapse of time. Still, even on a near approach, it is very fine. The perfect simplicity of taste apparent in the stately pile, gives a certain indescribably grand effect that is very striking on a first view. Its situation adds greatly to its imposing aspect. It is, as it were, actually built on the rocks; and unlike any other royal palace (I might even add any other of those magnificent religious establishments of which there have been so many instances in all countries), it has no external embellishments of luxuriant nature to set it off: all is rugged, and grand, and melancholy. The very grey granite of which it is composed sends a cold shudder through one, as one thinks of the cold, cruel heart of its royal founder! But we will come inside the walls, and see what is the impression left upon the mind by the interior of this singular edifice.

The grand entrance is never opened excepting to admit the reigning sovereign, or the corpse of the monarch when brought there for interment. And most truly I may say that I have never been more impressed than by the sight of the chapel of the Escorial. Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As one emerges from it, and stands at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced on one by the simple majesty of this chapel. After a while, you begin to wonder what it is that has produced so startling an impression. There is no ornament of any kind—nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty: there is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is beautiful, solemn, and imposing; everything trifling seems banished. One can hardly understand how a Roman Catholic chapel can have preserved such severe simplicity in everything belonging to it. Truly the architect of that chapel was a master in his profession. When I say there are no ornaments, I mean none of those puerile trifling decorations which, especially in Spain, so often mar the beauty of the churches; but all is in severe taste, from the sombre black-and-white pavement, to the beautiful screens of bronze and jasper.

After gazing at this beautiful chapel I was but little inclined to listen to the legends poured forth by the guides, of the relics collected by the “pious founder.” I am almost afraid to write down the number: they are said to have amounted to between seven and eight thousand. What a perversion of human intellect!

As we visited the royal sepulchre our feelings were excited almost painfully, so profoundly melancholy did this burial-place of so many great, so many mighty ones, appear to us. From the nature of the building, and its situation amid rocks and hills, the power of the wind in the Escorial must be heard to be realised. The day was a bright windy day in the beginning of October, and while in the sepulchre the gusts of wind seemed to roar, and howl, and moan, with a deep pathetic sound that was most thrilling. There by torchlight we gazed around on the embalmed mortal remains, or rather the

THE ESCORT.



dark marble cases where they reposed, in different niches.

We felt but little disposed, after this solemn scene, to go the usual round through all the fine interior of the Escorial, but still we did our duty, and brought away as the result an impression of splendid halls, grand staircases, fine libraries, cloisters, courts, and all the detail of royal and priestly residences. But we did not linger long within doors: we really felt that we required the refreshment of the outer air, the sunshine, and the verdure to be found in the royal gardens. Anywhere but in the barren neighbourhood that surrounds them they would not make much impression; but after the dreary country around Madrid, the park and gardens seemed most refreshing and delightful. There are fine trees and endless walks and drives; and we were interested when the guide pointed out the exact spot where Philip always stationed himself to watch the progress of his gigantic plaything. It is a sight worth seeing—the view of the whole pile of buildings from this elevated spot.

There is another royal residence at San Ildefonso, and our party greatly enjoyed the drive thither. A more striking road I have not often seen. The most splendid pine-trees, the giants of their tribe, grew abundantly on the rocks and mountains through which we wound. The scenery was indeed magnificent: especially after the wearisome sameness of the country we had lately passed through. We were told that this road was rendered dangerous in winter by the heavy falls of snow.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

"That portion of London which is connected with the port and shipping," says a popular writer, "differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis." Hence it has its *Curiosities*, its historic localities and sites, with the advantage of contrasts in its busy river life: its forest of masts, its crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe—of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river craft in almost endless variety. Then there are its docks and its vast building-yards, its storehouses, and its wealth of merchandise—all reminding one of Sir John Herschel's oft-quoted felicitous observation: "It is a fact, not a little interesting to Englishmen, and combined with our insular situation in the great highway of nations, the Atlantic, not a little explanatory of our commercial eminence, that London occupies nearly the centre of the terrestrial hemisphere." Our route embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratcliff Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and on the other side commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe, and all along the river to Deptford.

Eighteen centuries ago, Tacitus described London as very celebrated for the number of its merchants and its commerce. In 211 it was styled a great wealthy city, and in 359 there were engaged 800 vessels in the import and export of corn to and from London alone. Fitzstephen thus describes the merchandise in his time:—

"Arabia's gold, Sabæa's spice and incense,
Scythia's keen blades, and the oil of palms
From Babylon's deep soil, Nile's precious gems,
China's bright shining silks, and Gaelic wines,
Norway's warm peltry, and the Russian sables,
All here abound."

Under an Act of Charles II, the Port of London is held to extend as far as the North Foreland. It however practically extends six and a half miles below London Bridge, to Bugsby's Hole, beyond Blackwall. The actual port reaches to Limehouse, and consists of the Upper Pool, the first bend or *reach* of the river from London Bridge to near the Thames Tunnel and Execution Dock; and the Lower Pool, thence to Cuckold's Point. In the latter space colliers mostly lie in tiers; a fair way of 300 feet being left for shipping and steamers passing up and down. The depth of the river insures considerable advantage as a shipping port; even at ebb-tide there are twelve or thirteen feet of water in the fair way of the river above Greenwich; the mean range of the tide at London Bridge is about seventeen feet, of the highest spring-tides about twenty-two feet. To Woolwich the river is navigable for ships of any burden; to Blackwall for those of 1,400 tons, and to St. Katharine's Docks for vessels of 800 tons. The loss of life upon the Thames, by collision of vessels and other accidents, is of frightful amount, 500 persons being annually drowned in the river, and one-third of that number in the Pool.

Billingsgate has been a quay, if not a market, for nearly nine centuries; it has been entirely rebuilt in our time. Here, in one season, 2,500 tons of salmon have been sold, and nearly two million of lobsters in one year; and, in a marvellous glut of fish, in two days from ninety to 100 tons of plaice, soles, and sprats. Nearly as much fish as beef is consumed in the metropolis. In 1550 "there came a shippe of egges and shurtes and smockes out of France to Byllyngesgate." The trade of Billingsgate is now suffering by railway competition. Since 1848 the number of vessels and boats conveying fish to the market has been gradually decreasing, while the number of carts and vans so engaged has been gradually increasing. In that year 10,442 vessels were so occupied, and only 3,733 in 1867, while in 1848 the carts and vans numbered 7,649, and in 1867, 16,762. Although, however, the vessels and boats have decreased in number, a larger class of vessels has been engaged in the fish trade; but, after making due allowance for the increased quantity conveyed by these larger vessels, there still appears to be a very considerable diminution in the quantity of fish conveyed by water to Billingsgate. About three-fifths of the whole quantity of fish consumed in London is now brought by railway.

Beyond Billingsgate is the Coal Exchange, rebuilt in 1849; in the basement are the remains of a Roman bath in excellent preservation. Eastward is the Custom House, the fifth built nearly upon the same site; it cost nearly half a million of money, or nearly two-thirds of the cost of St. Paul's Cathedral. The centre, before it was rebuilt in 1825, was decorated with terra-cotta figures of the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, the Royal Arms, Ocean and Commerce, Industry and Plenty. The river *façade* is nearly one-tenth of a mile in length.

On the opposite river-bank is St. Olave's Church, originally founded prior to the Norman Conquest, and dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaff, King of Norway, who, with Ethelred, in 1008, destroyed the first bridge at London, then occupied by the Danes. The present church is nearly on the site of this exploit, for the first bridge was somewhat eastward of the stone bridge taken down after the building of the present bridge. In the rear of the wharfs, lofty warehouses, and factories, is Bermondsey, once the site of a rich priory for Cluniac monks, founded in 1082, but now a seat of manufactures,

and intersected by railways. The monastic remains were not entirely removed until our time. Here is Horselydown, now built over, but formerly a grazing-ground for horses—hence the name.

The Tower of London, by demolition and modernisation, has lost many of its historic features; it was used as a royal palace from the reign of Stephen to that of Charles II, who last held his court here. State prisoners have been confined here to our time. The Tower is a remarkable memorial of the past, yet not to its advantage, "for the image of the children of Edward IV, of Anne Boleyn, and Jane Grey, and of the many victims murdered in the times of despotism tyranny, pass like dark phantoms before the mind." "The Traitors' Gate," through which these victims were conveyed, and the "Bloody Tower" beyond it, may be seen from the river. Two centuries and a quarter ago eleven towers were prison lodgings, besides which there were torture chambers. Upwards of 1,000 prisoners have been confined in the cells and chambers of the Tower at one time. Here is preserved the headsman's axe, probably of the sixteenth century. It is still carried in processions by the master-gaoler of the Tower. The staff is studded with brass nails over leather, now almost worn through. "When state prisoners were conveyed by barge from the Tower to Westminster to be tried, the master-gaoler stood in the bow, with the blade away from the prisoner; on the return, should he have been sentenced to death, the edge was then directed towards him. Hall gives an account of the condemnation and subsequent demeanour of the Duke of Buckingham. 'Then was the edge of the axe,' says the chronicler, 'turned towards him, and so led into a barge.'"—*The British Army, by Sir S. B. Scott.*

Tower Hill was once noted for its salubrity:—

"The Tower Hill,
Of all the places London can afford
Hath sweetest ayre."

Old Poem, 1610.

Upon the hill traitors were commonly beheaded, the last being Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747. Lady Raleigh lived on Tower Hill, after she had been forbidden to lodge with her husband Sir Walter in the Tower. William Penn was born in a court on the east side of the hill. At the Bull public-house died Otway the poet; and "in a cutler's shop of Tower Hill," says Sir Henry Wotton, "Felton bought a tenpenny knife, so cheap was the instrument of this great attempt," with which he assassinated the Duke of Buckingham. At the south-west corner of the hill is Tower Dock, where Sir Walter Raleigh, disguised, embarked on a boat for Tilbury, but, being betrayed, he was arrested on the Thames, and committed to the Tower. Postern Row, opposite about the middle of the Tower moat, is the rendezvous for enlisting soldiers and sailors; it formerly had its press-gangs. Here the shops display odd admixtures of marine stores, pea-jackets, and straw hats, rope, hour-glasses, Gunter's scales, and dog-biscuits.

St. Katharine's Docks, just below the Tower, planned by Telford, were commenced in May, 1827, and upwards of 2,500 men worked at them till their opening in 1828; a labour of unexampled rapidity. In clearing the ground, the fine old church and other remains of the Hospital of St. Katharine (founded 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen), with 1,250 houses and tenements inhabited by 11,300 persons, were taken down; the hospital and church have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The dock-walls surround twenty-three acres (eleven of water), and will accommodate 120 ships besides barges and other craft. Here vessels of 700 tons

burden may enter at any time of tide. The warehouses are five and six stories high. The vaults for wine and spirits have crypt-like arches. "Lights are distributed," says Baron Dupin, "to the travellers who prepare to visit these cellars, as if they were setting out to visit the catacombs of Naples or Rome."

East Smithfield, the area in front of the Royal Mint and the St. Katharine's Dock Office, was, in the reign of Henry III, an open field, on which was held an annual fair for fifteen days at Whitsuntide. Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queen," is said to have been born here. From East Smithfield to Shadwell runs Ratcliff Highway, in Stow's time planted with an avenue of "fair elm trees," thence continued to Limehurst or Limehost, corruptly Limehouse. In Prince's Square, Ratcliff Highway, is the Swedish Church, wherein is buried Emanuel Swedenborg; the corpse lay in state at an undertaker's hard by, surrounded with black velvet hangings, daylight excluded, and wax candles lighted. In 1790 Swedenborg's remains were disturbed to confute a Rosicrucian, who maintained that Swedenborg was not dead, and that his funeral was a sham. In 1817 a Swedish naval officer stole Swedenborg's skull, and hawked it about London for sale. The pastor of the Swedish Church recovered what he supposed to be the stolen skull, and had it placed in the coffin in 1819; but this was thought to be a female skull. A marble memorial slab was placed in the church in 1857. In 1811 Ratcliff Highway was the scene of two atrocious murders. The house of Marr, 29, Ratcliff Highway, was broken open, and Mr. and Mrs. Marr, the shop-boy, and a child in the cradle (the only human beings in the house) were found murdered. Twelve days later, Williamson, landlord of the King's Arms public-house in Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliff Highway, his wife, and female servant, were murdered at midnight. A man named Williams, the only person suspected, hanged himself in prison; the body was carried on a platform placed on a high cart past the houses of Marr and Williamson; and afterwards, with a stake through the breast, was deposited in a hole dug for the purpose, where the New Road crosses and Cannon Street Road begins. Such was the terror in London just after these murders, that Lord Macaulay knew a shopkeeper who on that occasion sold 300 watchmen's rattles in about ten hours.

From the village of Ratcliff the gallant Sir Hugh Wolloughby, on May 20, 1553, took his departure on his fatal voyage for discovering the north-east passage to China. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then lay. Mutual honours were paid on both sides; the council and courtiers appeared at the windows, the people covered the shores. The young king alone lost the noble and novel sight, for he then lay on his death-bed, so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.—(*Hakluyt's Voyages.*) Strype relates that on July 24, 1629, Charles I hunted a stag or hart from Wanstead, in Essex, and killed him in Nightingale Lane, in the hamlet of Wapping, in a garden where damage was done to the herbs "by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly."

Near Old Gravel Lane is the Hospital founded in 1737 by Henry Raine, the wealthy brewer, near Prussian or Pruson's Island, Wapping, and endowed it with £240 a year, and £4,000 to be laid out in a purchase. Here are schools for fifty boys and fifty girls; and in May and December annually is given a marriage portion of £100 to two young women, former inmates of the school; the bridegrooms must be inhabitants of St. George's-in-the-East, or of Wapping, or Shadwell; and the young women draw lots for the portion, one hundred new sovereigns,

usually put into a handsome bag made by a young lady of St. George's parish. In the churchyard is buried Joseph Ames, Author of "Typographical Antiquities;" he lies in a stone coffin in virgin earth, at the depth of eight feet.

Wapping, a hamlet of Stepney, runs parallel with the Thames, and was commenced building in 1571, to secure the manor from the encroachments of the river, which made the whole site a great wash; the Commissioners of Sewers rightly thinking that "the tenants would not fail being attentive to their lives and property." Stow calls it "Wapping in the Wose," in the wash, or in the drain. Wapping is thought to be derived from the ship's rope called a *wapp*, or from *wapin-schaw*, a periodical exhibition of arms which may formerly have been held upon this open ground. In Strype's time Wapping was "chiefly inhabited by seafaring men and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen." Here the wholesale slopseller, the retail clothier, ship's joiners, ship's carpenters, and ship sail-makers abound. Mathematical instrument makers, with sea-charts and sounding-machines, telescopes, compasses and quadrants, side by side with azimuth tables, guide for coasting pilots, etc., were formerly here in great numbers, and a century ago Wapping had its "Mathematical Society."

Wapping has been the scene of two great fires: in 1703, when the sufferers, mostly seamen, sea artificers, and poor seamen's widows, lost £13,040; and in 1791, when were burnt 630 houses and an East India warehouse containing 35,000 bags of saltpetre, and the loss was £1,000,000.

The London Docks, immediately below St. Katharine's, were opened in 1805; John Rennie, engineer. They comprise ninety acres (thirty-five water), the enclosing walls costing £65,000; and in twelve years a million of money was expended in extensions and improvements. In 1858 were constructed two new locks to admit the immense vessels now built; each lock has twenty-eight feet depth of water. One of the wine vaults contains upwards of twelve acres; above is the mixing-house, the largest vat containing 23,350 gallons. The wool importations are £2,600,000 value. A vast tea warehouse cost £100,000 building, and has stowage for 120,000 chests of tea; and in the ivory warehouse lie heaps of elephants' and rhinoceroses' tusks, the weapons of sword-fish, etc. The great tobacco warehouse will contain 24,000 hogsheads of tobacco, value £4,800,000, and in the cigar floor are frequently £150,000 worth of cigars. In the kiln, the huge chimney of which is called "the Queen's Pipe," are burnt such goods as do not fetch the amount of their duties and the customs' charges: on one occasion 900 condemned Austrian mutton hams were burnt; on another 45,000 pairs of French gloves. In brisk times nearly 3,000 men are employed here. The two companies of the St. Katharine's and the London Docks are now amalgamated. The West India Docks lie between Limehouse and Blackwall, and their long line of warehouses and lofty wall are well seen from the Blackwall Railway. There have been stored in these docks, at one time, colonial produce worth £20,000,000 sterling, comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels, and 463,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, 20,000 tons of logwood, etc. In the Southern, or Export Dock, which will hold 195 vessels, the ships are seen to the greatest advantage, fresh painted, standing rigging up, colours flying, etc. The East India Docks lie below the West India Docks; the water area is twenty-four feet deep, and they have a cast-iron wharf nearly one-sixth of a mile in length, in which are more than 900 tons of

metal. The water accommodation of the East and West India Docks is 112 acres. A large Chinese junk, the first ever seen in England, arrived at the East India Docks in 1848. The Victoria Docks, in the Plaistow Marshes, will admit larger vessels than either of the other London Docks; the lock-gates, cranes, and capstans, are all worked by hydraulic power. The basin covers ninety acres; the ground excavated consisted of the deposit of the Thames, which, like a vast lake, formerly covered the now green marshes of Essex; in the course of the works, British and Roman coins, Roman arms, and a circular tin shield, were discovered. The Docks of London, entirely the growth of the present century, are a fine sight: the mass of shipping, the colossal many-storied warehouses, and the heaps of merchandise from every region of the globe, justify the glory of London as "the great emporium of nations" and "the metropolis of the most intelligent and wealthy empire the sun ever shone upon, and of which the boast is, as of Spain of old, that upon its dominions the sun never sets."

South of the West India Docks are the New Docks at Millwall, which will be 204 acres in extent; the dock completed is the largest in the port of London. Another new dock, of twenty-four acres, sufficient to accommodate more than 200 large ships, is now in course of excavation.

It was at Wapping that Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, when James II abdicated the throne, sought to shelter himself from popular indignation. Jeffreys fled hither in the disguise of a coal-porter, and was captured in the Red Cow ale-house, in Anchor and Hope Alley, near King Edward's Stairs. A scrivener, whom Jeffreys had formerly insulted, identified the disguised chancellor lolling out of a window; he was cudgelled and hurried off to the Tower; but at Leatherhead, in Surrey, where Jeffreys had a mansion, it is traditionally asserted that he was betrayed by his butler who accompanied him in his flight, for the sake of the reward offered.

The name of one of the outlets to the Thames preserves the memory of many a tale of murder and piracy on the high seas. Here, in Stow's time, was Execution Dock, "the usual place for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them; but since the gallows being after removed further off, a continual street or filthy strait passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages built, inhabited by sailors' victuallers along by the river of Thames almost to Ratchiff, a good mile from the Tower." Maitland, in his *London*, states that not only pirates, but sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board, were executed here. "On the 20th of December, 1738, one James Buchanan, condemned at the late Admiralty sessions at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Smith, fourth mate of the *Royal Guardian* Indiaman, in Canton river, in the East Indies, was carried from Newgate to Execution Dock in Wapping, to suffer for the same; but before he had hung five minutes, a gang of sailors cut him down and carried him off alive in triumph down the water. He afterwards escaped to France, as commonly reported." Pennant notes: "Execution Dock still remains at Wapping, and is in use as often as a melancholy occasion requires. The criminals are to this day executed on a temporary gallows placed at low water-mark; but the custom of leaving the body to be overflowed by the sea-tides has long been omitted." (*Pennant's London*, 5th edition, 1813.) We see the gibbets and chains in one of Hogarth's prints of the Idle Apprentice.

Among the notabilities of Wapping was Ames the antiquary, who was here in business as a ship-chandler. A brother antiquary says of him: "He was a person of vast application and industry in collecting old printed books, prints, and other curiosities, both natural and artificial." John Day, with whom originated "Fairlop Fair," in Hainault Forest, was a block and pump maker at Wapping, and the fair grew out of the annual "bean-feast" to his workmen. Curiously enough, the fuchsia was first reared here in England; a single plant was brought hither from the West Indies, and being seen by one Lee, a nurseryman, it became in the next flowering season the parent of 300 fuchsia plants, which Lee sold at one guinea each.

The wood-built wharf and house fronts towards the river have, for the most part, been displaced; but victuallers' houses with nautical signs abound. Among the thirty-six taverns and public-houses in Wapping, High Street, and Wapping Wall, we find the signs of the Ship and Pilot, Ship and Star, Ship and Punch-bowl, Union Flag and Punch-bowl, The Gun, North American Sailor, Golden Anchor, Anchor and Hope, The Ship, Town of Ramsgate, Queen's Landing, Ship and Whale, The Three Mariners, and The Prospect of Whitby. Between numbers 288 and 304 are "Wapping Old Stairs," remembered by the old sea-song.

Pennant called Blackwall the upper part of the eastern side of the Isle of Dogs, the eastern end of London, "being nearly a continual succession of six miles and a half of streets from hence to Tyburn turn-pike." Dr. Johnson named Wapping as a place where "men of curious inquiry" might see strange modes of life; and he recommended Boswell to "explore Wapping." "We accordingly," says Boswell, "carried our scheme into execution in October, 1792, but whether from that uniformity, which was in a great degree spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed."

Limehouse, between Wapping and Poplar, is, according to an entry by Pepys, named from a limehouse that had been in the family of Captain Marshe for 250 years; though Stow, as already stated, has it "Limehurst, or Limehost, corruptly Limehouse."

The church, St. Anne's, designed by Hawkmoor, a pupil of Wren's, has the highest clock (130 feet) in the metropolis, not excepting St. Paul's; the interior of the church, and a fine organ, were destroyed by fire on Good Friday morning, 1850, but have been restored. The turrets in the steeple resemble those in the quadrangle of All Souls' College, Oxford.

Poplar, or Poplar, is named from the multitude of poplar-trees (which love a moist soil) growing there in former times. George Steevens, the Shakspeare commentator, was the son of a Poplar mariner. His body is buried in Poplar Chapel, where is a fine monument to his memory by Flaxman. The Isle of Dogs is part of Poplar Marsh. Here Togodumnus, brother of Caractacus, is said to have been killed in a battle under Plantius, A.D. 46. Traditionally the isle was named from the hounds of Edward III being kept there for contiguity to Waltham, and other royal forests in Essex. Again, the Isle of Dogs is said to be corrupted from Isle of Ducks, from the wild fowl upon it; and Pepys speaks of "the unlucky Isle of Dogs." Alderman Cubitt, twice Lord Mayor, built here "Cubitt Town," and a large Gothic church. The isle is now partly covered with stone wharfs, iron ship-building yards, and chemical works. Adjoining are the dockyards of the Wigrams and Greens, formerly Barry's, mentioned by Pepys in 1660. The picturesque old masting-house is 120 feet high. Near

the principal entrance to the West India Docks is a bronze statue of Milligan, by whom the docks were begun and principally completed. The working men of the Isle of Dogs number some 15,000 men, engaged in the factories and ship-yards, for whom has been formed a free library, to provide them with reading for evenings too often spent in dissipation. The island is a diluvial deposit, in which has been found a subterraneous forest of elm, oak, and fir-trees, eight feet below the grass; some of the elms were three feet four inches in diameter, accompanied by human bones and recent shells, but no metals or traces of civilisation.

Blackwall, with its large taverns, is noted for its delicious little fish, whitebait, caught in the reach, and directly netted out of the river into the frying-pans of the "bait kitchens." Whitebait was long thought to be the young of the shad; then a distinct fish: it is now proved to be the young of the herring.

Shadwell is a continuation of the buildings along the river; it was formerly called Chadwelle, supposed from a spring, dedicated to St. Chad, within the churchyard. Pennant describes the frequent docks and small building-yards here; the prow of a ship and the hulls of new ones appearing at numbers of openings. The church, re-built in 1820, has a very beautiful steeple.

Wapping is at one end of that famous work, the Thames Tunnel, beneath the Thames, and Rotherhithe at the other. A tunnel had previously been proposed from Gravesend to Tilbury, by Dodd, but abandoned as impracticable; and next was commenced a tunnel to connect Rotherhithe and Limehouse, by a Cornish miner named Vasey. After five or six years' work this was given up. In 1823 Brunel planned the present tunnel, from the operations of the teredo, a testaceous worm covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood. In like manner Brunel planned the shield apparatus, a series of cells in which, as the miners worked at one end, the bricklayers built at the other, the top, sides, and bottom of the tunnel, which is a brick arched double roadway and footway. At full tide it is seventy-five feet below the surface of the water. The shaft on the Rotherhithe side was first commenced; then the horizontal roadway; and next the Wapping shaft, where, at some distance below the houses that stood on the spot, were found the remains of a ship-builder's works, including part of a ship, a ship's figure-head, and a great quantity of oak. The irruptions of earth, water, and gas explosions during the tunnel works were fearful; yet with all these perils but seven lives were lost in constructing the Thames Tunnel, whereas nearly forty men were killed in building London Bridge. The tunnel cost about £454,000; its total length is 1,140 feet. It is now to be converted into a railway. Brunel has left a minute record of his great work, which has been paralleled, as an engineering triumph, by Stephenson's tubular railway bridge.

Rotherhithe, or Redriff, as it is corruptly called, unlike Wapping, is of great antiquity; it is thought to be named from the Saxon *redhra*, a mariner, and *hyth*, a haven—i.e., the sailor's harbour. It was here that the famous trench, or canal, of Canute was commenced in order that the invader might avoid London Bridge. Maitland, in 1739, imagined he traced this canal from Rotherhithe to Newington Butts, and thence to the river at Vauxhall; but two more probable and far shorter courses have been indicated for this canal. And is it not possible that the draining works executed by the Romans left certain watercourses which might have been made available by the invading fleet? In the reign

of Edward III a fleet was fitted out at Rotherhithe by order of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt for the invasion of France. And it was off Rotherhithe that Richard III was so alarmed at the shouts and array of the malcontents whom he came to appease, that he hastily returned to the Tower, whilst the infuriate people swept on with their excesses to the Marshalsea and Lambeth. Lambard states that Henry IV "lodged in an old stone house here while he was cured of leprosie;" and two of Henry's charters are dated here, July, 1412.

St. Mary's Church, close to the Thames Tunnel shaft, was rebuilt in 1736-39, upon the site of the old church, which had stood 400 years. Gataker, the erudite Latin critic, was rector from 1611 to 1654; he was imprisoned in the Fleet by Laud, and is buried in Rotherhithe churchyard. Here also lies Prince Le Boo, a native of the Pelew Islands; over his remains a monument has been erected by the East India Company, in testimony of his father's humane and kind treatment of the crew of the *Antelope*, Captain Wilson, wrecked off Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pelew Islands, on the night of August 9th, 1783. The young Prince Le Boo died in his twentieth year from small-pox, in Captain Wilson's house in Paradise Row, Rotherhithe.

The parish registry, commencing 1556, contains many entries of ages, from ninety to ninety-nine years, some of one hundred and twenty years! Admiral Sir Charles Wager possessed the manor between 1740 and 1750. The brave Admiral Sir John Leake was born here 1756; but Admiral Benbow, stated by Manning and Bray to have been born at Rotherhithe, was a native of Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury.* Lillo, the dramatist, who wrote "*George Barnwell*," was a jeweller, living at Rotherhithe in 1745.

A very interesting literary association is Swift's "Captain Gulliver," who, he tells us, was long an inhabitant of Rotherhithe. There is such a reality given to this person by Swift that one seaman is said to have sworn that he knew Captain Gulliver very well, "but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe." Lord Scarborough was told by the master of a ship that he knew Gulliver very well, but that the printer had made a mistake,—"he lived in Wapping, not at Rotherhithe." "It is as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it," was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff. Rogers, the poet, remarked in the churchyard at Banbury several inscriptions to persons named Gulliver, which inscriptions he found mentioned in "*Gulliver's Travels*" as a confirmation of Gulliver's statement that his family "came from Oxfordshire," so completely is the joke kept up.

We have spoken of whitebait. Another little fish, though now neglected, is the *twait shad*, which is found in the Thames towards the middle of July; it was caught as high up the river as Putney, but now rarely passes London Bridge, and is taken in the greatest abundance a little below Greenwich. Shad Thames, a narrow water-side street, was named from the quantities of shad taken here, and in the Thames off Horselydown, and cried about the streets as herrings, mackerel, and sprats now are. Strange fish have strayed here. In 1391 a dolphin, ten feet in length, disported himself in the Thames at London to the bridge. Evelyn tells of a whale, fifty-

eight feet in length, killed between Deptford and Greenwich in 1658. Pennant tells of a two-toothed cachalot, twenty-one feet long, taken above London Bridge in 1783. At Grays a whale of the above length was taken in 1809, and another in 1849.

Rotherhithe, like Wapping, has its numerous docks, and a similar population; but the Surrey side has also its flour-mills and manufactories, and the wharfs for the coasting trade of England, which are all to be found between the Tunnel and London Bridge. The oldest portion of the Commercial Docks, according to Stow, occupies the commencement of Canute's Trench, through which the course of the river was diverted when the first stone bridge across the Thames was built, in the reign of King John. The present Commercial Docks originated in the "Howland Great Wet Dock" in 1660; subsequently the Greenland whale-fishery, with the vessels, houses, boilers, and tanks, was located in this dock. Dodd projected a ship canal from Rotherhithe to Vauxhall. After the whaling trade declined it became the Baltic, and then the Commercial Docks; they extend over 150 acres; the ponds will float 50,000 loads of timber, and the yard will take 4,000,000 deals. The cargo of one timber ship would cover thirty-two acres, were the deals placed side by side. Here also are the Grand Surrey Docks, the new works of which, in 1858, cost upwards of £100,000. The docks of the Thames are of surprising extent: they comprise hundreds of acres of water, surrounded by miles of walls, and sheltering thousands of ships; here have been spent millions of money, and all in about half a century.

The shipping and craft in the river have lost much of their picturesqueness within memory. We miss the tall vessels with their high forecastele, and the gilded state barges of the Sovereign, the Admiralty, and the City Companies. The steam navigation of the Thames exceeds that of any other river in the world. The first steam-boat left the Thames for Richmond in 1814,* the next for Gravesend in 1815, and in the same year for Margate. The Gravesend steamer soon superseded the sailing-boats with decks, which, in 1737, had displaced tilt-boats mentioned in the reign of Richard II. The Margate steamers in like manner superseded the "hoy." The steam traffic has attained vast numbers; in the year 1861, 3,207,558 passengers landed and embarked at one pier. The numbers have, however, been greatly reduced by railway competition.

Steam ship-building on the Thames dates from about the year 1836. The largest steam-ship of wood was the *President*, 268 feet in length, and 600 horse-power, lost on her voyage from New York. In iron ship-building the greatest achievement has been the *Great Eastern*, by I. K. Brunel and John Scott Russell, built at Millwall in 1857, length 680 feet. The fastest steamship is the *Mahroussa*, with a speed of twenty miles an hour: she is said to have cost £166,000, and was built in the Thames. The iron ship-building works are of cyclopean vastness; and not only in the bulk, but in the exquisite finish of machinery, are unrivalled.

OUR DUST-BINS.

DURING the hot months of this year's summer, the subject of dust-bins in their sanitary relations was discussed in the newspapers. A writer in the "*Builder*"

* Yet the street is named. In Mr. Serjeant Burke's "*Celebrated Naval and Military Trials*," are given some very interesting particulars of Admiral Benbow's family; showing there to be no authority for depriving the Salopians of the honour of Benbow's birthplace at Cotton Hill. The above collection of trials has the twofold advantage of being adapted for popular reading, at the same time that the legal and technical details are most carefully given.

* This was the first steam-boat which *plied for hire* on the Thames. Brunel had previously made a voyage to Margate in a boat of his own, propelled by a double-action engine, and met with such opposition and abuse that the landlord of the hotel where he stopped refused him a bed!

offered some useful suggestions on a matter affecting the health not only of households but of the public generally. These receptacles of all kinds of decaying matter are too often complete fever-nests, offensive to neighbourhoods and dangerous to the inmates of houses. To prevent the deposit of vegetable and animal refuse with cinder-ash, it is suggested that the top of the dust-bin should be covered with a padlocked grating, which would at the same time secure the sifting of ashes—a process which servants are in general too lazy to undertake. It would be also well if local officers of health could be empowered occasionally to visit the basement of houses, in order to ascertain the condition of the dust-bins, drain-pipes, and other matters, too often neglected. An article in the "Quarterly Review" discusses the subject with a wider scope, and contains curious facts about the commercial uses of dust-bins, referring especially to those of London.

The refuse of one household seems an insignificant matter in detail, and not worthy of much attention; but, when it is multiplied by the 500,000 houses in the metropolis, it forms an item of no mean importance, and is of no inconsiderable value. Formerly, the dust-yards, or lay-stalls, as they were called, were conspicuous by their hills of refuse, which towered high over the surrounding houses; upon these highlands swine depastured, and we are told that there was no fattening ground like these dust heaps, full as they were of all kinds of perishing animal and vegetable refuse. But the health of the metropolis was of more importance than the fattening of hogs; and for years past the dust contractors have been obliged to separate and disperse their rubbish as soon as the dust carts arrive. A more interesting example of the use of refuse could not well be afforded than we find in the yards of these dust contractors, nor a more pregnant example of the value in the aggregate of that which householders consider a mere nuisance, to be got rid of as quickly as possible. That which we throw away in the dust-bin day by day, because we fancy it is an eyesore and past repair, is, in fact, but arrived at that stage in its existence at which it is destined to reascend in the scale of value, and once more minister to the wants of men. There is not one particle in the heap the scavenger removes from our houses that is not again, and that speedily, put into circulation and profitably employed. No sooner is the dust conveyed to the yard of the contractor, than it is attacked by what are called the "hill women," who, sieve in hand, do mechanically what the savant does chemically in his laboratory, separate the mass, by a rude analysis, into its elements. The most valuable of these items are the waste pieces of coal, and what is termed the "breeze," or coal-dust and half-burnt ashes. The amount of waste that goes on in London households in this item of coal can hardly be conceived, unless the spectator sees the quantity that is daily rescued in these yards. It may be measured by the fact, that after selling the larger pieces to the poor, the refuse "breeze" is sufficient to bake the bricks that are rebuilding London. Most of the dust contractors are builders as well, and the breeze is used by them for the purpose of embedding the newly-made bricks into compact square stacks, which are seen everywhere in the suburbs of London. The breeze having been fired, the mass burns with a slow combustion, aided by the circulation of air, which is kept up by the method of stacking; and in the course of two or three weeks the London clay is converted into good building material. Thus our houses may be said to arise again from the refuse they have cast out, and not

only are the bricks baked by their aid, but they are built in part with mortar made from the road scrapings, which is pounded granite, and combines very well with the lime and ashes of which the mortar is composed. Nay, even the compo, with which some of the smaller houses are faced, is very largely adulterated with this particular refuse.

The other constituents of the dust heap are separated by the sifters with the utmost rapidity. Round every hillock, as it is emptied, they congregate with their sieves; and in a very short space of time bones, rags, paper, old iron, glass, and broken crockery are eliminated from the mass and piled in separate heaps. The bones are put to a score of different uses. Several tons are picked weekly out of the metropolitan dust; but, of course, this does not represent the whole of the animal refuse of this kind, but only that taken from cooked meat. After we have discussed the joint at the table, there is still much value remaining in the residual bones. They go immediately to the boiling-houses, where every portion of fat and gelatine they can yield is extracted; the former goes to the soap-maker, the latter is utilised to make the patent gelatine packets now in use for a score of different purposes. The bones that possess any size and substance are used by the turners, and are converted into the hundreds of nic-nacks for which they are suitable; possibly, good reader, the same bone you may have picked at dinner re-enters your mouth after many changes in the shape of a tooth-pick or toothbrush! whilst the smaller pieces are calcined, and form the very toothpowder you use with it. But the grand destination of the smaller fragments is the earth. Ground very fine, and treated with sulphuric acid, they make the celebrated superphosphate manure, one of the best known fertilisers. Thus the old bone goes to form and nourish new bones. The wealth of England has attracted towards herself the old bones of half of the Continent, not only animal but human, for many an ancient battle-field has been searched for their valuable remains,—thereby enabling us to grow such splendid crops by supplementing the resources of our fields. Thus the threat of the Giant to Jack—

"Let him be live,
Or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread"—

is no fairy tale after all, but a common verity. Another very important product extracted from bones is phosphorus, a constituent of the brain and nervous system, one of the substances which give us light in the match, and without which we and our households would fare but poorly. The fat that is saved in the process of boiling goes, as we have said, to make the commoner kind of soap, or is useful to the arts in a hundred ways. What diverse forms of new life await the old bone as the rag-picker recovers it from the ash-heap! Its substance, in the form of handles of knives, chessmen, paper-knives, etc., mingles with the everyday concerns of life—its hard work and its enjoyments and intellectual amusements; whilst in its fluid and manurial products yet more astonishing changes attend it the moment it falls into the hands of the manufacturer. Its fatty particles give us cleanliness and purification in the form of the "bar of yellow;" and its phosphorus helps to give us ready illumination. The difficulty we feel in dealing with this seeming rubbish, that we kick out of the way with our foot, is to follow it out into the many diverse forms it assumes upon its resurrection.

But there are other articles in the dust-bin which await us—for instance, there are scraps of paper. These are

all carefully sorted, the white from the coloured and the printed. The soiled pieces, which cannot be profitably re-manufactured as paper, are used to make papier-maché ornaments, or dolls'-heads, etc.; the clean paper is returned to the mill, and even the printed paper has the ink discharged from it, and goes again into circulation. Old rags, of course, are valuable to the paper-maker, although the discovery of other materials will possibly render this form of waste not quite so important a matter in his eyes as it was some time ago. But what can be the destination of greasy dish-clouts? Woollen material, if clean, does not descend to the earth in the scale of civilisation; but there is too much grease in the dish-clout to go again to the mill, so it is destined to nourish the noble hop in the Kentish grounds. As the old saying has it, "When things are at their worst they mend." Woollen rags, if they happen to be dyed scarlet, are treated for the recovery of their cochineal, which is very valuable for dyeing purposes, etc.; and other valuable coloured rags are separated to be ground up and make flockpaper. But these are fancy uses: the great market for all old woollen fabrics which are too tattered to be worn, is the town of Batley and its neighbourhood, in Yorkshire, the great Shoddy metropolis. To use the words of a contemporary:—

"Not the least important of the manufacturing towns is Batley, the chief seat of the great latter-day staple of England, Shoddy. This is the famous rag-capital, the tatter-metropolis, whither every beggar in Europe sends his cast-off gentility of moth-eaten coats, frowzy jackets, worn-out linen, offensive cotton, and old worsted stockings—this is their last destination. Reduced to filaments and greasy pulp by mighty-toothed cylinders, the much-vexed fabrics re-enter life in the most brilliant forms—from solid pilot cloths to silky mohairs and glossiest tweed. Thus the tail-coat rejected by the Irish peasant, the gabardine too fine for the Polish beggar, are turned again to shiny uses; reappearing, it may be, in the lustrous paletot of the sporting dandy, the delicate riding-habit of the Belgravian belle, or the sad, sleek garment of the Confessor. Such, oh reader, is shoddy!"

We all remember how "Devil's dust" was denounced some years ago in Parliament. If it were not for this shoddy which created it, the clothes of Englishmen, both rich and poor, would be augmented in price at least five-and-twenty per cent. As it is, a cheaper woollen garment can be purchased now than thirty years ago, notwithstanding that the expenses of living have considerably augmented since that time. Formerly these old woollen rags went to the land; but since they have been brought back to their old uses, an enormous quantity of cloth-making material has been added to the general stock. As long ago as 1858, it was estimated that 38,880,000 lbs. of this rag-wool are annually worked up into cloth, and this quantity was quite irrespective of the importations from abroad, which were very large indeed. In the nine years that have elapsed since that time the quantity must have greatly increased, yielding a quantity of wool equal to many million fleeces annually! Cotton and woollen rags are both valuable commodities when separate, but of late years it has been the custom to weave the cotton and the woollen together. The warp being of the latter material and the weft of the former, thus mixed together they were both spoilt, as they could neither be converted into paper nor cloth. Many endeavours have accordingly been made to separate them. One of these for a time succeeded. The woollen fabric was saved, and the cotton destroyed; but it has, we believe, been found that the felting qualities of the

wool thus rescued were injured by the process adopted. Within these last few years the original process has been reversed. These "Union fabrics" are now placed in a closed receiver, and subjected to steam at a very high temperature. The result is that the cotton comes out pure and fit for the paper-maker; the wool is reduced to a dark brown powder, known as the "ultimate of ammonia," and is employed to enrich manures, which are poor in nitrogen. So much for old rags.

But we are far from having exhausted the contents of the dust-bin yet. There is the old iron, battered saucepans, housemaids' old pails, rusty hoops, horse-shoes, and nails from the road. All soldered articles have the solder extracted from them (as it is more valuable than the iron), and the cheaper metal is then remelted. The horse-shoe nails are not mixed with the common cast-iron, as they are much sought after by gun-makers for the purpose of making Stubb twist barrels. This is a roundabout way to get tough iron it is true, and it remains as an instance of an improved product brought about by accident: it is like the Chinese method of discovering roast pig. Perhaps, following out this idea, some quicker and less laborious method of making cohesive gun-barrels will be discovered than the banging of horses' feet upon the granite pavement.

Scraps of iron, it is found, may be made very useful in securing the copper that runs away in the streams washing veins of copper pyrites. In the Mona Company's mines in North Wales, old pieces of battered iron are placed in tanks into which these streams are collected; the copper quickly incrusts the iron, and in process of time entirely dissolves it, so that a mass of copper takes the place of the iron. The residuum, in the shape of a coloured deposit, is at times taken out, dried, and smelted. Before the adoption of this plan, a great deal of copper escaped as a refuse into the sea. Indeed, this simple laboratory device has become, during the last few years, an expedient on the manufacturing scale: the poorest copper ores, which at one time did not even pay for working, now have the metal extracted from them at a profit, by a process of which this is the penultimate stage.

Glass, so much of which in its manufactured form is destroyed in our households, is carefully collected, and of course goes again to the melting-pot. The most fragile and destructible of materials when manufactured, it is, perhaps, one of the most indestructible of all known substances; and very possibly there is plenty of it which has been melted over and over again for centuries, now doing good service in the world. Glass bottles, especially physic bottles, go to the dust-yards with great regularity, and with the same regularity they find their way back to the druggists' shops, going the same dull round year after year, and no doubt are present at the death of many to whom they have ministered. Old boots and shoes, when not too far gone, find their way to Monmouth Street, Seven Dials, where they are patched up with heelball, and made to look decent, even if they should not prove very serviceable. In any case, good sound pieces of leather are turned to account. India-rubber goloshes, and all articles made of caoutchouc, whether vulcanized or not, are remelted and mixed with the new gum, the refuse being obtainable at from 17*l.* to 18*l.* per ton, and the raw material at not less than 200*l.* a ton.

The dust-heap is now pretty well exhausted; there is the soft core and the hard core, the decaying vegetable matter, and the broken crockery. The former goes to feed the pigs, and the latter makes excellent foundations for roads.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER VII.

At the festival of Corpus Christi, in the year 1729, all the bells of the numerous churches in the capital of Salzburg were pealing from an early hour in the morning at short intervals. The neighbouring mountains re-echoed the solemn sounds. The greater part of the houses of that city, which commands so beautiful a site, were decorated with tapestry, with garlands, and with flowers. Images of the Virgin were seen in several of the streets, adorned with fresh leaves, wax

tapers, and with gold and silver, which, although counterfeit, still shed forth a dazzling splendour around. Every niche where there was a statue of a saint had been newly adorned for the occasion. Men and women, in their holiday clothes, crowded the streets on their way to church.

Near the platform of the Castle of Salzburg, by the largest and most magnificent fountain in all Germany, where gigantic horses, cupids, and artificial shells, sculptured in white marble, continually pour forth an abundant stream into the capacious basin, some servant girls, with their well-scoured pails resting on the

margin of the fountain, were engaged in conversation. Each new comer afforded them fresh material for railery; there were few against whom some witticism was not uttered by their sharp tongues.

Slowly the square became filled, and chiefly with citizens; but this time the numerous guards who were usually employed to keep order appeared quite unnecessary. At length the bells pealed from the tower, and deafening flourishes of trumpets in the cathedral, accompanied by the loud clangour of kettle-drums, announced the conclusion of high mass. Soon afterwards the principal door was thrown open, and the procession came forth with gorgeous pomp, with the archbishop in the midst. In front and by the sides of the splendid canopy, which, glittering with gold, and decorated with ostrich feathers, was held over the prince-archbishop by chamberlains, marched a multitude of guards, servants, monks, priests, and prelates. After these came a long train of the noblest inhabitants of Salzburg. From the portal of the cathedral—a masterpiece of architecture—the spiritual ruler cast an inquiring look over the square before the castle. In amazement he whispered a few words to one of the nearest chamberlains, who, taking out his watch, answered in an undertone, “Most gracious prince, it is by no means so early; indeed, the usual hour has long since passed.”

The countenance of the prince, which until that moment had worn an air of cheerfulness, now became overspread with gloom. “Luthere, redde mihi legiones!” (Restore my legions, Luther!) he sighed, as he moved forward to the extremity of the steps, on which the people knelt to receive his benediction.

In former years the place had been crowded to excess, but on this occasion only a few persons were thinly scattered over the square, and the prayers of the faithful were but faintly audible. The archbishop, as soon as possible, concluded a ceremony which was now depressing, but which once had been a source of exultation to him.

“Call the chancellor to me,” said he in a tone of command to one of his gentlemen in waiting, who was divesting him of his magnificent robes; and immediately he entered into a long conversation in Latin with the prior of the convent of the Camaldolines at Salzburg. While thus engaged, the Chancellor von Rall made his appearance, a man of wrinkled and sallow mien, who, from the specious respect and submission he evinced, seemed to have obtained full possession of his master’s mind. “Rall,” said the prince to him, “didst thou notice to-day, how—”

“How empty thy sheepfold was of the black flocks of the mountain?” the chancellor added, in allusion to the colour of the clothes usually worn by the countrypeople.

“Ah, Rall! the misguided blindness of the poor people grieves my heart.”

“Might it not rather be called their obduracy, insolence, and pride?” suggested the chancellor.

“Thou art not far from the truth,” replied the prince. “I cannot comprehend how they can exchange the pure milk of the only saving faith for the hard, unpalatable husks of Lutheran heresy. How peacefully they might dwell in the bosom of our Church, which renders the path to heaven easy to its professors! What a multitude of intercessors, and what ready means of grace does it offer to the Catholic Christian! And, on the contrary, how barren and destitute of comfort, compared with it, is the doctrine of the heretics, to the heart which needs consolation! And yet—”

“Gracious prince, thou art too lenient to these renegades.”

“I often think so,” replied his highness, “and blame myself on this account. But it pains me to punish the flock that has wandered astray.”

“But if thy clemency should occasion the evil-doers to experience the fate of those who would not listen to the warning voice of the good shepherd?”

“Thou alarmest me!” said the prince. “Ah, Rall, Rall! how often have I in tears prostrated myself before the crucifix, and besought that my understanding might be enlightened, and that means might be granted me to recall the heretics to His cross! The worthy prior, here, has now revealed to me a method which cannot fail to prove beneficial. I tried a similar plan, when I directed all the clergy in the country to explain to their congregations the vast difference between our glorious faith and this pernicious heresy. That this good intention did not succeed may be attributed, in a great measure, to the clergy, who, through their long ministration, may probably have lost much of their zeal and assiduity. I have, therefore, at the suggestion of this devout prior, resolved to employ the brethren of Jesus, the most experienced and most indefatigable champions in the service of our Lord, against the heretics. I intend to despatch, without delay, a pressing solicitation to the very reverend general of the Order for this purpose.”

With an incredulous smile, the chancellor said: “But, my gracious prince, if the boors should treat the holy brethren of Jesus in the same manner they have treated their pastors? If they should continue still to forsake the house of God, and bury themselves in the recesses of the forests to hear the Bible explained by their more learned brethren, who are but too willing to instruct them?”

“Then let them be compelled, under pain of severe penalties, to attend the service of God,” interposed the prior, vehemently.

“Thou hast hit the right mark, good prior,” said the chancellor, smiling. “This is the weak side of all farmers, and on that they must be assailed. And I would fine every one a hundred florins who was found with a Bible in his possession. This measure is sure to work miracles.”

“Fools!” exclaimed the archbishop. “The proverb, ‘*Was nutz der Kuh Muscaten*’ (What’s the use of nutmegs to a cow), is not inapplicable in this instance. Truly, my dear prior, I foresee that the Lutheran declaimers will some time or other bitterly repent that they ever entrusted the besotted people with the Bible. What an inexhaustible source of troublesome contentions, perverse constructions, and contradictions have they now opened! Even we ourselves, educated for the Church, taught by the holy fathers of the Church, and by oral tradition, are often greatly perplexed in our endeavours to discover the true sense of an obscure passage in the Bible! How, then, will the uninstructed laity arrive at the truth?”

“Although I am a layman, I can perceive that thou art perfectly right,” said the chancellor. “But the peasantry are as stubborn as their cattle, and can be convinced only by things that they see occur before their eyes. My advice, then, would be, if they continue to neglect our Church, to withdraw from them all its benefits. Let no clergyman baptize their children, marry those who are betrothed, administer sacrament to the dying, nor bury their dead in consecrated ground, as long as they remain unpurified from even the suspicion of heresy.”

“He is right!” cried the prior.

“We will try it!” said the archbishop.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SMALL waggon, drawn by two fine oxen, and laden with the few goods which Manlicken conceived he might take with him as his undisputed property, was standing in the yard of the Schüppelhof. Stroking Packfest, the house dog, whilst they shed bitter tears over him, Manlicken's two little boys were waiting for their parents, who were taking a reluctant leave of every room and corner of the dwelling. Restless and silent, Peter Pommer was walking outside the house, and occasionally directing restless glances towards the door. At last Manlicken, prepared for his departure, came forth, followed by Catherine, her eyes red with weeping, and Barbara, who was endeavouring to hide hers with the little kitten, which was the only living creature she thought she might venture to retain. Her left hand was placed in that of Hans, who was the last of the retreating group. In this manner the family approached the waggon, which, driven by one of Peter's servants, was now beginning to move onwards. At this moment, Peter, impelled by a vague sense of propriety, drew near to them.

"Farewell, kinsman," said Manlicken, calmly. "Do not suppose that from these tears we are envious of thy possessions. Thou knowest that women and children cannot easily restrain their feelings. Be happy in this house, and enjoy thy property with more peace of mind than I could possess."

Peter looked perplexed, and casting a sidelong glance at Barbara, who had already turned away from the house, he drew Manlicken aside in an awkward manner, and said, eagerly,—

"Cousin, give me thy daughter, and take back the estate and all that belongs to it. I feel that it will be of no use to me; but, on the contrary, Barbara might make a prudent man of me."

Manlicken, shaking his head, pointed with a quiet smile to the youthful pair, who were walking together hand in hand.

"I understand," said Peter, sighing. "Well, I perceive that the fair maiden prefers the handsome Hans to the lame Peter. Let them, therefore, remain in the cottage, but do thou live here with thy wife and sons."

"I thank thee for the kind offer," said Manlicken; "but, believe me, it would neither profit thee nor us. Farewell, then! May God be with thee!"

Peter gazed sorrowfully after them. As soon as they were out of sight he went into the stables, and having saddled one of the horses and unchained Packfest, he rode off at full speed.

CHAPTER IX.

"THY cousin is a niggard, at all events," observed Hans to Barbara, as she was walking by his side. "If he really were as generous as he tried to make thy father believe, he would not have allowed us to depart with empty hands. It is a great pity that such a fine property should fall to such an owner. He will soon have distilled everything into spirits. Has not the best dapple cow already disappeared, and have not three goats and a buck vanished? Even the poultry seem diminished, and all this since yesterday, whilst we were gone to set our dwelling in order. Nay, more; he must have even sold some hay and straw, for a single foddering could never have made such gaps in the stacks. I could not have stood by quietly watching the poor boys caressing Packfest, who has grown up with them, and so deeply lamenting his loss, without making them a present of him, and many things

besides. It will be long enough before we can have living inmates of the stable and hencoop."

Hans continued thus inveighing against Peter, whilst the farmer's wife seemed by her silence to approve of his sentiments; but Manlicken said, reproachfully: "The great and good God will always bestow upon us what is necessary and right for us. Let us first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us."

Soon afterwards they came in sight of the cottage, which was henceforth to be the dwelling-place of the family. At the same time a small outhouse, which was to serve them for a stable, wash-house, and cart-house, was visible, and behind it was a narrow strip of ground, which the industry of Hans had already converted into a kitchen-garden. The little farm was beautifully situated, and commanded a fine view of the mountains. The loud barking of a dog welcomed them as they slowly advanced.

"Does not that sound exactly as if it were Packfest?" said Joseph to his brother Frank.

"I was just going to say the same thing," answered the other.

"It must be his ghost," cried both, hastening to obtain ocular evidence. At the door of the house they actually beheld Packfest, fastened by the self-same chain he always wore, whining and wagging his tail with joy at the sight of the two brothers. His boisterous delight at their approach gave rise to a number of other sounds, which seemed to proceed from the stable; and wonderful were the bellowing and the bleating, the lowing and the cackling, the quacking and the grunting, that now saluted their ears. And when Hans opened the stable door, it presented to him the appearance of a Noah's ark. Here, to his astonishment, stood the dapple cow which he had missed, the goats that had disappeared; there a flock of about thirty peaceful sheep were crowded together in a corner, carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of two fat pigs. Ducks, geese, pigeons and fowls in numbers, occupied the loft, whilst the upper part of the stable was well supplied with hay and straw.

"This is my kinsman's work," said Manlicken, uncovering his head. "My children, you should ask pardon for the injustice done to him."

This they readily did with gladdened hearts, and not the less cheerfully that they found the house, including kitchen and cellar, stocked with provisions of every kind. Nay, more: the servant had orders not to bring back the borrowed waggon and pair of oxen!

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

NO. XI.—THE POET COWPER A COMMENTATOR ON RECENT EVENTS

As the title for these roving essays is borrowed from the poet of "The Task," it is not surprising that, during this fast-closing year, I should often have had Cowper "before my mind's eye" when taking my loophole peeps at men, manners, and customs. And, therefore, when I lately read a book on William Blake the painter, I could not but notice how the writer, a fashionable poet of the day, went out of his way to give a gratuitous sneer at the country that was "fed by the teapot pieties of Cowper," the said country being that England which

may be proud of the pure poet of "The Task," and the phrase "teapot" being doubtless derived from that well-known passage in "The Winter Evening," that will live when this sneerer's rhymes are forgotten. I was better pleased to read in the "John Bull," that one of its correspondents, when turning over the volumes at a bookstall in the City Road, had lighted on an interesting relic of the poet Cowper—the copy of the Greek Testament that had been presented to him by the Rev. John Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, to whom so much of his correspondence was addressed, and to be near whom Cowper had gone to Olney. On the poet's death this volume came into the possession of Mr. John Johnson, that cousin who soothed Cowper's last moments with the tenderest care. Mr. Johnson presented the volume to a friend, at whose death it found its way into the bookstall box, from whence it was purchased for a few pence.

But more strongly still was Cowper brought "before my mind's eye" in that portrait numbered with three sevens, and exhibited during the past summer in the very interesting gallery of the National Portrait Exhibition. The masterly pencil and delicate grace of Romney were strongly evidenced in this picture; and what have been truly termed "the hare-like eyes of extreme sensibility and the tremulous features" of the gentle Christian poet were faithfully delineated. The portrait was in crayons: and if any objection could be made to it, it would be that the red tones of the face were somewhat too pronounced, increased in force by the contrast of the white skull-cap. The likeness of his mother, "Anne Donne, Mrs. Cowper," No. 778, hung next to that of her illustrious son. It was that very miniature which was presented to him by his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, and which led him to pen that poem, "Lines on the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk," which are surely some of the tenderest and truest ever written by a son of his mother. It was in February, 1790, that the welcome present was forwarded to him at Weston, and how dearly he prized it is recorded not only in his poem, but in his letters to the donor, and to his two other cousins, Lady Hesketh and Mr. John Johnson. "I had rather possess it," he writes, "than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated . . . I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy." The same testimony is paid in his poem, "Faithful Remembrances of One so Dear." It was two years after this that he addressed the sonnet "To George Romney, Esq.," on the painting of his portrait in crayons, of whose execution he very truly says,—

"I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace ;"

and then remarks on the pleased expression of the features, of which he neatly says,—

"The cause is clear ;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest and sat to thee?" *

* Portraits of Cowper were also painted by Jackson and Abbott. The former is in the collection of Earl Cowper, and a very good steel engraving from it is given as the frontispiece to "Cowper's Letters," published by the Religious Tract Society.

It was the year in which he formed the acquaintance of Hayley, and it was a year that was the beginning of sorrows, although he here wrote so sportively. These two pictures at the National Portrait Exhibition were unsurpassed by any in the building in their interest to men of letters, and must, during the past summer, have recalled to many thousands of visitors those pathetic lines that commence with the words, "Oh, that those lips had language!" and have brought them face to face with their delightful author.

There are one or two other recent matters in which we may also turn to Cowper—taking him as a commentator; for his remarks, written some eighty years ago, are quite pertinent to the subjects to which I allude. We country-folk in *Minima Parva*, who are (happily) removed from the roar of the great Babel, and can only take peeps at its doings through the loopholes of the press, often have to open eyes of wonder at the strange sights that those peeps set before us. There was, for example, that case of Madame Rachel, with her expensive methods to make silly women "beautiful for ever," by medicated baths, washes, and enamellings. One writer, in a learned publication, who referred to this notorious case, stated that "the practice of enamelling the face dated as far back as the time of Jezebel." But he overlooked the fact that the proud wife of Ahab is said to have "painted her face" (2 Kings ix. 30), and not to have enamelled it; and further, that the marginal reading shows that this painting was limited to the eyes, a practice that was also reproved by Ezekiel (xxiii. 40) in the cases of Aholah and Aholibah, and was the old Oriental custom of tinging the edges of the eyelids with a dark colour so as to increase their length and brilliancy. But face-painting, as we now understand the term, although practised before Elizabeth's time, mentioned by Shakespeare, and condemned by Philip Stubbs, would seem not to have been thoroughly established in this country until the lax beauties of Charles the Second's court introduced it from France, together with other fashions in costume which have again made their appearance during the past season. There is the false hair, for example, worn by ladies, similar to those artificial curls that were termed "heart-breakers," just two centuries ago; or like the "perukes," mentioned by Pepys when he wrote, "By-and-by comes La belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion is for ladies to wear;" and there are the long trains and the bared shoulders that were so strongly condemned in that "Just and Seasonable Reprehension" to which Richard Baxter wrote the preface. All these fashions have reappeared, together with face-painting, which continued to be much practised in the court of Anne, and is the subject of many remarks in the "Spectator," where the painted ladies are called *Picts*. It was still in vogue in the last quarter of the past century, when Cowper wrote, at much length, on the subject to his friend Mr. Unwin. His letter is dated May 3, 1784, and his remarks are so applicable to the practice of that art of which Madame Rachel would seem to be the most skilled (and expensive) exponent, that some extracts may be here made from them as bearing pertinently on the fashions of the present time.

"As to the immorality of the custom," says Cowper, "were I in France I should see none. On the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness and a tacit confession of what we all know to be true, that French faces have neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgment of a defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not

remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must prove immorality in the design of those who use it; either that they intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green; and this unambiguous judgment of the matter is owing to two causes; first, to the universal knowledge we have that French women are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions; and secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint, for they do not, as I am satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where, therefore, there is no wanton intention nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid) our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness, that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties who litigate with great warmth the question, whether painted or not. This was remarkably the case with a Miss B., whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety 'to be not merely red and white,' which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our countrywomen. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain; otherwise, why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind; or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle and carry on more successfully the business of temptation."

He speaks of the use of rouge, white paint, and lotions, and shows, by examples, how their application must in time (as in the case of the beautiful Lady Coventry) be ruinous to the constitution. He excludes the French woman from his condemnation, considering that she painted her face with no more deceptive art than that used by an Indian squaw who painted blue and white circles on her cheeks; but in England he entirely disapproved of the practice. "I cannot indeed discover," he says, "that Scripture forbids it in so many words; but that anxious solicitude about the person which such an artifice betrays is, I am sure, contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout. Show me a woman with a painted face, and I will show you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth, and not on things above." It is to be feared that these remarks on past fashions might be largely applied at the present time. Here, in *Minima Parva*, indeed, Madame Rachel's trade is unknown by familiar examples, and revealed to us only when we peep through the loopholes of the press. Our country belles are satisfied with the colours and complexions that Nature has bestowed upon them; their roses and lilies are of their own growth, and not produced by poisonous cosmetics; and, in short, the only painted ladies submitted to our gaze, and in which we can take a real pleasure, are those beautiful rosy apples, called "the painted ladies," of which this autumn has given us so bounteous a crop in our gardens and orchards—

"Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
And hence even Winter fills his withered hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own."

But our apple-trees are now stripped of their pretty "painted ladies"; and the orchards have yielded their annual wealth of the fruit of that tree which was pronounced eight centuries ago by William of Malmesbury to be indigenous to Worcestershire soil, and which was so plentiful in Herefordshire, that Fuller quaintly said of that county:—"This shire better answereth to the name of Pomerania than the dukedom of Germany so called, being a continued orchard of apple-trees." The apple-month has gone by, and the month of fog and mist has once more come to the summit of "the rolling year."

Yet we are often unjust to November in accrediting it with so much fog, when far more frequently it is the month of calm autumnal days. Rather is it the month of the faded and falling leaf, when "the chesnut patters to the ground," when "the silvery gossamers twinkle into green and gold," and the calmness—

"Calm as to suit a calmer grief"—

the calmness of the waning year has settled upon the whole landscape. The poet Thomas Hood constructed a most ingenious ode to this month, founded on its negative qualities, in which the fog played the chief part. It began with these lines:—

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no t'other side of the way."

These lines were very aptly quoted by some well-read tramp, who headed them with the title "A Prison," and wrote them on the walls of the Newport Union. He had written other scraps of verse on the walls of other unions that he had patronised, and had signed them with the pseudonym "Bow Street." They were quoted two years ago in an article on "Our Tramp Wards and their Inmates," published in the "Spectator," the writer of which said of the above lines, "Would Hood himself have been ashamed either of the words or ideas?" They were in fact Hood's, and they are followed by others, with these to conclude the poem:—

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful care,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No—vember!"

Yet, whether or no we are to have a monopoly of fog and mist in this November month, it will be hard to recall in it the great heat and drought of the previous summer; and it is highly probable that there will be not anything to remind us of the heat in which the last session of Parliament closed, on July 31st, except the heat of a general election and the broils of politics that this November has unavoidably brought upon us. It is curious to turn from this present month of elections to that in which the Parliament was prorogued. The London season had been hastened to its close by the intolerable heat, and the season and the session may be said to have been mutually dissolved by the influence of the tropical weather. On the 31st of July, the reformed Parliament had expired, at the age of thirty-six, and its successor is to be born this November, amid the throes of a general election, with new voters and new constituencies to wait upon its birth. Let us hope that it is destined to secure the advancement of the country in peace, prosperity, and religion.

The passing of "The Corrupt Practices Bill" at the close of the past session ought to make open and bare-faced bribery an impossibility, and sorely to puzzle the rats of voters how they can secure the tempting golden

bait without being caught in the legal trap. Yet the ingenuity of man may even devise expedients by which this seemingly insuperable difficulty may be successfully overcome. Cowper may be accepted as our present-day commentator even in this matter; and he blithesomely describes the visit of an electioneering candidate, who would appear to have established the system of osculatory bribes, where he could use no other system; and, doubtless, there were cases in which it was found to be (from Cowper's description of his appearance and manners) "metal more attractive" than gold and silver. It was in 1784, that notable period in the poet's life when he was writing "The Task," and about which period all his greatest poems were produced, that, being in the parlour at Olney with Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen, a visitor was announced. Cowper's own description of the scene is too good to be abbreviated or given in other words than his own. "As when the sea is uncommonly agitated," he says, "the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the watermark by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss [his tame hare] was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door as the only possible way of approach. Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand, with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, 'a shopkeeper at Olney,' addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, *kissed the ladies*, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, and kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which, not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult duties of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his button-hole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never, probably, to be thus interrupted more." There will be many, however, who will have

thus to be interrupted in the present month, and the foregoing scene, thus so vividly sketched by Cowper, will be re-enacted (with or without the kissing?) by many a candidate and his train of followers.

There is yet one other subject that I would mention in which we may accept Cowper as a commentator on this year's events. I refer to the great drought of the past summer. And, first of all, a word or two as to that remarkable season. The weather is the most ordinary topic of talk with all of us; but this summer it was unusually provocative of conversation and discussion. There were those two terrible days of great heat, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21st and 22nd, when the reapers sank at their work, and fell smitten by sunstroke. There was also that other hot Wednesday, August 5th, the day on which the Queen left for Switzerland; when the harvest was well-nigh ended. That harvest was the earliest and most quickly gathered on record; reaping was done by moonlight; the corn was so dry that it could be carried as soon as cut; and was thrashed, and, in some places, made into bread before the first of August: whereas in the previous year the ingathering of the corn was so delayed that its shelter procured a prolongation for the lives of partridges far beyond their fatal 1st of September. To 1867 the caustic words of Horace Walpole might have been applied, "The summer has set in with its usual severity;" but in 1868 the severity was changed to that of heat, and we had more of the sun than is usually assigned to sunny June even by the poets. The pastures were dried up so much that here, in *Minima Parva*, the half-famished stock were turned into the fields that had been intended for hay, but whose grass did not pay for the expense of cutting. Haymaking was a country occupation that was chiefly made conspicuous by its absence: root-crops withered, and the demand for oil-cake and artificial food was so great that their price was raised. Sheep and oxen were sent to market and sold for an old song; and bread and meat were cheapened for a time. Brooks and ponds were dried up; the water-cart became a daily necessity, and had to go from field to field with its precious freightage to be placed in troughs for the panting cattle. The distress for pure water was everywhere great; and serious illness was caused in the fens and elsewhere from the polluted and stagnant water that had to be drunk. The green fields changed their hue to a dusky brown; the trees prematurely shed their leaves; laurels and shrubs perished; strawberries shrank to the size of blackberries; and the bright glories of the bedding-plants and riband-borders were sadly dimmed.

Mosquitoes, ranging northwards from the Woolwich marshes, acclimatised themselves in the heart of England. The volunteers, who had been half drowned at Wimbledon in 1867, were nearly burnt to death in their tents in 1868; carelessly dropped pipe-lights fired mountains and moors, parks and woods, and destroyed thousands of pounds' worth of property. Gangs of labourers were placed along railway embankments to prevent the fiery flakes from the railway engines (their chimneys not being protected as in America) from spreading devastation in the corn-fields on either side the line. Thatched cottages, photographers' studios, stacks and farmsteads, were converted by the heat into cases of spontaneous combustion. Yellow-checked old gentlemen declared that the sultriness was greater than they ever remembered in Calcutta; and people endeavoured to relieve their heated feelings by grumbling in the newspapers that our houses were not built for coolness, and that our streets were unprovided with shady avenues of trees. Others complained that our "customary

suits of solemn black" and our chimney-pot hats combined to form the most intolerably hot costume ever forced upon rational but perspiring creatures; and suggested that our clothes—which are termed "troublesome disguises" by Milton, whose authorship of a newly-found poem they discussed with a warmth akin to that of the weather*—should be exchanged for summer suits of alpaca, linen, or white flannel. Others declaimed against our slavery to conventionality and Mrs. Grundy in eating hot and heavy dinners, and in making our chief hours of business during the most sweltering part of the four-and-twenty hours. Umbrellas were put to the use implied in their Italian name, and gentlemen copied the example wisely set a hundred years ago by Jonas Hanway, whose Persian experience had taught him that the umbrella could be used as a sun-shade; even as Gay had before them (in 1712) written in his "Trivia,"—

"Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad.
Britain in winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

But the exceptional summer of 1868 saw the umbrella used by gentlemen as a sun-shade more generally than it had ever before been used for that purpose in the streets of English towns; and it was among the many striking features of that peculiar season. Even the first five days of August reached a temperature that was rather more than nine degrees hotter than had been attained at that period in the previous fifty years: but in the ensuing week there was a welcome change to rain.

Our cottagers at Minima Parva, who are wont to place implicit faith in the weather predictions of their penny almanacks, were, for once in their lives, shaken in their belief in "Old Moore." With every willingness to stretch a point in his favour, they were yet constrained to acknowledge that when their great authority said in some such words as these:—"You may expect rain on or about the 2nd, 5th, 7th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 25th, and 28th," and not a drop of rain fell from the 1st to the 31st, Old Moore had raised expectations that were doomed to be disappointed.† Nevertheless, despite such failures as this, the faith reposed in "Old Moore" by our rural population is something astounding. Mr. Charles Knight had noticed it (in his "Passages of a Working Life") in 1812; but it has even increased since that day with a ratio in excess of the proportionate increase of the population: It was stated that in 1867 nearly 700,000 copies of "Old Moore" were sold; and that with Partridge's, Raphael's, Orion's, Zadkiel's, and others, at least one million of "prophetic" annuals were disseminated. This present month of November will again witness their publication and their extravagant and wicked pretences to lift the veil that so mercifully shrouds the future from our view. To that future we may look hopefully forward, even though the retrospect of the past summer of high temperature and great drought may be attended with some sadness. Thus, though the wheat and barley harvest was so plentiful, yet the loss upon stock was said by Mr. Bailey Denton

to have been as great as from the cattle-plague; and this mainly from the long drought and the neglect in making efficient provision to store the winter rainfall.

But there is an old saying, "Drought never yet bred dearth in England"; and it was noticed that, in the year 1826, which most resembled the present year in its long continuance of heat and absence of rain, although the rain did not set in till September 18th, yet that the spring of grass after that time was so plentiful, that ample subsistence for flocks and herds lasted well into 1827 without drawing upon the diminished stores. And it was further said, that the quality of the stock in the country now is so much superior, and the general condition of it so much better than in 1826, that the animals can better bear up against their restricted food. In the "Times" for July 27, Mr. J. G. Symons gave a long and very elaborate statement of those years in the present century in which we had a temperature similar to that in the present year. These years were 1806, 1808, 1818, 1825, 1826, 1846, 1852, 1857, 1858, 1859. Mr. R. H. Allnatt, Mr. Steward, the Hon. and Rev. W. O. Forrester, and others, also contributed interesting records relating to the weather of those years. No mention, however, was made of the similar temperature and drought in 1788; and it is to that year I would particularly refer, as I have adduced Cowper as a commentator on recent events; and his observations on the long drought of 1788 will apply to the drought of 1868, and are such as may be profitably perused by all. "It has pleased God to give us rain, without which this part of our country at least must soon have become a desert. The meadows have been parched to a January brown, and we have foddered our cattle for some time as in the winter. The goodness and power of God are never, I believe, so universally acknowledged as at the end of a long drought. Man is naturally a self-sufficient animal, and in all concerns that seem to lie within the sphere of his own ability, thinks little or not at all of the need he always has of protection and furtherance from above. But he is sensible that the clouds will not assemble at his bidding; and that, though the clouds assemble, they will not fall in showers because he commands them. When, therefore, at last the blessing descends, you shall hear even in the streets the most irreligious and thoughtless with one voice exclaim, 'Thank God!'—confessing themselves indebted to his favour, and willing at least, so far as words go, to give him the glory. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that the earth is sometimes parched and the crops endangered, in order that the multitude may not want a memento to whom they owe them, nor absolutely forget the power on which all depend for all things."

May the lesson of the drought of 1868 have not been taught us in vain!

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XII.

WE took up our quarters for the night at a most comfortable inn, called La Fonda de la Granja. At the village bearing that name, all the royal dependants resided when the court was at San Ildefonso. The temperature of this agreeable spot is most delightful—wholly free from the scorching heat of Madrid—and it enjoys all the bracing salubrity of air belonging to elevated regions in southern latitudes. It is nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the palace is actually erected amongst the mountains. What a singular

* Cowper wrote a poem on "The late indecent liberties taken with the remains of Milton," which Lord Winchelsea might have paraphrased in this controversy.

† "Zadkiel," another of these traders on popular credulity, was equally unfortunate in his predictions. For July, he particularised several days on which there would be "misty drizzling rain" or "violent thunderstorms all through the land," summing up the meteorology of dry, sultry July, with the italicised words, "*Much rain this month!*"

fancy, shared by so many Spanish and Moorish sovereigns—that love of building their royal dwellings on hills or rocky heights! The Alhambra, the Generalife, the Escorial, San Ildefonso, and other buildings I could name, all stand very high, on pinnacles, as it were. The situation is truly picturesque. One is in the midst of fine mountain scenery: the most magnificent forests extend all around; fresh clear streams foam and sparkle in the sunshine; and above all the glorious mountain La Peñalara raises its stately head to the height of nearly 9,000 feet above the sea level. The former name of the site on which the palace was built was La Granja, literally grange or farm buildings, and the spot was purchased by Philip v, as there he thought he might live in retirement suited to his singular habits. Talk of contrasts! where could we find one greater than that between this thoroughly French chateau or palace, in the midst of scenes of great natural beauty, and that grand yet most gloomy Escorial?

San Ildefonso is almost theatrical in its display of ornaments, both exterior and interior; but we passed hastily through the palace, reserving all our energies for the gardens, which are almost unrivalled in Europe. Equalled they may be by some, but surpassed by none that I have either seen or heard of. They may well be beautiful, for the cost of their formation was something fabulous, even in those days when no sum was thought too extravagant to be lavished on royal pleasures and pursuits. The mountainous country surrounding these gardens, while it adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, also added to the cost. The waterfalls are very lovely: the brilliant clear mountain streams are caused to fall in one magnificent sheet of water transparent as crystal, and glowing in the light of the southern sun like molten silver. Trees, flowers, shrubs, and velvet turf abound; and it is very striking to see this highly kept and ornamented parterre, one glowing mass of colours, situated high up in the midst of mountainous scenery, with fine rocks and hills and stately fir-trees enclosing it as in a frame. We were possessed of a private order for the fountains and cascades to be made to play, and this display added greatly to the charms of the scene.

As we descended from the hills down again into the plains, we were greatly struck by the fine old city of Segovia. We determined to give one whole day to this most interesting specimen of an old Castilian city, for we had been warned that it would be a great mistake if we neglected visiting it. Accordingly, instead of returning to Madrid from La Granja, we went on to Segovia, and took up our abode for the night at the very much improved inn in the town. The city is situated on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain, and two streams almost surround the hill. Its picturesque old walls, the alcazar, the curious round towers, the singular houses with their balconies, and the artistic effect of the buildings grouped together upon the rocky eminence on which the city stands, form a scene an artist would delight to gaze at. We were charmed, though the sharp keen air blew so chill in our faces that, accustomed as we had been for so many months to the luxurious warmth of those southern lands, we almost shivered at the change. Still the sun shone bright, and after we had descended to more sheltered regions, we no longer complained of the wind. Segovia is one of the most ancient cities in Spain: its antiquity, or rather that claimed for it by its citizens, carries us back to ages so remote that we may soon get lost in the mazes of antiquarian lore. Its ancient aqueduct is one of those grand works completed in those days with such magnificent results. For more than

three leagues does this splendid structure convey the pure water to the city. The central arches are upwards of one hundred feet in height, and nothing can be more picturesque than the view of these tiers of beautiful arches rising one above the other.

The cathedral is a noble building, certainly one of the finest in Spain. The colour of the stone used in the erection is most effective. The view from the summit of the tower well repays one for the exertion of the ascent, so fine is the panorama of mountains, woods, streams, gardens, and the striking city itself. We visited the alcazar chiefly, I think, because within its walls that admirable writer Le Sage represents his hero Gil Blas to have been confined.

Segovia formerly was famous for the beautiful merino wool of the sheep pastured in the vicinity. Most curious accounts are given in the old chronicles of the enormous flocks that were kept by the different convents, as well as by other proprietors. The time of sheep-shearing was made a regular festival, and all the people came from the different villages and hamlets in the neighbourhood to take part in the festivities. The flocks were immense, and it required no small amount of labour to shear such large numbers of sheep, but it was all done with admirable method and skill. There was so much rivalry in the wool trade in those days, that the spirit of emulation kept all concerned on the alert. It is very different at the present time: the wool trade has shared the fate of all other Spanish manufactures; the same dull stagnation pervades it that has been so fatal in other things. Within the last few years (so we were told by those who have the welfare of Spain deeply at heart) there has been a decided reaction; and the iron roads that are beginning to traverse the country in many directions must in process of time introduce a new order of affairs. Many of my readers may have seen specimens of this beautifully fine merino wool in the fairy-like knitting for which some of the towns in the Pyrenees are celebrated. But I must not loiter, but go on my way.

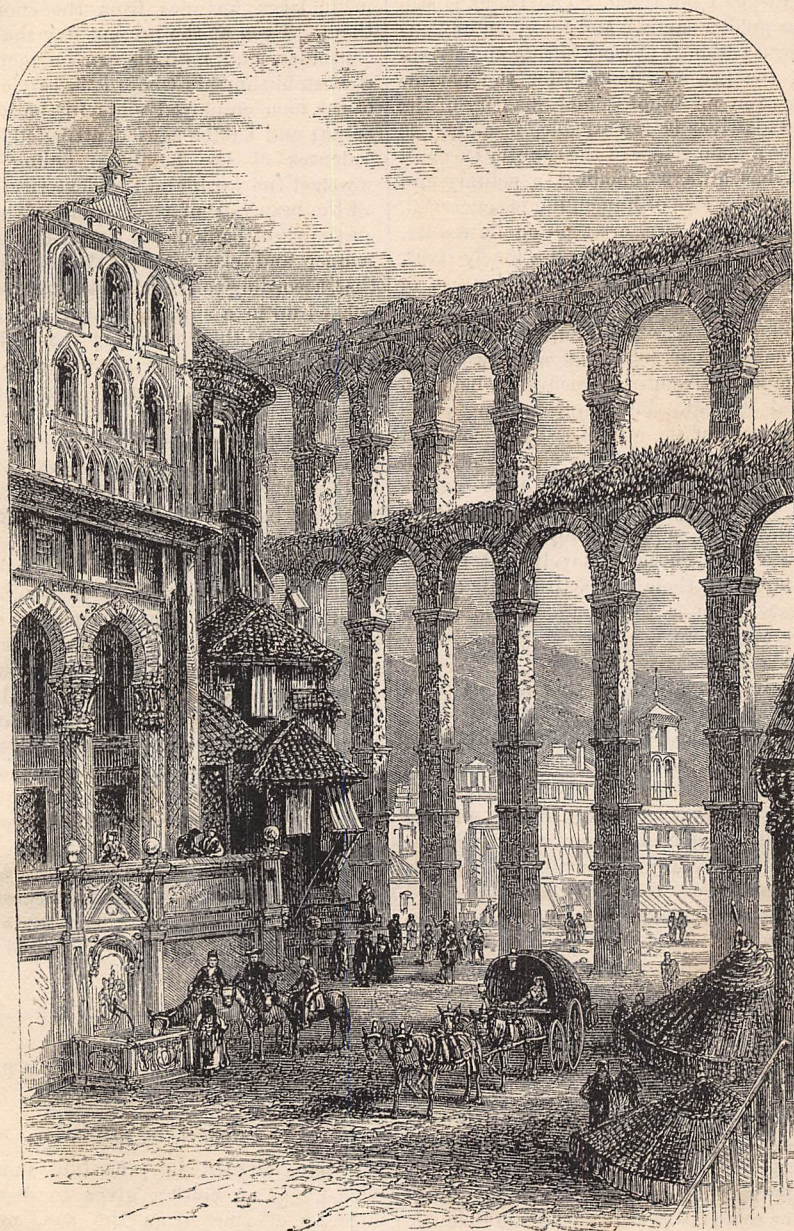
Who could be in Spain—nay, at Madrid—and not visit Toledo, one of the most remarkable of the Spanish towns, and formerly the splendid capital of the monarchy under the Gothic rule? I can only say, it is to be hoped that in the palmy days of its celebrity the different roads that led to it may have been less detestable than they are at the present day.

We were much struck on our nearer approach to the town by the remarkable air of antiquity that pervaded it. Toledo is placed on numerous hills, something after the manner of Rome; it was even stated in the old account that their number was the magic one of seven. Whatever their number really may be, they are of considerable elevation. The picturesque river Tagus circles them with a bright and shining girdle. The streets are steep and narrow; but the houses have an air of massive grandeur that tells of bygone splendour, of dwellings erected not merely for the passing requirements of an increasing population, but with a due regard to posterity; so that a family mansion was an heirloom, and was passed on from generation to generation almost uninjured, and if altered only improved by the embellishing hand of time. Many houses in Toledo are very Moorish in aspect, as they well may be, for the town was under the dominion of the Moors for some centuries.

For a Spanish town, Toledo is one of the cleanest that we saw. The reason of this superiority may be found in the ample supply of water that is ever at the command of the Toledans. The Tagus is an ever-flowing

and most bountiful stream. The character of the Tolodans is very much in accordance with the country they occupy. They are solemn and grave in aspect, slow and dignified in their movements, brave, and faithful, and honest. There are many really excellent traits in

both the other races in almost every attribute. So richly do these different remains adorn this singular old town that it may well be called "charmed ground." Not a sound of a carriage or vehicle of any sort disturbed our silent reveries, for few wheeled conveyances could



ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA.

their character, and the higher classes speak their fine language with a purity of accent and clearness of utterance delightful to hear.

Toledo teems with memories of the past. In that respect it is far more interesting than Madrid. At Toledo every street is a picture. One knows not which most to admire, the Roman remains—relics of that wonderful people who never planted their proud eagles in any country without leaving lasting traces of their presence—or the works of the poetic, romantic, chivalrous, and pleasure-loving Moors; or again, the grand stately buildings of the sterner Goths, widely differing from

pass along those steep, ancient-looking streets. The whole aspect of the place is stately and solemn in the extreme. How beautiful is the splendid Moorish gateway of rich harmonious red brick! Then how truly picturesque is the mass of varied buildings, convents, palaces, and churches, all heaped together on the rising ground, the rocky pinnacles standing out in fine contrast from the ancient ruins.

It is pleasant to stand on the Moorish bridge which traverses the Tagus, and gaze at the impetuous river, as its waters pour forth from the narrow gorge above. In the immediate vicinity of the town may be found

spots of such wild and rugged aspect, that truly one might imagine oneself many a long mile away from the noisy haunts of men. There are many such to be found along the banks of the Tagus, and had I spent weeks instead of days at Toledo, I should never have wearied of exploring them. More especially attractive were they at the season when I saw them. The Tagus is still said "to run over golden sands," and many an anxious watcher may be seen patiently at work sifting and straining, and washing the precious deposit, for the narrow chances of finding even an infinitesimal quantity of the valuable metal. This river is remarkable, inasmuch as though formed to be a main artery of the country through which it runs, it has always remained a solitary and lonely river, as far as the tide of human life is concerned. No steamers, scarcely any boats, are seen on its waters. But though in one sense it may be called a lonely river, yet have its banks many tales to tell—of battles, of skirmishes, of sieges, of lonely dungeons built on rocky pinnacles overlooking its waters, of imprisoned ladies gazing on the rushing current week after week, of rescuing knights crossing from one precipitous bank to the other, of awful struggles for empire taking place within sight and sound of its waters. Many-coloured rocks seem at some points entirely to close it in, in a narrow gorge or basin; but some sudden turn reveals fresh beauties of wild rocky glades, overhanging precipices, rushing waterfalls, and smiling valleys. The Toledan laundresses have chosen a lovely spot as the scene of their labours, and their gay attire, their merry songs, their pleasant manner to strangers who try to make acquaintance with them, are all most harmoniously in unison with the scene.

Any one paying their first visit to this ancient town should by no means omit going at sunset to see the painted windows in the cathedral. Beautiful at all times, at that hour they glow with the beams of the setting sun, till they appear like a gorgeous mass of precious stones. They were all painted by famous foreign artists, and the price stated to have been given for each single window seems almost incredible. Many of the internal decorations of the cathedral are exquisitely beautiful; and greatly as I dislike gilding generally in a church, there are two pulpits of metal richly gilded, that are as exquisite in their workmanship as the finest specimens of gold plate. The image of the Virgin in the cathedral at Toledo is perfectly black, and the estimation in which she is held is plainly shown by the lavish adornments with which she is literally covered. She is seated on a massive silver throne gorgeously carved. The canopy is also of solid silver. The jewels in her crown would form a dowry for an empress, and the precious stones set in various articles for her adorning are more valuable than many crown jewels. The churches are very numerous in Toledo, but as there is a great sameness in Spanish churches, I refrain from detailed description. If I were asked what I cared least for amongst the varied and interesting sights that occupied my time during my stay in Spain, I should say the Churches. Of course I speak generally, and I except the grand Cathedrals of Seville, Gerona, and a few others, not surpassed elsewhere in Europe.

There is one thing for which Toledo has been renowned from the earliest days, which must claim a passing notice—I allude to the manufacture of sword-blades—and their celebrity has in no degree decreased. There are many curious laws and regulations in old archives, respecting the profession of armoury as practised formerly in this town, and it required very strict examinations before any one was admitted a member of the body of

armourers, or corporation, as it was termed. These famous sword-blades, especially, were supposed to derive somewhat of their temper and excellence from some properties of the water of the Tagus, which was exclusively used in the process. Before the invention of gunpowder, the manufacturers of these renowned blades made large fortunes from the enormous demand for them. Even at the present day the trade in them still continues, and nothing can be more picturesque than the establishments where it is carried on. The costume of the men employed adds to the artistic effect of the scene; and I often paused, attracted by the clear, regular cadences of the hammers falling on the iron, and watched the work and the dexterity of the workmen in all the branches of their trade. These workshops are on the right bank of the river, and the extraordinary fine temper and elasticity of the swords is still so great, that, according to the manufacturers, they are sometimes packed up in a similar manner to the fine steel springs of a watch, without receiving the slightest damage. The three trials that these swords were formerly made to undergo were very curious. The first was made by resting the blade on a kind of iron horse and bending it down by great pressure with one hand on each side of the horse; this trial was often repeated, and at the end of them the blade was to appear perfectly straight without any blemish being visible. The next was known as that of "the lion's tongue." A leaden imitation of a lion's tongue was fastened to the wall, the point of the sword was placed against the tongue, and the weapon gradually bent till it was nearly in a semicircle. If there was any flaw it would shiver like glass under this trial; if there was no blemish it would instantaneously resume its original form. The third was the most formidable. A block of iron was placed on a cushion stuffed with hay, and then the farrier, with the whole strength of his arm, was to give a furious cutting blow at the iron. The blade was to pass through the trial without even the minutest notch in its edge. Blades having passed through all three trials successfully were in the proportion only of twelve per cent., a wonderfully small number when one reflects that those that failed were condemned as old iron. The trade has lately revived considerably, so we were informed at the principal establishment.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

NOVEMBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

WE have alluded in preceding months to the term "fixed," as an epithet given to distinguish the great majority of stars from the sun, moon, and planets, whose apparent positions in the heavens are continually changing sensibly from day to day, and, in the case of the moon, from hour to hour. The so-called fixed stars, so far as can be measured by the unassisted eye, however, never alter their relative positions with respect to each other, and appear as if they were attached to the celestial sphere. They are observed to rise in the east and set in the west, from day to day, and from year to year, without any sensible change in their general aspect, excepting only that due to the seasonal variation of the earth's position in her orbit, as briefly explained in March. This apparent absolute fixity of the stars in space was supposed by the ancients to be real, and it was not till the year 1717 that Dr. Halley, owing to the greater accuracy of modern astronomical observations,

noticed that the positions of the three bright stars, Sirius, Aldebaran, and Arcturus, were from one-third to half a degree more southerly than those recorded by Ptolemy on the authority of some observations of these stars made by Hipparchus, 130 B.C. At first it was naturally supposed that the discrepancy arose from errors in the observations of the ancient astronomer, but Dr. Halley considered that the observed differences between the ancient and modern positions of these three stars were more likely caused by a peculiar motion of the stars themselves. This explanation or opinion of Dr. Halley has been completely confirmed by the more precise observations of the present century. In truth, it has been found for a certainty, that a very large number of stars have their own "proper motion," some of greater extent than others. The right ascension and declination of upwards of 3,000 stars, observed by Dr. Bradley between 1750 and 1762, have been compared with modern observations of the same stars, and the annual proper motion of each accurately determined. In a few stars these peculiar displacements reach to a very sensible amount, the largest being nearly eight seconds of arc annually. In the binary star 61 Cygni (see page 507) this proper motion consists of rather more than five seconds, and it is found that the two stars composing the binary system have the same amount of annual displacement. This equal angular motion is a convincing proof of their physical connection, independently of their revolution around each other.

The subject of the proper motions of the "fixed stars" has been in many ways extremely interesting to astronomers, as it is by the systematic discussion of these apparently small quantities, that the existence of a supposed motion of the solar system in space has been determined. Sir William Herschel, in 1783, was the first who drew the attention of other astronomers to the probable existence of this proper motion of the solar system. His research led him to point out Lambda Herculis as the direction towards which the sun was moving. One argument in favour of the problem, and a very strong one it is, is that successive astronomers with different data have, without exception, found the solar motion directed towards the same point in the heavens. A recent investigation by the Astronomer Royal has, however, thrown some doubts on the reality of this rather romantic astronomical problem, or at all events on some of the received notions respecting it. A more extensive inquiry made in 1863 by the author of these papers, by applying Mr. Airy's formulæ to the proper motions of 1,167 stars, confirmed the doubts resulting from the previous research, although the direction of solar motion agreed with that found by Sir William Herschel, and the velocity with that determined by M. Otto Struve. But although the apparent movement of the sun in space does not appear to account for much of the star displacements, as exhibited by the researches of the Astronomer Royal and the writer, yet so distinguished an astronomer as Sir John Herschel has remarked that it is not surprising that such should be the case, and that it could not be expected that any movement assigned to the sun would account for more than a very small portion of the observed proper motions. He says:—"But what is indeed astonishing in the whole affair is, that, among all this chaotic heap of miscellaneous movement, among all this drift of cosmical atoms, of the laws of whose motions we know absolutely nothing, it should be possible to place the finger on one small portion of the sum total, to all appearance undistinguishably mixed up with the rest, and to declare with full assurance that this particular portion of the whole

is due to the proper motion of our own system." A suggestion has been given by Dr. Mädler that the solar system is quietly revolving around Alcyone, the brightest star in the Pleiades, as the central sun. This idea of Dr. Mädler is not conclusively accepted by other astronomers, and the subject of a central sun is therefore only considered as a problem belonging to speculative astronomy, which will require many centuries to elapse before sufficient data can be obtained to speak positively on the question.

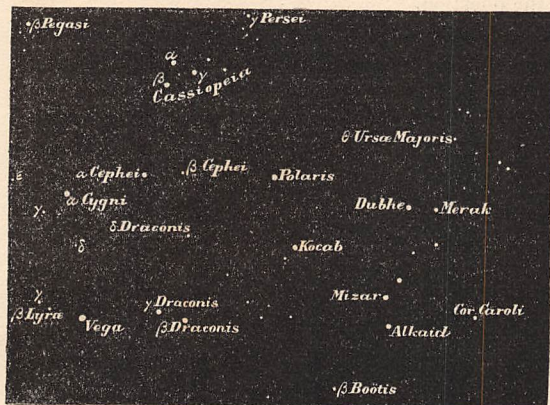
The midnight sky in the middle of November contains a large instalment of bright winter stars, with which we are so familiar in the evenings of the first months of each year. In the lower diagram, many of these can probably be identified by the reader at a glance, or by a reference to the corresponding index-map. The zenith is now occupied by the constellation Perseus, the chief star of which, Alpha Persei, is very near that point, slightly west of the meridian. Algol is a little lower towards the S.S.W. Looking due west, below Perseus, the eye passes over Andromeda and Pegasus, in which the four stars in the square of Pegasus may be recognised. Of these, Alpherat, or Alpha Andromedæ, and Gamma Pegasi, may be noticed in the right-hand upper corner of the diagram. If we look in a south-westerly direction, below the two bright stars in Perseus, the next conspicuous objects are Alpha and Beta Arietis; and lower down, nearly to the horizon, most of the visible stars are included in the constellation Cetus. Jupiter still shines in Pisces, above all other objects on this side of the meridian.

The Pleiades are now on the meridian, about twenty-eight degrees from the zenith; these popular stars can always be distinguished without difficulty, by their nebulous or cloudy appearance to the naked eye. The central and principal star of the group, Alcyone, is about the third magnitude. At this moment only three constellations are on the meridian, Perseus, Taurus, and Eridanus. The last is a very extensive asterism, and many modern unsuccessful attempts have been made to reduce it by the formation of several small constellations out of some of its outlying portions. The stars near the meridian, in the lower portion of the diagram, all belong to Eridanus; none of them are, however, greater than the third magnitude. Achernar, of the first magnitude, is not only the principal star in Eridanus, but also one of the brightest in the southern hemisphere. It never rises, however, above the horizon of London.

Let us now direct our attention to the sky east and south-east of the meridian. Here we have at one view a perfect galaxy of stars, including those in Taurus, Auriga, and, lower down half-way between the zenith and the eastern horizon, Castor and Pollux. These stars can be recognised near the upper boundary line on the left-hand side of the lower diagram. Near the horizon, but outside our limit, Regulus and the stars in Leo, including the planet Mars, add to the beauty of the eastern midnight sky of this month. From the meridian to the E.S.E. horizon, we pass above Orion and through Taurus, Gemini, Canis Minor, and Hydra, and near the first-class stars Aldebaran and its companions the Hyades, Beta Tauri, and Procyon. The position of Orion in the heavens requires no explanation, as that is always pointed out by the well-known three stars in the warrior's belt. The two upper stars are Betelgeuse in the north-east, and Bellatrix in the north-west corner of the quadrilateral, Rigel being in the south-west corner. Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, is near the horizon in the south-east. A tolerably bright star to the

right of Sirius is Beta Canis Majoris. A few objects below the quadrilateral of Orion belong to Lepus. Between Sirius and Procyon, the sky is occupied by Monoceros, a district void of stars above the fifth magnitude. Near the horizon in the S.S.E., one or two objects below Sirius in Canis Major, and in Columba, can be seen at midnight.

Aries, the Ram, is the first in order of the ancient



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, NOVEMBER 15.

zodiacal signs, and is consequently one of the forty-eight asterisms of the ancients. As we noticed last month, although this constellation is the first, or leading sign, in the zodiac of Hipparchus, by reason of the sun formerly entering Aries on the 20th of March, it is now no longer so, as by the precession of the equinoxes, the first point of Aries of Hipparchus has passed thirty degrees east of the point where the sun now crosses the equator from south to north at the vernal equinox. Aries has Triangulum on the north, Taurus on the east, Cetus on the south, and Pisces on the west. About twenty stars in Aries were known to the ancients, eighteen



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, NOVEMBER 15.

having been catalogued by Ptolemy. Bode's Atlas contains one hundred and forty-eight. The principal stars are Alpha and Beta Arietis, both situated in the head of the Ram. Aries, and the neighbouring small constellation Triangulum, contain several interesting double and triple stars. The position of Aries may be gathered from our previous remarks, and by an inspection of the lower diagram, in which the two principal stars are placed about midway between the Pleiades and Gamma Pegasi.

Cetus, the Whale, occupies a considerable portion of the south-western sky at midnight in November. It is south of Aries and Pisces, west of Eridanus, Orion, and Taurus, east of Aquarius, and north of Sculptor and other small constellations. Cetus is very extensive, and is one of the old standard forty-eight asterisms. It contains three hundred stars of sufficient magnitude to be included in Bode's Atlas. Alpha Ceti, or Menkar, and Beta Ceti, or Diphda, are the principal stars. They are, however, widely separated, Menkar being near the eastern portion of the constellation, and Diphda the western. The index-map will point out the relative positions of these objects, but, by star-alignment, a line drawn from Pollux to Aldebaran, and then carried forward nearly as far again, will pass close to Menkar, in the head of the Whale. Or, according to the rhymster:—

"To know the bright star in the Whale,
The lower jaw which decks;
From fair Capella send a glance
Through Pleiad's beauteous specks;
And bear in mind this cluster fine,
So admirably seen,
From Cetus' head to th' Charioteer,
Lies just half-way between."

A very remarkable variable star is to be found in this constellation, known by the name of Mira Ceti. The variation in lustre of this star was first noticed by David Fabricius, in 1596. It retains its maximum brightness during fourteen days, and is then of the second magnitude. Its light afterwards gradually decreases for about three months, when it becomes not only invisible to the naked eye, but also when looked for with the largest telescopes. It remains invisible during five months, then reappears as a minute telescopic object, and afterwards increases gradually for three months, when it again attains its maximum splendour. The time of its period from maximum to maximum is about 331 days. The greatest lustre of this curious star has been found to be not always the same; it is usually equal to the second magnitude, but, occasionally, it has been recorded that at its maximum it has appeared only of the fourth magnitude. In 1799, according to Humboldt, its light shone with an intensity nearly equal to that of stars of the first class, in fact scarcely inferior to Aldebaran. This object is one of the most interesting of the variable stars, as may be inferred from the appellation by which it is distinguished, Mira, or the wonderful star.

In addition to the usual circumpolar constellations, the northern sky contains, at midnight, portions of Pegasus, Cygnus, Andromeda, Vulpecula, Lyra, Hercules, Boötes, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, Lynx, Leo Minor, and Leo. We will now compare the upper diagram with the sky north of the zenith. Taking the north-western quadrant first, the bright star-group of Cassiopeia will be the first to attract our notice. Below Cassiopeia, in a north-westerly direction, the three principal stars in Cepheus may be recognised as forming an arc of a circle, of which Beta, the lowest of the stars in Cassiopeia, is nearly the centre. Between Cepheus and the horizon, the sky is occupied by Cygnus, whose chief star Deneb, or Alpha Cygni, is a prominent object twenty-five degrees high. Vega is near the horizon in the N.N.W. The two bright stars between Vega and the meridian, are Gamma and Beta Draconis, Gamma being that nearest to Vega. Draco now incloses Ursa Minor on the west, north, and east. Kocab, Gamma Ursæ Minoris, and the small stars leading to Polaris, are all to the north of the pole. A considerable portion

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, NOVEMBER 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, NOVEMBER 15.

of the north-east sky is occupied by Ursa Major, which extends some distance south and east of Charles's Wain. The pointers, Dubhe and Merak, are the uppermost stars of the group, the third is Gamma Ursæ Majoris, the fourth Delta, the fifth Epsilon or Alioth, the sixth Zeta or Mizar, which is double, and the seventh Eta, or, as it is sometimes called, Alkaid, or Benetnasch. This last star is fourteen degrees above the horizon. The companion star of Mizar is named Alcor, and can be perceived occasionally by the naked eye, and very clearly with an opera-glass, or small hand-telescope. South of Ursa Major and Draco, the large space reaching to the zenith is chiefly occupied by Lynx and Camelopardus, two constellations without a single large star. In the eastern horizon, but outside the limit of the diagram, several bright stars in Leo have just risen, amongst which the planet Mars is a brilliant object. The actual horizon from west to north and east is occupied by Pegasus, Vulpecula, Cygnus, Lyra, and Hercules, west of the meridian, and Boötes, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, and Leo, east of the meridian.

Mars is now becoming a conspicuous object in the heavens; we therefore take this opportunity of giving a few brief particulars of his position in the solar system, and of the telescopic appearance of his surface. Mars is the fourth planet from the sun, being the next in order to the earth. His surface exhibits a greater analogy to that of our own globe than any other planet of the solar system, and when he is at his least distance from us, he shines with great splendour in the midnight sky. He can always be distinguished from the other planets, and from the fixed stars, by his ruddy light. Owing to his occasional near approach to our earth, great facilities are obtained for delineating the various lights and shades on his disk; and at such opportunities numerous accurate drawings are always made. When viewed through large telescopes, the surface of Mars represents the outline of continents and seas, and near the poles white spots are clearly visible, which owe their existence probably to an accumulation of snow in the polar regions.

The mean distance of Mars from the sun is one hundred and forty millions of miles, and his nearest distance from the earth averages forty-eight millions. The equatorial diameter of Mars is about 4,363 miles, and his polar diameter about seventy miles less. He revolves around the sun in a few minutes less than 687 days. When in or near opposition the form of Mars is sensibly globular, but in other portions of his orbit he is generally seen gibbous, similar to our moon between the first or last quarters and the full. The time of revolution of Mars on his axis has been determined to be twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-three seconds.

The apparent magnitude of Mars is very variable in consequence of the elliptical nature of his orbit. When on the opposite side of the sun with respect to the earth, and therefore at his greatest distance from us, his telescopic diameter amounts to less than four seconds of arc, but at the times of his nearest approach at favourable oppositions, his telescopic diameter is increased to twenty-four seconds of arc. When viewed on these occasions with a good telescope, his disk appears covered with various markings of a very distinct character, some of which give those defined appearances of continents and seas which have been so ably depicted by so many astronomers. The brightest parts, excepting the white patches near the pole, have a ruddy tint, while the darker portions have a greenish hue, the effect probably of contrast. It is by the

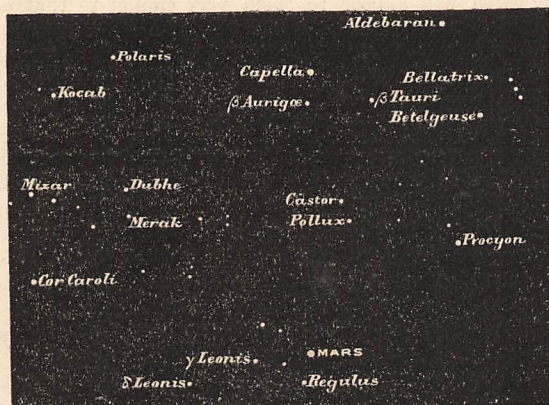
observation, at different epochs, of the positions of these fixed markings on the disk of Mars, that the most accurate determinations of his rotation have been made. One very recently published by Mr. Proctor, from comparisons of the modern delineations of Mars with some made by Hooke in 1666, gives a result, which is probably true to the hundredth part of a second.

If there be any inhabitants on Venus, the surface of the earth will appear to them very similar to that of Mars in our telescopic views of that planet. They will, however, have the advantage of seeing a globe of larger dimensions, but the general aspect of the terrestrial surface, including the distribution of land and water, will be the same. The poles of the earth would probably appear comparatively bright, as in Mars, if it be true that our unexplored polar regions are covered with ice and snow. Although the atmosphere of Mars is not considered to be so dense as was formerly attributed to him, yet it is proved that, like the earth, he is surrounded by one of sufficient density to obscure occasionally the various markings on his surface, particularly those near the edge of the planet, when many of the darker spots are quite effaced. Mars is doubtless subject to similar meteorological phenomena as our earth, and perhaps to greater sudden changes of weather. Professor Phillips, of Oxford, has remarked that the great interchange of the humidity of the atmosphere which must necessarily take place periodically between the two hemispheres, and especially between the two poles, would give rise to very violent hurricanes, of which we have little conception. The difference in the lengths of the years of the earth and Mars is one point where the analogy between the two planets fails, for as the Martian year is nearly twice as long as that of the earth, the seasons on Mars will be lengthened in a corresponding proportion.

Mars is the only large planet, exterior to the earth, without a satellite. Being at a greater distance from the sun than our globe, one would suppose that there would be a greater necessity for an attendant moon than with us, but no telescopic aid has been able to detect any object near the planet. If, however, a very small moon were situated comparatively near to the surface of Mars, our present optical means would probably not be sufficiently powerful to perceive it. In the absence of a satellite, the nights of Mars must be always obscured, relieved only by occasional auroral displays, or by the morning and evening twilight before and after the sun is above the horizon. The mass of Mars is only one-eighth part of that of the earth. His orbital velocity, or motion in space around the sun, is 53,088 miles per hour, and the velocity of his rotation at the equator is 558 miles per hour.

Until recent years the ruddy tint of Mars was universally believed to owe its origin to an unusually dense atmosphere, but this opinion has been considerably modified since the surface of the planet has been so carefully scrutinised by Professor Phillips, Mr. De La Rue, Mr. Lockyer, Mr. Huggins, and others. It has been found that the light reflected from the neighbourhood of the poles has no trace of colour, although in its course it has passed through a denser atmosphere than that which is found on the central portions of the disk, where the ruddy tint is most apparent. Mr. Huggins, who has made some very important observations of the spectrum of the solar light reflected from Mars, remarks that "if indeed the colour be produced by the planet's atmosphere, it must be referred to peculiar conditions of it which exist only in connection with particular portions

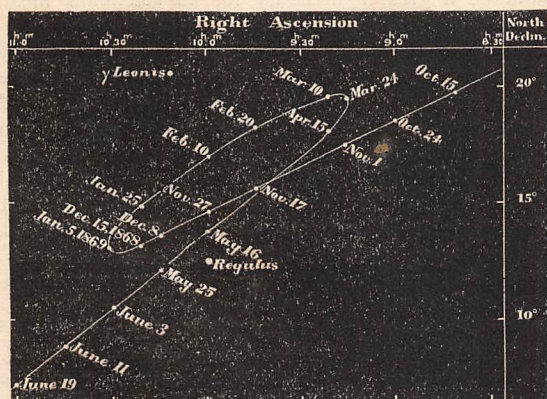
of the planetary surface. The evidence we possess at present appears to support the opinion that the planet's distinctive colour has its origin in the material of which some parts of its surface are composed. Mr. Lockyer's observation, that the colour is most intense when the planet's atmosphere is free from clouds, obviously admits of an interpretation in accordance with this view."



POSITION OF MARS AT MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 15.

Mars is not only an interesting telescopic object, but when he is at his least distance from the earth, corresponding observations of his exact position in declination are made at various stations situated in the northern and southern hemispheres, for the determination, by an indirect method, of what is technically called "the constant of solar parallax." It is by the knowledge of the value of this astronomical constant that the distance of the sun from the earth in miles is deduced.

The proximity of Mars to the earth in 1862 was a favourable opportunity for this purpose, when, by pre-



APPARENT PATH OF MARS.

vious arrangement, corresponding observations were made at Greenwich, Pulkowa, Washington, and Albany, in the northern hemisphere, and at the Cape of Good Hope, Williamstown near Melbourne, and Santiago, Chili, in the southern hemisphere. The observations were independently discussed by Mr. Stone and Dr. Winnecke, whose results agreed so closely with those previously determined by M. Hansen and M. Le Verrier from the lunar and planetary theories, that our leading astronomers have not hesitated to accept the new value in preference to that found from the transit of Venus in

1769, although the effect has been to reduce the absolute distance of the sun from the earth from ninety-five and a quarter millions to about ninety-two millions of miles.

The appearance of the sky at midnight, as represented by the November diagrams, will be the same at different hours in other months of the year. The diagrams will therefore serve for comparison with the heavens at 4 A.M. on September 15; at 2 A.M. on October 15; at 10 P.M. on December 15; at 8 P.M. on January 15; and at 6 P.M. on February 15.

In November, 1863, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter are all conspicuous planets at different hours of the night. On the first and following days of the month, the moon will be in Taurus, being near Aldebaran and the Hyades on the 2nd. On the morning of the 8th, she will be between Mars and Regulus, and on the 11th near Venus. She will not be far from Jupiter on the evening of the 24th, remaining together till they set in the west. On the 30th, Aldebaran, for a second time this month, will be near the moon, which will in the interval have passed through all the zodiacal signs in succession. She is in perigee, or at her least distance from the earth, on the 9th, at 2 P.M., and in apogee, or greatest distance, on the 22nd, at 2 A.M. The days and hours at which the principal phases of the moon occur are as follows:—Last quarter on the 7th, at 1.47 P.M.; new moon on the 14th, at 10.56 A.M.; first quarter on the 22nd, at 6.47 A.M.; and full moon on the 30th, at 1.0 A.M.

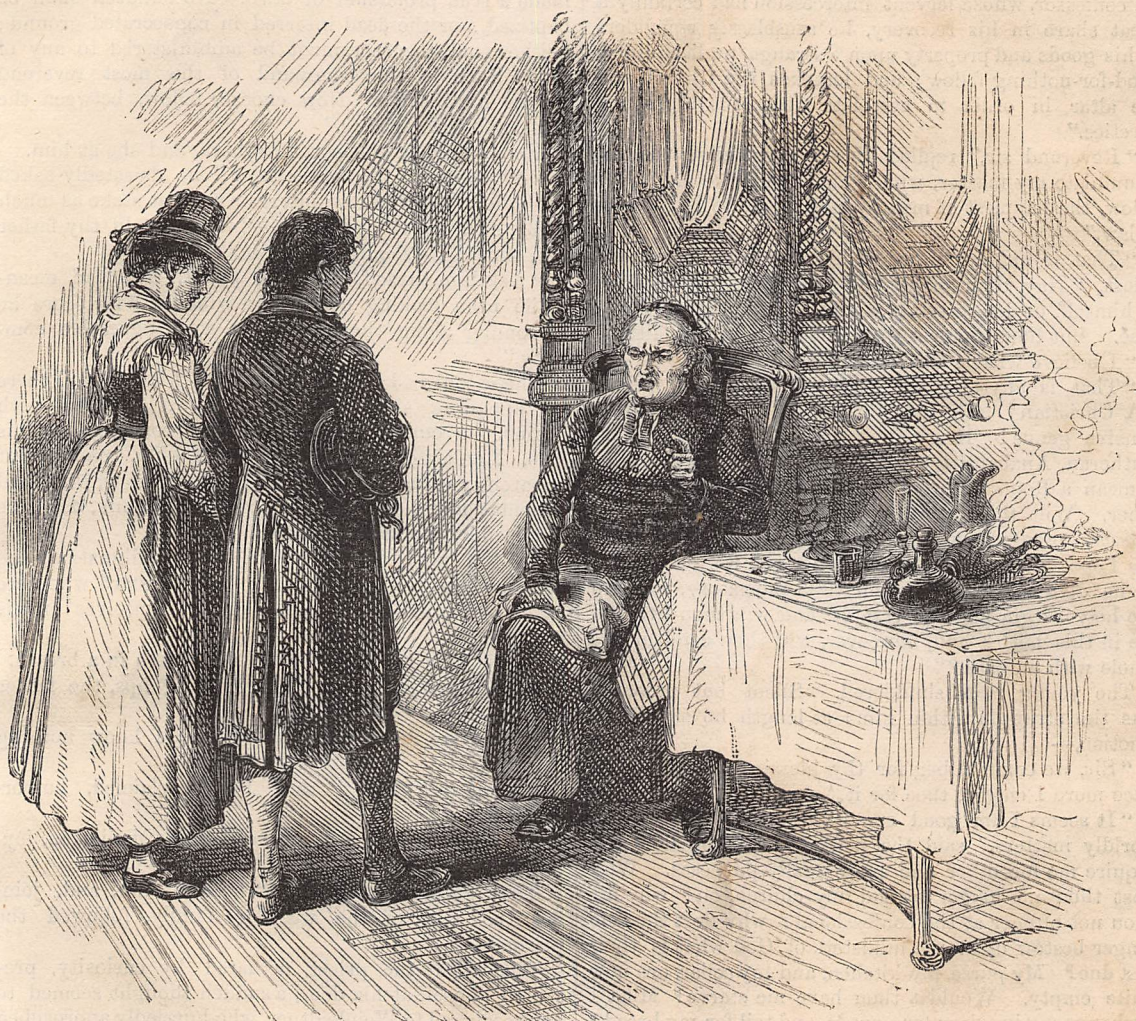
Mercury will be visible to the naked eye low down in the south-east shortly before sunrise, from the middle to the end of the month. He rises about two hours before the sun on the 21st. Mercury passes exactly between the earth and sun, or in inferior conjunction, on the morning of the 5th, when an opportunity will be had of witnessing the most interesting phenomenon of his transit, from east to west, across the solar disk. Unfortunately the sun will be below the horizon when the first apparent contact of the sun and planet takes place, consequently the transit will only be partially visible in this country. At sunrise, at 7.3 A.M., Mercury will appear near the centre of the sun, after which the planet will be seen to approach gradually the western edge of the sun, where it will disappear in the solar rays at 9.3 A.M. If the sky near the south-eastern horizon be quite free from cloud, the planet will be seen as a densely-black round spot. To observe it, it will be necessary to protect the eye by a deeply-coloured glass placed before the eyepiece of an ordinary telescope or good opera-glass. On the eastern coast of Africa, near Madagascar, and along the Indian Ocean nearly as far as Australia, the sun will be near the zenith during the progress of the phenomenon.

Venus is still a brilliant morning star, rising on the 1st at 2.47 A.M., and on the 30th at 4.6 A.M., almost due east. Mars rises about an hour and a half before midnight, and is gradually increasing in lustre. The two planets, Venus and Mars, add considerably to the beauty of the morning sky. Jupiter, the evening star of this month, reaches his greatest altitude on the south meridian at 9.37 P.M. on the 1st, and at 7.38 P.M. on the 30th. He sets in the west at 2.44 A.M. in the middle of November. Saturn is not favourably situated, being too near the sun to be observed even with a telescope. Uranus and Neptune are in favourable positions, but it is necessary that the observer should have a fixed instrument, furnished with a graduated setting-circle, to be able to detect such minute objects. In the field of view of a telescope Uranus can always be distinguished from the fixed stars by its very sensible disk.

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HANS AND BARBARA VISIT THE PRIEST.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER X.

"Is the reverend father at home?" inquired a young man, not long afterwards, of the plump and bustling cook who appeared at the porch of the parsonage of Werffen.

She cast a hasty glance at the empty hands of the youth and the maiden standing by his side, before she answered, in a surly tone,—

"His reverence is now engaged in study. What dost thou want with him?"

No. 882.—NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

Disregarding her words, the couple passed hastily by her into the room, where, in good truth, the father was busily discussing a roasted hare and a bottle of wine.

"What is thy business?" he demanded angrily, while rising, he endeavoured to conceal the good fare on which he was regaling.

With eyes sparkling with pleasure the young man replied, whilst his bashful companion bent her looks to the ground,—

"Reverend sir, we have agreed to enter into the holy state of matrimony, and therefore have come to pray you to unite us."

B B B

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Who art thou, and what is thy name?"

"I am Hans Weinleidtner, and this is Barbara Manlicken."

"Ah! I think I remember thee," said he, with no very friendly look at the blushing maiden. "Thy father was a tolerably orthodox man, who revered the Lord and his ministers, whom he sometimes remembered when a blessing had manifestly fallen upon his stable and barn. But his brain must have been severely affected by his fall into the Salza, for since that time he has behaved as if bereft of his senses. Instead of sending gifts and offerings to the blessed Virgin, and to our holy guardian saint for his miraculous preservation—instead of testifying by his actions his gratitude to me, his confessor, whose fervent intercession had certainly a great share in his recovery, he senselessly squanders all his goods and property upon a strange, undisciplined, good-for-nothing fellow; and forsakes the Church and the altar in order to associate with innovators and heretics."

"Reverend sir," replied Hans, resentfully, "do not calumniate my master, who is about to make me, a poor fellow, the happiest of men by raising me to be his son-in-law."

"That is another proof of his insanity!" said the priest. "Nay, thou mayst be in the same state of mind as himself, or he certainly would not thus act towards thee. But how standest thou in regard to thy faith?"

"I believe what a Christian ought to believe."

"That is anything but explicit," replied the priest. "A Christian! Oh, holy St. Crispin! what a comprehensive genus! Every heretic, Huguenot, Calvinist, Lutheran, Anabaptist, all claim to be Christians. But I mean a Roman Catholic Christian, excluding every other. Wilt thou and thy betrothed appear at the masses, processions, and pilgrimages? acknowledge the Pope to be the supreme head, and his ordinances to be divine? dost thou believe in purgatory, worship the holy Virgin and the saints? and wilt thou live and die in this faith? and, moreover, wilt thou confirm the whole with an oath?"

The young man shuddered. Silent but powerful was the struggle within him: at length he said, with emotion,—

"Sir, we came to beg for thy blessing upon us, and once more I entreat thee for it."

"It seems I am good enough to assist thee in thy worldly matters," said the priest, "but thou dost not require me for other and more godly purposes. Why dost thou no longer attend my church, eh? why art thou not oftener at the confessional? why dost thou no longer bestow upon the ministers of God what is their just due? My purse, my kitchen, and my cellar, are now quite empty. Wouldst thou have me starve? Must I exchange my breviary for a spade, and toil for my bread? Is it not sufficient that I am a sufferer in every respect, and am now to share even my house, my room, and the remnant of my former income, with a stranger, the Jesuit, whom the archbishop (the Lord forgive him for it!) has appointed as an assistant, but whose coming is, as it were, a reproach to me. Had you all quietly adhered to your ancient faith we should not have had these overwise superintendents, as though we, your experienced pastors, were not as intelligent as these profoundly-learned missionaries. I am not sorry, however, that they succeed better in managing such stubborn, uneducated boors."

With his mouth wide open, Hans had listened to the incensed priest, but, his feelings gradually worked upon, he replied,—

"Shall I tell thee unreservedly, reverend father, the reason why our people so seldom attend thy sermons? They cannot tolerate the continual reviling against Luther's doctrines, and the severe imprecations cast upon his adherents. They desire to be instructed and comforted in the house of God, but not to hear incessant reproaches for their want of faith. That is our objection."

The priest stared at him in amazement. His lips sought words for a suitable answer to the daring youth, who perpetually interrupted him by again preferring his original request.

"Peace, tormentor!" cried the holy father. "Thou shalt not be married before thou and that maiden have made a true profession of faith. No children shall be baptized, nor the dead interred in consecrated ground; neither shall the sacrament be administered to any of you. Such is the command of the most reverend Prince Archbishop. Now choose, fellow, between the curse and the blessing."

Hans gazed in dismay at Barbara, and she at him.

"What would thy father say?" he dejectedly asked of the lovely girl, whose interests were at stake as much as his own on the occasion—"what would thy father say, should I—should we—submit?"

"Ask him thyself," said the priest, who had meanwhile been looking out of the window, "for there he is coming along, though not in very agreeable company."

The astonished couple went to the window, and there an appalling sight met their view. Loaded with chains, surrounded by soldiers, the constable by his side, Manlicken was slowly advancing, pallid, but apparently calm. Catherine and her two sons, with loud lamentations, were struggling to approach him, but were repulsed by the brutal soldiery.

In the next moment, wild with indignation, the betrothed lovers had broken through the guard, who were taken by surprise, and had thrown themselves on his neck.

"Oh! what has happened?" cried both in a breath.

With composed mien, but trembling lips, the father replied,—

"They say that I am a murderer. I know nothing more."

"Thou art not!" they both exclaimed, horror-struck.

"God knows that I am not," said Manlicken, joyfully.

They were now forcibly torn from him, and, joining the rest of the weeping family, followed the prisoner.

But when the priest, actuated by curiosity, presented himself at his door, a sudden thought seemed to have occurred to Weinleidtner, who hurriedly approached him, and seizing both his hands in a supplicating manner,—

"Reverend sir," said he, "thou wert Manlicken's confessor; thy testimony will prevail. Speak, has so fearful a crime as murder ever burdened the conscience of thy penitent?"

"Thou art right," he replied, "he *was* my penitent; but," he added coldly, "a crime like the one in question may be the reason of his being so no longer."

Manlicken, who was sufficiently near to hear the request, and the answer to it, anxiously addressed the priest:—

"Sir, I have revealed to thee the most profound secrets of my heart. Thou knowest but too well what oppresses my conscience."

Father Grinselm, shaking his head incredulously, replied,—

"The human heart is too perverse and intricate a thing to be perfectly fathomed, even at the confessional."

The priest returned to his dwelling, and the crowd moved onwards in the direction of the castle of Werffen, increasing, like an avalanche in its progress, from the multitudes who joined it from all quarters. Every fresh comer was inclined to pity poor Manlicken as an innocent victim of the warden, and openly declared both sympathy and indignation at his unjust treatment; but when it was understood that the prisoner was not a sufferer for the sake of the Gospel, but that he lay under an accusation of murder, they withdrew with fear from a criminal who might perhaps justly be expelled from society. With visible pain Manlicken observed the impression which his supposed guilt wrought upon his fellow-countrymen, and he internally lamented that he was not only deprived of his liberty, but of a reputation which had hitherto been unblemished.

In the same hall where, a few weeks before, Manlicken had so conscientiously surrendered his possession to their legitimate owner, he was now received by the warden, in whose suite the physician of the district attended.

"Manlicken," said the baron, with apparent mildness, "for some time I have been indebted to thee for a few small matters. Gratitude, therefore, induces me to grant thee an immediate hearing. I ought first to humble thee by an imprisonment of two or three weeks, as is usually done. Thou art no doubt aware of this, and on that account will the sooner confess the truth. I shall be rejoiced if, in the course of thine examination, thine innocence be manifest, and should I be enabled to restore thee to liberty. But the suspicion which heavily rests upon thee seems but too well grounded, and justice loudly demands its blood-stained victim. Know, therefore, if thy conscience has not already accused thee, that thou art charged with murder—the murder of the son of thy benefactor. Thou art pale, thou art speechless; ha! such is the triumph of justice! her keen eye can detect even an habitual malefactor. Then, no longer deny thy crime, but by an open confession endeavour to obtain a milder sentence."

"If I really have turned pale," replied the accused, "it is only from sorrow that thou shouldst have deemed me capable of so atrocious a deed. And I now ask thee what right hast thou thus to proceed against an irreproachable man?"

"Insolence here is entirely misplaced," returned the warden, a frown contracting his brow. "We have means in our power to correct it; but I shall first put a few questions to thee."

"What caused thee to conceal, until very lately, the true name of that pretended stranger who died at thy house both suddenly and inexplicably, although thou hadst discovered from his passport and marriage certificate that he was old Pommer's son returning to his home?"

"I certainly did wrong in that respect," acknowledged Manlicken; "but I was in the shadow and darkness of death; for the word of God had not then enlightened me. I was afraid," proceeded he, "although I had acquired my property in a lawful way, that my candour might probably occasion troublesome and expensive litigation, and even deprive me of a great part of my fortune."

"That is exactly what I meant," retorted the warden; "we now come nearer to the point. How, then, if the same consideration which induced thee to conceal both

the name and the death of the deceased, should prove to have been the cause of his death? Wouldst thou feign not to understand me? In plain words, then, was not the sudden death of that person who endangered thy fortune the work of thine own hands, to rid thyself of him? What proof canst thou offer against this suspicion?"

"My conscience, and also my whole conduct. Dost thou think it likely," said Manlicken, "if I had been really guilty of the murder, that I should, of my own accord, have revealed the mystery which enveloped the stranger, and have so lightly yielded up the reward of a dreadful crime, after so many years' silence with respect to it?"

"This very behaviour is evidence against thee," replied the warden. "Thine evil conscience impelled thee to disburthen thy guilty heart of its reproaches, by restoring the wealth of which thou hadst so criminally taken possession. Thou canst not persuade me that any rational person would deprive his own children of an inheritance to throw it away upon a stranger."

"But, sir," interrupted Manlicken, "I did not recognise the runaway son of old Pommer. It was only after his death that I discovered his identity, from the papers which were found upon him. What could have induced me to slay a destitute and unknown being, who entered my house as a beggar?"

"Oh! as for that, he might have informed thee who he was, and even have claimed the property from thee," reiterated the warden.

"That such was not the case," said Manlicken, "my wife and the servants then in my employment can prove; for the stranger continued in their company until he retired to bed. Had it been so, then the boy would also have learned his true name and parentage, which his father had so carefully and effectually concealed from him, that he was totally unacquainted with the secret until I myself informed him, when I surrendered the estate."

"Oh! but curiosity," replied the baron—"even a slight family resemblance might have induced thee to search for his papers whilst he slept. Everything is possible."

"By no means," said Manlicken; "he had only taken off his coat, and we did not find the document, which he had concealed on his person, until we were vainly endeavouring to restore animation."

"Are those witnesses still alive?" inquired the warden.

"A woman-servant, who is now married, is living at Schwaback; but the man-servant has left the country."

"That is a bad thing for thee, Manlicken. How long is it since the stranger's death?"

"In November next it will be thirteen years."

"If we were to disinter the body, doctor," said the warden, turning to the medical man, "couldst thou pronounce whether he died a natural or a violent death?"

The latter, shrugging up his shoulders, replied, "It would be impossible: decomposition is too far advanced."

"So much the worse for thee, Manlicken. Though I would gladly shield thee, I cannot do otherwise than keep thee in custody until thou shalt confess."

At a sign made by the baron, the prisoner was again fettered and conveyed into the dungeon of the castle.

His family, who were in the deepest distress, were obliged to wait in the ante-room during the examination. With loud lamentations they received the discouraging decision of the warden, and they followed the prisoner with tears and sobs to the steps leading to his damp

and subterranean cell; and he was scarcely permitted to address a few words to those who were dearest to him. On going to the apertures, which admitted a feeble light into the dungeons from the courtyard, to discover, if possible, where Manlicken was placed, a loud scream from Barbara caused them all to leave off their search, and run to the spot where she stood. She thought she had heard a sound of pain; they all continued listening with the most profound attention. A slight clanking of chains, which was just audible from the depth below, was the only farewell which the beloved prisoner could give to his sorrowing family.

Almost daily this aperture was besieged by some member of Manlicken's family. As Barbara was one day kneeling before it, hardly daring to breathe, lest she might lose the means of obtaining a knowledge of his fate, a deep groan caught her ear. Barbara moaned audibly. A sound of a different kind, as if occasioned by falling blows, was then heard, and was followed by louder groans. She plainly heard her father imploringly say,—

"Have mercy upon me, an innocent man! Oh, leave off."

Fresh blows, accompanied by cries of pain, again pierced the daughter's heart. Then the enfeebled voice of the tortured Manlicken was heard praying,—

"Oh, my Lord and Saviour, deliver me from the misery of this life, and take me unto thyself!"

Barbara's scalding tears flowed faster and faster, but with a violent effort she suppressed her sobs, that she might hear more of her poor father; but when at last all was still and quiet, and even her calls remained unanswered, she quitted the court in a state of distraction.

"Who was that pretty young girl?" asked the young Baron Von Motzel, who had just arrived from Salzburg, and now addressed the warden of the castle.

"She is the daughter of the prisoner, Manlicken, my lord, and thou mayst often see her at that spot weeping piteously. She grieves for her father even more than for her lover."

"So! has she a lover too?"

"Yes, she has one to whom she is betrothed. They are only waiting to be married, for which they may wait long enough before Father Grinselm consents to it; for she also belongs to the set of heretics."

The baron made the warden relate to him her whole history, and every particular concerning her. At the conclusion he left the warden and went in search of his father, pondering on a design he had already formed, as he went out.

Barbara, disconsolate, and weeping bitterly, walked quickly through the fields until she arrived at the Schüppelhof, with the full determination of delivering her father, cost her what it might. With eyes red and swollen, giving evidence of her grief, she entered the little parlour which had formerly been the sitting-room of the family, and in which Peter was now occupied cleaning his gun. Barbara was well pleased at finding him alone.

"Cousin," she began, hastily wiping away her tears with her apron, "why hast thou accused my father, who has done so much good to thee, and who is as unsullied as the sun?"

"Did I not think that the blame would be laid on my shoulders?" exclaimed Peter, violently knocking his gun on the floor. "What have I to do with the charge against him? It is nothing but the warden's handiwork, who has contrived the whole affair for the purpose of getting the heavy costs and expenses out of us. It is

for this reason that I have been examined so often, and on this account there has been so much searching and taking of inventories in this house. All this must be paid for, and will thus enable the warden to discharge his debts. Barbara, I can hardly refrain from taking violent measures with him. Why should he harass thy father so? But stay, I recollect now what good Manlicken once told me, and that was, that the warden was so enraged with him because he would not give him back his bond which he held for four hundred florins, and which is now in my hands."

This declaration strengthened Barbara's intention. In order to introduce the subject of it she commenced, "My dear Peter!" all the blood forsook her cheeks, and she made a dead pause—"I once appeared to be a little in your favour."

"And still are—not a little—a great deal—very highly!" he exclaimed, warmly.

"If I now—" said she.

"Well, if thou what?"

"How much dost thou think I am worth?"

"All the treasures in the world," said Peter, warmly.

"Ah, no; pray do not joke now; I am in bitter earnest. How far wouldst thou go to have me?"

"To the top of the Watzmann," cried Peter.

The young maiden stamped her foot in anger; then weeping bitterly she again resumed her purpose.

Peter little knew what conflicting emotions were then at work in her bosom, over every affection a daughter's love for her father bearing sway.

"Do but understand, Peter," said she. "In the Bible we read that the Ishmaelites only gave twenty pieces of silver for Joseph; but for me—Barbara—thou must give more—a great deal more. In short, for four hundred florins, and not a heller less, I am thine, if thou art still inclined to have me."

"Aye, very well;" said Peter; "but thou didst thyself tell me that thou couldst not endure me."

Barbara, looking evidently confused, replied,—

"But now I am more favourably disposed towards thee, Peter. Thou didst behave with much generosity towards us upon our removal from the Schüppelhof."

"Ah!" said Peter, not a little flattered. "But what must be done with Hans, thy betrothed?"

"Do not speak of him," exclaimed Barbara, excited in the highest degree. "But yes or no!" said she, wildly: "wilt thou give me the warden's bond or not? Wilt thou have me or—"

But Peter had limped away to the desk in which he kept the document, and now holding it out towards her, he said,—

"There is what thou requirest."

Barbara hastily snatched the deed from him.

"Now, give me thine as a pledge that thou wilt be mine," said Peter.

"Yes; but it must be on condition that if with this bond I can liberate my father—"

"Well, be it so," murmured Peter.

Barbara gave him her hand, her whole frame trembling with agitation.

"Now one thing more," said he. "Thou art about to give the bond to the warden, but do not deliver it before he has set thy father at liberty. Ask for his release in his own handwriting. Dost thou understand me? And tell him that otherwise I will arraign him before the archbishop, the emperor, and the diet of the states."

On the wings of the wind Barbara sped back to the castle of Werffen. She was ushered into the presence of the warden, before whom she pleaded her cause with all the skill of a practised advocate, displaying so much

circumspection and ability, that with the aid of the document she fully attained the object of her visit. The warrant prepared for this occasion set forth the facts, and the insufficiency of evidence, together with the refusal of the son of the deceased to institute criminal proceedings against Manlicken, as the reason of his liberation. Eventually both Manlicken and Peter had to pay a considerable sum, the former as a penalty, the latter for the expenses incurred in the prosecution.

Barbara enjoyed the sweet reward of the sacrifice of her own feelings to her filial affection when she beheld her father ascending, or rather staggering, up the steps that led from his living tomb. Even the heart of the dissolute courtier, the young baron, was agitated by an unusual sensation at the touching scene of their reunion. But who can describe the scene at the moment when the father, pale from the cruel usage he had received, and leaning on Barbara for support, came into the midst of his family? Alas! none observed that after the first burst of delight at the return of Manlicken had subsided, Barbara, pale as the marble statue at the fountain of Salzburg, sat down speechless and fainting as she contemplated with anguish her future prospects. On the following morning, with increased sorrow and disquietude, she prepared to depart. Frequently she essayed to inform her parents and her brothers of the lot which awaited her, but the words died upon her lips; she had not the courage to cast her beloved Hans from the bright hope of the future in which he was indulging to a state of utter despair.

A loud knock at the door made her start as if she were a murderess. Her sad forebodings had not deceived her. The door opened, and the red head of squinting Peter peeped into the room. "Good morning," said he, drily. "I am come to fetch my sweetheart to the wedding. Art thou ready, love?"

Her countenance assumed a deadly paleness as she answered firmly, "I am."

"Well, then, come with me." He seized her hand, to lead her out of the room.

It was but natural that Hans should be the first of the astounded family to oppose this proceeding. But when Peter in decided terms asserted his claim to the maiden, referring to her own testimony in his behalf, and when Barbara confirmed its truth, there arose an outcry of sorrow and protestation. Hans, weeping aloud in agony of desperation, was on the point of felling Peter to the ground with a billet of wood, which he had seized. Manlicken looked for his walking-stick to return to his dungeon. Catherine implored their kinsman to resign his claim to her and take away the whole of their property instead. The brothers held their sister fast in their embraces, and would not part from her. But the cripple, relying upon Barbara's promise, continued inexorable.

"Well, how is all this to end?" he earnestly asked the wretched victim, who, releasing herself from the arms which were thrown around her for her detention, took Peter's hand, and uttering a half-stifled farewell to the astonished family, left the room. But she could not advance farther than the passage; her strength forsook her, and had it not been for the support of her newly betrothed, she would have fallen to the ground. Placing her upon a seat, he said with much emotion:—

"Barbara, I should be happy in calling a beloved being my own; to love and be beloved, and to participate with her both joy and sorrow. But when I see thou feelest as if I were leading thee to thy death, I cannot make thee unhappy. Go," he cried, passionately—"go

to thy Hans! I give thee back thy promise! Thou art free! May thy father unite thee to the man of thy choice."

Tears, which could not be repressed, rolled down his sun-burnt cheeks as he spoke. Then, taking the hand of the perplexed maiden, and not venturing to look again upon her face, he left the house as hastily as his lameness would permit him.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

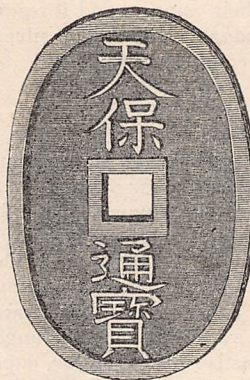
IX.

MONEY.

SOCIETY is divided into orders, according to occupation, and merchants and traders of every kind occupy the lowest grade in the scale but two, notwithstanding that they form so large a proportion of the population, corresponding, one may say, to our middle class. Women engage in various kinds of trades. At silk shops, lacquer ware depositories, fruit, vegetable, flower, and fish stores, women buy and sell, bargain and receive payment.

There are gold, silver, bronze, and copper coins. The most valuable is called an obang, and is worth from £15 to £25, according to the weight of gold: this coin is very large compared with European pieces of money, being an oval-shaped plate of pure gold about five inches and a half long, by three broad.

There are two other kinds of gold coin, the old and the new cobang: the former is worth thirteen silver boos, or a little over eighteen shillings of our money, while the latter is only equal to four silver boos, or



about five shillings and sixpence. The boo is the silver coin, and is here depicted: it is an oblong piece of solid silver, about an inch in length, and somewhat resembling a domino in appearance, with its name stamped upon it in Chinese characters, and the name and seal of the prince in whose territory it was issued. One Mexican dollar is equal in value to 3·11 boos, the Mexican dollar being the ordinary medium of exchange between Japanese and foreigners in their commercial transactions. A boo is therefore worth about one shilling and fourpence three farthings of English money. Half and quarter boos are largely in circulation, and then next in value comes the tempo, a

large bronze, oval, well-made coin, with a square hole in the centre, by which it may be strung on a string with a number of others. The tempo is worth about a penny, being the sixteenth part of a boo. Last in value, though most in use amongst a population where the necessities of life are so cheap, is the copper cash, a round coin about the size of our shilling, with a square hole in the centre for the same purpose as the similar aperture in the tempo.

The cash is made of inferior copper largely mixed

with iron and sand, and is a badly-executed piece of money compared with the carefully-produced gold, silver, and bronze coins. The constant friction it undergoes when passing rapidly from hand to hand may be the cause of the impressions being so much less perfect than those of the superior kinds of money. Its value is infinitesimally small, being the ninety-sixth part of a tempo, or the twenty-fourth part of a farthing, yet many articles in daily use are separately worth but a single cash, and can be purchased for this insignificant outlay. Strings of cash separated into lengths each containing a decimal part of a boo (between sixteen and seventeen hundred being worth a boo) are carried over men's shoulders, purses being impracticable for such a weighty commercial medium.

The boos, when issued from the mint, are wrapped up in packets, each containing one hundred pieces. The Government stamp is impressed on the tough paper which encloses them. They circulate thus as one piece of money without being counted, and thereby facilitate large operations.

Gold, silver, copper, and many other metals abound in the volcanic soil of Japan. A limited quantity only is permitted to be annually extracted from the mines, lest the supplies should become exhausted, and posterity be left without a sufficiency of metal.

The tempo is the coin for which little boys used to clamour so eagerly when foreigners passed through the towns and villages. "Tempo cashee," "Tempo cashee," "Give tempo," "Give tempo," was the constant cry shouted out by the youngsters of both sexes who flocked round the strangers, and appeared to think that Europeans carried with them boundless stores of this useful coin. Some naval officers who accompanied the first expedition to Japan, found that buttons were also much appreciated by these vociferous young people, and kindly denuded their uniforms of the gilt anchor in order to gratify them, so that "Bouton cashee," "Bouton cashee," was as loudly heard as "Tempo cashee," when any officials were present.

The boo is the nearest approach to a unit or standard of value, though the Japanese cannot be said at present to have any definite standard. They are, however, contemplating great changes in their coinage, and it seems probable that the standard adopted will be of silver, and that the form of the coins generally will be circular.

PICNICS.

ONE of the most characteristic of Japanese amusements is a picnic; in fact, they may be called, *par excellence*, the pic-nicking people. Sometimes the summit of a hill, sometimes a temple, sometimes a tea-garden, is chosen as the scene for passing the day in the open air. The means are simple enough and the expense trifling. When looking over articles of Japanese lacquered ware, we often find amongst them a variety of handy arrangements for carrying eating utensils: plates, basins, cups, bottles, and a tea-pot, are scientifically fitted together so as to occupy the least possible space; and equipped with one or two of these "chow-chow baskets" (as Europeans, in their debased Chinese-English, term them), well stocked with provisions, a Japanese family betakes itself to the spot selected for the day's recreation. This is always some beautiful spot chosen for the loveliness of its scenery, or because it is consecrated by some religious observance. Sometimes it is on one side of a mountain, clothed to the summit with graceful bamboos, dark pines, and the polished leafed orange-tree, or on the banks of a rippling stream,

or by a land-locked bay, under the shade of bright-blossomed azaleas and delicate-tinted camellias. The day is passed in tranquil enjoyment; the ladies of the party displaying their accomplishments in reciting poetry, singing to the accompaniment of the *syamsie*, or guitar, or telling stories; or jugglers are hired to entertain the pleasure party with their tricks.

If it were not for that bane of all innocent enjoyment, strong drink, there would be much to admire in these pleasant rural amusements. Unfortunately, a supply of sakee is always taken in the picnic-basket, and though much tea is also drunk, warm water being always procurable at the numerous temples and tea-gardens at hand, yet the usual result of the indulgence in alcoholic beverages is often manifest, and a day which should have been spent in the enjoyment of nature's tranquil beauty ends too frequently in noise and drunkenness.

At the summit of every hill near a large town a little chapel or oratory may be found—a small erection built of stones, and dedicated to some kami or holy person. These oratories are the excuses for innumerable picnics, for on a certain day in every year each of these must be visited, and thousands of people—men, women, and children—leave the town, climb the steep hills, and cluster round these praying-places, till the top looks from a distance as if covered by a swarm of bees. Devotion at the shrine does not occupy much time, and then the chow-chow baskets are opened and the contents consumed.

The spring and autumn are the seasons when these excursions are most enjoyable and the greatest pleasure can be derived from the delicious climate and lovely scenery. At these times the air is bracing and invigorating, the sky bright and clear; and on the verdant hill-sides one drinks in draughts of air, wafted across the bright valleys, that exhilarate the spirits and make mere existence delightful. The sense of sight, too, is gratified in the spring time by the varying tints of the shrubs and plants. The plots of rape-seed dot the hill-sides with their yellow blossoms, and the fresh light green of the small rice-fields is interspersed with the broad leaf of the lotus plant, the bright yellow melon flower, and the overhanging foliage of camphor and wax trees. It is in the spring that the pomegranate puts forth its brilliant scarlet blossoms, and the trellis-work, over which the pear, peach, and plum blossom are trained horizontally, sometimes for more than a hundred square feet, looks like huge arbours, the wood-work being entirely hidden by the bunches of white and pink flowers. The westeria twines its branches round the supporting maple and evergreen oaks, and trails its long lilac blossoms amongst their dark foliage.

The fact that the Japanese are not sportsmen renders the birds wonderfully tame: they have nothing to fear from men's approach, so that they do not instinctively shun them as their enemies. In the large moats round Jeddo immense flocks of wild fowl—creatures in other countries so timid and shy—feed undisturbed, and add the charm of life and movement to the scenery. The wild goose, the teal, the mandarin duck, the graceful white paddy bird, and the crane, pass their existence there as if they knew of the decree issued by the Tycoon's government, that no gun shall be fired within ten re, or thirty miles, of the city.

The rainy season and the warm summer put a stop for awhile to the pic-nicking propensities of the people, but in the autumn they can again indulge in these national as well as natural pleasures, as the air is still balmy, and the varied colouring of spring, indicative of

the renewal of life after nature's winter sleep, is exchanged for the scarcely less beautiful, though more sombre hues, that prelude the fall of the foliage. The maple-leaves turn scarlet, while the numerous evergreens still afford shade and verdure to the landscape.

GAMES.

CHess and draughts are amongst the sedentary amusements of the Japanese. The latter is a very elaborate game: a large board is used, and the pieces number over four hundred: the directions in which they may be moved are very numerous.

The Japanese game of chess can easily be understood by a foreigner; it is a great favourite amongst them, and they call it *Sho-Ho-Ye*. The inmates of the guard-houses often divert their leisure hours with this, and another, which resembles the well-known European game of *loto*, only that it is played with small black and white stones. Card playing was unknown in Japan till it was introduced by intercourse with foreigners in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The pack consisted of fifty-two cards, but so much gambling resulted from their use, that a decree was issued forbidding the Japanese to play with them under heavy penalties: this decree is, however, evaded by the use of smaller pieces of cardboard, forty-eight in number, which can be made available for the same purposes as the larger ones, though they differ from the European model.

The excitement, too, of games of chance is carried on by means of dice, and exquisite little sets of dice, made of ivory, and inlaid with ebony and coral, are carried about the person, a set of them being enclosed in an ivory box three quarters of an inch long, or in a globe the size of a large cherry.

The Italian game of *moro*, so dear to the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*, which enables them to kill so much time, is represented in Japan by a somewhat similar game with the fingers.

The flying of kites is undertaken with such seriousness, that it seems almost without the category of mere amusements; men, not boys, are the kite-flyers, and they will stand or sit for hours regulating the flight of the grotesque figures borne on the breeze at the end of the long strings. Figures of animals, birds, centipedes, men and women, etc., are made to ascend, and do not seem more difficult to manage than the kite of common shape, with the long tail of strips of paper, which we are accustomed to see.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE returned to Madrid from Toledo, as we had engaged our carriage at the former place, and we had also to take a final leave of kind friends before our departure from Spain. I will not dwell on those always melancholy last days, nor yet can I afford to linger on my road; but I must say a few words respecting the Basque provinces, as both the country and its inhabitants well deserve some notice.

The Basques are the most thoroughly national of all the Spanish people, regular mountaineers, having had less admixture with other races, as they generally contrived through every change to keep themselves to themselves, as the saying is. One singular characteristic of this people is their equality: all claim to be the veritable Spanish *caballero* untainted by any cross, whether of Jew or infidel. Their pride is something astonishing; and where all are equally proud, it is im-

possible but that offence must sometimes be given. However, they do not bear malice, and quarrels are soon made up again. Their bravery is undoubted, and they are said to make excellent soldiers, but more in their own guerilla kind of warfare, than amongst regular troops and in a pitched battle. Though now incorporated with the Spanish provinces, the Basque country is still governed by its own peculiar laws and constitution. Many a hard struggle have the Basques maintained sooner than permit the slightest infringement of their rights. This has given a sort of determined, independent character to these people, as peculiar as it is attractive. In some respects they resemble the Tyrolese. The country also differs widely from all other parts of Spain: it has neither the soft luxurious loneliness of the southern provinces, nor the grandeur of the wild mountain regions. It is more a peaceful, smiling, pastoral country, with secluded valleys, gently rising hills, clear sparkling streams, verdant pastures, and fertile, well-cultivated lands. Agriculture is well understood amongst the Basques. The timber is very fine. In some parts oaks and chesnuts cover the hills. There is excellent fishing in many of the streams.

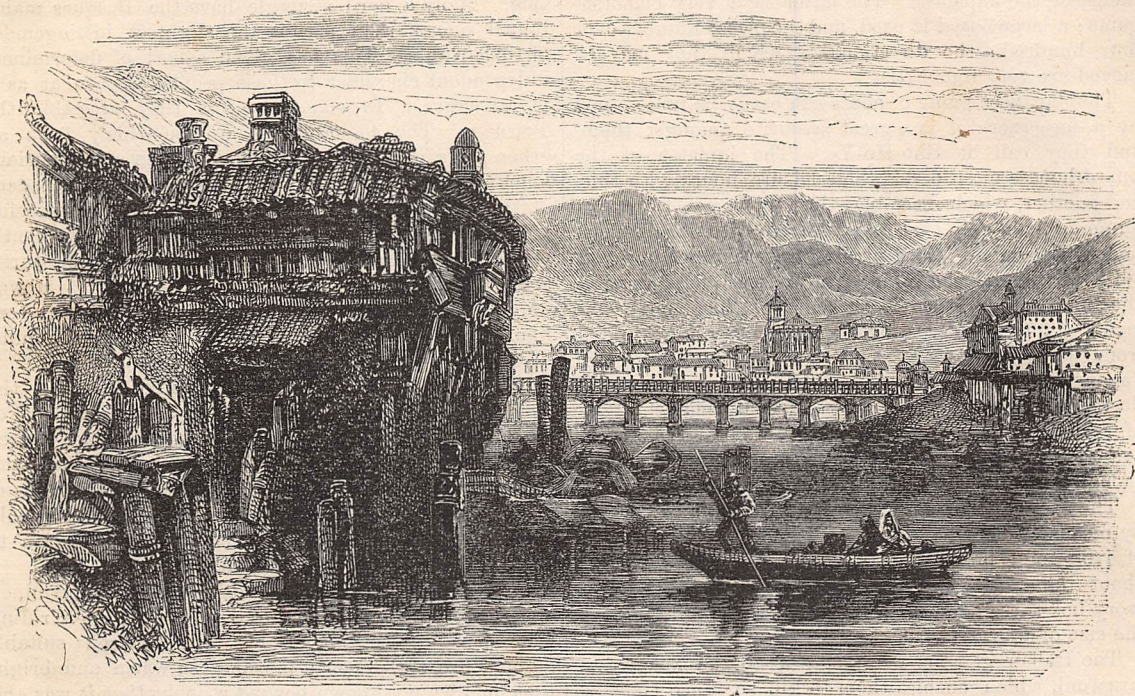
We made a halt at Irun, the first town on the Spanish side. It is on the high road to Madrid. For travellers coming from France into Spain it may indeed be called the first Spanish town on that frontier; and as such it of course will always possess a sort of interest which it has no other claim to. We only halted there as a starting-point for an expedition to St. Sebastian.

As the weather was still so delightful, we determined once more to give ourselves the pleasure of a riding excursion. Accordingly, having procured suitable animals, we started on a morning so warm and bright that, had we not known beyond a doubt that it was the month of November, we should have pronounced it to be a lovely glowing day early in September. It was enchanting. The road ran along the coast, and greatly we enjoyed the sight of the sea, and the varied costumes of the Basque peasantry. The women have beautiful hair, which they wear in long plaits down their backs, and adorn, for any festivity, or on the saints' days, with coloured ribbon. The married women cover their heads with a very unpicturesque sort of hood. The young girls have bright, fresh complexions. The men wear the sandal almost universally. The one great passion of the Basque peasantry seems to find vent in pilgrimages to their favourite shrines. There is no trouble they will not take to accomplish their object, and no distance they will not travel, even on foot, to reach some pre-eminently holy shrine, frequently for the benefit, as they credulously believe, of some relative especially dear to them, who may be suffering from one of the many ills that mortality is heir to. Prayers offered up at these shrines are looked upon as far more efficacious than any prayers offered up in a church near at hand, and they most implicitly believe that if the sick are to be cured this is the way to accomplish it. Many and many a time during our residence in Spain did we meet parties of the country people bound on some such errand; and affecting it sometimes was to see the utter forgetfulness of self, the patient endurance of toil and fatigue, the warm affection, the loving hopefulness displayed, even in connection with these baseless superstitions.

San Sebastian is a very striking spot, situated as it is on an elevated rock, that seems actually to overhang the sea. Indeed, it is almost surrounded by water, as the

river Urumea runs down into the sea on one side of the town. Fishing seems at present to be the occupation of nearly every man, woman, and child in the place. Any one staying at San Sebastian will be pleased to profit by their labours, for I do not think that I ever tasted such delicious fish as those that formed part of every repast during our sojourn. The historical asso-

The climate is very salubrious, and at the same time agreeable. It is very easy of access, and as railroads increase will become even more so; and there are many objects in the neighbourhood to attract and interest strangers. The environs are very attractive: there are picturesque hills, green wooded glades, beautiful chesnut groves, and pretty villages perched high



IRON.

ciations of San Sebastian are so well known to all the world, that it would be useless for me to allude to them. We thoroughly lionised the town, but it is more interesting to see than to describe.

The ride to Tolosa, especially the latter part of it, was charming, through country beautifully wooded with fine chesnut-trees, then in all the golden glory of the autumnal change of the leaf. The district strongly resembles parts of Switzerland, but it has a bright rich tone of colouring belonging to the more southern climate. Certainly our last ride in Spain was as enjoyable as we could have desired.

From Tolosa we continued our way, still riding, to Vittoria, which some of our party had a great desire to see, on account of the memorable victory gained by the Duke of Wellington in the war of the Peninsula. The town of Vittoria is a most busy, flourishing, populous town, unlike in nearly every respect the towns that we had lately been visiting. Cheerfulness was the peculiar characteristic of Vittoria; of course I speak of the modern town. There is an old portion of the town that is dark and gloomy enough. Nothing can be more delightful than the alamedas or public walks. One outside the town, called La Florida, or "The Flowery," is charming, and in the summer season must well deserve its pretty name. One day sufficed for all that we wished to see. I should think Vittoria would be a charming residence for a family wishing to economise. The living was wonderfully cheap and very good; poultry, vegetables, and fruit, all were to be obtained in abundance, all excellent, and for most moderate prices.

up on the different eminences. The dress of the peasantry is peculiar to that neighbourhood. The dark blue cap, or bereta, as it is called, I think a very becoming head-dress. I cannot say as much for their mode of attiring their legs and feet: they are rolled round and round with what we should call bandages, and then on their feet they wear the universal sandals. The bandaged legs give a very clumsy appearance. The houses are built with wonderful solidity, as if each separate dwelling was to sustain a siege. The coats of arms of the proprietors are always carved over the entrance. The pride the Basque families take in these armorial bearings is a feature to be noticed. They are almost all good scholars in heraldry, and look upon it as an essential part of a gentleman's education.

All the country of the Basques recalls the struggles between the Carlists and the Christinos, and the life and adventures of that celebrated guerrillero chieftain, Zumalacarregui. Not a hill did we ascend, not a village did we pass through, that had not its memories of that stirring time. Truly the memories belonging to most Spanish scenery are anything but peaceful in their nature! The ride the whole way was full of interest, and the country as picturesque and delightful as any I had seen. An artist might quickly fill his portfolio, so picturesque are the points of view, so completely do they possess everything that is most effective in scenery. The streams are enchantingly clear and sparkling, and most of them abound with fish.

But we must come to last pages and last words, however unpleasant they are. A feeling of sadness

oppressed our whole party as we crossed the bridge over the Bidasoa, and knew that Spain was left behind us. I can only hope that those readers who may have accompanied us through our long journey may in some measure sympathise with us in our regrets, that a time of such unusual enjoyment was at an end, that friends and companions so endeared to each other by the pleasures and toils they had mutually shared, must now part and each go their separate way. Two of the party were bound to far distant lands, one to return to England; and I myself intended to try how far prolonged rambling would indemnify me for the pain of such a parting. The islands of Corsica and Sardinia were to be my destination. One parting word of Bayonne, the town whence we all started on our different routes. The wild and lofty ranges of the

Our last night was spent at Bayonne—the last of the undivided party. From thence one of our gentlemen started to make his way as quick as he could to England, while the remaining three went first to Paris and thence to Marseilles. My two companions went by the overland route to India, and I accomplished my voyage safely to Corsica. When these pages meet the eyes of my fellow-travellers, they will, I hope, recall to their minds the pleasantest nine months that I at least ever spent.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER VI.—THE MOTHER.

IN venturing so far into the mother's department of work, I am not unconscious of being upon delicate ground, nor insensible to the liability which I incur of being charged with presumption, as if those who are practically engaged amongst their children do not know better than any one else can teach them, what ought to be done and what can be done. Others who are closely pressed with the business of each recurring day may ask, not unreasonably, how sufficient leisure is to be found for all this education of the heart.

Let such mothers, and indeed all mothers, bear with me while I assure them that all I am pleading for is this—that an equal proportion of effort should be given to the education of the heart—to the training of the affections, desires, and motives of the young, as is now given to the training of their intellectual powers. I would also include equal attention to the physical nature of the child, seeing that these three are included in human character—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual, and that no one of the three can be neglected, or allowed to sink out of proportion, without serious injury to the whole.

Hitherto I have said little about the body, because it is the custom, I might almost say the fashion, of the present day to give to the maintenance of health a prominent place in public lectures and studies, and, indeed, in those more general measures for the promotion of social progress which include a high estimate of the value of wholesome air and food, as well as a knowledge of various other means of improving the physical condition of mankind. Much as these means have been neglected and undervalued, especially amongst the poor, a due regard for the laws of health is now so often and so strenuously enforced by the more enlightened portions of the community, and especially by scientific men, and by the press, that the subject can demand no notice from me. I only speak of what is neglected—of what is left out of due proportion in our systems of education as generally conducted.

No one can deny, or wish to deny, that the nursery is the mother's department, over which her rule ought to be absolute. But in order to rule there it is not necessary to be entirely occupied with the details even of such a department. Since the mother cannot be present in all places at once, nor with all her children at once, the question arises, Which department of maternal interest can she most safely commit to inferior agency?

Instinct would keep the human mother in the nursery, just as the mother bird would sit brooding over her unfledged young. But the human mother has a range of duty extending far beyond that of the bird; and in considering the whole character of her child, as an im-



A ROADSIDE SKETCH IN SPAIN.

Pyrenees render all the neighbourhood of the French town highly picturesque. Two fine rivers, the Nive and the Adour, add greatly to its beauty; it is, as it were, the key of the mountain passes of the West Pyrenees, and it is reckoned one of the strongest fortified places known. We made a point of visiting the small enclosure where rest the mortal remains of many of the English soldiers and officers who were killed in 1814. The only other place we visited was a very different one—the gloomy old castle said to have been the residence of the infamous Catherine de Medicis when she brought Charles IX, her weak tool in all her wicked schemes, to Bayonne, to hold a conference with one as wicked and infamous as herself, the celebrated Duke of Alva. At that meeting it is now well known, according to later histories, that the appalling massacre of St. Bartholomew was determined on, and settled in all its awful details. Far different are the associations which connect England with the town of Bayonne: for these I refer my readers to the despatches of our great Duke himself.

mortal as well as human being, she has to bring into exercise on its behalf those higher powers and faculties of her own which are capable of this expansion—which are capable, indeed, of all the heights and all the depths of which it is possible for us to form any conception.

Amongst such conflicting and yet urgent claims, the mother has to ask one of the most important questions which can be presented to any human being actually engaged in the practical duties of life. Yes, and she has to answer this question too, "What am I to do, and what am I to leave undone? I cannot do all that I would, not even all that wears the aspect of duty. Which is it absolutely necessary that I should do?" In settling this point rightly for herself the mother is acting out a very essential part of true greatness; and in rightly instructing her children in these matters—how they may all through life ask themselves this question, and how they may habitually answer it in the best way—she will be preparing them in a most effectual manner for working out the highest purposes of a useful and noble life.

On points of this kind it is not enough to be well-meaning, or even devoted. The devoted mother, without any clear idea of the relative claims of duty, may become a slave where she ought to be a queen; and slavery on the part of those who have to do with them is never good for children. It makes them selfish and tyrannical. The mother's legitimate place in her family is high, and nothing should degrade it in the eyes of her children. What is lost by servile drudgery, without intellectual and moral dignity, can never be regained with them. Even moral dignity, without any great amount of intellectual attainment, goes far with children, and is of inestimable value in the mother's treatment, and in her influence over them. We often see this where the maternal government is in the hands of a woman of high principle, not otherwise remarkable; and we find it in the after conduct of her family—it may be in the character of a strong, brave man, who sets his face, like a flint, against dishonesty and meanness of every kind, because his mother taught him to love truth and justice, and to hate a lie.

But if the mother, in order to fill a place of true dignity in her family, does not require any high scholastic attainments, she does require a nice discrimination in order that her sense of duty may be rightly regulated. She requires also a clear insight into character, and above all, a supreme value for that which is highest and most noble. Much, indeed, has to be taken into account by us all in selecting, amongst the claims which press upon us, that which we absolutely must do ourselves, and that which may with safety be committed to others; or that which we absolutely must do now, and that which may be left to a future day. All this has so often to be seen and acted upon in a moment that there is the more need for making such calculations and such conclusions habitual. The mother who has done this before her marriage will find the full benefit of the habit in her own home, where claims apparently conflicting press upon her from every side, and that continually.

It is a sad mistake for the mother, in devoting herself too much to the nursery, to forget that she is a wife. The society of a tired nurse is apt to become a little wearisome, even to the best of husbands; and that is a dark day for any home when a man first discovers that the companionship of his wife is not interesting to him, and that he must look for refreshment to his mind elsewhere. To the young wife, spoiled by a flattering, foolish courtship, it may feel a little hard that, when she

is worn and dispirited by toiling all day amongst her children, she should not herself be the one to be amused and refreshed; and perhaps, happily for her, such may be her reward sometimes. But the social life of a large portion of the community does not appear to be conducted upon this plan; and certainly it is wisest and best for the mother to do her part faithfully, by keeping herself ever in readiness to minister to the refreshment, and even to the amusement, of those around her. Children, as well as men, require both; and many have been kept at home, and even influenced for good, unconsciously to themselves, by that charm which a woman can diffuse around her own fireside by her cheerful and racy conversation, and by the zest which she can thus impart to the common and otherwise insignificant affairs of life.

The struggling after high themes, and the dragging in of especial and important topics to be discussed on all occasions, is not at all what I mean; rather, as already said, that racy kind of conversation which, leaning often to the humorous, can yet give to what is talked about touches of tenderer feeling and deeper interest as occasion may offer; such, for example, as characteristic incidents, described with graphic detail, but always described kindly; or circumstances of local interest which may have occurred during the day. Indeed, whatever there may be in passing life—and life is always rich and full to a quick-feeling and appreciating woman—whatever there may be of droll or serious, of strange or new, may form material for that abundance which flows naturally from the heart of a woman who is happy in her home, in her husband, and her children, and who, perhaps unconsciously, is the source and centre of that happiness herself.

All this, however, which I would call only the by-play of social intercourse, will, by a wise and quick-feeling woman, be readily made secondary, and so give place to any higher or graver style of conversation which others may wish to introduce. It is only the cheerful and pleasant filling up of the spare moments, or the tired moments of social life, which I have been attempting to describe; yet happy is that life whose spare moments are well filled up by a cheerful, sensible, and right-minded woman.

And then, when the deeper and more important topics of conversation are introduced, and the mother takes no mean part in the discussion, but rather evinces an intelligent interest in what is going on, with a knowledge at least sufficient to enable her to ask sensible questions and make rational remarks; or if, beyond this, she can go deeper, and contribute her share of useful information on the case in point, and her share of earnest thought and wise conclusion, what a triumph for her children, and especially her boys, to listen, and find that the mother—the kind, loving mother, to whom they went with all their little wants and wishes—the mother who sung the pretty nursery songs, and made the merry laugh go round when they gathered about the winter fire—that this mother is equal to the best in society—that she knows as much as the men, and can talk as wisely and as truly to the purpose!

Of the many kinds of pride which we have, by common consent, agreed to call legitimate, I know of none so much so as this—the pride of children in their parents, and especially the pride of a son in his mother. There is something in this feeling so sustaining to all noble purpose and all worthy action, that the wonder is how any woman should allow the feeling to die out through indolence or carelessness, and so lose the strongest hold she will ever have upon her boys as they

grow up to manhood. The greatest earthly glory, as it appears to me, is that of parents surrounded by their children, who not only love, but who admire and honour them. Much of Christian duty also hangs upon this, for how can children honour those parents who do dishonour to themselves, and so reduce to a pretence or a mockery this sacred injunction.

It may be that the mother has been entirely swallowed up in her nursery; or, on the other hand, it may be that her time has been so absorbed by the claims of society—*external* society, not the society of home—that her children, as they grow up out of the nursery, scarcely know what their mother is as a companion. In their walks they are attended by nurses, often the most ignorant of human beings. In their play they are gladly got rid of and escaped from. During the chief portion of the day they are consigned perhaps to a governess, whose heart is naturally in her own home, her interests centred in her own brothers and sisters, one who considers herself engaged—in fact, is engaged—for a certain amount of work, and who, if she works hard and teaches all the lessons stipulated for faithfully, does her part well; and thus the children in many families do not really know their mothers, nor does their mother really know them.

There was a time when the coming of the little stranger into the world awakened the liveliest interest in the mother's heart; when, to know that every limb was rightly set, and every function healthy, was more to her than any other consideration just then; when, if a suspicion had flashed across her mind that the spine was ever so little twisted, or the head strangely shaped, or the feet not likely to stand well, a horror would have seized upon the mother, and doctors would have been sent for, and authorities called in, and every means which human intelligence could suggest would have been brought into use, so as, if possible, to remedy the defect.

Such, without doubt, would be the right course for the mother to pursue. Only why should a fault in the heart, or a wrong bias of the disposition, not be as thoughtfully examined, as carefully attended to, and as strenuously overcome? Why should such manifestations of health or disease in this department of maternal care be left so much more to the watchfulness and the solicitude of those who cannot feel half the interest which a mother feels in the entire character, and in the whole life of her child?

It is an interesting fact—a provision designed, no doubt, for the preservation of helpless infancy—that all women seem to have by nature more or less of the maternal instinct ready to be called forth by the babyhood of children not their own. Thus the hired nurse does often really feel much of what a mother feels in her association with the nursery. But it is not so later in life, except in rare instances. The maternal instinct being no longer needed for purposes of actual preservation of life, there is nothing left for those who have the charge of children as they grow up, and who are not their own, but duty—a high sense of duty—with such affection as may grow out of the intercourse between the children and their governess or tutor, or between them and their caretakers, whoever they may be. Affection on such terms is not to be bought with money. It is not even “nominated in the bond,” nor would there be any use in its being so. With the parents alone remains this inalienable property of affection; and if they are unable to use it in working out the ends for which it was given them by God, they can only choose deputies, who, working without the natural affection of

parents, deserve more praise than generally falls to their share, if they work faithfully, not always according to their own views of that which is wisest and best, but according to the restrictions laid upon them, and also according to the requirements of society.

No single individual can educate independently, except a parent. No other can freely follow out the dictates of her own heart in this true heartwork. The most enlightened plans, unless approved by society, have often to give place to the old routine, or fail utterly for want of public approval; and parents themselves too frequently are the greatest hindrances in the way of improved methods of education. Those who undertake the actual labour of education, either under the parental roof or in the wider range of school instruction, are consequently obliged to work under many disadvantages, not the least important of which is found in the partial and even false estimate sometimes formed by parents with regard to their own children.

I have often wondered whether it ever enters into the heart of man or woman to conceive what the labour of training and educating their children really is without affection—the affection of nature—in short, the parental affection. “Children are so engaging,” we hear people say. No doubt they are, and if the educator could select about one in ten, and send the others away, the work in hand might be interesting in the extreme. Alas! for the remainder. Alas! indeed, for the one or two, or perhaps more, in every ten—strange, wayward, unattractive, and uninteresting children, sent forth to share the common lot amongst strangers, without one throb of parental or even natural affection to cheer their lot, to screen their faults, to soothe their distresses, or to encourage and help them on their obscure and difficult way. All we can think of in the way of consolation in such cases, is that God is very good, and that he has enriched the hearts of his faithful servants with such floods of tenderness and sympathy that they are able to embrace and care for and protect the otherwise neglected stranger from a distant or unknown home.

The high sense of justice, the faithfulness, nay, even the personal tenderness, with which the unattractive child is sometimes cherished by strangers can never be fully appreciated by the parents, because, happily for them and their child, theirs is the affection of nature to make all equal in a united family; neither can the obligation which parents are under for such treatment of their children ever be fully understood or adequately rewarded by them. The danger is lest there should be cases of failure in this conscientious treatment; and there is always danger in high pressure schools; where the greatest amount of attainment in learning is esteemed the greatest good, there is always danger lest the dull, the inert, or the inferior child, should not receive the necessary amount of encouraging and patient attention.

All this the mother has to ponder in her heart; and seeing that she holds a right over her child which none but a parent can hold—the right to educate it exactly in accordance with her own idea of what is best—seeing that she has a love for that child altogether independent of its own personal claims or merits which none but a parent can have in the same degree—seeing that God has given her that child as her very own, bound by a relation which it bears to no other being in the world—has committed it to her care bodily and spiritually, for time and eternity—the result of such pondering in her own heart must surely be that she has a charge laid upon her in the education of the heart of her child of

greater importance to it and to her than anything else in this world can be to either.

There may have been but little in the education of the mother herself to prepare her for this work; but instead of looking back to the wasted moments of her own life, and the mistakes of her own education, let her look forward and take courage, determining that, with God's help, she will make her own daughters more fitted to be the mothers of another generation than she felt herself to be when first the great responsibility came upon her. Even to feel this responsibility was something. To suffer from a want ourselves is often a stimulus spurring us on to supply that want to others. And although the work before her may look very arduous, very complicated, and even impossible to be done so well as she desires to do it, there is no getting rid of the great fact that it is her work—appointed by Him who is not a hard taskmaster, but in her day of toil will give her moments of refreshment, buds of promise in her little garden, flowers of beauty, and fruits to be treasured in His own garner when her careful hand and anxious heart shall be at rest for ever.

A few more words of encouragement to the mother, for I believe that women perplex themselves and hinder their good work by thinking too much about their own ignorance on some of the great and important topics which engage the attention of men. They are sadly hindered, too, and sometimes fatally, as regards their influence, by the habit encouraged amongst young women until they marry—a habit encouraged by men, and by society in general, of thinking that they require nothing else than a few accomplishments, with good manners, good dress, and an agreeable face and person. And, for a succession of evening parties, perhaps this would be enough.

But human life, regarded as a whole, is something very different from an evening party, and that every woman discovers when she finds herself a wife and a mother. Yet still I would say, let her not be discouraged. It is true there will be no time then to go back and begin her own education afresh upon a different basis—no time to take up deeper studies, and more solid attainments—no time to acquire even the elementary portions of that knowledge which she will sadly feel the want of as her children grow up; but there is still left her both time and opportunity for taking up many useful things—many right views of human life, and many means of improvement to herself, and instruction to her children.

Amongst these we might include just views of human life in general, of the relation of different members or classes of society to each other, of the mutual dependence and obligation of rich and poor—workers and non-workers—of the employment and economy of time, of individual responsibility, of self-government, and above all, of the relation of the human soul to God, of the observance of his holy laws and the acceptance of his blessed gospel of salvation by Jesus Christ. To these might be added innumerable other matters—questions of apparently minor consideration, yet all bearing upon human life in its relation to eternity, in which, if the mother can teach her children aright, she will be doing them greater service than by instructing them in all or any of those branches of learning which are made most prominent in schools.

There is a science of life, which women are quite able to understand without being great scholars. This science presents itself under many aspects. One embraces that true and just relation of human beings to one another which we call social duty. Another takes

in the law of kindness, with its natural reciprocities of good will, without which we cannot, as social beings, live happily, nor even prosper in our worldly affairs. Another comprehends that true estimate of the worth of things visible and invisible which leads us to consider one great and another little, one honourable and another base, one to be desired and another abhorred, and this according to their essential nature and value, through all the gradations which separate their two extremes.

To keep always before the mind of a child this truth—that certain things are great and others little, but beyond and above all other teaching, that certain things are good and others bad, and not so in the estimate of human beings only, but good in the sight of God and approved by him, and bad, as by him utterly condemned—good for ever, and bad for ever, according to his own immutable law of right and wrong; and so to train a child that it shall love the one and hate the other, is, I think, to teach it the true science of life.

And this the mother can teach to her children as no one else can, having first learned it truly herself. But it requires to be taught earnestly, perseveringly, prayerfully. It requires to be taught at home, and to be commenced with very early, because there is in the world, towards which the child is tending, so much that is calculated to throw the whole matter into confusion. There is evil which is called good, and good which is called evil; greatness which is looked down upon, and meanness which is exalted. How is a child, not rightly prepared, to understand this? Nay, there is reason to fear that doubts will ultimately press upon the mind of the child as to whether there are such things as true greatness and real goodness at all—whether these are only names applied to certain conditions of worldly prosperity or success, without any essential value in the things themselves.

It may be said by those who read human life in words and names, and not in essential realities, that doubts of this kind do not enter the mind of youth; that youth is more apt to believe and trust. Let us thank God that it is so, that the educator of the heart of youth has elements of truth and sincerity and honest belief to deal with, and not the querulous uncertainty of worldly calculation and consequent unbelief. That such is the nature of youth we have indeed cause to be thankful, for there can be no greater help, no more sustaining hope, than that the Giver of every good and perfect gift has placed in our hands material so capable of receiving right impressions from what is sound, and just, and true. But that youth does lose this natural bloom of its existence sometimes a little too soon, and does become worldly and disbelieving in spirit, though it may not be so in profession, I think no one can doubt who holds much intercourse with society in the present day. And assuredly there is no heavier calamity, either to youth or age, than that general indifference to high and holy truth which not unfrequently exists where a perfect horror would be expressed at the idea of unbelief.

We meet with this amongst the young chiefly under the form of irreverence, indifference, or disrespect; or, worse than this, it may be in symptoms of a mocking spirit—a spirit which is colder than ice, and harder than steel, against all those genial influences which are calculated to make the ways of life paths of perpetual verdure and refreshment, even to the weary feet of the long-experienced traveller.

In the course of these remarks, I have said but little on the subject of direct religious teaching, partly because a mother whose own heart is deeply impressed with

the supreme importance of a religious life will, in all things, teach religiously; and partly because our libraries abound with books written much better than I could write on this particular subject. Besides which, the more I see of human life, the more I feel convinced that the religious *atmosphere* of home is that which ultimately proves of the highest value and most enduring influence in forming the religious character of youth.

This atmosphere, like the air we breathe, I have considered as comprehending different elements, as deriving its wholesome and health-sustaining properties from various sources, and as being subject to deterioration from causes equally varied. Over this department I have regarded the mother as ruling by her own light; and as she would without doubt be considered responsible as regards watching over, and caring for, the healthy condition of her household, so in a higher degree, because the subject itself is higher, as involving interests of a more exalted range, so is the mother responsible for the right training of her children under such religious influences as it is possible for her to bring around them. It is true that she cannot, even in her own department, do always as she would—that she cannot do even what duty seems to demand, where circumstances combine against her, or where opposing influences arise, such as are stronger than hers, or more attractive to youth. But she can still do much; and if a faithful, earnest Christian herself, we know that she will not be left to bear the burden of responsibility unsupported, but that help, sufficient for her day, will be administered in all her times of need.

Were any other stimulus required for the best efforts of the Christian mother, I think it might be found in this—that never again, throughout the whole of her children's after lives, will the same opportunity be afforded as that which their infancy and youth have opened to her instrumentality. Many a troubled time and many a happy time there may be in their future, when her children will come back to her as their warmest sympathiser and their truest friend; but the morning dew will not be upon them then, as it was in their early youth—the flower will not be fresh, and fragrant, and spotless, as it was then; other hands will have touched it less gently than hers, and other breezes will have blown upon it very different from the breath of home. It is before the child has left the parental roof that such close union of heart and mind, such entire understanding of each other, can alone exist between the mother and her children, and especially between the mother and her boys; and where the soul of the mother is deeply stirred with a sense of the importance of educating for eternity as well as time, she will feel that her work must be begun early in the morning of youth, and begun upon principles that will hold good to the latest hour of a well-spent life.

DONKEYS AND DONKEY-BOYS.

WHAT is the nature of the connection which undoubtedly exists between the genus donkey and the genus boy we do not pretend to have discovered; though that there must be some sympathising link that binds them together, we gather from the fact that wherever donkeys are found the boys are sure to be found in intimate relation with them. Wherever donkeys are an institution, the boy is generally the director and administrator of affairs, and has the management of matters in his hands. The rule seems to hold good abroad as well

as at home: man claims jurisdiction over the horse and the mule, but is generally willing to surrender the more patient ass to his juvenile competitor. It is worth while noticing, by the way, the effect of this delegated responsibility upon the character of the boy; we may express it in brief by saying that it makes a little man of him at once. The urchin invested with office is sure pretty soon to change the sense of responsibility with a sense of authority; if he was timid before, he parts with his timidity; if he was bashful, he loses his bashfulness; and if he does not take up with a more than tolerable amount of impudent confidence in their stead, so much the better for those who have to do with him. We all know something, by report at least, if not by experience, of the Egyptian donkey-boys, with their dark faces and grinning teeth, of the clatter and din they make, as they yell and shout and tout for custom, and clamour for sixpences. "Give sixpence, ole gentleman always give sixpence;" and the responses they often get in the shape of a tough bull-hide descending on their bare shoulders, for which liberal allowance they care very little indeed, if travellers are to be credited, so long as there is a possible sixpence in perspective. But we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted into a discussion of foreign affairs: our business at present is with the home department of the subject, which will furnish sufficient matter.

The donkey institution with us divides itself naturally into two sections, that of business, and that of pleasure. In deference to a time-honoured maxim, we shall take "business first, and pleasure afterwards," treating of both heads with exemplary brevity.

Any one who would qualify himself for forming a right estimate of the part which donkeys take in the work of the world, would do well to pay a visit to Covent Garden market in the height of summer, when the summer fruits and vegetables are abundant, and hot and thirsty London is eager to have them. He should time his visit so as to be there before sunrise, and note what takes place between then and nine or ten o'clock. Should he need further evidence, let him go on the following day to Billingsgate and make investigations there. He will find in both places, and indeed in many other places in London, that the quantity of donkey-labour performed every day must be reckoned by thousands of tons of comestibles of one sort and another, and still more thousands of the long-eared quadrupeds whose part it is to lug them about the city and outskirts. The notion was prevalent formerly—so prevalent, in fact, that it came to be stereotyped—that the London donkey led a starved and persecuted life. Later investigations have shown that nothing can be farther from the truth: the starved London donkey is the rare exception to the rule, and the reason for that will be found not so much in the superior humanity of the London boys and lads who look after them, as in the fact that to ill-treat the animals does not pay. The ass is a profitable servant only in London streets so long as he is in good condition and able to do his day's work. Starve or wound him, and you may as well kill him at once, since if he is not up to the mark he will break down in the street. At the same time, and for the same reason, he is not over-fed. An ill-trained donkey will eat all day long if he has an unlimited supply of food, and will be capable of little work in consequence. Donkeys thrive best with a moderate allowance of proper food, and it is a fact that they are nowhere found in better working order than in London and its near neighbourhood. This was made sufficiently apparent at the late donkey-shows at the

Agricultural Hall, where, among the hundreds exhibited, there was not a single one bearing marks of ill-treatment, though most of them were in daily work, and where there were many capable of trotting ten miles an hour in a cart, and not a few that could do considerably more than that. There is a difficulty in providing for the London donkey the green food he should have occasionally, and it is often got over in a characteristic way by his youthful proprietor foraging for him in the suburban lanes and hedgerows, where he may be met with of a summer's evening cutting down the long succulent grasses that line the watercourses, and carrying it off in sacks. In the matter of stabling, perhaps, these public servants are not so well off as might be wished, rents being high. Where they are all housed at night it is hard to tell, though we know that some of them are littered down in area arches and cellars, and therefore have to go down-stairs to bed.

For the lean, angular, bruised, and more than half-famished donkey, one must look, not in London, but in the provincial towns and cities in the neighbourhood of sand-pits and coal-pits. Thousands of miserable asses pass their lives in carrying on their backs (not drawing in carts) small sacks of coal from the pit-mouth to the dwellings of the consumers. The price of the sackful, which weighs but a hundredweight, is less to the buyer by a full half than what it sells for in the town; but it sells so cheap that to make the journey pay, the poor beasts must be heavily loaded. They are met with in droves, sometimes of sixteen or twenty, all in charge of one lad, and wearily plodding with bowed head and ears bent back under loads of three to five sacks, according to their strength—the driver bawling “Coal, ho!” as soon as he comes in sight of a dwelling. A more ragged *cortège* it is impossible to imagine. The driver flutters in sordid rags; the hides of the brutes are torn into rags by the cruel friction of the sacks; the sacks themselves are often mere rags, being full of holes from which the coals would scatter along the road but that each hole is ingeniously corked with a lump too big to get through it. The policy of the driver leads him to lighten the loads of the weakest first; and when the whole of the day's cargo is sold, which is not until near sundown sometimes, he starts leisurely on the back track, suffering his disburdened beasts to crop the hedgerows by the way. During the summer they get nothing else but what they can pick up for themselves by the road-side or on the barren wastes on which they are turned at night. Not one in fifty of these anatomies could get through the day's work of a London costermonger's donkey, or could be urged to the pace at which they are seen trotting out of town on high days and holidays.

The sand-boy is proverbially jolly, and though the sand-boy's donkey is anything but a jolly subject, his is not such a deplorable case as that of the collier's luckless brute. The sand, if it is heavy, does lie softly on his back, and does not gall his poor flanks into painful and unsightly sores. Then he has more leisure, for as the sand-boy digs his own sand, and may be seen burrowing for it in a bank head-foremost, his legs only visible without, donkey can stand at ease, or graze while his master digs, and, making good use of his time, can pick up a passable living. The cry of “Sand, ho!” is generally heard in the town a full hour before noon, and is commonly accompanied by a succession of significantly sonorous thumps on the flanks of the animals, just to wake them up. As in the case of the coal, there is no return cargo; the only load the beasts have to carry back is the sand-boys themselves, whose characteristic jollity usually breaks out when their staple is turned

into cash and their day's work is done. Then it is that they race with each other on the homeward route, “as jolly as sand-boys.”

In country villages and hamlets we sometimes find the donkey in clover, and see him at his very best. He is the pet of the small farmer's wife, and draws her dairy produce to the market, where he rivals the pats of butter in plumpness. Or he is some well-to-do dame's substitute for a pony, and, glorious in japanned harness, glittering with buckles and studs of imitation silver, is driven out in the low four-wheel to pay morning visits. Or he is the property of the parson's little daughter, who humours him and allows him to have his own way, and only makes a show of beating him when the seductions of a fine juicy thistle draw his nose into the hedge and bring him to a standstill: and in either case he is sure to be the special charge of some boy whose pride it is to turn him out in spruce trim, and who exacts a wild gallop out of him now and then when opportunity offers.

Of the miscellaneous class of donkeys which turn up wherever one goes, and which belong to pedlars, tinkers, gipsies, hucksters, and vagabonds of all denominations or no denomination at all, there is little remarkable to be said beyond the fact that they have the ugly knack of getting into the parish pound, where they run the risk of famishing before their owner thinks it worth while to pay them out. In this luckless position they afford an admirable lesson of patience in misfortune, bearing their imprisonment and forced abstinence with far greater equanimity, it seems to us, than would their owners, for whose default they are vicarious sufferers.

But if the career of the donkey is suggestive of hard work, of privation, of neglect and suffering, it is also emphatically suggestive of pleasure and enjoyment, of seaside rambles, of forest picnics, of mountain-climbing, of rural excursions, and of holiday dissipation in all its phases. And this brings us to the other section of the subject, that of pleasure. Wherever we go in search of recreation when the vacation comes, there is the donkey, and there is the donkey-boy with his sandy smock, his sunburnt face, his cudgel of office, and his sharp eye for the coppers. Look at the pair on Ramsgate sands, for instance, as they skirt the edge of the tide when the breakers come tumbling in and the foamy ooze swirls up beneath their feet. Donkey, if you could see him, may be as ragged as a whole ragged-school, as scarred as Munchausen, as old as Old Parr, and as lean and bony as Rosinante—but you can't see him; all these hypothetical shortcomings are covered with the white robe of innocence in the shape of a linen cloth, which envelopes him from shoulder to crupper. He knows there is an urchin on his back greedy for a gallop, or at least a trot; he knows that Bob is behind with that stout cudgel, but he is too sagacious to “put that and that together” and mend his pace accordingly. Obstinate! do you say? not a bit of it—why obstinate? He is merely philosophical: he has gone through all that before, you see, perhaps a thousand times, and he knows that if he were to be so insane as to gallop at the instigation of the cudgel, that youthful appetite on his back would but grow with what it fed on, and there would be no end to his galloping or cudgelling either. No! he plods on as he has done any time these twenty years—he knows that Bob knows what is to be got out of him, and what isn't, and that his rider is fast coming to the conclusion to which he is bound to arrive, viz., that he (donkey) will go his own pace, and that “it is no use knocking at that door any more.” To say the truth, though Bob is liberal in demonstrations, out of regard

to the baksheesh, he is considerate in laying on, not only because he has no wish to increase his own speed from walking to running, but also out of regard for his old dumb companion and fellow-labourer.

When bound for inland excursions the seaside donkey works under higher pressure than he does upon the sea-marge; still he seems to relish the change from the soft wet sands to the hard dry road, and at times will even break out into a trot as if to show his mettle. When harnessed with a yokefellow in a light carriage, he has a tendency to run into the ditch either to right or left, and if his companion is of the same mind, into the ditch he goes twice or thrice in a mile, when the equipage has to be pulled out and start afresh. This disagreeable contingency, however, may be obviated by yoking two of the long-ears of opposite tendencies together, so that they may counteract and in a manner balance each other—a policy, we imagine, applicable in other cases besides donkey-driving, and worth resorting to for the sake of avoiding the extremes of party.

As a coadjutor in picnic excursions, donkey is often indispensable, especially when the route boasts no practicable road for a wheeled carriage. Then he carries a pair of panniers in which are stowed away the jars, bottles, pies, loaves, biscuits, the kettle for cooking, with the knives, forks, dishes, and et ceteras not to be done without on such occasions. Marvellously pleasant it is, when the weather is in laughing humour, to unbend and give a loose to the frolic of the hour amid the cool shadows of the greenwood; only, let us impress a word of caution on madcap parties bent on such indulgences. Be sure you tie up the donkey, that he may be forthcoming on the return journey. From want of such precautionary measure, it happened this very last summer that a party of picnickers had to load themselves with their own baggage, pots and all, on their return route—Mr. Donkey having preferred to walk back unhampered, and quietly betaken himself home while nobody was caring about him.

Sagacious donkeys are to be met with at times on the breezy slopes of Malvern—sagacious, that is, in sparing themselves unnecessary trouble. You engage them, of course, to carry you from the base to the summit, and having settled the preliminaries, away you start; but about halfway up your steed surprises you by slipping out from under the saddle, and leaving you foundered midway with that between your legs; in which enviable position you have the pleasure of overhearing some complimentary criticisms from the spectators upon your elegant style of assmanship. If you take a carriage and pair, the pair may chance to conspire against you, and come to a deadlock far short of the goal, when you have either to sit there in durance, or to accept the boy's suggestion and walk the remainder of the distance. Equal sagacity, though we have heard it called by other names, is sometimes manifested by the much-enduring beasts of Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest, and other London-haunted localities. It is shown in perfection by the animal's taking to kicking, jibbing, shying, and even rolling, as soon as you have prepaid his hire, and continuing these peculiarities until you decide, as you very soon do, to have no more to do with him. How far this is due to his natural sagacity, and how far to the training of his owner—who in those resorts is not the genuine donkey-boy, but a sort of outcast of the gipsy race—we leave the reader to determine.

Here we shall draw bridle, not because we have exhausted the subject—for, as everybody knows, there need be no end to a chapter on donkeys—but because we have got to the end of our tether.

Varieties.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently held in the city of Chicago, many of the papers indicated considerable activity in the researches into the activity and character of the early races of men who inhabited America. Colonel Charles Whittlesey, in a paper on the "Geological Evidences of Man's Antiquity in the United States," maintained that four American races preceded the red man: first, the mound-builders; secondly, a race in the territory now called Wisconsin; third, a warlike race in the region south of Lakes Ontario and Erie; and, fourth, a religious people in Mexico. Pottery, arrow-heads, etc., have been found in conjunction with and beneath the mastodon and megatherium. Human remains have also been found during excavations at New Orleans at a depth of sixteen feet. Mr. Foster exhibited a copper knife found in New Orleans, which he believed was a relic of the mound-builders. A water-jug, surmounted by a human head, and a statuette of a captive, with his hands bound behind him, both from Peru, and evidently of extreme antiquity, attracted much attention. It may also be mentioned that the recent explorations of Mr. E. G. Squiers in Peru, and the curious photographs of ancient temples, dolmens, etc., which he has brought back, have renewed some old theories as to a connection in origin between the earliest inhabitants of America and those of the oriental countries.

MR. RUSKIN AND THE JEWS.—Mr. Ruskin recently wrote a letter addressed to the query, "Is England Big Enough?" in which the distinguished art critic made use of the following illustration:—"A youth at college loses his year's income to a Jew; but the Jew must spend it, instead of him. Miser or not, the day must come when his hands relax." Mr. Barnett, of Bowden, thinking this a blow aimed with needless severity at his nation, addressed a letter, which we find too long for quotation, to Mr. Ruskin, in the course of which he says:—"I do not for a single moment presume to question the authority of a gentleman of your high moral and literary reputation. I merely notice you drifting, free of animus, no doubt, into a practice savouring of the dark ages." We give Mr. Ruskin's brief rejoinder:—"Denmark Hill, August 12, 1868.—Sir,—Permit me, in reply to your courteous letter, to assure you that I had no purpose of suggestion injurious to your nation when I employed the word 'Jew' for 'usurer' in the letter you refer to. But you must remember that the Gentile prejudice which was appealed to, and rendered almost ineffaceable by the greatest of our writers, is founded not only on the history of your nation, but on the peculiarity of its law. For as the Jews are forbidden by their law to take usury of each other, but may take it of Gentiles, the fact of their ever taking it is virtually a profession of hostility to us, and eternal separation from us, which we are too apt, in thought, and sometimes in word, to answer with reproach. You are wholly at liberty to make any use you please of this letter. I am, sir, your faithful servant, J. RUSKIN."

THE CLIPPER RACE FROM CHINA.—This year the Ariel was the first of the competing clippers from China. The Ariel left Foo-Choo-Foo on the 28th of May, in company with the Taeping and the Sir Launcelot. She was built in 1865 by Messrs. Steele & Co., of Greenock, and is 853 tons burden. Last year the main struggle was between the Ariel and the Taeping. The Taeping arrived at the London Docks on the 14th September, and the Ariel on the 28rd; but as the former sailed from Foo-Choo on the 4th June, and the latter on the 13th, the Ariel claimed to have won in actual speed, doing the distance in 103 days against 104. In 1866 the Taeping did the distance (14,000 miles) in 99 days, entering the docks only half an hour in advance of the Ariel, and an hour and three quarters in advance of the Serica. From May 28, the day on which the Ariel started this year, to the 4th September, is 99 days.

COST OF A GENERAL ELECTION.—The actual expenditure has been roughly stated at two millions sterling, but the published returns, as presented to Parliament in the session of 1866, give it at rather over one-third of that sum. These, however, were very defective. They did not include the expenses of three counties and eleven boroughs in England, one county and four boroughs in Wales, one county in Scotland, and thirteen counties and three boroughs in Ireland. There was another serious omission, for in many cases the

elected members only published their accounts, and the unsuccessful candidates left the public in utter ignorance as to what they spent. Still, we may form some idea of the amount expended by giving the totals for each kingdom, as set forth in the official documents. They were as follows:—

England	Counties	£300,108 0 7½	£604,178 0 3½
"	Towns	304,099 19 8	
Ireland	Counties	44,768 8 5	69,372 4 8½
"	Towns	24,603 16 3½	
Scotland	Counties	32,244 12 1	40,987 16 8
"	Towns	17,743 4 7	
Wales	Counties	12,095 5 4	16,307 4 3
"	Towns	4,211 18 11	

Total..... £739,845 5 10½

Distinguishing the aggregate cost of the counties from that of the towns, the following is the result:—

Counties	£389,216 6 5½	£739,845 5 10½
Towns	350,628 19 5½	

From these figures it is seen that more than £300,000 was spent to obtain the 147 county seats in England; so that the average would be about £2,041. The average cost of the 320 English borough seats was £950. So many of the Irish counties furnished no returns that the estimated cost must necessarily be wide of the mark, but the official statements give an average of £700 for the counties, and of £630 for the boroughs. The average of county seats in Scotland was £1,075, and of burgh seats, £770. The average expenditure on a county seat in Wales was £800, and a borough seat £300. Taking the whole of the United Kingdom, and deducting the members for the universities, every seat in the present Parliament, according to the figures supplied by hon. members themselves, costs its occupant £1,135. Allowing at least £100,000 for the unpublished returns of 64 seats, and for the expenses of those defeated candidates who declined to comply with the order of the House of Commons, the cost of each seat is raised to £1,288.—*Daily News*.

OUR BISHOPS.—Dr. Longley is the son of a working barrister, who became a police magistrate; Dr. Thomson was the son of a country draper at Whitehaven, in Cumberland; Dr. Tait was a younger son of an Edinburgh writer to the "Signet;" Dr. Philpott was placed at Cambridge at the expense of a small evangelical society for privately assisting promising young men at the universities; and Dr. Jacob, the Bishop of Chester, was originally educated for the Nonconformist ministry at the Dissenting College at Homerton, when Dr. Pye Smith was the tutor, and Dr. Binney was his fellow-pupil.—*Record*.

ELECTIONEERING PATCHES.—As applied to politics, the fashion was wittily treated in the eighty-first number of "The Spectator" for June 2, 1711: and in this busy month of electioneering, it would afford some suggestive hints to turn to that paper and see the way in which ladies were enabled to proclaim themselves political partisans by means of party patches. The ladies who were in the Whig interest wore their patches on the right sides of their foreheads, and the ladies who espoused the Tory cause placed their patches on the left sides of their foreheads, so that it was easy to tell at a glance of what opinions the ladies were. Occasionally, however, a mistake would arise. "Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has, most unfortunately, a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead, which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But whatever the natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, and has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side."

MR. DISRAELI'S ORIGIN AND CAREER.—There seem indeed to be singular mistakes as to the relation of Mr. Disraeli to Judaism. Some Jews censure him as an apostate, and urge his apostasy as an instance of tergiversation. Some Christians scoff at him as a Jew, with a singular disregard of all they owe to the Hebrew race. Now the fact is that—in plain English—Mr. Disraeli is neither an apostate nor a Jew. He was born of Hebrew parents. His father, Isaac Disraeli, the author, and his mother, a scion of the Basevis, were members of Sephardim Jewish families. His grandfather and grandmother indeed rest in the Portuguese cemetery at Mile End. Benjamin Disraeli was

admitted into the communion of Israel, but his father thinking fit to quarrel with his synagogue, failed to teach his child Judaism. One day, Rogers, the celebrated banker poet, happening to visit at Isaac Disraeli's house at Hackney when Benjamin was five or six years old, and regretting to find so intelligent a youth without religious instruction, took him to Hackney Church. From this event dates his absolute and complete severance from the Jewish Communion. He became a Christian, and a great genius was lost to us. It may be interesting to add briefly some particulars of his career. He was educated, of course, as a Christian at a great English public school. He travelled in the Holy Land at an early age and soon launched into a brilliant literary life. After having unsuccessfully contested Marylebone, he entered Parliament as member for Maidstone, where his abilities appear to have been early recognised by the late Lord Lyndhurst—who, by the way, married a Jewish lady. After many sharp skirmishes with the late Sir Robert Peel, he materially aided—probably guided—the late Lord George Bentinck in reconstructing the Conservative party, disorganised by the Free Trade episode; and at the death of Lord George became the leader of that party in the Commons. He served thrice under the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and succeeded in carrying a Reform Bill, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, which he probably overcame not only by his very brilliant eloquence and admirable shrewdness, but also by his remarkable coolness of temper.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

COST OF PAUPERISM.—The return showing the expenditure from the poor-rates on in-maintenance and outdoor relief in England and Wales in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, states that it amounted to £2,626,466—viz., £788,351 for in-maintenance, and £1,838,115 for out-door relief, being an increase of 6.8 per cent. over the expenditure in the corresponding half of 1867. Owing to the absence of returns from some places it is probable that the real expenditure in both periods was nearly one per cent. greater than these figures represent. Wheat, flour, and bread were dearer in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, than in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1867; but meat was cheaper.

SHOEING HORSES.—A new system of shoeing horses has been introduced in France, and is favourably spoken of in the Reports of the last Paris Exhibition. Its inventor, M. Charlier, contending that the present shoe destroys the horse's foot, substitutes for it an iron band, let into a rectangular groove scooped from the outer circle of the hoof. This band is fastened by seven rectangular nails, driven into oval holes. The sole of the foot and the frog are thus allowed to touch the ground, and the horse never slips and never gets disease of the foot. The new shoe has been tried by M. Laugnet, a large job-master in Paris, and has reduced lameness in his stable by two-thirds. The Omnibus Company, moreover, have shod 1,200 horses, and speak of the improvement in high terms. In a report of the recent Irish Industrial Exhibition at Londonderry, we read that—"One of the most novel and useful inventions in the yard, though not included in the catalogue, was a horseshoe, exhibited by Mr. James Cooper, of Foyle Street, Londonderry. It is made to fit any sized foot, and is of a very permanent character, having the wearing parts, cocks and toes, suitable for draught or saddle, and it can be taken off or put on very quickly, without hammer or nails."

LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY.—The gross receipts of the company during the half-year ending June 30, 1868, were £284,780 14s. 6d.; in the corresponding period of 1867 they were £281,637 5s. 7d., showing an increase of £3,143 8s. 11d. The number of passengers carried in the half-year amounted to 20,313,821; in the same period of 1867, 20,667,301, showing a decrease of 353,480. Total number of miles run in the half-year, 6,046,180, against 6,014,868 in the corresponding half-year of 1867. The total expenses during the past half-year were £277,722 12s. 3d., of which "provender" cost £126,868; in the same period of 1867 they were £286,138 16s. 2d., showing a difference in favour of 1868 of £8,416 3s. 11d. The number of horses engaged in working the company's omnibuses on 30th June, 1868, was 6,724; at the corresponding period of 1867 the number of horses was 6,667.

ALBERT CHAINS.—Why do people wear Albert chains except to save trouble to the thieves? They could only have been invented in the interests of the pickpockets. If vanity induces men to wear them, could not the watch be detached, so that only the chain would be lost? The wearer's vanity would then be gratified and the watch would be saved. But are grown men still so silly as to wish to display a few ounces of gold upon their waistcoats?—*Times*.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE MEETING INTERRUPTED.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT ten months afterwards, in the latter part of the autumn of 1730, a knocking was heard at Peter's door. "Come in!" cried he, without looking up from the book with which he was whiling away the time, and which contained some very beautiful wood-cuts of the seven wonders of the world.

With hat in hand, Hans Weinleidtner stepped into the room, his countenance expressing timidity blended with cheerfulness.

"What art thou bringing, Hans?" said Peter, squinting at him.

"The best respects of father and mother Manlicken, as well as those of my——" "Wife," was upon his tongue, but he restrained himself as though he had not actually married a wife. After a little hesitation, he added, "My Barbara, and also——" here he again paused, "another father."

"What other father?"

"Myself," replied Hans, bluntly, and blushing with joy, whilst he twirled his hat round his hand like a potter's wheel.

"Aha! is it a boy or a girl?" said Peter, showing genuine satisfaction.

"It is a boy," said Hans, simpering.

"Is the little one quite well? What name wilt thou give him?"

"Peter—thy name," replied Hans.

"Pho! by no means do that. It might shame the boy to bear resemblance to me. Why hast thou called him after me? Didst not thou recollect that I was lame, squinted, and had a shock of red hair?"

"Certainly not," protested Hans. "We remembered only 'the good Peter,' whom we have to thank for everything."

"Ah! do not mention that. Hast thou chosen the sponsors yet?" inquired he.

"Yes," said Hans. "We have chosen two, and thou wilt be the third."

"Very well," sighed Peter. "But who are the other two?"

"Manlicken and his wife."

"Better and better still; all of the family. But I fear that the priest who once refused to marry thee will also refuse to christen the child."

"He has done so," said Hans, "though to please Barbara I have been entreating him to do it."

"Then what dost thou now intend to do?" inquired Peter.

"We must have a private christening at home," said Hans, thoughtfully. "I have a little book of the Reverend Doctor Luther, called the Smaller Catechism."

"I know it well," said Peter.

"In this book," continued Hans, "there is an exact account of the manner in which a child is to be baptized. So I will christen my boy myself. The smith at the Hutten has done the same: and the priest, who would have allowed my child to grow up a heathen, will have to answer for it. What I may want in the form of ceremony I shall make up for by excess of fatherly love."

"Hans!" said Peter, deeply moved, "thou art a good fellow, and as judicious as if thou hadst seen as much of the world as myself. If that odious Father Grinselm were to have baptized thy young one I do not know whether thou wouldst have had me for a godfather, so much do I hate the miser; but as it is I am ready at any moment. What time hast thou fixed upon?"

"The Sunday after next," said Hans, who now, bidding Peter farewell, hastened back to Barbara and their little son.

Manlicken, however, soon disturbed the happiness of the family by the information that he and twenty-two others of his townsmen had resolved to go to the Emperor at Vienna, to lay before him the complaints of the oppressed people of Salzburg, and to implore his intervention in their behalf. All they required was to enjoy the free exercise of their evangelical faith, which the Treaty of Westphalia granted to every one in the German empire, or else to obtain permission from him to emigrate into some other country.

"Do not try to dissuade me from it," he said to Catherine, who was in tears. "It is a sacred and noble duty, to which I am appointed by sixteen hundred and fifty souls of this district alone, who are crying out for help. Did not Moses, for a similar reason, once forsake his peaceful home? Thou fearest danger for me, imprisonment, or even death; but may not death surprise me also in my bed—in the bosom of my family? Have I not already suffered innocently? God's will be done," ejaculated he. "Besides, I do not leave thee helpless. Are there not eight arms, large and small, to labour for

thee? Is it not so, Barbara, Joseph, Hans, Frank? Thou wilt all act in my stead towards thy mother? Cease weeping, and smile as I do, although I think the smoke does make my eyes smart a little."

And truly, though he did force a smile, it was in the midst of tears which he endeavoured to hide. He then took leave of his family, and departed from the cottage, unaccompanied and unburdened, on account of the spies who were about. In the same manner his associates, twenty-two in number, stole singly across the frontiers, in confident hope that they should be out of all danger when once they stepped upon Austrian territory.

CHAPTER XII.

THE moon, in her last quarter, was gradually sinking behind the mountains; brightly shone the stars in the deep blue vault of heaven; darkness and peace rested on the valleys in which the cottages, with their inmates, lay hushed in still repose. Here and there a solitary linnet was twittering his melodious song; the graceful deer were timidly reconnoitring from the outskirts of the forests, before venturing to descend into the cornfields, which waved in full luxuriance in the plains beneath. The quiet landscape, however, was not so entirely destitute of human life as it at first sight appeared. A number of men, forming a long dark file, stepped barefooted along the narrow path which wound by the bank of the torrent rushing impetuously between the mountains and valleys. They were carefully seeking the soft grass, that their progress might not be betrayed by any sound which might rouse the slumbering cottagers. From many a ravine and from many a mountain they were joined by similar processions, all having the same end in view. In this manner, perhaps, the Swiss might formerly have united when they determined to break the yoke of Gessler. A similar act it was the intention of these plain and simple people of Salzburg to achieve: it was only so far dissimilar that the difficulty was still greater, it being a spiritual yoke that they sought to cast off.

"Perhaps the holy father is studying," whispered one of the men to his neighbour, as he pointed to a window feebly lighted, which belonged to a large building, in the vicinity of which they used redoubled caution.

"Hush!" muttered the person, placing his finger on his mouth in token of silence.

Thus they proceeded for some distance, continually augmenting their number by new comers. At length they arrived at an isolated house built on the declivity of a mountain, and to all appearance deserted, which received the travellers within its gloomy gate. But in the interior a brilliant light, which was prevented by shutters from being visible outside, welcomed the guests upon their entrance. The spacious parlour, which was crowded to excess, resembled a beehive, filled with the dark forms which dared only converse in whispers.

At last a side door opened, and an aged man of a most venerable appearance entered, carrying a Bible under his arm. Great calmness and evident contentment, the result of religious conviction, were visibly impressed upon his countenance, as he, in a quiet and friendly manner, passed through the multitude to a small space which had been cleared for the purpose of worship, and there placed himself in an elevated seat. Having laid the Bible upon a table placed there for the purpose, and having waited till complete silence was obtained, he began in a subdued tone of voice the following address:—

"May God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost reign in our hearts and minds! Amen."

"Amen," piously responded the whole congregation. "When two or three are gathered together in my name," saith our Saviour, 'I am there in the midst of them.' Wherefore, let us hope that he will now be amongst us, who are here assembled to praise and glorify his name. Yea, let us praise him that he hath revealed to babes and sucklings what hath hitherto been hidden from the wise and learned of the earth. Verily his Spirit manifestly resteth upon us, a flock without a shepherd—without a visible shepherd I mean—for he is the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for us. A great thing hath he done for us poor ignorant people, that he hath permitted us to know and acknowledge his holy word, in which no one instructed us, which we hardly dare read. Only in secret, one of us, here and there, could consult it in order to derive from it consolation and comfort. Outwardly we all practised the ceremonies which the Papal Church commanded. Our mouths uttered words which were foreign and repulsive to our hearts. Thus it happened: our knowledge was yet weak; our faith was yet mingled too much with the fear of man; and care for temporal things still engrossed too much of our thoughts. But the divine word resembleth truly the grain of mustard-seed, which by degrees became a large tree, under which thousands of us joyfully assembled. Vain were the efforts of our adversaries, who strove to prevent the growth of the goodly seed. Strange priests were sent into our valleys to re-convert us: curses and imprecations were showered down upon us and our faith from the pulpit. We strove to shun them, and had to atone for it by paying heavy fines. The Jesuits intruded into our peaceful dwellings, ransacking them in search of our holy books, which we hid in hollow trees, beneath a movable plank in the floor of our dwellings, and in other secret places, to conceal them from their rapacious eyes. The scripture saith, 'Lo, the devil will cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried.' In us, as of old, this text hath been fulfilled. Ye have proofs of it in Hans Lerchner, Veit Bremen, Ruprecht, in the seventy-third year of his age, and in Winter, who, although dangerously ill, was loaded with fetters, dragged a distance of some miles from his home, cast into a dungeon, tortured, and at length fined one hundred florins, for no other reason than he had been seen reading 'Luther's Family Expositor.' Eleven other persons, for a like case, after an imprisonment of four weeks, during which period they suffered hunger and cold, and other severe inflictions, were forced to pay seven hundred florins. Even our children were taught by the priests to become spies and informers against us, and were thus estranged from their parents. But for this reason, I say unto ye, be ye faithful unto death, so shall ye receive the crown of eternal life. Men of courage from amongst us have already laid our just complaints before the ambassador of the Protestant princes at Ratisbon. They have not been unheard. We may rest assured of their powerful protection. Three-and-twenty brave men are gone to the emperor with petitions signed by many thousands of their brethren in the faith; assuredly our noble emperor, Charles the Sixth, will aid us. Two more have also gone to the supporters of our faith, the Kings of Prussia and Sweden: we are anxiously awaiting their return, and the answer they bring us. Meanwhile let us seek to edify ourselves by reading the holy gospel, which is the power of God, to—"

"Hark, there is a knock!" said several voices, interrupting Antony Wallner. Instantaneously 'the burning torches which lighted the room were extinguished, and concealed behind the immense stove.

This done, the owner of the house called aloud from the window, on the outside of which the sounds had proceeded, "Who knocks?"

"Open the door, Rothenbacker; it is I, Nickel Strenger."

At this answer the men within again breathed freely, the torches were relighted, and the new comer heartily greeted.

The latter, however, said, almost breathlessly, "Have you heard yet what has occurred to George Frommer?"

"What has happened to him?" cried they, all together.

"Last night," he replied, "he endeavoured to make his escape from the castle of Werffen, for which purpose he broke through the iron grating of his prison, and let himself down by means of his shirt, which he had twisted into a rope."

"Well?" eagerly inquired they.

"His design was unfortunately discovered, and he dislocated his thigh by jumping down part of the height."

"Poor George!" they all exclaimed.

"In addition to all this," he continued, "the Warden was desirous of seizing by force a peasant's daughter, and not satisfied with that, wished to part the mother from her child, and make a servant of her at the castle. She is the daughter of the same Manlicken who—"

"Oh!" A sudden cry showed that Hans Weidleitner was amongst the assembled company.

"Wait a moment," said the proclaimer of evil tidings, restraining the frantic husband; "wait a little, thou hast not heard the best part of it yet. She did not suffer herself to be taken, for seizing the coulter of a plough, she threatened to kill the first who laid hands on her; and, at all events, said she would rather kill herself than part from her child. And thus at last the Warden was compelled to leave her, to the great displeasure of the priests, on whose account alone the whole affair was undertaken."

This tranquillising explanation, however, was insufficient to prevent Hans from now abruptly leaving them. In the darkness by which he was surrounded, and the anxiety which overcame him, he ran headlong against a man, who, through the violence of the collision, let go his gun, which fell to the ground. A hearty kick with his foot set Hans free from the hands which had immediately grasped him, and before his unseen foe had time to recover his gun and fire it after him, Hans had disappeared.

Loudly the mountains re-echoed the report. At this sound, together with the shouts of a number of men who had surrounded the house on all sides, Antony Wallner, with his accustomed calmness, began to appease the minds of the terrified congregation.

"Fear not, thou little flock; let us at once learn our fate, even though we should all have been betrayed."

"Open the shutters," cried an authoritative voice.

The instant the command was obeyed, three or four muskets were thrust through each of the windows, and with the click of their locks there was heard from a number of throats the rough cry, "Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

"For all that we have done," answered Antony Wallner, "we can answer to God and man. Put back the sword into its scabbard," he said to some of the more courageous, who seemed inclined to make resistance.

Submissively and without murmuring, he and thirty-three of the most prominent of the assembly suffered themselves to be bound, and were thus conducted to the castle of Werffen.

The rising sun found the remainder still assembled—undetermined, giving and rejecting counsel. There were many who advised having recourse to force, others to money. As soon as the report of this act of violence was known, many more of the inhabitants, who were bound together by the tie of the same faith, and conscious that the danger of the prisoners was also their own, assembled together to consult upon the best means of securing their safety. The house was now filled with a multitude of brethren of the same religious faith. Some rash and intemperate persons, heated with zeal, inflamed their discontent, and immediately weapons were grasped with the intent of opposing force to force. The multitude had already begun to move towards the castle, when the arrival of two travellers covered with dust occasioned a delay.

The names of Peter Heldensteiner and Nicolas Forstreiter passed from mouth to mouth. Many a powerful hand grasped those of the new comers in token of welcome. As a foaming cataract which, having abandoned its rocky bed, gradually losing its tempestuous rage, is seen flowing gently along, murmuring between alder-trees, so did the wrathful tumult of the multitude now subside into perfect stillness.

"Relate, relate," cried a number of voices. The two men nodded assent, and repaired to an eminence, around which all the people arranged themselves.

"We were in Ratisbon," began Heldensteiner, whose powerful voice proclaimed him to be the present orator. "There is much writing backwards and forwards on our account among the Protestant ambassadors; but nevertheless our sovereign does what he pleases, and not what is right and just, according to the articles of the Westphalian peace. We therefore thought it best to betake ourselves at once to an upright master. In Cassel we related our business to the Swedish ambassador, who, every time we saw him, expressed his willingness to provide for such of us as were skilled in iron works, mining, and smelting. But as that would not suffice us, we therefore proceeded to Berlin, to the great Frederick William. The people there must have heard strange things of us. They could hardly believe that we were Christians. In the first place, we were obliged to submit to a long catechising before two spiritual chiefs or metropolitans, whom they call provosts. We may well remember their names, Roloff and Reinbeck, for they almost tormented us to death with their questions: as, for instance, in how many Gods we believed; whether we had acknowledged Christ; if we knew the principal articles of the Christian faith; and what books we had. We were much put to it, to be sure, but we did not remain in their debt by the answers we gave. At last, when they found us so well versed in the scriptures, they became quite friendly, and did us great service; for they procured us admission into the king's presence. We were not only permitted to see his majesty, but even to speak to him."

A burst of glad astonishment now arose from the quiet and attentive audience; a joyful murmur like the bubbling up of a fountain was heard throughout the assembly, who again turned with deeper attention to the now envied Heldensteiner.

"Yes," continued he, his bosom swelling at the recollection—"yes, the mighty monarch who reigns over millions more subjects than our prince-archbishop, spoke to us poor men. At first, to be sure, we were quite dazzled and bewildered. But then he encouraged us in so kind a manner, and put so many questions to us, that at last we quite lost all feeling of awkwardness, and answered him fearlessly. The good king—God

bless him for it!—told us, when he found that we were honest people and true Protestant Christians, that if we were compelled to abandon our native country, he was willing to receive us all, and to grant us lands, cattle, and habitations. That is what the good king said."

Tears of joy now moistened many a furrowed cheek, and blessings were invoked upon so gracious a monarch.

"But," began one of the assembly, "shall we find our mountains and Alps in Prussia? What sort of country does the good king govern?"

This question was so deeply felt in the breasts of all present, that every look was directed in anxious expectation to the lips of the interrogated. All eyes followed those of Heldensteiner, as the latter glanced around him to form in his mind a comparison between his own country and Prussia.

"Speak!" they at length exclaimed.

Heldensteiner gazed upon the multitude with a peculiar expression, and then mournfully said,—

"No, my friends, nowhere shall we again find our mountains and Alps, our valleys and waterfalls. Vast plains, extending as far as the eye can see, and covered with sand, or dark gloomy forests, constitute much of the land which belongs to the great king. Even his beautiful capital where he resides is built on a plain of this description."

The impression produced upon the assembled multitude by this answer defies description. With evident sorrow all eyes were bent to the ground. Deep silence prevailed for some moments, unbroken save by heavy sighs. Ah! they had never till now understood or felt how dear to them were the mountains of their beautiful Father-land!

For a considerable time Heldensteiner and Forstreiter seemed to share in the grief of their countrymen. Forstreiter at length said:—

"There was a man who found a treasure that had been hidden in a field, on which he went home, sold everything that he possessed, and bought that field. Again, there was a merchant who sought for a costly pearl, and when he had found it he sold his all and purchased that pearl. We have found a treasure, and a pearl, dear brethren—our beloved gospel!—well then, let us sacrifice our all for it."

On the faithful minds of the true-hearted people this scripture parable had quick efficacy; every one felt a deep conviction of its application to themselves.

Availing himself of their present disposition, Heldensteiner once more continued:—

"Did not the Israelites of old forsake the flesh-pots of Egypt, its melons, and cucumbers, and the fat herds of the land of Goshen, and wander for forty years in the burning sands of the Arabian wilderness, in order to escape from the bondage of the Egyptians? And here, you see, is a bondage from which we would escape still more intolerable than the enthrallment of the body. Of what use to us are mountains and valleys? of what avail are Alps and meadows where treachery, persecution, and spies beset us? As a good King Pharaoh in the days of yore showed Jacob the land of Goshen, so will the good King of Prussia grant us a land where our cattle will find green pastorage, though, alas! no Alps. Long live the good king!"

"Long live the good king!" was loudly re-echoed by all.

"Let us now await the answer which our deputation will bring from the emperor, and until then let us patiently abide the events which may happen," said Heldensteiner.

"And Antony Wallner, and the other prisoners?" inquired the crowd.

"Let us include them in our prayers, and commend them to the protection of Him who sent his angel to free the apostle Peter from the prison of the cruel Herod."

At the conclusion of this speech the multitude dispersing, returned peacefully to their homes.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, THE PUBLISHER.

It has been said that since noblemen ceased to give and authors to take douceurs for eulogistic dedications, publishers have become the only patrons of men of letters. This dictum, though on high authority, I take to be sheer nonsense, as it is generally understood and glibly repeated. To ask or expect publishers to be patrons in the common sense of the word, or to say that they are so, is much the same as to call a grazier the patron of his herds, and prone to nurture them at all risks for the pure benefit of the public. Acting on this principle, publishers would soon cease to be patrons, or to exert any other useful influence in society. It is true, nevertheless, that publishers, in the way of employing their capital, do possess great power, by the judicious exercise of which they can not only essentially serve the interests of meritorious writers, but do much to promote the cause of wholesome national literature. A publisher, fairly educated, and endued with the rare gifts of good taste and sound judgment, who superadds the management of a magazine or periodical to his ordinary business, is in a position peculiarly favourable to be of service to literary aspirants, and to promote the best educational interests of the country. He has opportunities of seeing early efforts, of forming opinion of capacities, of encouraging promise, and, to some extent, of rewarding as well as fostering true merit; in short, of removing barriers which too often preclude even genius and industry from entering the tempting field of letters, and admitting the rightful votaries to enjoy "the pastures ever new."

As a leader and representative of this class of publishers, William Blackwood, of Edinburgh, was a perfect example—an example now followed by a number of London publishing houses in form, and it may be in spirit. Like Old Cave, in the "Gentleman's," so many years ago, "Old Ebony" was always on the alert to advance the progress of "ma (my) magazine." He gave cordial encouragement to the first essays of writers, who have since risen to great eminence; and whom he once adopted he never deserted, but stood a steady friend through good report and evil, till time should more or less confirm the justice of his appreciation. On the retrospect it must be allowed that his critical acumen was of a high order; and whether as the introducer to the world, or cherisher in their career, of such authors as Pringle, Galt, Lockhart, Wilson, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Samuel Warren, Dr. Croly, Moir (Delta), Caroline Bowles, Maginn, Aytoun, Alison, and many more, including the great Wizard himself (notwithstanding his furious letter and passionate tiff with the publisher for daring to criticise his "Black Dwarf"), he largely encouraged talent, and struck out valuable paths in national literature.

I abstain from notice of the questions of acrimony, personality, lampoon, or other vices alleged against the Magazine by controversialists on opposite sides; much

of it was the language common to all parties in those days of "pot and kettle," when people were really more in earnest than they are now. We gladly acknowledge a better tone in the press, and that there are far fewer outbursts of foul words, misrepresentations, and violence. For this we must be thankful. The system of abusing adversaries has happily been moderated, and we can no longer truly say of the upper sort—

"Scold answers foul-mouthed scold,
Bad neighbourhood I ween."

But I have penned this introduction not to discuss literary points, but to exhibit something of the character of the individual, as it accords with his correspondence, as he pushed forward with his hobby—for such it was. It was not mere trade. He was strong and honest in his opinions, and indefatigable in giving effect to them. Outspoken and independent, he had no rancour, and only very short-lived resentment, against opponents; and to "ma contributors and friens" he was friendly to the extreme. Yet there are so many rather private matters in his letters that they can very imperfectly corroborate my view of his character. His interest (nothing sordid) in the success of the Northern press was always wide awake.

Edinburgh, 21st Dec., 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you an early copy of the new number of our friend Brewster's journal. I hope you will find several curious and interesting matters worthy of noticing or extracting.

I flatter myself that you will have a favourable notice of my friend Delta's elegant volume, which I had lately the pleasure of sending you.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

Edinburgh, 25th Nov., 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot send off the "Magazine and Journal of Agriculture" without thanking you for the kind help you have given to "Tom Cringle." The sale, I am happy to say, has been very great, and fully justifies all the praise the work has received.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

These are but samples of his perpetual solicitude to keep moving. The next is rather curious: the "Edinburgh Review" had animadverted unpleasantly on the "Literary Gazette,"* and provoked a reply.

Edinburgh, 4th April, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you most truly upon your capital castigation of the Blue and Yellow. I never in my life read anything so well done, or that I more fully agreed with the justice of the punishment inflicted. It is really surprising that a person of Mr. Jeffrey's talents and tact should allow his journal to be disgraced with such trash of puffery. You judged well, too, in seizing upon the "Edinburgh Review" as the best way of repelling the attacks of the ephemerals.

I have the pleasure of sending you an early copy of "Mansie Waugh," with which you have already got acquainted in mags. My friend Mr. Moir (Delta), who is the author of this amusing volume, is one of the most amiable and worthy persons living, and I feel most deeply interested in the success of his book. You would, therefore, oblige me very much if you would do what you can for it. In queer, odd Scotch manner and incident, many parts are equal to Galt, and perhaps touched more delicately. I need not say, however, that if it should not please you, as it does me, I do not for a moment expect you will favour it; but if you do not like it, which I should regret, I hope you will pass it over.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

* N.B.—Its editor has been a contributor both to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly."

The drollery of this is Blackwood's charge against Jeffrey, as if unconscious of the abuse lavished on himself by the bitter political opponents of his creed in Edinburgh, and re-echoed in London. Well sung Burns—

"O, would some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It would——"

What would it not do?

My next, though of a year's earlier date, shows the real interest he felt in the welfare of the "Shepherd."

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just favoured with your kind letter of 30th April. I am truly sorry that our worthy friend The Shepherd does not fall within the class to which your Society* gives pensions. If, however, great originality and true poetical genius could have given any title, sure I am there could not be so strong a case as our friend's for the Society's extending their patronage.

I feel much indebted to you for your most friendly offer of moving for a draft of £50. This, however, is a matter of some little delicacy, and though for my own part I think our friend would most gratefully accept a favour so delicately and honourably conferred upon him, yet I do not like to take it upon myself to say so. I intend, therefore, to consult some mutual friends here, and will write you in a few posts.

In another letter I find the canon of reviewing on which the Magazine was edited plainly laid down, and as it may still be deserving of attention in similar periodicals, I do not hesitate to give it a place:—

Edinburgh, 22nd Feb., 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with yours on Saturday. I assure you my memory did not require a jog with regard to your friend Mr. Roby's splendid and interesting work.† So soon as I read it, I put it into the hands of one who is most capable of writing an article creditable both to your friend's book and the mag. He is, however, a person who must take his own way, and will only do things at his own time. Much, many of my own publications have suffered from being either unnoticed altogether in maga., or noticed after the proper time was gone by; but I have laid it down as a rule never to urge any of my friends to notice a book unless it is their own free will to do so, and that they can make an article which will be worthy of maga.

As to your fair friend L. E. L., I have only to repeat what I have told you with regard to Mr. Roby. All the same, you must have observed how kindly she is mentioned whenever there is incidental occasion for it.

You are too old a man of letters to mind a little nibble of an occasional writer in maga. You may rest assured that all these friends, on whom I rely principally for the support of maga., think most kindly of you, and I hope in an early number there will be an expression of this, with regard to your "Foreign Literary Gazette," etc.‡

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

With the close of another epistle of a two years' later date, and within two years of the writer's death, I conclude:—

Edinburgh, 26th Oct., 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—By-and-by an advertisement will be sent to your publisher of the proposals for publishing by subscription our friend Allan's admirable picture of "Sir Walter in his Study." You will see what is so justly said of it in the "Noctes." A word from you goes a great way, and I am sure it will not be wanting. The advertisement is in my advertising sheet.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

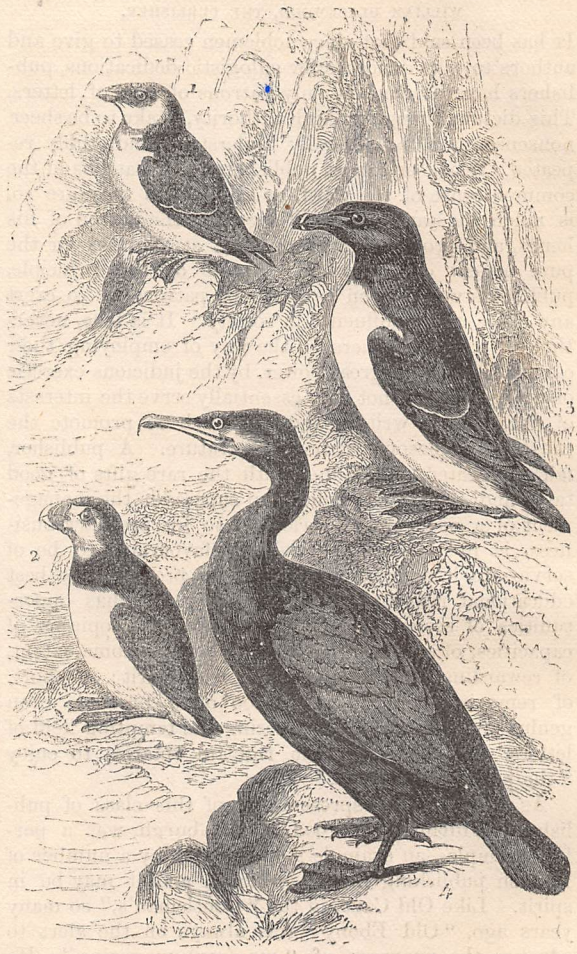
* The British Society of Literature, of which I was a zealous promoter, and long upon the council.

† My friend Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire." Poor Roby! He left a sad tradition of himself, being killed in the wreck of a vessel between the Mersey and the Clyde.

‡ Lasted thirteen weeks, and cost thirteen hundred pounds.

Here we meet with one proof of many that it was not self-interest alone which sustained the writer's unflagging activity. He was ever watchful to serve a friend as well as to advance the interests of his magazine. If we look back upon his era it must be acknowledged (whilst others worked worthily and well in the same direction) that the renown and profit of Scotland were far and wide extended by the impulse given to its press by William Blackwood.

A TRIP TO AILSA CRAIG.



1. GULL. 2. PUFFIN. 3. RAZOR-BILL. 4. CORMORANT.

EVERY tourist in Scotland, and every reader of Scottish story and song, is familiar with the name of Ailsa Craig. Every naturalist also knows that this huge basaltic rock is the haunt of countless sea-fowl, and especially of the gannet or solan goose. The narrative of a recent visit may interest the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

On a lovely evening in June, I sailed from Girvan, having obtained permission to spend two or three days on the island.

Two craigsmen, Hudon and Sandy, are on the beach waiting for us, and take my baggage up to the hut. I immediately start along the shore, if shore it may be called, for to leeward of the Craig, that is, on the Ayrshire side, is a raised heap of boulders of all sizes, piled up in alarming disorder, and forming a triangular raised beach. Happily there is a path which leads to the climbing-place, where the birds are swarming in

myriads, kittiwake gulls, herring gulls, razor-bills, guillemots, puffins, all sporting in the water, or flying, or sitting on the ledges of rock.

As I want some birds to dissect and some skins in good condition for stuffing, I ask if I may go up the face of the cliffs with the climbers. The two craigsmen and myself sally out, and walk along the path to the only place where any bushes grow, which are one or two stunted elder-trees. The ground is here very rugged; huge rocks seem hurled in confusion, of many tons weight, and moreover so sharp and slippery as to require very great caution in walking. And this is the commencement of the breeding-place of the sea-birds. High up above us on the cliff the razor-bills, puffins, and guillemots are sitting, and I am very eager to see their haunts. The climbing here is over the tops of the basaltic pillars and along ledges about a foot wide, with nothing to take hold of; but rubbing my stockings in earth helped me a little.

The nets are not unlike herring nets, long and tanned,

but with rather larger meshes. I can see the birds struggling in them, and a few cool and cautious steps bring me within reach of them. Three or four puffins are struggling in the meshes with their red sharp nebs picking at the net, and entangled in a curious manner.



HEAD OF PUFFIN.

I sit down beside them and clutch hold of a puffin, which gives me a sharp snap and draws blood. I catch the next round the neck and extricate it, and as its plumage is unsullied it proves a good specimen. Climbing to some more nets, which are simply spread over the rocks, and secured to the débris of rock on which the puffins roost, there are, in the craig parlance, several "strannies," or razor-bill auks. Having secured several in good feather, and collected out of the other nets the birds which twine themselves in the meshes so that it is difficult to extricate them, I have leisure to look around me.



HEAD OF RAZOR-BILL.

The rocks here are piled one over the other in great disorder; huge pieces, tons in weight, are just on the verge of the precipice, and around me the rocks are like basaltic columns in regular pillars, save where frost and damp have detached portions. The rock is of a fine grained basaltic texture, and takes a fine polish. It is largely used for making curling stones. The Craig is rented from the Marquis of Ailsa for that purpose, and for the sake of the sea-birds' feathers, the birds being sent to Girvan and surrounding places to be plucked.

Climbing to a convenient spot where there is plenty of standing-room, I wait for the climber coming, and examine the breeding-places of the birds. The puffin (*Fratercula Arctica*) and the razor-bill auk (*Alca Torda*) are the two birds that breed at this particular spot, and on every ledge, or projecting bit of rock near, a demure little puffin sits, quite tame, allowing itself to be almost touched by the hand without moving. They are flying past, one at a time, with great rapidity, within arm's length. The rocks around me are white with their excrement. Wherever a patch of earth is, between the shattered fragments of rock, there are the holes of the puffins.

The razor-bill auks are here in great plenty. In form and habits they greatly resemble the puffins, but they have black feet, a different shape of bill, and rather

bigger bodies. The eggs of the razor-bills and guillemots are exceedingly large for the size of the bird, and taper to a point so that they shall not roll off the narrow ledges. There are great quantities of razor-bills' eggs within arm's reach. The egg itself is generally of a whitish ground, very variously spotted and blotched; in some eggs there are thousands of minute specks of a deep brown, in others big blotches of a rich sienna, or speckles of a dark umber brown. Great quantities of the eggs were *clocked*, as we say in Scotland, *i.e.*, addled, or half hatched.

The divers, owing to their legs being placed so far back, almost close to the tail, have a peculiar odd way of standing straight upright. A row of these birds standing on the narrow ledges looks rather grotesque.

But, meanwhile, I see the climber, after visiting the other nets, tie the *paties*, or puffins, in bunches and heave them down. Owing to the projection of the rock, as the part which I now stand on is overhanging the sea, I do not not see them fall, but they do fall into the sea, and the other craigsmen picks them up in the punt. Having cautiously descended, we return to the hut and rest.

We now walk along the path to where the ascent begins. On all sides save one the Craig is surrounded by steep precipices, which are almost impossible to climb. Climbing up the steep path single file, we reach the ruined castle, which is a square tower having several apartments, and a winding stair leading on to the roof.

It requires cautious walking, as the stones are loose, and the path is a mere wild goat's track, leading close above the edge of the precipice. Where a hollow runs down to the Barrhead, or edge of the precipice, is a terrace of rock, which it is easy to climb; so taking off my boots, and strapping my vasculum (botanical box) tight on my back, I go cautiously. The ledges are white with kittiwake gulls, and their nests are scattered all about the ledges. The beautiful birds are sitting on their nest as I approach, and allow me to come almost within arm's reach without flying away, and then the poor kitties rise in a body and hover round me, brushing past my face, and uttering their peculiar cry, "Kittiwake! kittiwake!" Great quantities of nests are within reach. The nest is generally built on a little ledge, or where a tuft of moss grows, and often they hang to the side of the rock, like swallows' nests under the eaves of a cottage. The eggs, which are generally three in number, are of various colours, but generally the shade is light brown, or stone colour with dark markings of brown.

The rock birds and gulls are swarming in immense numbers on the rocks as we approach, and they seem not in the least frightened as I climb up among the rocks, being seldom disturbed here.

Being satisfied for the present with climbing, I descend to have an inspection from the water. Having rowed round the base of the precipice I have

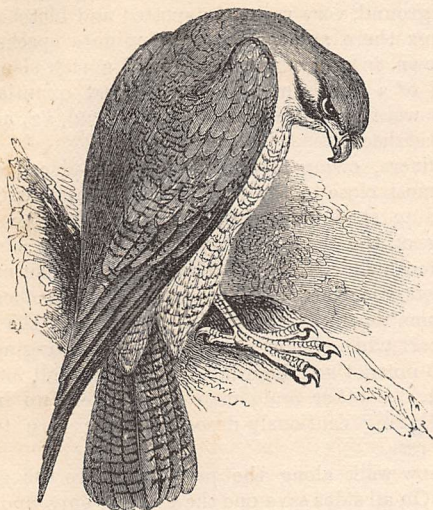
an opportunity of observing the clouds of sea fowl on their ledges. Looking up, one seems overpowered at the immense height, and rendered giddy by the whirr of wings. On the lower rocks the kittiwake gulls breed; the



HEAD OF GUILLEMOT.

the guillemots resort to the ledges; and above them the razor-bills. The climber points out to me the only nesting-place of the "scarts," as he calls them, or cormorants. I see their ledge, and see with my telescope several sitting on their nests, a long way

out of reach. Several pairs of ravens (*Corvus Corax*), too, build annually here; also a rare bird, the peregrine falcon (*Falco Peregrinus*), annually makes his eyrie on an inaccessible craig near the top.



PEREGRINE FALCON.

The boat has been carefully pulled alongside one of the reefs of rocks; the steering is very difficult, owing to the intricate passages and sunken rocks. We carefully approach the "scart" rock, a flat rock from which the cormorants dive, and which they generally fish from. Owing to the sunken rock it is difficult to approach, but as Hudon knows every inch of the place, he pulls cannily alongside. He and I jump out, and Sandy throws out several iron traps like rat-traps. These we set on the rock, to try and catch a "scart," if possible, for stuffing.

Immense blocks of rock have fallen together, and made a rude cavern of some extent, and this the craigs-men call the "kirk," but why I cannot say. Hudon shows me another way of catching the fowl: he hides behind a ledge of rock at the entrance to the kirk, and I crouch behind; he then grasps his long bird-pole in his hand, and as an unlucky "patey" or "strannie" comes flying within reach, he knocks it down with the pole.

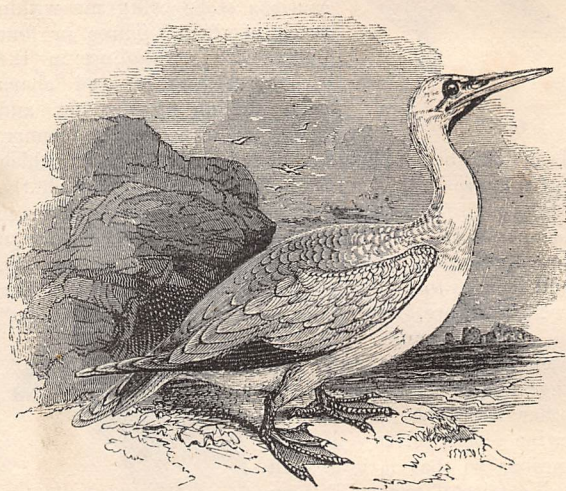
Hudon now collects and ties the birds together, and I stroll or clamber about, and go to the foot of the precipice and sit down and watch the incessant whirr of wings, and listen to the varied and clamorous cries of the fowl.

Presently the current carries the punt past the bend, and gently wafts us under the base of "Ashy Doo," and past the "scart rock," from which a dark green cormorant shoots off. We now get to the far side of the Craig, where huge precipices all along uprear themselves from the water. In some places the air is almost darkened with the flights of the birds, and the ear pained with the noise of their clamorous and discordant cries. Hudon gives a whoop, which echoes from craig to craig, and immediately the whole legion of birds leave their ledges: the puffins, razor-bills, and guillemots, with a rapid movement of their wings, plunge with the speed of thought into the sea, and the gulls, with cries, circle round our heads as thick as snow-flakes on the blast of the north wind. Whole schools of puffins and other rock birds are sporting in the sea, some with feeble cries of delight dashing the water over one another, others diving after sprats, and pursuing their prey with wings as well as feet. The kittiwake gulls do not seem to

dive so much, but lie motionless on the calm water, or poise themselves on one leg on the rocks, or sail with slow extended wings through the air.

Drifting round a projecting rock, a huge cavern opens far into the bowels of the earth, and as we approach several rock doves, wild slate-coloured pigeons, fly out. Drifting round another line of rocks, we see myriads of solan geese clustering on the ledges, and flying far up overhead; huge white or light grey birds, with their long slender wings just tipped with black.

In rowing back the fierce heat from the cloudless sun, as it shines down untempered by a breath of air, is almost suffocating; so during the middle of the day I rest on the rocks in the shade. Then, as the afternoon draws to a close, Sandy says that if I like to go up to the Barrhead he will show me the place where the "gants" breed. I accordingly take a stout staff in my hand, and, after following Sandy some distance round to the far side of the Craig, he tells me to shut my eyes, and carefully leads me to the verge of the precipice, and when I open them at his signal, the quantity of gannets is something amazing.



GANNET, OR SOLAN GOOSE.

I have never seen the breeding-place of the gannets before, and the sight and the noise almost make my brain reel. I cautiously sit down on the top of one of the pillars, and gaze long and in silence. A hollow-shaped bay or amphitheatre of rocks rises sheer from the sea about six hundred feet high or more, I should think, formed of regular columns or basaltic pillars, and on the top of each of these pillars, of which there are myriads, broken off all the way up, is the nest of a gannet, on every ledge as close as they can stick, and the noise which the thousands of gannets make passes description. Close under where I sit are several nests, and I cautiously climb down with Sandy to inspect them. A great bulky nest it is, large enough to fill a coal-scuttle with, composed of sea-weed, dried grass, moss, etc., and in each nest there is *one* egg. Hence, some say, the origin of the name solan goose.

But now the fierce heat is declining, as the sun is sinking in the west, and faint zephyrs gently fan my heated face. Sandy goes along the Barrheads farther, while I climb gently up the sides of the Craig; but toiling over the rocks and clambering up the precipices is hot work, and I leisurely proceed. First a sloping terrace, followed by a ridge of bare rock, then another terrace, then a low marshy sort of swamp, with

a lagoon, or wee loch, the waters of which are black with peat, but with which I slake my burning thirst. A few more trifling steps, and what a gorgeous spectacle is unfolded at my feet.

In the dim distance, faint in the gathering mist, Malin Head rises from the broad Atlantic, and then the huge bulk of Rathlin Island, and the dread Giant's Causeway, are seen darkly frowning over the waste of waters, and the very fields and villages are seen on fair Erin. The wild Mull of Cantire, and Sanda Island, with its white lighthouse, are distinctly seen under the setting sun; and one's eye ranges lovingly over the picturesque Cantire side, past Campbelton Harbour, till the land slowly sinks into Tarbert Loch. Green Islay is peeping over, with the terrible Mull of Oe, and the three Paps of Jura looking like faint and delicate cloudlets. Beauteous Arran lies at my feet, with wee Pladda sleeping at her side, with all her tumultuous and terrible crests of rock, Goath Bheima, the mountain of the winds, looking proudly around her, while Cumbray rises like a vast iceberg from the lovely Clyde and fertile Bute, past which the blue Loch Fyne wanders, till it is lost in the labyrinth of hills.

But slowly the sun is sinking in the west. Behind the mighty Paps of Jura a few faint and gauzy vapours, which before seemed ethereal as spirits, now are glowing red as fire, as they wait upon their king; the whole horizon brightens; the hills are sharp and clear and red as flames of fire; and the faint and far-off cliffs of Ardnamurchan, rosy as maiden's blush, look like evening mists, but in reality are firm as the foundation of the world. The Arran hills are tinted with gorgeous lights, one side bright and pure, the other purple and dark. The great rock throws its shadow far across the water—the water, which is, as it were, a sea of flame, brilliant yellow, gradually fading into a bright red, as flames playing over glowing charcoal, save where rugged islets rise,

"And break the spreading of the golden tide,
And fling their shadows on the pictured deep."

Here long I linger, unable to tear myself away from the lovely scene; and the last quivering ray of the sun has sunk, and slowly the rosy light pales into fainter yellow, and fainter is the glow reflected in the calm water, and the last tints have faded from the hills; though the crests are yet warm and ruddy, their corries and valleys are black as a storm at night. Ireland is slowly fading from my view, and one by one the westernmost islands pale and fade away. The daylight still lingers about the few snow-clad hills of the far north, and the horizon is still bright and lambent. But in the east, one by one the stars appear faintly flickering, like angel spirits keeping watch over the world by night, and slowly the pale crescent moon rises from the dark hills and sheds its subdued light across the calm, still water. And the cries of the sea fowl are hushed, save when a patie more wakeful than its brethren shoots past, like an evil thought across the mind.

Now one by one the lighthouses send their steady lights across the darkening water. The Cloch, Little Cumbray, Pladda, Campbelton, Sanda, and Loch Ryan, one by one shine forth bright and steady. Slowly I tear myself from the summit, and with careful and cautious steps descend in the increasing darkness.

Hudon is about to start to look for me, as he wonders why I am so late; and when I tell him I have just come from the summit, he wonders how I have found my way in the gloom.

I awake next morning at grey dawn, and hastily

dressing, sally out. It is about half-past three, and the sun has just risen over the Ayrshire hills. Already the sea fowl are astir, and are sporting and playfully dabbling in the water; a faint yet fresh breeze is blowing, the breath of the morning gently rippling the blue sea. I ask Sandy to accompany me, as he promised, up the Craig to get some choice varieties of eggs for cabinet specimens; so while Hudon is lighting the fire, he takes me up the hill, past the castle, and wading through the wet brackens, we climb the first terrace. Deliciously cool and pleasant the air is, and on every side the glad notes of the birds resound. The rock pipit (*Anthus Aquaticus*) is uttering its shrill call, and on each craig of rock sits a sedate little puffin; the curlew (*Numenius Aquaticus*) is wheeling above us, and the thrush, or mavis, strange to say, is singing blithely, and very sweet its touching strains sound, echoing among the rocks. The ring ouzel (*Merula Torquata*) is here as usual, flitting about the rocks, and scolding us for intruding near its nest. But I have no time to stay and search for it, as I want to see the gulls.

We are now approaching the place where the big gulls breed, and I see them at a distance, sitting among the ferns and on the top of the jutting rocks. First one and then another rises, and then all rise and wheel in the air, high up, on motionless wings, slowly gliding and floating as lightly as spirits. As we approach nearer, they get more clamorous, and bark like dogs. I find a nest of the lesser black-back gull (*Larus Fuscus*), and immediately after another, both with three big eggs in. Suddenly I come upon a nest with three pretty little young gulls in it, just like chickens, only with webbed feet, and curiously spotted all over like the spots on the eggs. I take one in my hand, and the two others run and hide among the rock and fern, but while I am examining my captive, the enraged old ones swoop down on me in an alarming manner. They soar to a great height, then with outstretched wings swoop down upon me, a few feet above my head, and soar the other side; then swoop down again, coming each time closer, as if to strike me, and the rustle and vibration of their feathers makes a noise as if meant to intimidate me.

But Sandy is calling; so leaving the big gulls to their airy flights, I follow after him as he leads straight to the bay of the gannets. He takes off his shoes, and I do the same, and cautiously walk over the edge of the precipice along a narrow shelf on which the gannets are breeding. The myriads of gannets are still sitting on their nests, and the males are away fishing, and now and then one comes floating from seaward towards the Craig, and I see him disgorge his fish for the sitting partner to breakfast on.

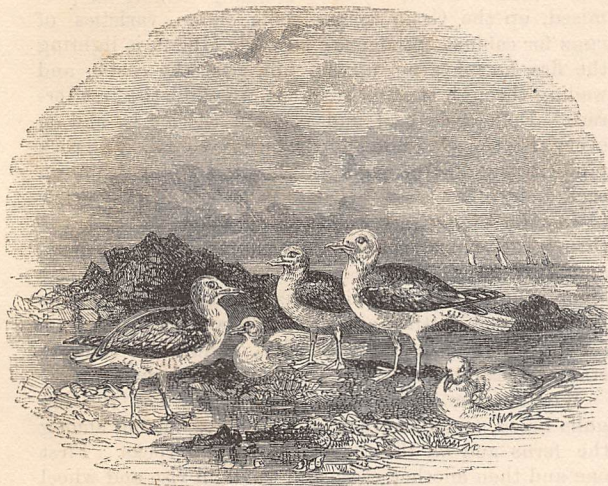
I take one or two of the cleanest eggs, as they are the freshest, and then Sandy and I come back to the glen that runs down to the Barrhead; and climbing about the sharp and rugged precipice, Sandy selects some fine varieties of the razor-bill, beautifully clouded and mottled, also a few uncommon varieties of the guillemot, and what is a prize, I see a bridled guillemot (*Uria Lacrymans*) sitting on a ledge. With some difficulty I climb to it, and find that its egg is fresh laid, which I take.

Packing the eggs carefully in my vasculum, I climb back to the top, and follow Sandy down the now more familiar path. During my absence up the hill, my boatman Rab and his laddie have arrived from Girvan, having had to row almost all the way, there being little or no wind.

After breakfast, as a puff of wind is rising which we mean to take advantage of, I pack up my treasures of eggs and specimens, my traps are placed in the punt,

and we row out to the boat, which is anchored off the Craig. Then the craigsmen give me a parting cheer as the lug is hoisted, and we slowly drift out, and I give them a parting wave of the bonnet as I leave the Craig with great regret.

T. C. W.



THE RIGHT WAY OF POKING THE FIRE.

We have often remarked that, however modest and humble people may be in their pretensions in various arts and accomplishments, and however willing they may be to yield the palm of excellence to others, there is yet one accomplishment in which everybody invariably imagines that he excels everybody else—and that is the art of poking the fire. It is true you may not hear people express this secret conviction, but if your observation is worth a straw you may read it in their faces whenever one person in a company ventures to poke the fire in presence of the rest; and if your candour is on a par with your observation you will confess that you rarely—we might almost say never—see a fire poked without feeling, however deftly it has been done, that it still wants just one finishing touch at your own hands.

Various, indeed, are the methods of using the homely instrument whose special function it is to rouse the sleeping embers in the grate, and cause the cheerful flame to enliven the domestic hearth with genial light and warmth. Professors of chirography tell us they can evolve the mental portraiture of man or woman from an inspection of their handwriting; for our part, we feel confident that revelations much nearer the truth might be derived from a careful consideration of the way in which a person handles the poker. Let us look at a few of the methods most in vogue. First, there is the bold, careless, slapdash method, in which the performer thrusts the instrument between the bars without a moment's consideration of what he is about—rakes the coals this way and that for a quarter of a minute or so, and then throws down the instrument with a bang and a clang that startles pussy from the hearth-rug and sends her scampering. Still less tolerable is the persistent method in which over-earnest minds are apt to indulge, when the performer, having got possession of the poker, is loth to relinquish it, and goes on digging and picking at the fuel until his wife gets up from her chair and takes the instrument out of his hand; or, the lady being absent or failing to do that, the fire is finally poked out, and the bell is

rung for Betty to come and renew it. Allied to these two methods is a third, still more demonstrative, which may be called the savage method, in which the performer storms the fireplace as he would an enemy's fortress, deals furious blows with his weapon upon the casemated upper works of caked lumps, and supplements these assaults by fierce lunges into the very vitals of the fire, as if resolved to tear its heart out. Such are the "heroic" methods of poking, in which those who adopt them may pride themselves if they like; but we confess to a preference for more moderate measures, as exhibited in a contrary style of practice. Among the moderate methods we may mention the encouraging mode, in which the poker, as it were, pats the blinking fire on the back, just to cheer it up a little, then gently clears away the lower strata of ashes, lets a little more oxygen into the lungs of the fainting subject, and so entices it to make an effort to recover itself and show the domestic circle a cheerful face. Analogous to this is the sympathetic and cautious method, which has to be pursued when the fire is at its last gasp and would certainly perish irrecoverably were it roughly handled. In this case the operator has to use the utmost dexterity, and to exercise at once prompt action and enduring patience: he cherishes the spark by supplying fresh fuel; he makes a passage for the current of air to the exact spot where it is wanted, and with the point of his instrument he adjusts those particles of fuel which, being in a half-burnt state, are the readiest to catch, so that they shall receive, retain, and spread the combustion.

Other methods of poking the fire might be here described were it worth while; but we pass them for the present, being desirous of turning our attention briefly to another aspect of the subject, which we may be allowed to designate its moral aspect.

There is no risk in asserting that society in all ages has stood in special need of poking up, and that, morally speaking, the demand for the right use of the poker is not a whit less urgent at the present day than it was in days that are past. Men have always had to be urged, or poked up, to the performance of their duties, and in all likelihood will continue to need constant provocation to this end. The fires of love and benevolence, of philanthropy and kindness, which should be ever burning brightly in their breasts, are always getting into a low and smouldering state, and sometimes, alas! they get extinguished altogether for lack of the stoking and poking which should have been administered to them, or, worse still, because the poking has been done by rash and unskilful hands.

Now the use of the moral poker is a much more difficult matter than the wielding of the domestic instrument spoken of above. What renders it so immensely more difficult, and so often defeats the most energetic endeavours, is the fact that when using the moral poker we never know whether we are stirring a glowing fire or a mere empty grate. A man, or any number of men, may look as benevolent as Mr. Peabody or Captain Coram, and yet have no more of the fire of benevolence in the heart than there is in a lump of ice. Thus the wielders of the moral poker—the men or the women whose office it is to stir up others to good works—are always, to some extent at least, working in the dark. Such workers, however, have the consolation of feeling that they are doing the right thing; and some of them, it is pleasant to know, show remarkable skill and dexterity in doing it. The very worst methods of setting about this business are the heroic methods

foreshadowed above. Men are to be bounced and bullied and dragooned into a good many things, when circumstances are favourable to such modes of persuasion, but they are not to be compelled by any such means into a charitable frame of mind. "The quality of mercy is not strained," as the great poet tells us, and it will not stand the strain of angry, reproachful, or even of exacting pressure: if it is not allowed to drop "as the gentle rain from heaven," it is not to be had at all. If some of our habitual provokers to good works had a due appreciation of this psychological fact, we should not see the disheartening sights we sometimes see, or hear so many of the dreary complaints we sometimes hear. People go about their business in the wrong way, and then moan out their complaints because they have failed of the success they might have had by working in the right way. Conceive, if you can, a more doleful spectacle than a man in possession of pulpit or platform, and bent on squeezing charitable dole out of his audience by mere pressure of paragraphs. Like the "persistent fire poker" aforesaid, he never knows when to stop, and talks and talks, and piles up palaver on palaver, and the consequence is that he pokes out the fire of benevolence; that his audience, whom a few well-chosen words might have charmed into prompt philanthropic action, are first dinned to weariness, then to irritation, and then to resentfulness, and they button up their pockets with the feeling in their minds, that having undergone an uncalled-for scolding, they are not bound to pay for the infliction, and so they depart without giving. Dean Swift understood human nature too well to make a blunder of that kind. It is on record that having engaged to preach a charity sermon on behalf of the poor of a certain place, he took for his text the words of Solomon, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord;" then, looking round on his congregation, he merely said, "My friends, you see what are the conditions of this transaction; therefore, if you like the security, down with your money." It was an irreverent speech, too sadly in keeping with his character, but the contributions which poured in in answer to that brief appeal were liberal beyond all previous experience in the place; and one may well believe it.

Another dean, no less witty and considerably more wise, reminds us that one result of attempts to stir up the fire of benevolence is generally to arouse a burning indignation in the breast of A because B will not put his hand in his pocket to relieve the necessities of C. This comical dictum of Sydney Smith's is tragically, frightfully true. That is the effect of the majority of appeals made to selfish humanity on behalf of their suffering fellows; so much easier is it to awaken sympathy than self-sacrifice, and so prone are all of us to slink from the obligations we should accept, and to shift them to the shoulders of others. Still it may be fairly questioned when such transferable sympathy is all that is excited, whether the exciting agent has been active in quite the right way. We are not quite sure, but we have a notion that there are ways, if we could but find them out, of enlisting not only the sympathy, but the personal assistance of most of our fellows. Perhaps the gentler methods of touching up the fire might succeed; at any rate, this seems the plan adopted by practical persons who manage benevolent institutions; they seem to go to work in a rather unsentimental way, and for the most part rely more on the influence of creature comforts than on the suggestions of duty or conscience. Thus when they want a lot of people to give generously, they get them round the

festal board and feed them first into a generous mood. We all know the results of this time-honoured method of proceeding: perhaps we are not all convinced that solid as such results frequently are, we have any great reason to be proud of them.

SAN MICHELE,

THE CAMPO SANTO OF VENICE.

THE island of St. Michele, in which is the cemetery of Venice, seems to be but little known to strangers, from the oft-repeated question, "Where do the Venetians bury their dead?" For it is pretty generally known that the nobles only, or with very rare exceptions, had their burial-places in the noted churches; whilst for the middle and lower classes, deep excavations were made in the churches of lesser note, which were called the "Tombi." To these "Tombi" the people conveyed their dead generally, each tomb being large enough to hold a hundred and more coffins, which were closely packed one on the other.

But by degrees, as the vaults in the churches became full, a talk arose as to the propriety of selecting ground for the burial of the Venetians; and as the company of the Camaldolesi monks had just at that time (1811) been suppressed, the senate took into consideration the turning of the beautiful gardens of the monastery in the island of St. Michele into the desired cemetery. The place meeting with the entire approbation of the government, the necessary works were begun, and soon the gardens which had served as a work of recreation for the monks, and were exceedingly beautiful, were demolished, and the earth levelled for the reception of the dead.

The island of St. Michele is situated at the end of the Laguna, and on it stands the church of the same name, which was built by Moro Lombardo, or Moretto, in the middle of the fifteenth century. It has an inscription to the memory of the Greek monk Eusebius, which is supposed to have been composed by Aldus Manutius.

The Camaldolesi, who occupied the monastery and church of St. Michele, were some of the most learned monks of the period, and bore great reputation for sanctity. After having held unlimited sway over the island for a period of three hundred years, the Camaldolesi were replaced by a colony of the Franciscans, whose business was to be "watchers of the dead," to see that no desecration was committed, and to wait on the funerals which arrived at the water gate of the island. This water gate is a high arched entrance from the Laguna, whence steps are cut in the sod to the second gate of the cemetery. The church of St. Michele stands nearly in the middle of the island, and is replete with interest for the antiquary in its interior decorations, and in its exterior to the lover of the picturesque. The portico of the church is supported by slight and elegant columns of white marble, and the monks have added to its beauty by causing the brightest coloured creeping plants to intermingle with roses and other sweet-smelling flowers, giving a charming grace to the old grey church. The nave is another object worthy of notice, from the delicately cut cornice of flowers which runs around it.

The Franciscans, not to be behind their predecessors, have spent a vast deal of time in making the Campo Santo as beautiful as may be for so mournful a spot, for they have made the entrance to the church look more like the entrance of a conservatory than of a temple.

Round the portico are arranged large ornamental vases filled with some of Italy's choicest treasures in flowers. The entire entrance is screened by a fine oleander, whose rose-coloured flowers receive new beauty from contrast with the glistening whiteness of the marble pillars of the portico. These flowers form a sort of frieze-work right round the church, and the monks add to their store by selling slips of them to those who wish to purchase for planting on the grave of a friend. Indeed, so harmoniously are flowers and shrubs planted, that on entering the cemetery it is hard to suppose it a place for the dead, but rather for the living, until we look around and see the mounds of earth, the crosses, and other gentle remembrances placed by loving hands above the spot where repose the loved and lost. A favourite symbol is a statue with finger pointing upwards, telling that the hope of life and immortality beyond the grave was his who sleeps beneath.

The many beautiful pieces of sculpture which adorn the church of St. Michele are well worthy of remark. The tomb of Cardinal Dolfini, Bishop of Vicenza, is one of the most remarkable, chiefly for the two figures of Faith and Prudence, which stand on either side of it. This beautiful work of the chisel was executed by Bernini. On the left side of the nave is the world-renowned group of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness; and next to it the worship of the golden calf. The grand statue of the patron saint of the island, St. Michele, was the work of Gregorio Lazzarini.

There is no doubt that Venice, and those islands which spot her lagunes, possess some of the most rare gems of art to be found in Italy. This is easily accounted for when we call to mind that the price which many of the vessels paid for being allowed to anchor in her waters, was the bringing as offerings for the embellishment of the churches anything that was rare in sculpture or painting—including, indeed, everything which could add a beauty or a grace to the city.

The precious marbles, for which the public edifices in Venice are so celebrated, are not forgotten in the church of St. Michele. Over the door of the lesser chapel is a large cross of most beautiful design, in many coloured marbles. So rich is this cross in "rare colours," that it is generally designated "the cross of the precious marbles." Near to this cross is the decorated sepulchral slab which covered the grave of Fra Paolo Sarpi, formerly in the church of the Serviti, in Venice; but when that church was desecrated it was removed to St. Michele, in 1796. The friars, as usual, jealous of the superior sanctity of any who did not belong to their own order, effaced the inscription; but they were afterwards compelled, much against their will, to restore it, by special command.

The Capella Emiliana is so gracefully beautiful in its structure, that various imitations have been made of this or that part of it in many of the churches which were built afterwards in different parts of Italy, but none of them can compare with this architectural masterpiece of Bergamasco, who has the credit of its erection, in 1530.

When St. Michele was in the hands of the Camaldolesi, they had one among their number who, although he had been with them for a long period of years, kept himself aloof from his brethren, seeming as though he were always in a kind of dreamy trance, talking and muttering to himself as he strolled among the then charming gardens of the convent. None dared to question him, for some there were in that superstitious age who deemed him one who had business with the powers of darkness, whilst others, the most

charitable, considered him mad. Whatever their thoughts, it was at last quite plain to be seen that something of more than common import filled his thoughts. This was no other than the celebrated geographer, Frate Mauro, who delighted the schools of the continent by his "Mappe Monde," which work had filled his thoughts, for his whole time was taken up in making lines, and writing on small pieces of paper, of which his pockets seemed always full; but when the effect of all this writing and thinking was shown in the beautiful and correct map of the world which he put forth, all the ill-natured remarks of his brother monks were hushed, and no praise was found sufficient to express their appreciation of his merits. The map was executed for Alphonso v, King of Portugal, and embraced all that was known in the year of its construction. At the suppression of the convent this map was removed to the library of St. Mark. It has recently been published in facsimile by Viscount Santarem, the historian of early Portuguese geographical discoveries.

The funerals which take place at St. Michele have something mournfully picturesque in their appearance. On the day fixed for the interment the procession generally issues from the late dwelling of the deceased, about seven o'clock in summer, and five in winter. This is sometimes varied by its taking place before eight in the morning. The procession consists of a company of monks, who walk first, followed sometimes by a few friends of the deceased; next comes the coffin, borne, if of a female, and young, by six young women, all in white; if of a young man, by six young men. Then come the hired mourners, who are twelve women dressed in green, with black veils. These assist in the chanting of the monks. Priests and mourners all carry long wax tapers.

When the procession arrives at the church where the funeral service is to be performed, and where the subsequent masses for the repose of the soul of the dead are to be said, all enter, and according to the means of the family so is the grandeur of the service.

When all is over, the procession retires in the same order, singing, or rather groaning, the "Requiescat in pace," and the coffin is left before the high altar all night. In the early morning of the next day the closed gondolas receive the coffin at the nearest point to the church where it has been left all night, and they then take their mournful way to the island of the Campo Santo, where the monks receive the body in solemn silence.

Not only in Venice, but throughout all Italy, the dead remain in the church all the night of the funeral, under the charge of one of the inferior clergy, and are conveyed to the cemetery the morning afterwards.

The priests will not receive the remains at the gate of the cemetery, unless the service of a special mass has been said in a church. The presentation of an official certificate of death is a proper regulation, but for very different reasons than merely satisfying the demands of the clergy. The requirement of mass sometimes leads to cases of hardship, as in the following instance, which was witnessed by the writer of this paper. Some very poor people had the misfortune to lose the stay and support of their family, and not having the means of paying for the funeral mass to be said in a church, they made up their mind to carry the coffin themselves to the Campo Santo, which was some distance from Turin. When arrived there, the requisite certificate was of course wanting. The poor bereaved wife, her children, and friend who had helped in the woeful journey, had to return with their burden, resting every now and then

on the way, where they were seen, and where with many bitter tears the tale was recounted, when a subscription was made for the required service. The Campo Santo of St. Michele is visited twice every year by a sort of committee, who see that the proper regulations are carried out, and that the ground is kept in order.

The monks, notwithstanding their mournful employment, seem a happy set of men, and are great gardeners. Some of the rarest flowers in Italy are to be had in this solemn garden, and to see their dark-robed cowed figures sitting at evening among the flowers which surround the old grey church is a sight which would charm into action the pencil of the artist.

Among these quiet brothers, even in later days, there have been those whose names are well known. It was at St. Michele that Cardinal Turla, the historian of the Venetian navigators, found time to write his very valuable work; and here the late Pope Gregory XVI, under the name of Fra Mauro Cappellari, compiled his code of criminal law.

The churches and Tombs having been for some years shut up, rich and poor bury their dead at St. Michele, and as this is becoming full of the "mounds of mortality," the Venetians must ere long find another Campo Santo.

According to the population of Venice, the mortality is less than in most other cities of the continent. From a census taken in 1862, the population was 114,000, the deaths averaging fourteen per day, or about ninety-eight in a week, and 5,096 in a year. Of these deaths the causes were various, but not so much so as in other cities. Gastric fever is the most fatal to life. Other fevers prevail during the summer months, but not contagious or fatal ones. A remarkable fact is, that consumption is scarcely known in Venice, and in visiting other lands the first care of a Venetian is to guard against it. The deaths by drowning are not so numerous as might be supposed in a water city, fifty per year being the average; but the gondolas are so constructed that it is almost impossible for them to upset. The mortality of infants is less than in most parts of Italy. The longevity of the Venetians is remarkable, about twenty of the deaths being at the age of ninety, and some live even to a hundred years, worthy successors of Cornaro. On the whole, the bills of mortality will surprise those who imagine that this city must be an unhealthy one. The waters of the lagoon render the air pure, and effectually carry away all impurities.

THE LATE RICHARD HARRIS, M.P. FOR LEICESTER.

As the traveller enters Leicester from the north, he crosses a strip of land enclosed by the River Soar and the Union Canal, called "Frog Island," which contains a place appropriately designated the "World's End." A little to the west lie the "Dane Hills," which consist of several fields bearing Danish fortifications, while to the east rise the remains of Leicester Abbey, best known now as the place where Cardinal Wolsey, fallen from his high estate, retired to "leave his bones." On the banks of this River Soar (anciently Leir), the tradition of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the genius of Shakespeare, give local habitation to King Lear with his three daughters, there residing in rural simplicity,

"In shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads."

On this "Frog Island" there was born, in a humble cottage, in October, 1777, Richard Harris, one of those

men of the people who, by the force of great natural abilities, combined with unswerving integrity of character, raise themselves to high social position and leave their mark in the place in which they live. He was the eldest of a family of six children. His parents were respectable and industrious, but poor, and unable to procure for him the advantages of even a common English education. It happened at the very time that the Sunday-school system, which has conferred such signal benefits on the working classes, was introduced into Leicester by the Rev. Thomas Robinson, the vicar of St. Mary's, known not only for his benevolent and active spirit, but as the author of an excellent work entitled "Scripture Characters." Amongst the first scholars enrolled was Richard Harris. Thirsting for knowledge, he also sought and obtained admission into a night school, and there and in the Sunday-school he acquired the rudiments of a plain education.

At the age of fourteen, he was placed in the printing-office of Mr. Phillips (afterwards Sir Richard Phillips), who was a prominent politician of the time, as well as an author of some repute, and the editor of the "Leicester Herald." The "Herald" sympathised with the principles of the French Revolution which was then commencing. Soon after entering the office, he became the innocent occasion of a piece of mischief. One evening, just as the paper was going to press, a frolic occurred in which young Harris stumbled or was pushed against the frame in which the type was set, displacing and throwing into confusion two or three columns of it. All was dismay! What was to be done? There was no time to reset the type. The Nottingham coach was nearly due, which required a considerable number of copies. The master was called, and his ingenious mind at once hit upon the following expedient. The broken type he still further disarranged, and converted into a hopeless mess, technically called "pie." The whole received the title "The Dutch Mail," to which the following explanation was added: "Just as our paper was going to press the Dutch mail arrived, and as we have not time to make a translation we insert the original!" The "pie" thus served up to the numerous readers of the journal occasioned no little perplexity to the linguists, and to the village politicians of the Midland Counties. No one had ever seen such Dutch, nor any other language resembling it. It was fairly an instance of an "unknown tongue," and many were the letters received from "Constant Readers," asking for an explanation of the mysterious columns, which the editor, for "want of time" and other reasons, excused himself from giving.

An informer having purchased in the printing-office of Mr. Phillips a copy of "Paine's Rights of Man," the printer, for the offence of selling it, was thrown into prison for eighteen months. The master being removed, the youth passed out of his employ, and began stocking-weaving, an occupation which was then far more remunerative than it is now. In this art he speedily excelled. Having learned all he could of the stocking trade in his native town, he travelled to Nottingham, in order to make himself master of the machinery there in use. While residing there another change in his eventful life took place. England was at the time deluged with the works of the French infidel writers written in a style adapted to captivate the mind and heart of young men. Many of these he read with avidity, and his faith in the truth and verities of the Christian religion was unsettled. At the same time the great continental war was raging, and all the resources of England in men and money were called forth against "Bonaparte." Mr.

Harris, like most young men at the time, imbibed the military spirit, and was led to join what was called the "supplemental militia." This force was stationed at different places along the south coast, to be ready in case of need to aid in repelling the threatened invasion.

After having been with his regiment in the south of England, Mr. Harris obtained a furlough of some weeks and returned to his native town. During this visit the foundation of his religious life was laid. The place of worship which his pious mother attended was that in which, afterwards, the great and gifted Robert Hall officiated. A funeral sermon was announced for the evening, and the anxious mother persuaded the sceptical son to go and hear it. He consented, and took his seat with her in the chapel. The preacher selected for his text, "A great man has fallen this day in Israel!" The announcement excited the half-suppressed laughter of the young man; for this "great man" that had fallen was a poor scissors-grinder, who by his cheerfulness and uprightness in the midst of deep poverty had won the respect of all who knew him. Quieted by the gentle rebuke of his mother, who sat by his side, he listened attentively to the preacher, who proceeded to explain the nature of true greatness, and to show how religion made men truly great, both in this world and in the next, however insignificant they might seem, when judged by the world's conventional standard of greatness. While thus listening, his levity gave way to serious reflection. He had known the poor scissors-grinder, and esteemed him for his goodness and his invariable cheerfulness under all circumstances. There must be a power and reality in religion to raise such a man in character and in happiness above all the trials of his lot; at least there *might* be, and he resolved at once to reconsider the question of the truth of Christianity. He did so, and after much reading and prayerful investigation, he renounced for ever his infidelity, and as a man would destroy the phial which contained the poison he had taken in mistake, so he burnt the books which had for a time led him astray. He became an earnest Christian, and united himself with the congregation over which Robert Hall presided, and enjoyed the ministry and the intimate friendship of that distinguished preacher until his removal from Leicester to Bristol in the year 1826.

Not long after this, apparently at the time of the peace of Amiens, Mr. Harris quitted the ranks of the militia, and retiring to his native town commenced that business career in which he eventually became so successful. When he commenced his career, the stocking-frame machine, after being long neglected and then violently opposed, had become a recognised and lawful engine of labour, but was in a rude and simple state, and his ingenious mind soon perceived that it was capable of great improvement, and of being adapted not only to the manufacture of every kind of hosiery, but of an endless variety of other articles of apparel. To the development of its capabilities he devoted his life and energies. His mind was fertile in new design, and ingenious in the alteration and adaptation of machinery to their production. His business at first was small, but year by year it increased and extended, until at the time of his death, as the result of years of skill and untiring industry, it had reached colossal proportions.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Success in life, earned by honourable industry, integrity, and skill, soon brings along with it office and honours. Richard Harris acquired the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens, and was called upon to fill

the various municipal offices. While holding that of chief magistrate, in the year 1843, he was honoured with an invitation to Belvoir Castle, where the Queen was then staying, and a distinguished party of guests. Among these was the "Iron Duke," who seemed to court the company of Mr. Harris. Both were early risers, and long before the other guests had awoke from their slumbers they might have been seen walking in the beautiful grounds of the castle, and conversing earnestly together.

There remained yet another honour to be conferred on him, the highest in the power of his native town to bestow. During a period of nearly forty years he had taken an active though not a noisy part in the politics of the times. The passing of the Registration Act, which has proved so useful to society at large, offending no man's conscience, and leaving no man's property insecure, was in a great measure due to the external pressure which he created, and the information which he supplied to Lord Nugent and other advocates of the measure in Parliament. In the year 1848 the representation of the town of Leicester became vacant, and the electors at once turned their thoughts to Mr. Harris and his friend Mr. John Ellis. They consented to become candidates, and were elected without opposition.

An election in Leicester in the year 1826 cost one candidate £60,000. The whole cost of the election of Mr. Harris and his friend, including everything, did not exceed £200.

For four years Mr. Harris discharged the duties of his responsible position in a manner satisfactory to his constituents. He retired from public life in the year 1853, and for a time enjoyed the "*otium cum dignitate*," moving quietly about in his native town, unostentatiously and in various ways doing good, respected and honoured by all who knew him. "When the eye saw him it blessed him." He passed into rest February 2nd, 1854, amidst every demonstration of respect by his fellow-citizens.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFTER the close of the Exhibition of 1851, many claims were urged on her Majesty's Commissioners for the disposable estate at Kensington Gore. The South Kensington Museum came in for the larger share, but a successful application was also made for ground upon which to build a great central institution for promotion of scientific and artistic knowledge as applicable to productive industry. Under this plea a site was granted, on a nominal rental of a shilling a year, for 999 years, which is estimated as a donation of £60,000. The site is on the south side of the high road to Kensington, opposite the Albert Monument. The foundation-stone was laid by her Majesty, and the hall has the prestige of being associated with the memory of the good deeds of the Prince Consort, as patron of art and industry.

The plan of the building, first designed by the late Capt. Fowke, R.E., was on his death carried out by Lieut.-Colonel Scott, R.E., and the construction is hastening toward completion, under the charge of Messrs. Lucas.

As the scheme advanced, a larger scope was announced in describing the possible uses of the edifice. To the advancement of industrial art were added various projects, combining commercial with scientific advantages, as in the case of the Crystal Palace. The estimated cost being about £200,000 rendered every extension of the original project advisable. "The hall," we

are told, "will be available for national and international congresses of science and art; for performances of music, both choral and instrumental, including performances on the organ similar to those now given in large provincial towns, such as Liverpool and Birmingham; for the distribution of prizes by public bodies and societies, conversaziones of scientific and artistic societies, agricultural and horticultural exhibitions, national and international exhibitions of works of art and industry, including industrial exhibitions by the working classes similar to those recently held with so much success in various parts of London; for exhibitions of pictures and sculpture, and for any other purposes of artistic and scientific interest."

Such is the formal catalogue of uses of the building, but practically it will chiefly be used during the London "season" for great musical performances, for flower shows, and for the evening dress conversaziones of the Society of Arts, and other corporate institutions. Subscribers of £1,000 may obtain a box to contain ten persons in the principal tier; £500 a box for five persons in the second tier; and so on, in proportion to site and accommodation, as in a theatre. The hall is designed to accommodate 8,000 persons at orchestral performances, besides the singers and musicians. Between 5,000 and 6,000 of the sittings will be available for revenue by occasional visitors, besides the permanent rents of subscribers to the boxes and stalls. The liability of subscribers is "limited," and their special places may be "conveyanced" to other occupants. The whole scheme is on a vast scale, but is of so miscellaneous a character, that some will almost regret the association with it of the name of Prince Albert, and the recollection of the Exhibition of 1851.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

In the "Leisure Hour" for June, 1866, we gave an account of the origin and early history of the Corps of Commissionaires. Established by a few benevolent individuals, with much labour and difficulty, the institution has gradually commended itself to public favour, and is now nearly self-supporting. From the last annual report of the executive committee we learn that there has been a steady increase in the number of members of the corps, as well as in the demand for their services. The report states that—

The motion submitted to the House of Commons by Sir Charles Russell, V.C., relative to the employment of soldiers and sailors in the public offices, the reception it received, and the general drift of the public feeling, are all tending to the more extensive employment of old soldiers and sailors in the public departments; and we feel satisfied that this institution may be expanded, if duly supported, so as to meet a largely increased demand with qualified and reliable men, discharged from the army and navy, to fulfil the duties that may be required from them.

With this end in view, we would most earnestly press for more extended pecuniary support from the public generally, and from both the army and navy, it being remembered that all the benefits of the institution are equally open to, and, indeed, are largely taken advantage of by, both services. It is hoped that both in her Majesty's ships and regiments general subscriptions will be entered into in support of the institution; a very small amount from individual officers will effect great results in benefiting the institution. A subscription of 5s. a year from each officer in a regiment will in two years entitle a corps to a perpetual governorship.

An opportunity having occurred of purchasing the barracks of the corps on advantageous terms, the commanding officer has acted with much promptness and decision in securing them. The advantage of this acquisition to the institution, in both a practical and financial point of view, cannot be doubted.

The purchase-money, however, has to be raised, and it is hoped that the efforts and contributions of all well-wishers to the corps will not be wanting to meet the emergency. We cannot believe that the public will allow the founder to suffer from having effected an arrangement of such manifest importance to its interests.*

We beg to call your attention to the inadequate stipend now provided for the Adjutant. If this officer does his duty by the corps, his post is a very arduous one. The present Adjutant is well qualified for the position, and zealous in the performance of his duties. It is very desirable that, if means can be provided, he should be rewarded more adequately and proportionately to the extent of his duty and his responsibilities.

With respect to the management of the corps, all persons subscribing £10 are life governors, and regiments whose united subscriptions among officers, past and present, amount to £25, are perpetual governors, having the right to nominate one of their body as a representative of their interests.

The veteran Sir John Burgoyne, one of the trustees of the Endowment Fund, has published in the "Times" the following appeal on behalf of what he terms "one of the most meritorious and practical measures for the benefit of the army and navy which has been set on foot in modern times."

No measure can be indifferent to the British public which tends to reward and add to the comforts of the retired soldier and sailor of her Majesty's service, and which, in addition, brings valuable qualities into the activity of social life instead of leaving them buried in idleness and penury.

There are many qualities peculiar to the soldier and sailor, and imbibed by him in the ordinary course of his service, which, added to good character and conduct, may render such men more eligible than others for various services in civil life. Among these may be reckoned the habit of implicit obedience to any order he receives, without reference to any especial inconvenience it may occasion him, or troubling himself by much consideration as to its import; and to this may be added a degree of fearless spirit in the performance of what is required of him, and in protecting whatever may be entrusted to his charge, which is inculcated by his profession.

There are many requirements in the business of life which render these qualifications of more value than the possession of particular ability, skill, or bodily power.

As a trustee of the institution, it has been my duty to examine the details of its administration, and I think every one conversant with the requirements of so large a body of men will admit the moderation of the expenses.

If the money required for the purchase of the existing barracks of the men—viz., £5,000—could be raised by subscription, the income of the corps would be augmented by £250 a year, and the expenses of the increased establishment would be brought within the annual interest of the investments, and thus stand upon a sound basis. For this comparatively small sum the public would be furnished with a never-failing supply of trustworthy men, to whom could be entrusted with confidence the care of valuable property, and upon whose exactitude and probity the most complete reliance could be placed. I have known cases where, during the prevalence of an epidemic, families have left premises which were infected in the sole care of one of these commissionaires, and there is not one who would hesitate to assume the charge under such circumstances. If old soldiers and sailors have their failings, they have also their virtues, and so long as such qualities as fidelity to a trust and contempt of danger are valuable to society, it is worth our while to make an effort to render permanent an institution which will place those qualities at our disposal in times of need.

The effective strength of the corps is at present about 380. It is estimated that there is permanent employment for at least 800 men in London alone.

* Subscriptions for the Endowment Fund are received by Messrs. Cocks and Co., Army Agents, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W., and also by the Adjutant of the corps, Exchange Court, 419, Strand, W.C. Exclusive of the balance of the "Times" Crimean Fund, the interest of which is paid by the Charity Commissioners to the trustees of the institution, the total subscriptions of the public to the Endowment Fund of the corps from its foundation up to the present time are less than £1,800. This fund is intended for the payment of the Adjutant and requisite staff, the rent of the offices, and such other items as could not be fairly chargeable to the soldiers and sailors composing the corps.

Varieties.

FALSE HAIR.—Long hair now costs as much as 110*s.* a pound; short hair ranges between 18*s.* and 35*s.* One of the principal dealers in human tresses occupies a house five stories high entirely to himself, and last year he did business to the extent of 1,233,000*s.* The capillary *razzias* executed among the peasantry no longer suffice to meet the enormous demand. The hair of dead persons, cut off the corpses in the hospitals, is a great help, but still insufficient. So importations from abroad are had recourse to. Certain German provinces specially supply fair hair. Black hair is to be found in South America, whence whole cargoes of it come; while to North America we export immense quantities of hair made up into head-dresses. The dearest hair is the completely white.—*Paris Paper.*

SEA BEAR.—M. Le Compte was sent out this spring by the Zoological Society to the Falkland Islands for the purpose of collecting sea bears and penguins. He succeeded in capturing no less than eight sea bears, of which he shipped four in safety for England. He laid up a quantity of sea fish as provision for his animals; but one of the passengers being taken ill with a chest disease, it was imagined that there was yellow fever on board, and the doctor ordered Le Compte to throw all his fish over. The consequence was his sea bears gradually died; one only survived, and this poor beast had nothing to eat for nearly three weeks. Le Compte, however, managed to bring it safe to the gardens, where it now occupies the cage of its late relative. It is about the size of an ordinary seal, very thin, as may be imagined, but still in good health. Le Compte collected as many as sixty penguins, but brought none back alive, on account of the difficulty of procuring food during the sea transit. He informs me that there are vast numbers of penguins at the Falkland Islands; last year that no less than 405,600 were slain, skinned, and boiled down to make oil. They yielded 50,700 gallons of oil, worth 1*s.* 7½*d.* per gallon, making a total of £4,119 7*s.* 6*d.* Le Compte has also brought with him an Antarctic wolf, a pair of Upland geese, and one Kelp goose (new to the Gardens), and two falcons.—*Land and Water.*

NEW ZEALAND.—Scarcely thirty years ago almost the sole occupants of New Zealand were a few English missionaries, who have generally been the pioneers of civilisation in those distant countries. Some ten years later, Lord Auckland, then at the head of the navy, foresaw that the easiest and shortest mode of success in New Zealand was a complete exploration of all its shores. This was undertaken under his auspices, and completed within seven years. During this period colonisation advanced very rapidly; and at the present time, in spite of many difficulties from native wars, the islands of New Zealand are inhabited throughout their length and breadth by Englishmen and Englishwomen, in possession of all the comforts and prosperity of an old and long-settled country.—*Captain Richards, R.N.*

SUNDAY RECREATIONS.—A paragraph having appeared in the "Times," to the effect that Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Lush, two of her Majesty's judges, when on circuit had spent some hours in visiting the Leeds Exhibition, Mr. Justice Lush wrote as follows:—"There is not a word of truth in the statement. I never went nor even thought of going to the Exhibition on a Sunday; and as to my colleague, Baron Bramwell, he was not in Leeds on either of the two Sundays while the assizes lasted until late at night. I should be sorry to have it supposed that any act of mine had afforded a precedent for visiting or an argument for opening places of amusement on a Sunday."

EUROPEAN EMIGRANTS.—During a recent month nearly 30,000 emigrants landed at New York from Europe. About 23,000 of them landed from steamers; about 20,000 were from German and French ports, and upwards of 26,000 of them were steerage passengers. They arrived in nearly forty ships. There were thirteen births on board the ships during the Atlantic passage. The bulk of the emigrants were from Germany and the north of Europe, which contain a population of 70,000,000, and from which there is a perpetual exodus. The chief persons engaged in this enormous passenger traffic are two German steam-packet companies, called the North German Lloyd, and the Hamburg and American companies, who will before long have a fleet of forty monster screw steamers, as large and as fast as any in the world. They are now rapidly building five gigantic steamers, at a cost of upwards of £500,000. This

fleet will form a nursery for a German navy. They have now lines to New York and Baltimore, and they will soon have one to New Orleans. These companies will monopolise all the passenger traffic between the Weser, Elbe, and Solent, and the Hudson, Chesapeake Bay, and the Mississippi. What they get for carrying mails scarcely equals what they pay to the English Trinity Board. The German steerage passengers are persons possessed of a little money, who forsake Europe for the far west, where there is perfect religious and political freedom, and a boundless territory and field for enterprise. The Germans form almost the whole population of some towns and cities in the United States. They indulge in their social and religious customs in their new home, and only change their language for the English. They are most welcome emigrants.

BUNSEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—As a German, what he admired and envied most was, after all, the House of Commons:—"I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech-wrestling, but with the arm of the spirit, boldly grasping at or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly. I had the feeling that, had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among and speak among them. I thought of my own country and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German and being myself. But I felt, also, that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English; how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked."

COPYRIGHT.—Miss Cummins, a citizen of the United States, whilst staying in Canada, published, in England, her work, "Haunted Hearts," which was duly registered. The question came up for decision in a three-fold form: (1) Where, in order to obtain a copyright, must publication take place? (2) What is the area over which the protection of such copyright extends? and (3) Who is entitled to the copyright? The Lord Chancellor held that the publication must take place in the United Kingdom; that the protection extends over the whole British dominions; and that every one publishing in the United Kingdom is entitled to the protection of the Act, no matter where he may be resident. The other law lords concurred in the decision.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD COINAGE.—The quantity of sovereigns issued from the Sydney Mint averages fully 35,000 a week, or nearly 1,800,000 a year, besides from 500,000 to 1,000,000 half-sovereigns. This, to a certain extent, may account for the non-issue of sovereigns in 1867 from the Royal Mint at London. A large number of the Australian sovereigns are exported to China, India, and the islands; a few are to be met with in the ordinary circulation here. Such is the purity of the Australian gold from which these sovereigns are coined that they are considered to average two-and-a-half per cent., or from 3*d.* to 6*d.* each, more in value than Royal Mint sovereigns. A branch of the Royal Mint has also recently been established at Melbourne, which will shortly commence work, and probably to a certain extent, if not entirely, supersede that of Sydney, Melbourne being the centre round which nine-tenths of the Australian gold is produced.

THE SNUFF TOWER AT NORWICH.—This tower, of which an engraving was given on page 536, was formerly known as the Black Tower on Butler Hills. In 1623, during a time of pestilence, this tower was fitted up as a temporary hospital for the infected poor, and a keeper appointed to prevent their intercourse with the outer world. A man named Thomas Chambers was the first who filled this office, and his salary was fixed at four shillings a week. Five years afterwards the plague re-appeared with greater violence than before. An acre of land around the tower was enclosed with high boards, and six houses were built within it for pest-houses. Guards were kept at watch day and night. The tower was subsequently used as a snuff mill, whence its modern name. In July, 1833, it was struck by lightning, and the roof, which was then thatched, was completely destroyed.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE PRISONERS TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF SALZBURG.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE misfortune seldom comes alone. Hans, on his way home, experienced this truth when he received mournful intelligence from a man who was coming from Salzburg. He found his Barbara, blithe and cheerful, in the little stall where she was foddering their only cow. After having told one another all the trifling incidents that had occurred in their short separation, Hans inquired,—

• "Where is our mother?"

"In the garden. Why dost thou ask? Thou art looking so pale. What has happened?"

"Nothing to me, but there has to one of us."

"Thou alarmest me. What is it?"

"If thou wilt promise me not to mention it to thy mother, I will trust thee with what I heard on my way home."

"Well, I will; do but put an end to my suspense."

"I trust that my informant may have deceived me; but he asserted that there was a report at Salzburg that the persons who have been despatched on an embassy to the emperor had been stopped at Linz, and because

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they had no passports had been made prisoners as rebels."

"And my father?" said Barbara, convulsively.

"Only one of them escaped," proceeded Hans, "and the rest are already on their way here to be delivered up to the archbishop."

"May the Lord have mercy upon them!" she ejaculated.

"Now I mean," said Hans, "to set about inquiring whether thy father is amongst them, or if he has saved himself."

"I will go with thee," cried Barbara, eagerly.

"Thou!" said Hans, with surprise. "And what would then become of our boy in the mean time?"

"I shall wean him," she replied. "I have thought some time of doing so, and now I am determined, for my limbs are so trembling with fear, that the nourishment he would derive from me would be poison to him. And besides, it will be all the better for him not to see me for two or three days. My mother is fond of nursing him; and so I will go with thee."

"If thou wishest it, come," said Hans. "Only we must find an excuse for leaving thy mother, so that she may have no suspicions."

This matter was soon arranged, and directly afterwards the pair were, with beating hearts, proceeding on their journey in the valley of the Salza, in the direction of Salzburg. By this time the report respecting the imprisonment of the deputies had gained wider circulation: they soon met three women and a girl, who told them that they were likewise desirous of ascertaining the fate of their relatives.

The road from the mountains to Salzburg leads over the pass of Lueg. Here a small fortress commands and intercepts the path, which for a short distance winds over and between lofty and precipitous rocks, and is therefore justly denominated the Cell of Lueg. A handful of soldiers might easily defend the passage against a considerable body of troops, the only entrance being a covered way, provided with a strong gate. A little before their arrival at this part the travellers discovered at some distance, with great surprise, evident signs of activity displayed on the heights which encompassed the dell. Hundreds of men were employed in erecting ramparts, constructing barricades, and dragging up artillery. The grief, however, which afflicted the travellers suppressed their desire to learn the cause of these extraordinary preparations; they therefore were hastening onwards with the determination of passing the Cell—a procedure, however, in which they were stopped by a strong guard who held the outer gate.

"Stand back!" was the harsh command of the officer on duty.

Struck with astonishment, they remained transfixed to the spot.

"Whither do you go?"

"To Salzburg," they replied.

"For what reason?" Anxiety and a gloomy foreboding caused each of them to think of some other reason than the true one. The soldier looked at them irresolutely and doubtfully.

"Only two of you can be permitted to pass at a time; the others must turn back. You must therefore agree amongst yourselves who shall remain behind."

"But, my dear sir," replied Hans, modestly, "I have gone through the Cell hundreds of times, and with a much larger company than now, and the passage was never before refused to us."

"Ay, but then you were considered good subjects.

Since that time, however, it has been discovered that thousands of you are rebelling against your sovereign, and as the worst may be expected from you, due precaution must be taken."

The travellers gazed at each other in perplexity.

"Decide," urged the officer; "my orders are to allow only two men to pass at a time."

"But, please sir," said Barbara, taking courage, "we are not men. You see here only one man and five women."

"Humph!" muttered the son of Mars, perplexed at this simple objection. "That might be a question; it would not be the first time that a man had worn a woman's gown to obtain his object."

A dispute now arose amongst the travellers, who should, and who should not, be left behind, but the contention was soon terminated by the officer, who constituted himself arbiter on the occasion. As is usual among men, the other sex, and the young and beautiful amongst them, were preferred. Barbara and the maiden before mentioned were selected to pass, but the others were ordered to return. Still, however, Hans did not abandon the hope of making the officer relent.

"Pray, sir," he began again, "since thou wilt not allow more than two to pass at the same time, when may another couple pass through? In a quarter, half, or a whole hour? What interval is prescribed?"

With eyes wide open, the officer, who in all probability would never have invented gunpowder, stared at the questioner.

"There is nothing of that sort in my orders," he answered at last. "But thou art right, young man; this must be amended. The first opportunity I will send one of our men to Salzburg for instruction respecting this matter. Thou must have patience, my lad, until he returns."

In the mean time Barbara proceeded on her way, torn by conflicting feelings. She would have wished to return to her husband, and she was anxious to meet her father: thus she arrived at Salzburg, which the prisoners had not yet reached. She scarcely allowed herself time to eat a piece of bread, which was moistened partly with her tears, and partly with the water of the castle fountain, before she again hurried on her way to Linz. Night closed upon her. A barn afforded a miserable shelter, which, though footsore and weary, she again left at break of day.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of a lovely May day, 1731, when she perceived, at a bend of the road, the glittering lines of the imperial dragoons defiling out of a green wood. Two hundred and fifty soldiers accompanied three waggons, in which were lying twenty-two of her countrymen fettered and helpless. She was not able to press through the dense crowd which encircled the prisoners, although she was bold enough to make the attempt, in the midst of clouds of dust from the horses' feet. Besides this, the sides of the vehicles were so high that she could only catch a glimpse here and there of some of the heads of the unfortunate captives. Her feet almost failing her, she implored the captain to inform her if Manlicken was among them. Deaf to her entreaties, he silently motioned her to go aside. She experienced the same treatment from the rest. In this manner she ran along through clouds of dust, heated, out of breath, her heart beating quick with anxiety. At last she perceived at a little distance, by the roadside, a walnut-tree, whose branches spread over the pathway. Thither she flew, climbed up the tree, and looked down to discover her beloved father.

The waggon passed slowly beneath. Eight fellow-sufferers were in it sitting side by side. The silvery hair, which stole from under their rounded hats, testified that it was not youthful presumption which had urged them to the step they had taken. Silent and patient, they sat there with their heads bent and their hands joined as if in prayer.

"Manlicken! father!" cried Barbara, sobbing. Her agonised cry wrought magically upon their deeply afflicted hearts. All the eight heads turned towards her to see whence the cry proceeded. But he (Manlicken) was not among them. Quickly her eyes now sought the second waggon. At the same call from Barbara, the same action was repeated. And again, among seven countenances on which grief was imaged, she perceived no trace of her poor father. The hope that Manlicken might be the one who had escaped began, notwithstanding her struggles against it, to take possession of her mind. This violent conflict of her feelings affected her frame so strongly that the branches of the tree to which she clung for support trembled. Her breast heaved, and her heart beat violently, as at length the last waggon drew near, and with it the great and important decision of her hopes and fears. She could scarcely pronounce her father's name; but there were the pale features of Manlicken gazing at her. He raised his hands to her, fettered as they were; his lips appeared to utter something, which through the rumbling of the waggons and the trampling of the horses her ear could not catch. She had almost fallen from the tree, but when she descended she lay motionless at the foot of it for some time; and yet such was the strength of her affection that she arrived at Salzburg at the same moment as the prisoners. At the imminent peril of her life, she made her way through the midst of the dragoons to the gate of the fortress of Hohen-Salzburg, to which the prisoners were conducted. But when they were descending from the waggon, Barbara could only behold her father at a distance.

"They will be lodged nine fathoms deep underground," said an old invalid to her, "where neither sun nor moon will ever shine upon them, but where, at all events, they may rebel against salamanders and slowworms." Fortunately for Barbara she did not hear these words; she only saw her father look once more towards her, and then descend into his horrible grave. She found herself at last standing near the cathedral of Salzburg. How she had come there she knew not. Nor did she perceive for some time that there was a person eagerly offering her consolation. It was only when he named her father, whom she should often see and converse with, and that for this purpose she should during her sojourn there reside in the house of a respectable woman close by—nay more, that she might even be able to restore Manlicken to liberty—that she became attentive, and recognised in her comforter the young Baron Von Motzel. As if in a dream, Barbara, scarcely conscious of what she did, suffered him to lead her through several streets to a remote part of the city, where he committed her to the care of a woman who seemed to know the baron perfectly well.

For the next two days, the young baron made several pretexts for visiting Barbara, always endeavouring to console her with the belief that she should see her father immediately after his first examination. He now appeared, even to himself, in quite a different light from what he had hitherto done. He was no longer, as formerly, the gay and reckless cavalier, but evinced in all his words and actions his admiration and respect for Barbara's beauty and modesty, and a deep-seated sym-

pathy for her sorrows. The father of Von Motzel, having by the most nefarious means acquired a large fortune, raised himself from the low rank of tax-gatherer's clerk to that of warden of Werffen; and it was his most anxious wish that his son should, by forming some high alliance, ennoble their family, and by such means bring them into that station in society which it had been his constant aim in life to secure. He accordingly fixed upon a young lady of noble birth, the wealthy heiress of the Chancellor Von Rheligen. Von Motzel entirely coincided in his father's views on the subject, and as on the first proposal of the projected alliance he saw no obstacle to the continuance of the gay and careless life he was leading, he gave himself no further trouble about it, but left the arrangements to be made by the warden.

On the evening of the third day after poor Manlicken's imprisonment, there was a brilliant assemblage of persons of the highest rank and consideration of Salzburg, at the house of the parents of his betrothed. The young baron was likewise there. He had always viewed his future bride with feelings of indifference, but now his indifference almost amounted to aversion, as the image of the pure, beautiful, and noble-minded Barbara presented itself to his mind. He was naturally of a good disposition, but he had been thrown early into the society of young men of rank and fortune, whose acquaintance it had been the sedulous desire of his father he should cultivate. He had insensibly adopted their manners, and was thoughtlessly drawn into their pursuits, and had thus obtained the character of a profligate. The beauty of Barbara, rendered still more touching by the grief caused by her father's imprisonment at Castle Werffen, had first attracted his attention; and as he observed her ceaseless and patient watchings at the small opening that communicated with her father's dungeon, feelings of noble and virtuous admiration arose in his heart, which he felt ashamed to avow to his companions. It was in one of these moods that he encountered poor Barbara, who, absorbed in grief, was for some time totally unconscious of his presence. He endeavoured to get her lodged in a house the inmates of which were known to him, flattering himself that this care on his part was disinterested, and merely to enable her to see and visit her father. It was soothing to him to think that his influence might enable her to do so, hoping by that means to detain her longer in Salzburg.

It may be imagined that it was in no mirthful mood that the young baron mingled in that evening's courtly and joyous throng. His pride struggled against his deep love for the simple peasant. He feared that, by displaying his real feelings towards her, she would quickly fly from him, and thus deprive him of the solace of seeing her; and then, again, he thought that perhaps at that moment she might be leaving Salzburg, and going back to her home in the mountains. Von Motzel determined to escape from the party, and ascertain whether Barbara was yet in Salzburg. Watching his opportunity, he managed, unperceived, to leave the house. It was a bright moonlight night, and, taking care to keep in the deep shadows cast along his path by the lofty houses of Salzburg, he hastily pursued his way. He had gone but a short distance when he was suddenly accosted by one of his acquaintances, a cousin of his bride, who now arrested his footsteps.

"Whither away, Baron?" cried he, with astonishment. "How is it that thou hast already left the company which I was on my way to join? Hast thou really been able to obtain the permission of thy betrothed to this defection from her ranks, thyself the foremost of her admirers?"

Von Motzel's vexation at this unwelcome encounter was too strong to be mastered, and he answered sharply,—

"I felt unwell, and I have therefore come out to breathe the fresh air; a short walk, hope, will remove my illness, and restore me to her company."

"Oh, then, permit me to attend thee," returned the other; "I hope, by that means, to merit the thanks of thy beautiful mistress. For alone thou mightst fall into a swoon, and be plundered by ruffians, or even worse might happen."

"No, no," said Von Motzel, irritated by this frustration of his plans, "I could not think of detaining thee from such a scene of gaiety."

"But I shall doubly enjoy it," said the young man, "if I take thee back with me; make no compliments, therefore."

Wishing the troublesome fop at the bottom of the sea, Motzel proceeded, accompanied by his tormentor, who followed him like his shadow. Irritated and perplexed, he at length stopped before the house in which he had placed Barbara.

"Herr Rhelingen," he said, addressing his companion, in a voice almost choked with anger, "have the kindness to wait for me here a short time. I find that the fresh air has not removed my indisposition: I wish to consult my physician, who lives in this house."

"Thy physician, Von Motzel! What! in this house?" said the other, with visible incredulity—"thy physician lodging in so mean an abode? Hear me, Baron," said the youth, seizing fast hold of him, "I know the character thou bearest. Thine evident confusion and vain attempt to deceive me by a falsehood convince me that thou art engaged in some evil design. I will denounce thee as the vilest of human beings, if thou presumest to enter this dwelling. It is full time that now, on the eve of thy betrothal, thou shouldst abandon thy bad mode of life. Give me thy word of honour that thou wilt, and I will accept it."

"This to me," fiercely answered Von Motzel. "In despite of thy doubts, I will not thus be dictated to by thee."

"What then, shall I publicly declare thee a scoundrel?" said Rhelingen.

"Yes," reiterated Von Motzel; "even a dishonourable knave, if it pleaseth thee."

"Ha!" said Rhelingen contemptuously, "I had forgotten that no really noble blood flows in thy veins. Nothing but the ink of the *ci-devant* clerk sluggishly circulates in them. Dead to all sentiments of honour, thy patent of nobility was engrossed with the blood of the peasants whom thy father ground down to squalid poverty. Perhaps this may rouse thee from the mire of thine abjectness."

With these words, he inflicted a severe blow on Von Motzel's face, who, now foaming with rage, drew his sword and ran his insulter through the body. Uttering a piercing cry, Von Rhelingen fell heavily to the earth, and the young baron, his weapon covered with blood, fled into the house before which the quarrel had occurred. An alarming tumult arising almost instantly in the street, he rushed through a back door which was open, and in a few minutes afterwards his horse's hoofs were heard resounding across the wooden bridge of Salzburg, as he hastily galloped out of the city.

At the end of the bridge he saw two persons sitting in the mild moonshine in earnest conversation. Little did he imagine that one of these was Barbara. When the hostess had left her, she had opened the window of her small apartment, and stood before it, enjoying the

coolness and freshness of the night air. The sight of the full moon, which poured its soft radiance in a flood of light upon the quiet little room, caused her to yearn with maternal tenderness to once more behold the child she had left behind. And then she thought of her faithful Hans, who, she knew, was at that moment searching for her in all directions with the deepest anxiety. She thought of her mother and brothers, who were hourly expecting her return. Then the image of her imprisoned father presented itself to her mind. Torn from her family, excited by her tender affection for them, and hoping to obtain some fresh intelligence of her father, she quitted her apartment. She had not advanced far into the passage of the house, which her grief and utter prostration of strength had for two days prevented her leaving, before she felt her dress gently pulled, and heard the timorous voice of a young woman who whispered, "Escape quickly."

Barbara would have asked an explanation, but the earnest voice only repeated the urgent advice to escape at once.

"You will not be able to see your father," added the girl, as if knowing the secret of Barbara's unwillingness to leave; "the prisoners are adjudged to perpetual imprisonment. Save thyself."

With grateful thanks, Barbara took leave of the young girl, and quitted the city. But she had not walked more than a short distance out in the friendly moonshine, anxiously seeking for a path which should lead her to Salzburg, before a lonely traveller was advancing rapidly towards her. Oh, joy, it was her Hans! After the first burst of delight at their reunion, and heartfelt thankfulness to Providence for the peril she had escaped, the faithful pair, so happily reunited, proceeded on their homeward journey. It was this pair that the baron saw as he galloped across the bridge.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE papers which were found upon the prisoners, and which proved, without doubt, that many thousands had embraced the Protestant faith, occasioned no small consternation at the court of Salzburg. Above all things it was deemed necessary to ascertain whether the long list of signatures were voluntary, and whether the refractory subjects were really so numerous as they appeared to be from the documents. It was not thought advisable to employ force, therefore recourse was had to artifice. The crafty Chancellor Jerome, Christian Von Rall, together with Von Rhelingen, marshal of the prince's household, and one secular, therefore repaired to the several wardenships of the mountains, promising redress to all who could allege well-grounded causes of complaint. On the 15th of July, 1731, they arrived at Werffen, where multitudes of the peasantry, continually flocking to them, declared, in the full confidence of faithful hearts, their discontent at the intolerable fines of the judicial tribunals, and at the oppressive charges for funerals, as well as other ecclesiastical demands. These three distinguished personages behaved so kindly and affably towards the complainants, who had been accustomed only to the contemptuous treatment of their wardens, that they soon won their confidence. At length Von Rall put the question to them, whether it was true that many of them had determined to forsake the church which alone afforded the means of salvation. After some hesitation the principal spokesman answered that they all belonged to the Catholic Church, but that perhaps some of them might be inclined to pass the pale. On being desired to express themselves in less figurative language, Ruprecht Stuhlebner drew a

paper from his bosom, which he presented to the chancellor, explaining that it contained their general confession of faith.

"But, my children," said Rhelingen, "you must candidly inform us whether you mean to be Catholics, Lutherans, or Reformers; for these three religions, according to the Westphalian Peace, alone can have free exercise in Germany, and the emperor himself is bound to protect them. Or have you a new confession of faith entirely your own?"

All now voluntarily acknowledged themselves to be Lutherans, and, on the report being circulated of the parley which had taken place, the people came flocking together from all directions. They came in such multitudes from every mountain, every valley and ravine, that in the wardenship of Werffen alone three thousand one hundred persons were registered, and their possessions, as well as their names, were all carefully noted. In all the wardenships there were 20,678 individuals of all descriptions who professed themselves desirous of embracing the new faith.

Encouraged by the specious assurances of the chancellor, the population of Salzburg no longer concealed their true sentiments. And when the prelates and Jesuits reviled and execrated their religion more bitterly than ever, they totally absented themselves from the churches, so that, on the day of the Assumption, only three persons attended the service in Wagrain. From that time the priests were to be seen speeding from house to house in order to recall their erring flock by means of menaces and opprobrious reproaches.

For the purpose of maintaining a steadfast perseverance in their resolution, the whole of the Protestant communities delegated one hundred of their number to assemble in the market-place of Schwarzach. It was on the 5th of August, 1731, that the deputies, in the name of their constituents, bound themselves by a solemn oath to abide in their faith, and therein to live and die. On a table was placed a vessel filled with salt, out of which all the deputies took a portion and swallowed it, as a visible sign of their union, which gave to this act the name of the "SALZBUND," or Salt Alliance. With prayer, singing, and reading the forty-sixth psalm in the version of Luther, the meeting broke up.

The archbishop, who had not naturally a cruel heart, although imbued with the deepest fanaticism of the times, felt a truly paternal affection for his subjects, and was shocked when he reflected on what he called the error of their ways. The most exaggerated reports were repeated to him respecting the public defection of the heretics, and they operated on the weak mind of the prince so powerfully that he became much alarmed, not only for his own safety, but also for that of the Catholic part of the population. He therefore entreated the aid of the emperor against his rebellious subjects, and even despatched Count Hannibal Von Thun, and the warden Sigismund, Baron Von Rhelingen, to Vienna, to negotiate for a force of one thousand troops.

It was rumoured the heretics intended to surprise the capital, and massacre all the Catholics; for this purpose, it was said, they were to obtain possession of the arsenal in Radstadt, and of all the castles that were fortified. To defeat this supposed project the fortifications of Hohen-Salzburg were speedily repaired; the pass and fortress of Lueg, together with the arsenal at Radstadt, were garrisoned; and, in addition to these preparations, the neighbourhood of the castles of Werffen, Golling, Goldegy, Tarenbach, Mittensill, and Hirschbühler, was cleared of the circumjacent houses and

trees, except some of the highest of the latter, preserved for the purpose of placing torches, which, when lighted, would serve as alarm-beacons on the outbreak of the looked-for rebellion.

In the mean time, the country people, relying on the unquestionable justice of their cause, and the aid of the Protestant princes, sent messengers to Ratisbon with renewed applications. The negotiations into which Von Schonberg, the Saxon ambassador, entered with Von Ziller, the ambassador of Salzburg, are remarkable; for the latter could not by any persuasion or argument be induced to exhibit answers on the part of his sovereign in his own handwriting, for no other reason than because it was the custom of the Protestants to print all their proceedings that were of a public nature.

As soon as the archbishop received assurances from the emperor that he would grant the aid which he had requested, he laid aside the condescension which he had hitherto shown, and issued a proclamation against the insurgents of Salzburg, threatening them with immediate expulsion if they did not return to their ancient faith.

The Protestants, however, continued undaunted; ridiculed the edict, calling it the "new salute from the Pope," and would not permit it to be affixed to the doors of their houses.

WHEN THIS OLD CHAIR WAS NEW;

OR, DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"FULL humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few:
'Twas only ground nuts, clams, and eels,
When this old chair was new.

"Their greeting very soft,
'Good-morrow' very kind:
How sweet it sounded yet,
Before we were refined.

"Humility their care,
Their failings very few;
My heart! how kind their manners were,
When this old chair was new."

So felt the descendants—or one of them at least—of "The Pilgrim Fathers;" and thus he wrote on William Brewster's chair—a relic of their primitive life in the land of their exile.

As they grew and rooted in the soil, and prospered and became rich, their hearts lost that strong attachment which a fellowship in suffering begets. There were divisions and strifes; they were "refined," and their "very kind good-morrow," elegantly expressed now, lost its earnest cordiality; their "failings" increased with their possessions, and their "humility" did not prosper when good dinners superseded "ground nuts, clams, and eels." Thus thought the poet of the chair, no doubt not altogether without reason.

But in the past, mellowed by distance, harsh colouring and rude outline are lost. We compare it with the present, and the present fares hard with us. Look on *that* and on *this*, we say; where is the simplicity, where the truth, where the geniality of olden times?

There was necessarily much less of artifice and churlishness and other evil things among the Pilgrim Fathers than afterwards appeared in their children; for their numbers being multiplied, so were their corrupt tendencies. But the poet of the chair, if he had made this allowance for increase of population and its inevitable effects, might have found under the guise of advanced civilisation (the result of prosperity) as

much in comparison to admire as in "the ground nuts and eels" time. A special purpose bound the settlers to act in harmony and merge separate interests in attaining one great end; that end had been attained, and now there was breathing room for individual concerns; but the stern curb which had restrained the appearance of self was self-love exhibited (through circumstances) in a highly respectable form.

It is a way we have, of grumbling at what is, and fetching unfavourable contrasts, from memory we think, but more truly from imagination.

"When I was a boy," says a grandfather; "When I was a girl," says a grandmother; and remarks follow which ought to impress the hearer with a sense of shortcoming and shame, such wonderful things were said and done in the days of the past.

"Such servants as there are now," says a mistress; "they do no work, think of nothing but dress and pleasure, and the wages: wages are really fabulous!"

The charge is unhappily true of many who call themselves servants; and the mistress will go on and say, "Formerly, a girl would be ashamed to be seen with long sleeves except on a Sunday; she could clean and cook and wash and brew and bake, she was up with the lark and went singing through her work, and didn't mind taking a turn at the spinning-wheel, or putting a patch on a housecloth when the evening came. Those were the days!"

Yes, they were the days—but only half the story is told. Servants are altered indeed, but so are mistresses. Let it be remembered that the mistress of a servant who worked in that fashion had no idle life. She was in the forefront and thick of all the work herself: the servant followed in her wake, and didn't object to labour under, not orders only, but good guiding. So the complaint should go on, and tell how mistresses then knew how to teach a servant, and set a good example, could themselves take a hand in cleaning, cooking, brewing, and baking, and not fail at the spinning-wheel or needle in the evening. The fault is not in nature. Servants now are made of the same material as they were then; it is the state of society that makes the difference in them and in their mistresses. Most of the mistresses who complain that their maids cannot work and will not, are unable to show them how, and unfit for the exertion. The very same increase of "refinement" that spoils the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, has spoiled them and their maids. Neither in mind nor body are either of them, as a class, equal to the good old days over which our grandmother housekeepers sigh.

Education, dress, diet, amusements, are all of another kind in both classes. But the leading fault is in the higher class. The changed mistress has changed the servant. Let us go to the root of the matter. Can it be expected that a young person whose father, being in respectable circumstances, has been able to give her what is called "an education"—but such only as has in it no useful elements scarcely but those of reading and writing (for all who are able to judge will allow that the prevailing education is very superficial)—is fit to be a mistress? Yet how many are? Her thoughts have been driven by trifling pursuits from home duties; she is more in earnest about the adornment of her person than any other thing. She is fond of amusements, she thinks scribbling in albums, or writing letters, or doing fancy work, or jingling on a piano, is her proper occupation, and expects her servant, who has shared in the altered training of the day, and knows nothing of work, and only wants to get out of it as much as she can, to

do all her duty, to keep her in ease, and cleanliness, and comfort, by her own undirected efforts. And while she who, being a ruler, ought to be a guide, leads a life of idleness, she is angry, and surprised that her maid admires her notions of what is agreeable and is idle too. She is displeased with the excess of her dress, and justly; but the less said on this subject by all the womankind of the present day the better, for the infection of over-dressing has so thoroughly spread, that to determine on any distinction of rank or circumstances from the manner of dress is impossible. The maid sees her mistress, whose husband is perhaps in any but affluent circumstances, dressed as handsomely as the wife of the opulent goldsmith or the rich banker: and it naturally follows that she goes to the extent of her wages (and demands a rise upon them too), that she may vie with these ladies' maids.

But the mistress will tell you that the girl actually leaves her dishes unwashed that she may answer a letter in time for the post; that she will not work at her needle even to keep her own clothes tidy, but spends every moment she can steal from her neglected duties in her voluminous correspondence. No one will deny that the bright side of the penny post has its dark reverse. A farmer's wife complained that her "girl" would leave the cows to run after the postman's cart; and that, while she was almost bare of clothing, she would expend a little fortune on "envelopes and paper" whenever an itinerant vender came in her way.

But this is only a feature in the evil face of the idle life which example seems to justify. There is another—the mistress is indignant, shocked: she finds a novel in the kitchen drawer—one of her own library books—together with some publications of a very objectionable nature. How bad the world has become she cannot find words to tell. She quite overlooks the fact that she has sanctioned such reading by her own adoption of it, and that while works of at least a questionable character lie on her drawing-room table, she has no right to wonder at finding them, or others of a less polite description, but in the same direction, in the kitchen drawer.

"What! am I to read nothing but what my servant is to read?" cries the indignant mistress.

"Oh, yes; you ought to read much that is above her comprehension, that your mind may be trained and strengthened for the honest discharge of all your duties—among them that of a mistress. Whatever pollutes, whatever weakens, whatever in any way deteriorates, you ought to avoid; it disables you from being a faithful and efficient mistress, as the books you find in the kitchen drawer disable your maid from being a faithful and efficient servant."

"Oh!" cries the grandmother again—"Oh, for days when the mornings were spent by young ladies in culling simples, and the evenings at the spinning-wheel or tambour frame; when the pride of a young woman lay in the quantity of home-spun she could show, and not in the endless finery in which she could array her person."

It is not becoming to contradict the aged, so we only cough slightly, and are silent.

"You agree with me, I am sure?" says grandmamma, a little sharply.

"Well, madam, my admiration of simplicity is great; but, if you will allow me to say so, there is a difference between the simplicity of dignity and the simplicity of ignorance (which is not dignified at all). I think those young ladies whom you remember with such approbation, if we may judge from the periodicals of the day, were

not by any means pattern young ladies. They culled simples and spun flax, but those were the staple excellences of their lives. As to their reading, the novels of those days were as offensive to taste and as antagonistic to purity as any can be now. As to dress, remember, madam, their stay bodies and hoops, their trains and embroidered petticoats, their powdered hair and lappets, and their *paint* and *patches*!

"Well, well?" says grandmamma, half smiling.

"Don't you think, ma'am, if the education of the present day were well directed, young ladies, instead of being the worse for it, would be all the better?"

Grandmamma cannot go so far as that. But the truth is, that a good thing is no less good because it is ill applied. Mix gold with alloy as you will, it is gold still, and the furnace will show it to be so. The advance in education in all ranks is no evil in itself; the evil is in the imperfection of nature, and in the father of evil, who is ever on the watch to turn a fresh movement to account.

If we could go back to those days of virtuous, industrious, and simple-minded young ladies, we should see but few in comparison of such as we expected to find, and when we had found them should most probably think they would have made better companions to a husband, and guides to children and servants, if they had been better educated, *i.e.*, enjoyed the advantages of this day; and those miracles of servants, those paragons—not to be spoken of without a groan—it is a question whether many would be met with (if we were landed in those golden times) that would not shock us by their coarseness much more than delight us with their excellence, especially when we found that they would no more "run alone" than the damsels of the present day. No, if we are to go back, let us fly farther.

There is a servant described in an old book, where the truth is told without exaggeration: his name was Eliezer of Damascus. You may read his history a thousand times, and always when you rise from it bow with respect to his memory, and wish you could find such a servant now. But who was his master? Why, Abraham, who commanded his household and his servants after him, to keep the ways of the Lord. Eliezer had been trained by his master—by precept and example—to pray, to serve in the fear of God. Then, as now, this training was infallible in its results.

There is a portrait which, for symmetry, for grace, for loveliness, exceeds all that the masters of old ever painted; it is called, "The Excellent Woman." Let any young lady read that, pray that it may be her rule, study to make it so, and she will leave her grandmother little to complain of. Neither her husband, nor her children, nor her servants, will want to go back to the wonderful days of simple-culling, tapestry-working gentlewomen to find a wife, mother, or mistress. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Many do not look at all, many look only to find fault; but she looketh, and looketh well.

Times change, manners and customs change, our wants and desires, chameleon-like, taking a colour from a changed society, change too. There is, however, no change in the golden rule for the making of an excellent wife, mother, and mistress found in the last chapter of Proverbs. As the women in the patriarchal times followed it, as the ladies of our grandmothers' regrets followed it, and as the ladies of this day follow it, so peace reigned and reigns in their hearts and in their house-

holds. In this universal outcry against servants there are such peaceful homes to be found. Happy the mistress who reigns in such a one, happy the servant who serves!

SPANISH REVOLUTIONS.

We see as yet only the beginning of the end in Spain. One thing is certain, that any change must be for the better, compared with the state of affairs in the beginning of this year. When things are at the worst, there is some hope of mending, and never was nation more degraded than Spain at the close of 1867, when a public journalist thus wrote:—

"Notwithstanding wholesale transportations to the Philippines and to Fernando Po, the citadels of Cadiz and Cartagena are described as crowded with liberals chained in couples like galley slaves, after the most approved Neapolitan fashion. The streets of Madrid are startled at the dead of night by domiciliary visits, and the seizure of persons, papers, and all that comes to the *alguazil's* hands. Letters are unsafe at the post-office, not only in the kingdom, but even in the colonies, whither, as we see from a late announcement, our own authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have ceased to forward registered letters, as the Spanish Government refuses to give receipts. Taxes are exacted for a whole twelvemonth in advance, and all sorts of tricks are played with the bank and the funds, that convents and nunneries may be indemnified for the spoliation they endured at the hands of Mendizabal's Government. The King-Consort, the Bishops of Avila, Burgos, and Segovia, together with Father Claret the Confessor, and the Bleeding Nun,* constitute the *Camarilla* in whose hands the chief minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet are mere tools.

"It is hardly to be believed how completely the clerical element has crushed not only the civil, but even the military order. It is true that the fidelity of some of the generals is constantly stimulated by the most unbounded lavishness of ranks and honours; the promotion of such a man as the Marquis de la Pezuela has been so outrageously rapid as to shock the *esprit de corps* even of those staunch loyalists, Pavia and Concha; but no amount of Royal bounty, well or ill bestowed, will ever cure the disaffection rife among the troops. Between O'Donnell and Narvaez every regiment has been 'swept clean' of its non-commissioned officers. At a review lately held in Madrid the artillery came to muster 'without one single sergeant in the ranks.' We do not know to what extent the Queen may win the hearts of her subjects by the patronage she extends to the fine arts; but we are told that on her saint's day she conferred the title of Viscount de Molina upon Obregon, a well-known comic singer of the popular theatre La Zarzuela, a man who, by her liberality, has been for the last two years enabled to keep up a style of luxury and grandeur which has caused flagrant scandal. For his own part, the King-Consort was equally anxious to remunerate the private services of his favourite, Meneses, by proposing him for the honours of a ducal coronet."

Narvaez and O'Donnell were the latest military rivals

* After the flight of Queen Isabella, Sir George Bowyer attempted a defence of Father Claret and Sister Patrocinio, his letters, as usual, confirming the public belief in what he denies. Every Spaniard knows that the Royal Confessor exercised baneful influence, and that "the bleeding nun" was convicted as an impostor, pretending to have the marks of the Saviour's wounds.

for power, but there seems to have been before them a perennial contest among the heads of the army. It was only when the chief of these were dead or banished,



A GALLICIAN (*Gallego*) WITH BAGPIPE (*gaita*).

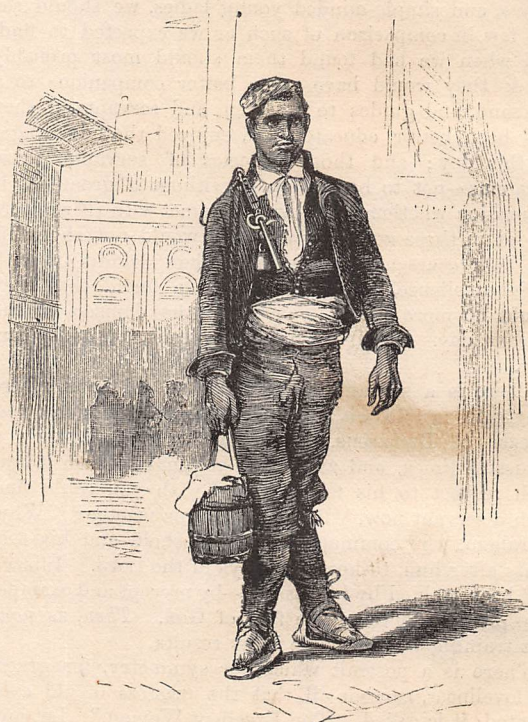
that the Government was left for a time to the miserable rule of Gonzales Bravo and his clique, whose insolent conduct roused the spirit of revolt.



PEASANT OF ARAGON.

Since the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, the nation has been in perpetual disturbance. There was first the war of Zumalacarreguy, who, with Torreguy and other

chiefs, proclaimed Don Carlos. In 1835 Cardero endeavoured, at the head of a battalion, to substitute the Constitution for the Statute. In 1836, 3,000 men of the garrison at Granja, at the orders of three sergeants, compelled Queen Christina to take an oath to the Constitution of 1812. In 1838, it was the turn of Narvaez and Cordova, who attempted at Seville a retrograde movement which failed. In 1840, the army, under the orders of Espartero, pronounced against the Regency of Queen Christina. In 1841, a movement in her favour took place at Madrid, Pampeluna, and Saragossa. In 1843, there was another, in which Generals Serrano, Prim, Ortega, and Narvaez joined. In the same year, Catalonia endeavoured to establish a central junta. In the early part of 1844, Alicante declared in favour of Espartero. Some months after, General Zurbano tried to restore the Constitution of 1837. In 1846, all the garrisons of Galicia united in favour of the same object, which had replaced that of 1812 in the hearts of the insurgents. In 1848, Catalonia strove for the same end.



HONEY-SELLER, MADRID. "*Miel, miel, blanc-a-c.*"

In the month of May of that year the Commandant Buceta, at the head of the regiment of Spain, caused some disturbances. Two months later, a battalion and three squadrons appeared in arms in Seville against the Constitution of 1845. In 1854, Brigadier Horé, at Saragossa, at the head of his regiment, made a special pronunciamiento of grievances, but was put down. On the 28th of June, Dulce and O'Donnell disembarrassed the throne of the Camarara which dishonoured it. In 1856 it was the turn of Commandant Corrales, who proclaimed Charles VI at Saragossa. In July of the same year, General Rios, commandant of Gerona, pronounced in favour of the constituent Cortes. Several other movements took place with the same view. In 1859, some sergeants of Alicante and Seville were executed for endeavouring to establish a republic. In 1860, General Ortega, Captain-General of the Balearic

Isles, proclaimed the reign of the Count de Montemolin. In 1865 took place at Valencia a movement, the leaders of which had not time to issue a programme. In 1866 came on the affair of General Prim, which terminated



FATHER CLARETÁ.

unsuccessfully, and drove him to the exile from which he again lately emerged.

What will be the upshot of recent changes no one can guess. There is something rotten in the state of



SISTER PATROCÍNIO, THE BLEEDING NUN.

Spain. There must be some element of national life wanting. We have heard of the army and its generals, of the grandees, of the church, this time of the navy, and always too much of the Queen and of the Court.

Throughout the country is there no middle class? Is the love of freedom utterly trodden out? It may be that Spain now is bearing the bitter retribution of past crimes. The inquisition quenched the light of truth, and when a nation is without religious liberty there is no deep soil for civil freedom. With a constitutional government, a free press, popular education, and above all an open Bible and the spread of Christianity, there might yet be hope even for Spain.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

SAMUEL LOVER.

To preserve some authentic features of self-drawn character, only throwing in what might be needful as a light upon them by anecdote or brief comment, is the object of these papers; and either for personal interest or literary curiosity, it would be difficult to find a subject more worthy of selection than Samuel Lover. Of men whose memories will live after contemporary hurrying and noise have passed away, I claim an honoured position for my lately deceased and lamented friend. It is true that he has been popular; but has his fame or his substantial reward been equal to his merits? In my humble opinion, so far from it, that I recognise few individuals within my sphere of observation to whose rare and varied talents less justice has been done.

From some cause not readily explicable, Mr. Lover, like Edward Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, was assailed on everything he produced, and persecuted to the best of their abilities by the same critical clique and their allies. Bulwer had conscious power in him, so that he rose the greater from their persevering enmity, whilst Lover, not so powerful, though he did achieve a name in literature, had his success so much marred by their hostility, that he failed to reap the harvest and to reach the station due to his deserts.

Keenly did Lover feel his injurious treatment with every novelty he produced. Even his latest musical drama was driven off the stage by a pre-determined opposition, and with sorely wounded heart he wrote, complaining of the unfairness of the attack:—

I thank you [he writes to me] for your sympathy in my mishap. . . . British fairplay seems forgotten, and we have fallen on currish days, I fear, in our modern journalism. My well and fairly earned reputation should have been sufficient to protect me from the *blackguardism* that has been exercised against me. I am safe, however, from such paltry attacks. They cannot rail the seal from off my bond. This mosquito bite is nothing, when I think of the grief that smote my heart this morning, seeing the announcement of my most dear friend Edward Forbes' death. I cannot tell you how bitterly I feel his loss. Another of my dearest and closest friends gone.

When true hearts are withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

We can't make *old* friends—and at our age new ones are not good for much—they *don't fit*.

Yours, ever truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Some hard words occur in this letter, but they speak the impulsive sensibility of the poet, and are natural to all men of talent whose hopes are cruelly crushed by rash censure or unjustifiable prejudice. The peccant matter disposed of, it affords a melancholy pleasure to have the genuine character of the man himself before us—the brief lament for the loss of a valued friend by the author of "The Four-leaved Shamrock." See how he would "weave his spells" with the "charmed leaves"—not seeking wealth or splendour:—

But I would play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.
To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should find them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch the blessed bark,
On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
Oh, thus I'd play the enchanter's part!

That I should nourish a private affection for this song may well be imagined on perusing the following letter:—

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I think your bonnie lasses were so pleased with "The Four-leaved Shamrock," that they took it home, and as I do not wish you should be without a copy of the trifle that I am so proud and pleased you admire, I send you another copy. I think I know why you like it so much: it is that the expression of good feeling finds an echo in your own kind heart. "The Arab" you seemed to think well of, for the same reason, and so I send you that too.

Yours ever,

Most truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Monday, 27, Charles Street, Berners Street.

The warm and large heart of the writer speaks in letters of this description, warm and large as the native Irish heart, and only elevated into richer glow and wider comprehension by the gift of true genius.

When barely of age, in 1818, he attracted the notice and applause of Dublin by singing a song of his own composition in compliment to Moore, at an entertainment given by his friends, and received the poet's graceful acknowledgment of the tribute. From this period his pen was never idle during the years he pursued his profession as a miniature portrait painter, and with distinguished patronage and success. Nor was he less a favourite in the social circles, where his lively conversational talent, his ever ready song, and his recitations of Irish tale or legend, made him always a most welcome guest. The latter were from time to time contributed to periodical publications, and ultimately a first volume was published in Dublin. But it was not till two years later, viz., 1827, that his fame, or even his name, was heard of in London. In the spring of that year Messrs. Sherwood and Co. gave the world "Poetry and Poets," by Richard Ryan, author of "Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish," in three volumes, and among the selections was one thus noticed in the "Literary Gazette," No. 532, March 31:—"Among the pieces said to be original, the following stanzas, by a Mr. Lover, an Irish gentleman, are pretty:—

THOUGHTS OF SADNESS.

(After two descriptive stanzas, referring to them, he proceeds—)

But though sad 'tis to weep
O'er incurable woes—
Sad the dream-disturbed sleep—
Yet far deeper than those
Is the pang of concealing
The woes of the mind
From hearts without feeling—
The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
Is he, of the sad,
Who must smile among many,
Where many are glad;
Who must join in the laughter,
When laughter goes round,
To plunge deeper after
In grief more profound.

Oh, such smiles, like light shining
On ocean's cold wave,
Or the playful entwining
Of sweets o'er the grave;
And such laugh, sorrow spurning
At revelry's calls,
Like echoes returning
From lone empty halls."

And this was the first glimpse of Samuel Lover on the English side of the Channel and in London, where his growing reputation and conscious ambition induced him soon after to establish himself as an artist at his residence in Charles Street, with his prolific pen in reserve for the exercise of his other musical, literary, and versatile powers. The incident above related had led to an immediate acquaintance between us, which speedily ripened into a friendship more intimate, cordial, and lasting than often falls to the lot of humanity. He scarcely ever printed a song without a private rehearsal to gratify me, and he adopted no important affair without seeking my advice. With his manifold pleasurable accomplishments as an author, and his estimable qualities as a man, it is not strange that the attachment of those who knew him well was of no ordinary description. Artist, lyrist, dramatist, novelist, essayist, humourist, musician—he took a fair rank in all, and in song and nationally characteristic tale he has not been excelled.

Settled in London, Mr. Lover devoted himself assiduously to his art, and painted portraits with sufficient success (though not reaching the very highest rank) to remunerate his labours, and yield a competency for the passing day—at all events when supplemented by his literary publications. The second volume of the "Irish Tales" was added to the first; and the ingenious story of "The Curse of Kishogue"—who unfortunately mistook the squire's horse for his own mare—achieved a loud popularity. This favourable opinion was increased by the appearance of the story of "Rory O'More," and of "Handy Andy," in "Bentley's Magazine," though the guinea a page, monthly, was no such encouragement to the author as the liberal remuneration is to popular contributors to the periodical press at the present day. Another lyrical volume followed, and his songs, sung everywhere, sounded the fair fame of the lyrist over the length and breadth of the land. "The Angel-Whisper" had already been among the most popular of his effusions, but throughout a numerous sequel, whether published in volumes or separately with music, there were, at last, a whole series which found echoes in every class and condition of society. Virtuous love, benevolence, pathos, patriotism, and Irish humour, were all delightfully illustrated. From "The Mother's Wail for her Lost Fairy Boy" "The Minstrel," and "True Love can ne'er forget"—an exquisite love-history in a dozen lines—to the laughable Widow Machree, exhorted to follow the example of the

Dear little fish,
If they don't speak, they wish—

there is a wonderful variety; and the whole appropriately winds up with that richest aggregation of Irish despairing passion evaporating in the rapid confusion of mind and evolution of bulls—

My shadow on the wall
Is not like myself at all;
I've grown so tall and thin,
That myself says 'tis not him!

At the close, begging for marriage to

Put an end to all this bother,
When they'd both be one another!

His brief appearance on the stage I mention only as leading to those monologue entertainments which for

years amused the public, both in every part of Great Britain and throughout the American States. One of his letters from Dublin gives an account which is very naïve, and curiously descriptive of the national character a quarter of a century ago, so much the same as it is now.

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1846.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I start for the south to-morrow, after having my two last nights, of the most triumphant character, highly fashionable and crowded to excess; in short, after the platform being crowded, and all the standing-room exhausted, hundreds went away who could not get admission. I wish I could stay, and make a *run* of the success, but I am engaged to the south, and must only hope on my return my welcome will not have worn out. Only fancy "The Royal Dream," that which you and I fancied would be what the Italians call a *furor*! Not at all. The fact is, the little lady [so they called the Queen] is not popular here with any party; they think, one and all, they have been neglected in not being visited sooner. So I must only hope the spirit of my song will do me good *elsewhere*. But St. Kevin—that's the fellow; no mistake, they *do* like St. Kevin! However, finding my Queen's Visit was not of the catching nature I hoped for, I have done some of my other entertainments, and they are liked; but the judicious—those who know "what's what"—say the Visit is the *best thing* I have done. I worked up the second part *very well*—I think you will say so when you hear it. I don't know if you saw or heard of a furious attack upon me in the "Nation." They "*denounced*" me and my praises of the Queen, and I was blackguarded, body and sleeves; but the rascality of the attack foiled its object. It did me more good than harm. I met Mr. Duffy, the editor, at a public dinner (the *Press* dinner) the day the attack appeared. My health was given with *enthusiasm*. In returning thanks, I made a hit at Mr. Duffy to his face. I was "*cheered*" like anything. I send you the trifle. The "Nation" has been silent since. I think *Vinealy's* dirty work was somehow in it. A man named Barry, of Cork, did the dagger work; but my public triumph here is the best answer. However, that the author of the novel of "Rory O'More" should be stabbed by the "*Patriots!!!*" is too bad.

Yours ever,

My dear Jerdan,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

In the autumn of the year he sailed for America, and was applauded and *fêted* (as more recently Dickens) at New York, Boston, and throughout the Union. In 1848 he returned home, and resumed his entertainments with American bits and other novelties. But as this sketch is not a biography, I pass over his epistolary descriptions of his transatlantic successes, darkened by the lamented death of his wife at home, and anxiety for his two orphan daughters.

Three years ago, having sought retirement and repose at Sevenoaks, Kent, he suffered a dangerous attack on the lungs, and was with difficulty restored, to seek Jersey as a change. There he died, and the body was brought to be interred in Kensal Green—being met and attended by the London Irish Volunteers. And well he deserved the honour; for he was a fine type of the loyal, liberal, warm-hearted Irishman, richly gifted with delightful talents, ready witted, and amusing in social life, and above all sterling and honourable in principle and conduct. I cannot bear to dwell on our long, unchangeable friendship and mutual attachment; but my readers can have no deep sense of my grief for his loss, and I will bid farewell with a cheerful letter, among those of my latest dates.

Sevenoaks, Jan. 13, 1865.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have been not very well since I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, and I do not expect to be much if any better as long as the cold weather lasts.

All you say of the — Club is quite true. We may quote the lament of Ophelia—

See what I have seen—
See what I see!

"'Twas a pleasant place once upon a time," as the nursery tale initiates its pleasantries.

Had it continued to be pleasant, it would have cost my self-denial more than it has done in taking my name off the list of members. Well, grumbling is no use, so "there an end," as Mr. Pepys says.

I send a photo-proto-type of a owld sojer boy, for Mop [his god-daughter]. I am only an honorary member of "The London Irish" now, but I was one of the first to drill in Company No. 1, when the corps was first established, and I have "*marched through*" London with them. Now don't think of *Coventry* when you read "*marched through*."

Why should so old a fellow join the volunteers? I'll tell you why, as far as I am concerned. Ireland was behaving so badly at that time, and about that grand movement, that I thought it incumbent on every Irishman in England with a spark of gentlemanly feeling and loyalty in him, to enrol himself among the volunteers. And now good-bye for awhile, dear old friend.

Yours, very truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

If the rulers of the Flowery Land have sent an embassy to the English barbarians, they will be received with all due welcome. John Bull will be very happy to see John Chinaman. Let bygones be bygones. For three centuries the English merchants have been left to be bullied at outposts by insolent mandarins. English envoys have been exposed to humiliation and treated with trickery. But things are changed since the capture of Peking and the embassy of Lord Elgin. If the present embassy is a genuine affair, it shows a wonderful progress in Chinese life, and should be met in a spirit of amity and conciliation.

But is it a genuine embassy? A clever American is at the head of it.* An Irishman "plays second fiddle." They are accompanied by a retinue of Chinese interpreters and officials. There are two mandarins, but not of very high rank, and the others are ordinary Chinese scholars not receiving large pay. When we consider the enormous extent and wealth of the Chinese empire, this mission appears a paltry affair to represent her grandeur at the courts of Europe, especially if compared with the British embassies to the court of Peking. Moreover it is noticeable that they bring no presents to the monarchs to whom the envoy is accredited. This omission is significant, as, according to Chinese etiquette, no ambassador could have audience without bringing costly gifts to the emperor; so that cannot be considered a true embassy which does not bring some valuable presents to our Queen, or the Emperor of the French. But then, if they did so, it might be said that the mighty Emperor of China had fallen so far from the high estate his predecessors held as the supreme rulers on earth that he sent *tribute* to the barbarian princes of the west, the presents of all ambassadors being so named to show the supreme grandeur of the Chinese emperors. Under these circumstances this cannot be considered an embassy representing the court of Peking, and may be repudiated by the emperor if the mission fails in its object.

However this may be, it is useful to recall the state of matters between China and other powers, since the treaty of Lord Elgin. Before that treaty was signed,

* We have been favoured by the Chinese Ambassador with the following note relative to the names, the quality, etc., of the different members of the embassy:—I. Poo An-Chen (Hon. Anson Burlingame); Choong-Kwo Chin-Chai Ta-Chen. II. Chee Kang, called Chee Ta-jin. III. Sun Chah-Kuh, called Sun Ta-jen. Secretary, Poh Choh-An (John McLeavy Brown, Esq.); Secretary, Teh Shen (Monsieur E. de Champs). Student Interpreters—(1) Lwan Fang; (2) Tah-keh-shi-nah; (3) Foong Ee; (4) Teh Ming; (5) Kwai Yung; (6) Ting Chuen.—*Flying Dragon Reporter*.

in 1858, the only western nation which had a representative at the court of Peking was Russia, in right of her Asiatic territories bordering on the Chinese empire. All other nationalities approaching China by the seaboard held their intercourse with the Government through the provincial authorities at the ports open to foreigners. From this cause arose the constant quarrels between traders and native officials, and the continued hostilities of the naval and military forces sent out to protect our trade. It was obvious that this state of affairs would remain with its evil results until such time as England and France should have representatives at the court of Peking. Accordingly this was provided for in the treaty of Tientsin; but it cost a war, which upset the government, and accelerated the death of the late emperor.

The success of England and France in this matter led the way to the appointment of an American minister, who secured all the privileges of the belligerent powers without incurring any warlike expenditure on the part of his own country. Lord Elgin's policy in enforcing the articles of the treaty for a British representative at Peking, as the only remedy for maintaining pacific relations, is proved by the result that hostilities have not once been renewed since, and our relations with the Chinese were never on a more amicable footing than they are at present. There are now thirteen treaty ports open to foreign trade; and if any disputes arise between the foreign merchants and the local authorities they are referred to the Central Government and ministers at Peking for their decision. Many such have occurred, and if there had been no access to the supreme authorities, in all probability we should have been again at war with China, maintaining costly naval and military forces to enforce our demands.

Meanwhile the personal intercourse of the foreign ministers at Peking with the high state officials, more especially Prince Kung, uncle to the juvenile emperor, and head of the Foreign Office, has had the effect of enlarging the political views of the Government, and showing them the defects of their own national polity as compared with western civilisation. They saw the deficiencies of their system of education, and, to their credit be it said, candidly acknowledged them by instituting a college at Peking for the education of native youth by foreign professors in the arts and sciences. It must be admitted, however, that their greatest anxiety has been to train up their students in a knowledge of those arts that instruct in the manufacture of implements and munitions of war, in order that they may be qualified to superintend the factories being established for such purposes by foreigners in the provinces. Of the general scope of the institution, and the nature of the classes, with the reasons given for departing from ancient custom for modern practice, we find a full statement in the memorial presented to the emperor by the members of the Foreign Board, praying for the foundation of the college. "It is not impelled by a sentiment of blind admiration for knowledge of this kind possessed by Europeans, nor by an extravagant love for novelty. The reason is that in reality the construction of machines for warlike and industrial purposes, so important in our days, is based entirely on the sciences. China wishes to construct her steamboats for herself; but to enable her to do so European masters must initiate her in the principles of the mathematical sciences, and point out the course to pursue. It would be a mistake and a fruitless expenditure of labour and money to hope that the Chinese could attain such a result by their imagination alone. To those who may say that

China humiliates herself in seeking instruction from foreigners, we shall reply that if one thing in particular can make a nation blush, it is to be ignorant of that which others know." These sentiments are honourable to the memorialists as indicating the true spirit of progress.

Having so far adopted the educational institutions of foreigners, the step naturally followed to conform to some of their political institutions upon the earliest occasion. An opportunity has occurred this year in connection with the treaty of Tientsin, which the Chinese have availed themselves of. That treaty, we have stated, was signed in 1858, and it contains a clause providing for its revival after the lapse of ten years. As the period approached, there were numerous discussions by the chambers of commerce at the treaty ports, upon the articles that should be revised, and additional clauses were suggested to give foreigners increased privileges in trading throughout the interior, in opening up mines, and constructing railways and telegraphs. In these proposed alterations of the treaty, the British residents took the leading part, embodying their views in memorials to Sir Rutherford Alcock, our minister at Peking. At first it was intended that the revival of the treaty should be executed in China, where it was made. But the Chinese authorities took alarm at the sweeping changes proposed, and they resolved to submit the question to the treaty powers themselves, through an envoy accredited by the emperor to the European courts. This was acquiesced in by the foreign ministers, as it would relieve them from an onerous and disagreeable task.

At this time Mr. Anson Burlingame was American minister at Peking, and had made himself unusually friendly with the Chinese Government on account of his leaning towards the nation in his diplomatic intercourse. He was also on the best of terms with his colleagues, and had acted impartially as arbiter in difficult matters of diplomacy to their satisfaction. In December, 1867, he was proceeding to visit the treaty ports prior to resigning his appointment, when a farewell dinner was given to him by Prince Kung, at which he expressed regret at his leaving China, while a minister of state named Wenseang asked if he would represent the Chinese Government officially at Washington and the courts of Europe as their envoy. To this he agreed, and the embassy now in England was formed.

When it was officially announced in China that an embassy would proceed to Europe with the late American minister as ambassador, much surprise was expressed by the British residents, and the subject was freely discussed in the local newspapers. Some looked on the mission as a job got up by the foreigners in the service of the Emperor of China, who are supposed to be hostile to the interests of British and other foreign merchants and bankers, through whose hands the external commerce of the country passes in exports and imports to the value of more than fifty millions sterling, and paying duties to the Chinese treasury of the high annual figure of £2,700,000. The reasons advanced in support of this supposition are connected with the staff of employés in the Chinese Foreign Maritime Customs, which was originally instituted by the English and French plenipotentiaries, to raise means in payment of the indemnity moneys which have been levied for the expenses of wars incurred to enforce the demands of the allies. At first the Inspector-General and Commissioners of Customs were, perhaps, more favourably disposed towards their own nationalities than their Chinese masters. But many changes have occurred in the officers of this establishment; and the present In-

spector-General, an Irishman, espouses the interests of his employers as against foreign innovations, with as much, or, as it is alleged, with greater prejudice than if he were a Chinaman. He is a perfect master of the Chinese language, and resides at Peking, where he is in daily communication with the members of the Government, who look upon him as their adviser in all foreign affairs; acting upon his advice, with a promptitude that is all the more remarkable that former Chinese Governments exhibited the most utter contempt for the outside "barbarians"—as Europeans were until lately designated—and their policy. Evidently the secret of Mr. Hart's success is his conservative feelings regarding China, while he advocates the introduction of foreign institutions so far that they will be entirely under the control of the Chinese. This he has shown in his regulations for the commerce passing through the Customs under his control, where he endeavours to check the efforts of foreign traders, especially British merchants, in extending their operations through the country. It is not necessary to enter into the questions that have arisen between them: suffice it to say, that the levying of transit dues on merchandise sent into the interior, besides the Customs duties, is considered obstructive to mercantile interests, and the prohibition against foreigners trading in the interior, with the privilege of working coal mines, and constructing railways and telegraphs, is contrary to the policy inaugurated by the treaty of Tientsin. In withholding further privileges, and abolishing obnoxious clauses in that treaty, the Inspector-General of Customs concurs with his Chinese masters, and opposes their introduction into the revisal about to be concluded. In these views he has been supported by Mr. Burlingame, when acting as American minister at Peking, and in some measure by our own minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, while the French minister disagreed with them. When the time for revising the treaty approached, it was evident to the philo-Chinese foreigners that their views could not be carried out on the spot without serious disputes with the foreign mercantile community, and there can be no doubt that this mission originally emanated from them, which the Prince of Kung and his coadjutors only too gladly adopted, as in accordance with their traditional policy of delay and obstructiveness.

In April last the Chinese embassy crossed the Pacific in one of the American line of steamers to California, and from thence by way of Panama to New York, where they arrived in May, and were presented to President Johnson at Washington, who received its members at a special audience. Of course it was natural for Mr. Burlingame to visit his native country first, as America is included among the treaty powers with China; and, geographically speaking, it is the nearest state to the empire he is considered to represent. That the ambassador should seek preference for his own nation when opportunity offers is also natural; but no benefit can at present accrue to the United States that is not shared by all treaty powers, as each treaty contains what is generally called the "favoured nation clause," which conveys all the privileges, immunities, and advantages that may have been, or may be hereafter, granted by his Majesty the Emperor of China to the Government or subjects of any other nation.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

MANY a young man who is leaving school or his private tutors will exclaim, "If I cannot get a commission in a

cavalry regiment or be a paid *attaché* to an embassy, let me, by all means, become a Queen's Messenger. It must be so delightful to be constantly rattling about over the world—visiting strange places, seeing strange people, and meeting with strange adventures—to have to talk German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian, all in one breath, as it were; to start away at a moment's notice to the other end of Europe, and to be back again in the course of a few weeks or so." Those who have tried this life assert that a man must have a very strong head and stomach and nerves, that he must possess perfect temper and decision and self-command, that he must be firm and gentle and fearless, be able to stand heat and cold and wet and fog, and bad food and damp sheets; in fact, that unless he possess qualities of which not many men can boast, he will be very unfit for the office of Queen's messenger, however he may be suited to become Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury.

My friend Mr. F——,* who had held that much envied post in the Civil service, was seated one evening in his comfortable parlour. The fire was burning brightly—the winter was drawing on—his family were around him, when the usual official missive was put into his hands, directing him to start with important despatches forthwith for the land of the Czar. Friends expected were put off, his portmanteau packed, and a very short time saw him rattling away in the mail coach to Dover, to cross to Ostend. His route lay through Cologne, Berlin, Königsberg, to Koono, on the Russian frontier. Wheels took him thus far, for the railway system had not at that time shot forth its tentacle-like arms to embrace the whole of Europe within its grasp, although on our snug little island it was already coming into existence.

At Koono, where the Kiemen is passed, onward to Luga, to St. Petersburg, the snow having come down and formed a hard frozen road, the carriage was put on runners, and reversing the usual order of things, it was turned into a sort of terrestrial cephalopod by having its wheels fastened on to its head. With snow above, snow below, and snow on every side, the Queen's Messenger reached the giant city built by the great Peter on the mud banks of the Neva. Two or three days were allowed him to thaw and rest, and he was started off to the south of Russia.

Once more he had to take his seat in his travelling sledge, habited in his fur pelisse, with bearskin rugs, and wrappers innumerable, and hot bricks for his feet, for a journey of a thousand miles or more over frozen snow. Still, in spite of the bitter cold, the thermometer many degrees below zero, travelling in Russia is pleasanter in many respects during winter than in summer. In summer there are the heat, and flies, and dust, and rough roads, and rivers to be forded or crossed in ferries or by rotten bridges, and innumerable other inconveniences to be surmounted; while the snow is a wonderful leveller of roads, and the ice forms a trustworthy bridge over every stream. It is possible to drive into a snow-drift and to stick fast; and a break down in the middle of the night of a Russian midwinter is undoubtedly to be dreaded.

My friend had got about three-quarters of the way between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and, there being a moon, was travelling on through the night, when the sleigh driver suddenly pulled up his horses.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" he asked.

* The late F. Fricker, Esq., Queen's Messenger.

"The matter, your lordship, is nothing, except that there is a dead man in the road, and you would not wish me to drive over him?"

"Certainly not," said my friend, leaning out of his sledge. "But are you sure that he is dead?"

"Of course, how could a man be lying on such a night as this in the middle of the road and not be dead?" asked the driver. "I will just draw him aside and gallop on."

"Let me ascertain first whether or not he is alive," said my friend getting out of his sledge. "Help me to lift him in here."

"Oh, my lord, my lord, you know not to what fines and penalties you will subject yourself, should he be dead, as he most certainly is," expostulated the driver.

"Am I to force you, slave, with my stick?" exclaimed my friend, getting angry at the driver's obstinacy. "See, here are the marks of his steps at the edge of the road, where he reeled to and fro before he fell."

"He must have swallowed too much vodka," growled the driver.

"No, he was weary and sleepy, and sank down overcome," answered my friend. "Help me, I say."

Unwillingly the serf helped the obstinate Englishman to lift the inanimate body into the carriage.

"Now urge your horses on as fast as you can, and stop at the first house you reach," said my friend. And he took his seat with the seemingly dead man by his side. He found that the man's hands were perfectly cold, but his heart yet beat, though faintly. Still he was satisfied that the man might be saved if soon attended to, and anxiously looked out for the appearance of a house on the road. At last the sleigh stopped before a small house. He knocked and knocked for some time.

"What is it you require?" exclaimed a voice from an upper window, in a querulous tone. My friend answered that he had a sick man who required immediate attention.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the person from the upper window. "We are Polish Jews, and if he were to die, we should be fined, or imprisoned, and ruined altogether. Drive on, drive; the God of Abraham speed you, but do not ask us to take in the dead man."

"He is not dead, friend, I tell you; and he will live to show his gratitude, if you will receive him; besides, I will pay all expenses to which you may be put on his account, and, moreover, the fine which may be imposed on you should he die," exclaimed my friend. "Here, I will pay both amounts over to you at once, and should that not be sufficient, when I come back I will pay you more. See I have a *poteragenas* (a pass to secure post horses, granted to official travellers) that will convince you that I will be as good as my word; besides, I am an Englishman."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said the old Jew, his heart softening at the mention of a reward. He descended the stairs, and the driver, with the help of my friend, bore the inanimate form of the stranger into the house. Fresh wood was piled up on the stove-fire, the body was rubbed thoroughly all over at a distance, gradually drawing it nearer, and some hot drink was got ready. My friend waited till the stranger had opened his eyes, and shown other signs of life; and he then, leaving in the hands of the delighted Jew a handsome sum, hurried away to continue his journey through the long night. The remainder of his journey was not the less pleasant that he could reflect on the little piece of "Good Samaritan" work he had performed.

Two months passed by. Stern winter still held the whole of Russia in its icy grasp. The Queen's Messenger

was on his return from his far-off mission towards the north, when, as he drew near the spot where he had picked the stranger out of the snow, he recollected the circumstance. It was daytime, and he had no difficulty in finding the house of the old Jew. He was recognised at once.

"Did the man live?" he asked.

"Indeed he did, and has been here several times to inquire for you to express his gratitude," answered the old Jew. "He is a worthy man, and it was providential that you saved his life. He has a wife and large family, who would have been left destitute had he died. He had gone to Kieff to obtain a large sum of money, but, ignorant that he had gained his suit, and having before fallen into poverty, he was returning home on foot, weary and sad, to his family. The letter containing the good news had already reached his house when he returned home. Had he died, the property would have gone elsewhere, and his family would have been left in poverty, so he has reason to be grateful."

My friend could not go out of his road to visit the stranger, whom he never saw again; but it was, notwithstanding, pleasant to reflect that he had been the means of preserving the life of a fellow-being, and saving a large family from poverty, sorrow, and suffering. My friend went on his way rejoicing, and though I have no doubt that he felt he had only done his duty, still that very feeling must have afforded a pleasant and satisfactory glow to his heart as he glided on his homeward way over the snow.

MR. DISRAELI ON THE JEWS.

In his novel, "Coningsby," first published in 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus speaks of his compatriots. The speaker, Sidonia, is a great Hebrew capitalist:—

"The Jews, independently of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live flourish. . . . Every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them. Do you think that the quiet humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the Feudal ages? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organisation. It is a physiological fact, a simple law of Nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

"You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reforma-

tion, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place—a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.

"I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious.

"A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it; and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?"

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia; and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes faggots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated, without persecution, by that irresistible law of Nature which is fatal to curs."

"But I come also from Caucasus," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny; and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea—land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long, from whom we have suffered much; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favoured by Nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favoured by Nature and by Nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel;—they are our Olynthians, our Philipps. Favoured by Nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by Nature we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.

"But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to Divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi—little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to 'the sweet singers of Israel!'"

Varieties.

ROME AND THE ROMANS.—The population of the Eternal City, it has been said with equal truth and sarcasm, consists of priests, nobles, and beggars. Within the walls of Rome there is no trade, industry, or commerce of any kind. Such work as may be done here is invariably performed by the mountaineers and provincials, who flock into the capital for employment. The native Romans support themselves by letting lodgings, by selling modern curiosities for antiques, by attending the studios of artists as middlemen between models and painters, or by obtaining the patronage of some priest, friar, or convent. For sordid, squalid poverty the back streets of Rome surpass those of any other European city. The lottery eats up the scanty earnings of the poor; the system of espionage, so universal in Rome, destroys all sense of moral dignity; and the indiscriminate charity of the religious orders removes the only incentive which could drive a debased and degraded populace to honest labour.

BUNSEN'S STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.—I write from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk; from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. I have overtaken in study (Arabic and Persian) some of the French students who had begun a year ago. God be thanked for this help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament, in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.

PROPORTION OF THE FEET TO THE BODY.—M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her position, her height is about 5ft. 2in. (the actual height of the statue is 4ft. 11in.), while the foot is exactly 9in. long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurements of all the best statues. The greatest width of the foot is 3½in.—i.e., 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says M. Bonomi, we have a rule for shoemakers and for shoe-wearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself "out of proportion."

EDITORIAL TROUBLES AND ADVICES.—I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And, indeed, when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent, I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval. These reflections are still more awakened when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper—a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference and above fear of criticism; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, which they believe impossible to be resisted; some introducing their compositions with a menace of the contempt which he that refuses them will incur; others applying privately to the booksellers for their interest and solicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to secure the bliss of publication. I cannot but consider myself as placed in a very incommensurate situation, where I am forced to repress confidence which it is pleasing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and so frequently to offend those by whom I never was offended. I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new composition, contains his raptures in his own bosom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectation of renown; and as I can easily conceive the eagerness with which a new paper is snatched up by one who expects to find it filled with his own production, and perhaps has called his companions to share the pleasure of a second perusal, I grieve for the disappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inspection. His hopes, however, do not yet forsake him; he is certain of giving lustre to the next number. The next number comes, and again he pants with expectation; and having dreamed of laurels and Parnassus, casts his eye upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted. For such cruelty what atonement can be made? For such calamities what alleviation can be found? I am

afraid that the mischief already done must be without reparation, and all that deserves my care is prevention for the future. Let, therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, observe the cautions of Swift, and write secretly in his own chamber, without communicating his design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author; if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generation.—*Dr. Johnson (Rambler, No. 56, September 29, 1750).*

RUSSIAN CATECHISM.—The Emperor Nicholas, father of the present Czar, caused a Catechism, from which the following extracts are made, to be printed and circulated throughout the empire, and taught in all the schools and churches professing the Greek faith throughout Russia:—

"Ques. What does our religion teach us, the humble subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?"

"Ans. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, love and prayer; the whole being comprised in the words, worship and fidelity."

"Ques. What kind of obedience do we owe him?"

"Ans. An active, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view."

"Ques. What benevolent sentiments are due to the Emperor?"

"Ans. We should manifest our goodwill and affection, in endeavouring to promote the prosperity of our native land, Russia (not Poland)."

"Ques. Is it incumbent on us to pray for the prosperity of the Emperor, and for Russia?"

"Ans. Both publicly and privately, beseeching the Almighty to grant the Emperor health, integrity, and security."

"Ques. How is infidelity to the Emperor to be considered in reference to God?"

"Ans. As the most heinous of all sins, the most frightful criminality."

"Ques. Are we called upon to respect the public authorities?"

"Ans. Yes; because they represent the Emperor; so that the Emperor is everywhere."

"Ques. What are the supernatural motives for worshipping the Emperor?"

"Ans. God commands us to love and obey, from the inmost recesses of the heart, every authority, and particularly the Emperor, from apprehensions of the final judgment."

UNIVERSITY REFORM.—Sir W. Hamilton, in his "Discussions," estimates the annual revenues of Oxford at about £600,000, and those of Cambridge at £200,000. The endowments of both universities were intended solely for educational purposes, but how are these now appropriated? Is it not notorious that more than two-thirds of the Fellows are non-resident? Even those who reside often do very little of the proper work of a Fellow. The tuition of the students is mostly carried on by private tutors or "coaches." In fact, the original objects of Fellowship endowments have long ago been lost sight of. What is the remedy for such abuses? Let all Fellows be required to reside and teach, or to resign their emoluments if they fail to do so. It might require an Act of Parliament to compel residence or resignation, but such an Act might be passed, I apprehend, without much difficulty in the next Parliament. What would be thought of an endowed school where the masters were paid £15,000 or £20,000 a year for educating from ten to thirty boys, and where less than one-third of the masters was in residence? Yet this is precisely the case of more than one college here.—A MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

SEA—CAUTION.—Persons requiring berths for apprentices and boys in the merchant service are cautioned against replying to advertisements inserted by unauthorised persons styling themselves agents, captains, shipbrokers, shipowners, etc. An account of the persons recently convicted for unlawfully obtaining money, under the pretence of finding employment for boys and others on board ship, together with an official list of persons who can legally engage boys and others for merchant ships, may be obtained (gratis and post free), on application to the Registrar-General of Seamen, No. 6, Adelaide Place, London Bridge.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



THE SALZBURG SHARPSHOOTERS BETRAYED.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the beginning of September, 1731, soon after these occurrences, the mountains of Salzburg reverberated with the roll of drums. Numerous bands of Austrian infantry overran the once peaceful country, whose amazed inhabitants, unconscious of the reason of their coming, distrusted the evidence of their own eyes. An imperial command to return to peace and tranquillity accompanied the quartering of thousands of soldiers, who, of course, were to be supported by Protestants

alone. The cottage of Hans Weinleidtner was not exempted from these unbidden guests. Deeply were the poor people disappointed in their expectations, for, instead of their deliverance, which they had hoped from the emperor, they saw their substance decreased by his soldiers.

Neither was Peter Pommer better off at Schüppelhof, which was now filled with a troop of ravenous soldiers.

"You also had better go there," he said to those whom he found sharing the frugal meal at the Weinleidtners' cottage. "It makes but little difference to me whether I have to feed five more or less."

The soldiers, highly pleased with the invitation, lost no time in availing themselves of it, and Peter remained alone with Hans. The next week he again came to the cottage, and brought with him a very handsome rifle.

"Take it, Hans," said he, good-humouredly. "Keep it in remembrance of me. But thou must promise to appear with me at the general muster of the sharp-shooters (*scharfschütze*) from all the mountains, which is fixed for next Monday.* I am as pleased about it as a child. We shall prove to the foreign soldiers, by our well-trained numbers, that we are not so very contemptible as they imagine, and that they cannot do with us exactly as they please."

Hans was a good marksman, and by no means devoid of national pride; he was, therefore, very willing to be present at the review spoken of. Early on the following Monday, Peter, holding in his hand a brightly-furbished gun, and with a high heel fixed to the shoe on his lame foot, the better to conceal a deformity which had never grieved him so much as on this occasion, came to fetch Hans, who was already attired in his best clothes. Both repaired to the place appointed, a large plain enclosed on all sides by low hills, where a regiment of imperial troops were already exercising. They, however, readily made way for the sharp-shooters of the mountains, whose numbers augmented every moment, noticing with apparent curiosity the great skill of the peasants in handling their firearms. The review commenced by a close examination of the sharp-shooters' rifle-pieces, powder-horns, etc., which were all to be empty, as they were found to be, in order to prevent, as was alleged, any accidents that might occur, and which otherwise might easily happen. Ambuscades were laid, and all those manoeuvres practised which are peculiar to this description of soldiery. Somewhat fatigued with their exertions, the various troops were standing at ease, when the colonel of the imperial regiment approached the leader of the sharp-shooters, who was an officer entirely devoted to the arch-bishop.

"Bravo! well done!" said he, in a loud voice. "Thou hast a capital corps of marksmen, whom I should rejoice to have acting with my troops in case of a serious assault. But stay! a thought occurs to me. Suppose that we were, though only in sport, to make an attack on each other, and be good comrades again at the end? We are the guests of the gallant fellows, and should consider this encounter as an honour."

"Very well," said the other, who was already prepared for the proposal. "I agree to it, provided that my comrades approve of the sport."

What human being was ever invulnerable to delicate flattery, skilfully administered? The true-hearted, credulous mountaineers, with unanimous acclamations, expressed their joyful assent to the proposed skirmish. It was arranged that the imperial troops should occupy the heights, and that the sharp-shooters, as being better acquainted with the road, should attempt to force a passage. The former soon disappeared, and the latter began descending a straight and rugged ravine, although some of them, who were not altogether unskilled in the art of war, shook their heads at the acquiescence of their leader. Too soon their fears were realised, for scarcely

had they all descended into the narrow valley when a loud "Halt!" echoed by a thousand voices, made them look upwards. On the summit of the rocks overhanging the narrow gorge, and as if sprung from the earth, they beheld the Austrians on all sides, standing with loaded muskets levelled at them.

"Ha! are ye caught?" shouted the colonel, exultingly. "Good people, surrender upon grace or no grace. You are surrounded on all sides, as you see."

"Thou must have employed an able spy," jocosely observed the leader of the mountaineers, "to betray to thee a road which is unknown to any but ourselves. Well, I find there is nothing now to be done but to beg for quarter."

"That ye shall have," returned the other, "provided ye lay down your guns, and give your solemn promise never again to fight against us."

"Agreed," said the leader of the riflemen, surrendering himself and his gun to the colonel, who had now advanced a little nearer. Turning to the mass of people who had hitherto looked upon these transactions with repressed laughter, "Well, what do ye mean to do?" said he, seriously. "Ye are to ground your arms, that is, throw them upon the ground, and then go home." The mountaineers, still believing it to be a joke, smiled in answer to this request, whilst some among them said they wished the jest now to be at an end.

"So it shall," cried the colonel, in a voice of thunder, "and the most decisive reality shall take its place. Ye are peasants, and therefore can have no pretext for firearms. If ye are in need of protection, we will extend it to ye. Once more; throw down your rifles, or ye shall every one of ye be shot."

The deathlike stillness which astonishment at this unexpected treatment had produced amongst the betrayed people, was now broken by the unanimous cries of "Ha! treason! revenge! down with the traitors!"

With a scornful laugh the colonel received this ebullition. "What are those marmots below murmuring at, in their trap?" cried he, insultingly, and then added: "Delay no longer; do ye suppose that we cannot make our threats good?" Then turning to his troops, he said, "Fire a dozen shots into that fir-tree in the midst of those fellows below; let them see that your guns are not loaded with swansdown." The sudden fire of muskets was followed by a thick shower of small branches and leaves, swept down by the bullets as they whistled through the tree, and falling upon the heads of the men below.

At this moment Hans felt somebody pulling at his sleeve. It was Peter, who said to him, in a voice stifled by rage: "Those fellows above have been reckoning without me. If my powder-horn and bullet-pouch are empty, so are not my pockets. Here," handing him a rifle cartridge—"take aim at the villain, our captain, and I will shoot down the swaggering colonel."

"Art thou mad?" replied Hans, suddenly pushing aside the weapon which Peter had already raised, and was preparing to take aim. "If we two were alone it might answer to do as you say; but now nine hundred of our faithful friends would have to pay for our deed by their lives—much too high a price for those wretches." Saying this he threw down his rifle. Peter gazed at his beloved gun in an agony of grief and vexation. His eyes glowed with rage, whilst hot tears fell upon the bright-polished barrel, and his were the last hands that parted from the often exercised weapon.

"They are an infamous gang of thieves!" he muttered between his teeth as he quitted the place of their

* The peasants of Salzburg were allowed the use of arms, and were therefore readily formed into a military force. It is recorded in the Chronicle of Salzburg, that in 1603, under the Archbishop Wolf Dietrich, they raised three standards against the Turks, and, under the command of Von Stadion, displayed great intrepidity at the siege of Stuhlweissenberg, which has alternately owned for its masters both Imperialists and Turks.—*Geographie von Salzburg*, p. 137.

shameful defeat, in company with Hans, all leaving their rifles behind them. "Was it not our own property that they took? I wish that thou hadst shot me rather than suffer this disgrace." And in a bitter rage he left Weinleidtner.

Having reached home, Peter went to his desk, and taking from it all his ready money, and a large parchment, covered with numerous seals, he mounted his horse and left his estate. It was well for him that his military guests had not returned from their morning's feat of heroism.

"As thou camest to me, so do I part from thee," said he, smiling, as at the gate he cast a farewell look at the Schüppelhof. Soon afterwards he made a hurried visit to Weinleidtner's cottage. "Hans," said he, drawing him aside, "I am going to the good King of Prussia. The Schüppelhof was not made for me, nor I for it; I have therefore given it to Barbara and her brothers. Here is the deed of gift, which I had privately prepared, and had it legally confirmed long ago. The present time is the best to put you in possession of it. Ask me no questions. Do not detain me. The knife is at my throat, and the clergy at my heels. I should not like to count the steps that lead down to the dungeons in Castle Werffen. Thou wilt know soon enough what has happened." Thus saying, he shook them all by the hand, bade them a hasty farewell, and departed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SEQUESTRATION was laid upon the Schüppelhof, and the soldiers quartered there were immediately withdrawn. Such of them as had formerly lodged in Manlicken's cottage, now again occupied it, thereby occasioning the greatest inconvenience to the family. Nevertheless, Hans, guided by sound discretion, forbore to assert his claim to the Schüppelhof, because then the estate would have been completely dissipated by new and oppressive burdens, and an immoderate quartering of soldiers. He therefore thought it best to wait for peaceful times. Meanwhile, the imperial cavalry, consisting of the dragoon regiments under the command of the Princes Eugene and Staremburg, together with the cuirassiers of Prince Philip of Wurtemberg, advanced into the little mountainous district, so that the total number of foreign soldiers amounted to six thousand. Among the dragoons of Prince Eugene, there were many Protestants, who, instead of annoying the Salzburger, rendered them every possible assistance, prayed with them, read the Bible to them, and encouraged them to adhere steadfastly to their faith. This, however, was no sooner discovered, than they were withdrawn and replaced by others, who delighted in placing every obstacle in their way to prevent the exercise of their religion.

Encouraged by the support of so large a body of imperialists, the archbishop now thought that he might safely bid defiance to the multitude of Protestants, and therefore threw off the mask of seeming indulgence towards them. An archiepiscopal edict was issued on the 31st October, 1731, the anniversary of the Reformation, threatening the Protestants with an irrevocable expulsion. By the peace of Westphalia all emigrants on account of their religion were allowed the space of three years to arrange their affairs; but the archbishop in this instance granted to those who were not proprietors of land, only fourteen days from the date of the publication of the edict, to the period at which they were to leave the country; to landowners whose possessions were under the value of one hundred and fifty florins, one month was given, and above that and under five hundred florins, two

months; to those who had more than five hundred florins in immovable property, such as fields, grounds, and tenements, he allowed the space of three months to settle their pecuniary affairs. At the same time they were prohibited to sell their cattle, either in foreign countries or to foreigners. The same interdict was placed on their landed property. In consequence of these orders, the Salzburger were compelled to dispose of their possessions at nearly nominal prices; this indeed was the object that the advisers of the misguided archbishop had in view, and by which they expected to fill their pockets at the expense of the unfortunate sufferers. The latter, moreover, were obliged to pay into the treasury a part of the money obtained by the sale of their effects, by way of fine for having rebelled against their prince. Those who referred to the articles of the peace of Westphalia, were answered that they did not relate to unmarried persons, day-labourers, and non-proprietors, and that the archbishopric of Salzburg in particular was not comprehended in that treaty. The Protestant workmen in the salt works, smelting-houses, foundries, timber-drifts, and similar establishments, were forthwith discharged; and the possessors of the largest farms were only allowed to have one man, and one woman servant, up to the time of their expulsion. The Protestants were not permitted to attend divine service, and their artisans and other tradespeople were compelled to abandon their avocations, and in the mean time the Catholics were allowed to profit by them. No oppression, however, could overcome the constancy of these poor people. They still relied with great confidence on the protection of the Protestant sovereigns, who through their ambassadors transmitted energetic remonstrances to the archbishop. Even the Emperor Charles VI publicly condemned what he termed the inhumanity and barbarity of Leopold Von Firmian; but all remonstrance was ineffectual to procure more than the space of two months longer to the landowners.

The King of Prussia was the first German prince who, soon after these events, strenuously interfered in behalf of the oppressed. He declared the exiles to be his subjects, and threatened to indemnify them for their losses by giving them the property possessed by the Catholics in the bishoprics of Magdeburg, Hulberstadt, and Ravensburg. A similar reparation was menaced by the Danish minister, Von Holtze, in the name of his sovereign. Holland, however, was the first to make reprisals on the Catholics, by closing several of their churches. These steps in their favour were not quite unknown to the Salzburger, although on all the frontiers spies were stationed, and all letters were intercepted. They therefore deemed their expulsion an improbable event, and, devoid of anxiety, continued daily to follow their wonted employment.

THE GOLD-FIELDS AND DIAMOND-BEDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE existence of gold-fields in South Africa is no new discovery. Vasco di Gama, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, reached the Zambesi, or river of good signs,* in 1498. In 1502, he visited Sofala, and among the productions of the country gold was heard of specially. In 1569, three ships, with a thousand men,

* He found at Mozambique large vessels with sails of palm-leaf matting, but without decks, manned by Arabs, who not only traded along the coast, as had been their practice from early times, but, being acquainted with the use of the compass, extended their voyage to India.

mostly volunteers of rank, sailed from Lisbon to take possession of the gold-mines of Monomotapa, to the westward of Tette, on the Zambesi, and those of Manica, more to the south-west. They were abundantly supplied with horses, asses, camels, and provisions. At Senna, on that river, they found many Arab and other traders, who offered much resistance to their progress. Their horses died, probably from the bite of the Tsetse fly, though they suspected the Arabs of poisoning them. Barreto, the leader, continued his march with five hundred and sixty men, but they suffered so terribly from hunger and thirst, and the assaults of the natives, that he failed to reach the gold-fields.

When the Portuguese settled on the Zambesi, the washing of soil for gold dust became a recognised branch of industry, which was carried on at various points, north, south, west, and south-east of Tette. A merchant with his slaves carrying goods would proceed to the selected spot, and making a present to the chief, would obtain liberty to commence work. His slaves were told off into gangs, each of which had a confidential head man to oversee their work, and also to purchase gold dust for his master, and grain for the support of the party from the natives. And in this manner about 130 pounds of gold or more per annum were obtained; but when the slave trade offered a more lucrative mode of disposing of the native labour the washings were almost abandoned, and the supply of gold fell to eight or ten pounds yearly.

Dr. Livingstone, in passing from Linyanti to Tette in 1856-7, noticed among the hills between the Kafue and Loangwa, to the west of Zumbo, on the Zambesi, a strongly-marked depression, evidently waterworn, as if the current had been deflected northward toward the Maravi country, north of Tette. In this lay many of the principal gold-washings. Dr. Livingstone, during his stay in Tette in 1856-7, examined what were formerly the gold-washings of the rivulet Mokoroze, ten or twenty miles north, in the sixteenth degree of south latitude, where the banks were still covered with fine mangotrees, planted by the Portuguese who engaged in the work. The sand was put into a wooden bowl with water, and washed with a half rotatory motion, which caused the coarser particles of sand to collect on one side: they were removed by hand, and the process continued till only the gold remained.

There were also six well-known washing-places, east and north-east of Tette—Mashinga, Shindundo, Missala, Kapata, Mäno, and Jäwa, gold being found both in clay thole and quartz. At the range Mushinga, to the N.N.W., the rock was so soft that the women pounded it in wooden mortars previous to washing. Round to the west, the Portuguese spoke of a rich station, called Dambarari, on the river Panyamé, near Zumbo. Farther west was the now unknown kingdom of Atütua, famous for its gold; and then, coming round toward the south and east, were the gold-washings of the Mashona, or Bazizulu. And still more east the yet richer district of Manica, the supposed Ophir, the gold dust of which seen by the doctor was as large as grains of wheat. A pair of compasses with one leg placed at Tette, and the other extended to three and a half degrees, brought round from the north-east of Tette, to west, to south, and to south-east, would touch most of the gold country, the richest parts being nearest the circumference, while a valuable coal-field near, almost on the fertile banks of the Zambesi, lies in its centre.

Major Secard, the kind-hearted commandant of Tette, presented Dr. Livingstone with a golden rosary, the work of an instructed native, and specimens of native

gold and coal, which are now in the Geological Museum at Jermyn Street, London. When I was myself on the Zambesi, in 1858, I saw several of the slaves, or rather serfs, of Major Secard, working very cleverly in native gold. A pan of charcoal, a few crucibles of various sizes, a couple of feet of a musket barrel for a blowpipe, a plate of steel or iron pierced with holes for wire-drawing, and a few rough-looking hammers, pincers, etc., composed the apparatus with which, squatting on the ground under the shelter of a rude straw hut, they turned out really very creditable specimens of rings, chains, crosses, and other ornaments. And a Portuguese gentleman of whom, by Dr. Livingstone's desire, I had painted a portrait, presented me with an exceedingly neat watch-guard of fine wire, worked up exactly in the manner of the Trichinopoly chain. This, as a specimen of native material and work, I valued very highly, but it was unfortunately stolen from the officer who kindly undertook to convey it to England for me.

I may also mention that in 1849, when I was in the country of the Dutch African emigrants, north of the Vaal River—now the Trans Vaal, or South African Republic—I frequently heard of native chiefs to the north, in whose country gold was found in considerable quantities. I do not remember at this moment that I actually saw any specimens; and it would have been imprudent to evince much curiosity on the subject, as the Boers did not engage in search for it, and rather wished to keep its existence a secret, lest English adventurers should be tempted into their adopted country, and they themselves again be brought into subjection to the British Government. Nevertheless, with the aid of my friend and fellow-traveller, Joseph Macabe, I constructed a map of the Trans Vaal country and the Limpopo River, so far as he had explored it; and this, incorporated by Mr. H. Hall in his map of South Africa, approximated so nearly to correctness, that though additions have been made, no alteration that I am aware of has been yet found necessary. I mention this chiefly because it is in the country bounded by the Limpopo on the south and the Zambesi on the north, that the gold-fields which our countrymen are now successfully working out are situated; and before relating the circumstances that have led to their occupation, I will so far trespass on the patience of the reader as to quote from the annual address of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, the president of the Royal Geographical Society, a few remarks bearing on this subject:—

"The colony of Natal seems destined to rise to considerable importance if the coal—which is plentiful in its north-western parts—should be rendered useful by the construction of railroads to convey it to Pieter-Maritzburg and Durban. I have reason to think this coal is of palæozoic times, and of the best quality. I have recommended her Majesty's Government to send out a mining engineer to report upon it, for the capability of supplying our steamships with fuel on the coast of Africa would be an immense advantage. The colony has also been much excited by the discovery of gold in and near Moselekatse's country, to the north-west of the Trans Vaal territory, and hitherto noted chiefly for its ivory and ostrich feathers.

"M. Carl Mauch, a young German geologist, leaving Trieste in 1863, has been travelling in South Africa since 1865, and becoming acquainted with Mr. Hartley, an elephant hunter, who has traversed all the highlands which form the broad-backed watershed between the Zambesi on the north and the Limpopo on the south, and who informed him of the existence in these high and rocky lands of the relics of ancient metalliferous excavations, M. Carl

Mauch explored them in two localities, one in south latitude $20^{\circ} 40'$, on an affluent of the Limpopo, and the other on an affluent of the Zambesi, about forty miles south of Tette. He discovered rich auriferous white quartz rocks, embayed in a variety of ancient crystalline rocks, whether hard slates (probably Silurian) or various igneous rocks, including a great predominance of granite and diorite. The loftiest part of this elevated tract being 7,000 feet above the sea, in south latitude $19^{\circ} 50'$, and east longitude $28^{\circ} 35'$, presents in parts great accumulations of these broken masses of granite, to which my illustrious friend, the late Leopold von Buch, assigned the appropriate name of Felsen Meer, or a sea of rocks. Many travellers have considered these to be boulders, whereas they are, in fact, the results of decomposition *in situ* as seen in many granite countries.

"The auriferous quartz rock which, in places, is still seen to rise a few feet above the surface, has, where rich in gold, been quarried down in open trenches to the depth of six feet or more. The works seem to have been abandoned from the influx of water, and in one spot remains of smelting operations, with slag scorice and relics of lead ore, were observed.

"Of the auriferous territories, the northernmost, on a tributary of the Zambesi, is the most sterile, and this explains why the Portuguese never made much of it, only small quantities being washed down by the rivers south of Tette.

"On the other hand, the rich tract on the river Thuti or Tuti, an affluent of the Limpopo, and the proof of ancient works there, favours the suggestion I offer, that the Ophir of Solomon was near the mouth of that great stream. The tract is precisely where, as a geologist, I should have expected to find gold, *i.e.*, in the elevated ancient slaty quartzose rocks (probably Silurian), with granite and greenstone, which form the mountains in south latitude 21° , that form the watershed of some of the tributaries of the Zambesi and Limpopo.

"This discovery leads me to consider the suggestion made two years ago by Mr. George Thompson, that the Ophir of Solomon might, after all, have been on the country of the Limpopo—in support of which he quoted the current reports of the existence on that stream of the ruins of an ancient city. It was this belief that led the Portuguese to send expeditions to south-east Africa, where the relics of churches built by the Jesuit fathers may still be traced; but they were not successful, having failed to search far enough south from the Zambesi.

"It was at one time thought that Ophir was in Arabia; but this is not likely, as from the structure of the country the traders from Tarshish could find no gold on the shores of the Red Sea. The African rivers north of the equator bring down no gold dust, neither is the country between Zanzibar and the Zambesi auriferous. It is only on reaching to the south that auriferous rocks occur in the interior, from which the waters flow to the Zambesi on the north, but chiefly to the Limpopo on the south. I venture therefore to say that this was in all probability the source which supplied the ancient Ophir. It was rich in ivory; and if Hebrew scholars think that the Biblical writers might not clearly distinguish between the feathers of the peacock and the ostrich, another difficulty vanishes. It is also rich in ebony, and these may have been the almug-trees of which Solomon made pillars for the house of the Lord—sandal-wood, as suggested by the late Mr. Crawford, being too small for that purpose."

With regard to the discovery of the gold-fields, I can only say briefly that I have long known of Mr. Hartley

as a most enterprising trader and elephant hunter, and I can well believe a story which I have recently heard of him, as being characteristic, not only of himself, but as showing the sort of man needed to make his way among, and win the confidence of, the wild tribes of the interior. Hartley, with some other hunters, mostly Dutch, had made his way to the residence of the despotic chieftain Moselekatse, who, not content with the presents they had selected for him, determined to possess himself of everything, even to their cattle, their waggons, and their guns. The rest submitted to be robbed, but Hartley stoutly refused; he had given all he could spare, but he could not shoot elephants without his gun, and he would not part with it. The chief felt a sentiment of respect for a man with spirit enough to dispute his will, and lent Hartley the waggon he had just accepted from him, upon his promise to return it after he had collected his ivory and carried it to Natal. Of course Hartley kept his word. He bought new waggons with the proceeds of the ivory, returned the original waggon to Moselekatse, and became the privileged hunter in the tyrant's domains.

Hartley informed Carl Mauch of the existence in those rocky highlands of the relics of ancient metalliferous excavations, and the ardent young geologist accompanying him explored the localities; and though the suspicions of the natives, aroused by his strange and to them inexplicable proceedings, checked him considerably, he obtained and sent home specimens sufficient to establish beyond a doubt the richness of the veins. Some of these, in small grains, embedded in quartz, and others in alluvial soil, were shown us at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, by J. J. Pratt, Esq., the consul for the South African Republic.

The Cape papers of April 16th contain the record of the starting of the first party of gold diggers, under the leadership of Mr. Hartley and Captain Black; and from others of July 16th and later dates, we learn that they are working with every prospect of success, not less than sixty or seventy men being at work between the Tatin and the Ramakhoban. They had left off washing in the alluvial ground; but, attracted by the richness of the gold veins in the surface quartz, had commenced blasting the reefs, the vein growing richer as they advanced, being sometimes more than an inch broad, and small pieces of quartz containing from £1 to £3 worth of pure gold. One specimen received at Port Elizabeth was valued at the rate of £12,000 per ton.

The public at home will be glad to learn that the gold-diggers are at present on good terms with the native chief, Matjen, whose independence it appears has been acknowledged by Moselekatse. They are paying the chief £1 per man for six months' licence to dig, and one of the Europeans is acting as his agent to collect his dues; and, of course, they have to purchase from him or his people such grain or other provisions as the country affords, and to hire natives as servants or assistants in various capacities. But Matjen has sense enough to perceive that complications may arise, and that he is not competent to the task of governing an already large and still increasing community of Europeans; and therefore, with the concurrence of his missionary, he has written to the governor of Cape Colony, requesting him to take measures for the government of his own people. I sincerely trust that such equitable measures will be taken, as while they secure to our countrymen the due reward of their own labour, will also guarantee the chief against any loss of dignity among his own people, and will make the contact with industrious Englishmen a benefit and a blessing to the natives.

I find I have left myself but little room to speak of the other source of wealth, the finding of diamonds on the borders of the Cape Colony. The Orange River has long been looked on as a probable place in which to search for jewels; but remote farmers are not generally competent judges of the value of the stones picked up, and some, which were valuable diamonds, were lost through carelessness, while one was smashed to fragments upon an anvil, because a diamond was supposed to be the *hardest* of all known substances, whereas, in reality, it is also nearly the most brittle, and it would be dangerous to let a valuable diamond fall upon the floor. At length one was sent down to my friend Dr. Atherstone, in Grahamstown, and he decided on forwarding it to the Cape, whence, after being valued, it was sent to the Paris Exhibition. Much anxiety was manifested by the finders of this and subsequent jewels, as to the right of the Crown to all minerals and precious stones; but the governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, very properly and liberally took upon himself to waive that right for the present, thus giving the finders the full advantage of their good fortune.

I believe six well-authenticated diamonds have been found, one of them by a Hottentot, near the missionary station of Pnail, about the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. He showed it to his missionary, who sent it to Dr. Atherstone. He pronounced it a diamond of great value, worth perhaps £500 or more, and received instructions to send it to the care of the colonial secretary in Cape Town, to be held or disposed of for the benefit of the finder. I have just seen two of the diamonds, which have been bought by Sir P. Wodehouse and are in the possession of Messrs. Garrard, jewellers to her Majesty, in the Haymarket. One weighs $21\frac{1}{2}$ carats, and the other $8\frac{1}{2}$ carats. The smaller one would be worth £200. The other, if placed on a half-sovereign, would not project over its rim, but is a trifle heavier, and a thousand times more valuable, than that coin. The fact of six or seven such diamonds having been found almost in one locality, in so limited a time, is remarkable, Brazil producing one of such value only in about twelve months. And Mr. Tennant directs the attention of searchers to small stones and dust which are worth £50 per ounce, pointing out that if diamond dust could be gathered in such abundance as to reduce its price to £5 per oz., many substances which cannot now be profitably worked would become useful.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

DECEMBER.

BY EDWIN DUNEIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

The midnight sky is perhaps more brilliant in December than in any other month of the year at the same hour. Some of the finest constellations which adorn the heavens south of the zenith are now in conspicuous positions. Among these, Aries and Taurus, west of the meridian, Auriga, Orion, and Canis Major, almost due south, or on the meridian, and Canis Minor, Gemini, and Leo, in the east, may be specially mentioned. Adding to the above the circumpolar constellations north of the zenith, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Draco, Cassiopeia, and others, we have at one view the majority of the principal stars visible in the northern hemisphere. Any one stationed so as to command the whole of the sky above the horizon, can at this time perceive the following first-class stars:—Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, Rigel, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta Orionis (the three stars in the belt of Orion), Capella, Sirius, Procyon, Castor,

Pollux, Regulus, Denebola, Alpherat, Vega, Deneb, and the stars composing the well-known groups of Ursa Major, Perseus, and Cassiopeia.

Beginning as usual with the south-western quarter of the sky, or the right-hand side of the lower diagram, the observer is requested to look overhead, when he will notice a very bright star, Capella, about eight degrees from the zenith. Due west of Capella, the Perseus group can be distinguished in the Milky Way; its principal star, Alpha Persei, will be found inserted in the upper diagram, while Algol is in the lower, the imaginary line separating the two views passing between these stars. Alpha and Beta Arietis, the chief stars in Aries, are below Perseus towards the west; they can be identified in the diagram near the right-hand upper corner. Between Aries and the western horizon, the space is wholly occupied by Pisces. Taking Capella as a zero-point, and looking towards the south-west, we pass over the thickly-studded constellation Taurus, the position of which is easily recognised by the Pleiades group, and by Aldebaran, with its companion stars the Hyades. Below Taurus and Aries, in this direction, Eridanus and Cetus extend to the horizon. The stars immediately below Aries belong to Cetus, and those near the south-west horizon to Eridanus.

From the zenith to the horizon, along the plane of the meridian, we pass over Auriga, which now occupies the sky directly overhead. Its principal stars, Capella and Beta Aurigæ, are near the zenith, the latter being on the meridian. Below Auriga, the two signs of the zodiac Taurus and Gemini join each other, and beneath these the brilliant assemblage of stars composing the Orion group is at its greatest elevation. Directly below Orion, the small constellation Lepus can be identified by some moderately bright stars; and south of Lepus, very near to the horizon, a few stars in Columba can be seen on clear nights when the south horizon is free from haze. The bright star about half-way between the zenith and the upper stars in the quadrilateral of Orion is Beta Tauri, or Nath, the second star in Taurus. We have given on another page a separate diagram of Orion on a larger scale than that adopted in the sky views, and have also inserted the names of all the principal stars in that favourite constellation. For this reason it will be sufficient, therefore, to state here that the north-western star of the quadrilateral is Bellatrix, or Gamma Orionis; that in the north-east is Betelgeuse, or Alpha Orionis; that in the south-west corner is Rigel, or Beta Orionis; and that in the south-east is Kappa Orionis. The most westerly of the three stars in the belt is Mintaka, or Delta Orionis; the central one is Alnilam, or Epsilon Orionis; and the most easterly star is Zeta Orionis, or Alnitak.

Some very prominent stars are contained in the south-eastern quarter of the sky, but still a considerable portion of this division of the heavens is comparatively bare, especially east of Orion and Canis Major. Sirius, the most conspicuous of all the fixed stars, and several other objects in Canis Major, are now visible in the S.E.; some of them are, however, near the horizon. At some distance east of Betelgeuse, after passing across the Milky Way, Procyon can be detected as much from its intrinsic lustre, as by its forming, with Betelgeuse and Sirius, the most splendid stellar equilateral triangle in the heavens. North of Procyon, the twin stars Castor and Pollux can be recognised at a glance. The tolerably bright objects between Pollux and Orion all belong to Gemini. Looking due east all the stars in Leo are distinctly visible; many of them are, however, very near the eastern horizon. In the left-

hand upper corner of the lower diagram, Regulus, Gamma Leonis, and the remaining stars in the Sickle are inserted, but the other stars in Leo are outside the limit of the diagram. Although the absence of large stars in the south-east makes that part of the heavens look, by mere contrast, almost bare, yet one scarcely notices the defect on the clearest winter's night, on account of the unusual brilliancy of the meridian sky. Excepting Alpha Hydræ, or Alphard, there is scarcely an object between Canis Minor and the horizon above the fourth magnitude. Alpha Hydræ can be detected in this thinly-studded region of the heavens, by this total absence of any star of equal magnitude. The constellations Monoceros, between Orion and Canis Minor, Sextans, below Leo, and Cancer, between Gemini and Leo, contain no star of sufficient prominence for a special indication of its position. The planets Mars and Jupiter are both visible in December, at midnight, but they are in exactly opposite quarters of the sky. Jupiter is a few degrees above the horizon in the west, and within a short time of setting. He has, however, been the most conspicuous object in the south-western sky during the evening hours. Mars is in Leo, a little south of east, a few degrees below Regulus.

North of the zenith, the midnight sky contains portions of several well-known constellations, which at the same hour in other seasons of the year are included in the south sky. Many of them are, however, near the horizon. Beginning at the west, and passing round the horizon from west to north and east, some of the principal stars in Pegasus, Cygnus, and Lyra, can be seen very low down on the western side of the meridian, and those in Hercules, Boötes, Coma Berenices, and Virgo, on the eastern side. The horizon due west and east is occupied by Pisces and Virgo respectively. Nearly the whole of Andromeda has passed from the lower to the upper diagram since last month. Polaris is very easily identified, as it is the most important star between the zenith and the pole. This district of the heavens is entirely occupied by Camelopardus. The meridian between Ursa Minor and the north horizon passes through the widest portion of Draco, whose two brightest stars, Beta and Gamma, are at about twelve degrees altitude, Beta having just passed the lower meridian, to which Gamma is approaching. These two stars indicate the position of the head of the Dragon.

In the north-western sky, the chief stars in Cassiopeia, Cepheus, and Andromeda, can all be readily traced. Cassiopeia is very favourably situated in the north-west, midway between the zenith and horizon. The apparently lowest object of this group is Beta Cassiopeiæ, the leading star of the constellation. In the W.N.W., or in the upper part of the diagram on the left hand, the stars all belong to Perseus or Andromeda. It has been already mentioned that one half of Perseus is contained in the upper, and the other half in the lower diagram, thus separating the two principal stars in this asterism. Below Perseus, towards the west, the first tolerably-bright star is Gamma Andromedæ, the next Mirach, or Beta Andromedæ, and that near the limit of the diagram Alpherat. All these stars can be recognised in the heavens, in the order we have given, by looking a little south of west. Cepheus is north of Cassiopeia, and north-west of Polaris, and in the same direction, near the horizon, Deneb, or Alpha Cygni, is the brightest star now visible in this quarter of the sky. Vega is above the horizon, but only by two-thirds of a degree. The haze is, however, always dense enough to obscure it. This star has been observed occasionally in former years, when in this position, by the Greenwich meridian

instruments; but since the growth of London in the north-eastern suburbs, the increased impurity of the atmosphere has prevented any observations being made.

Ursa Major is the principal constellation in the north-eastern quarter of the sky. Its position can be perceived by its seven chief stars. It extends to within twenty degrees of the zenith. Dubhe and Merak, the Pointers, are now the uppermost of the stars in Charles's Wain. This group is approaching that part of the sky in which they were situated in our first diagram in January. By an inspection of the twelve diagrams of the north sky, the effect of the seasonal changes, independently of the daily variations owing to the diurnal rotation of the earth, can be easily followed by noticing the monthly positions of this well-known group. Every day in the year these stars, in common with all the others, have apparently revolved in a circle, of which the celestial pole is the centre. They have also, as we explained in March, revolved around the pole once during the year, as a consequence of the revolution of our globe in its orbit around the sun in the same time. They have, in fact, revolved 366 times in 365 days. All the circumpolar constellations would serve as examples of the seasonal variations of the positions of the stars, for any given hour, as well as Ursa Major, but the well-defined form of this group makes it more easily recognised than any other. If we except Ursa Major, there are not many bright stars in December in the north-eastern midnight sky. Kocab, and Gamma Ursæ Minoris, to the left of Charles's Wain, and Cor Caroli to the right, are the principal objects after the seven in Ursa Major. A close pair of stars near the upper part of the diagram are Iota and Kappa Ursæ Majoris, situated in the Bear's fore-foot, and a similar pair a little lower, but more to the right, are Lambda and Mu Ursæ Majoris, in the right hindfoot. These two pairs of stars are very clearly seen in the heavens.

Auriga, the Charioteer, one of the ancient asterisms, is generally represented on celestial maps holding a goat and two kids in his left hand. By the Arabs he was termed the Guardian of the Pleiades. According to the ancient mythology he was placed, after his death, among the stars, on account of his invention of chariots, and for his skill in the management of horses. The goat and the kids were supposed to have been given a place in the heavens in honour of Amalthœa, a daughter of Melissus, King of Crete, who, with her sister Melissa, fed Jupiter with goats' milk during his infancy. It has also been suggested that Auriga was a scientific representation of the fable handed down to us of Phaëton. Two small stars in the kids, Zeta and Eta Aurigæ, named the Hædi, were regarded in days of yore as having an unfavourable influence on the weather. Callimachus says in an epigram of the Anthologia,—

"Tempt not the winds, forewarned of dangers nigh,
When the kids glitter in the western sky."

Capella, the principal star in this constellation, is situated on the body of the goat, or rather on the left or western shoulder of the Charioteer. At midnight in December it is only a few degrees from the zenith, where it shines with great brilliancy. In summer, at midnight, it is a conspicuous object near the north meridian, at an altitude of about seven or eight degrees, and is consequently always above the horizon of London. Capella is slightly east of the Milky Way, and occupies the summit of a triangle, the base of which is formed by uniting Alpha Cassiopeiæ and Polaris. The nearest three small stars inserted in the diagram south-west of Capella mark the position of the kids. Beta Aurigæ,

the second star in this constellation, is on Auriga's right shoulder, and is now on the meridian about six degrees from the zenith. Auriga is bounded on the north by Camelopardus, on the east by Lynx and Gemini, on the south by Taurus, and on the west by Perseus. In the catalogues of the ancients, the positions of about fourteen stars were registered. Hevelius, in the seventeenth century, included forty in his "Uranographia," Flammsteed sixty-six in his "Historia Celestis," while Bode,



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, DECEMBER 15.

by collecting together a smaller class of stars, has inserted two hundred and thirty-nine in his atlas. The stars in this constellation are very easily found by alignment, especially as Capella is such a brilliant isolated object. A long line drawn southward perpendicularly to the Ursa Major Pointers will lead to Auriga. But if we look in an upward direction from Orion, we may profitably take the rhymers' advice, Nath being Beta Tauri on the tip of one of the horns of Taurus.

"From Rigel rise, and lead a line through Bellatrix's light,
Pass Nath, upon the Bull's north horn, and gain Capella's height—
Where a large triangle is form'd, isosceles it seems,
When Beta is with Delta join'd to lustrous Alpha's beams."

Camelopardus is a modern constellation introduced into the heavens by Hevelius. It contains no star above the fourth magnitude, although it occupies nearly



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, DECEMBER 15.

all the space between Auriga and Ursa Minor. Camelopardus has Ursa Major and Lynx on the east, Perseus and Auriga on the south, Perseus and Cassiopeia on the west, and Cepheus, Draco, and Ursa Minor

on the north. Lynx is also one of the introductions of Hevelius from the outlying districts not constellated by the ancients. Like Camelopardus, Lynx contains no star greater than the fourth magnitude. It is inclosed by Ursa Major, Camelopardus, Leo Minor, Cancer, Gemini, and Auriga. Leo Minor is another constellation in this neighbourhood with no conspicuous star. It is situated between Leo and Ursa Major.

Lepus, the Hare, is a small constellation due south of Orion, and one of those known to the ancients. Four small stars just below Rigel point out the position of the two ears of the animal. South of these four stars, three others of the third magnitude belong to Lepus. Columba Noachi, or Noah's Dove, is very near the horizon below Lepus. Its principal star is of the second magnitude. Columba is a modern introduction among the constellations.

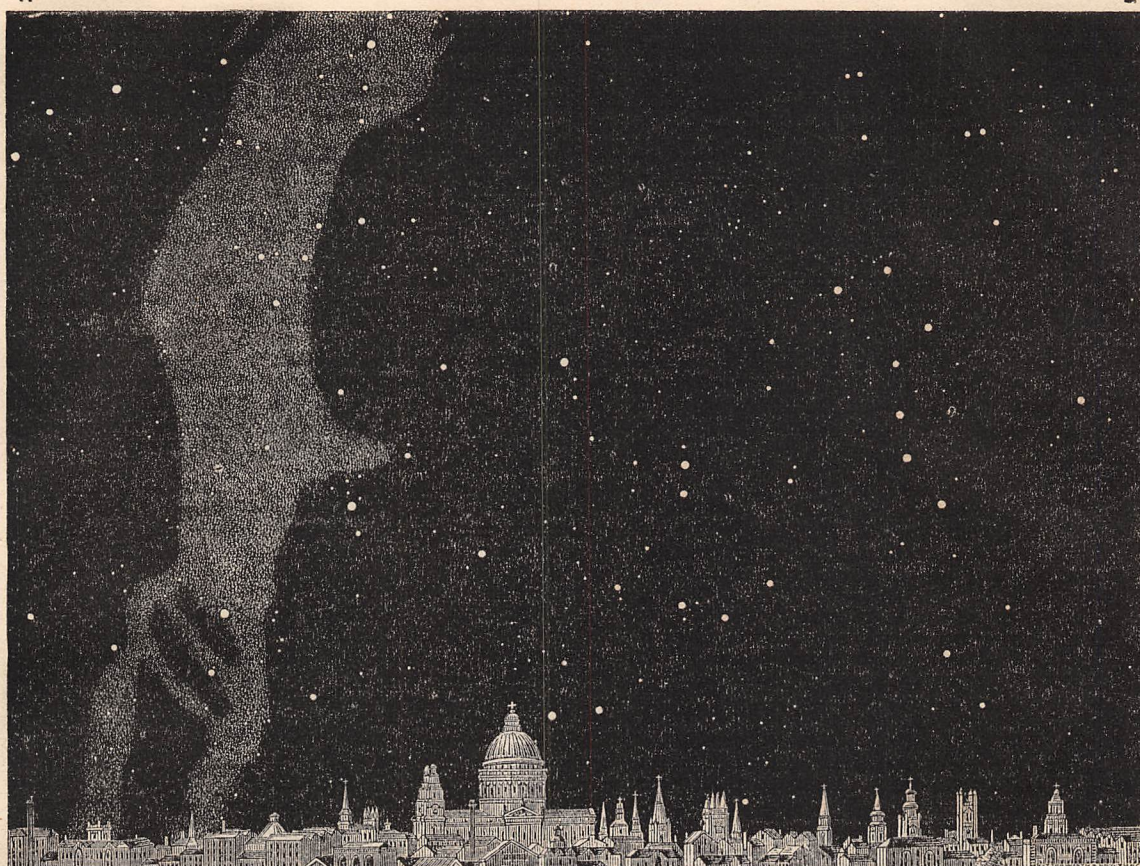
Although Fluvius Eridanus is an immense asterism, extending from Orion in the east to Cetus in the west, and to a point considerably below the horizon of London, it contains very few prominent stars visible in these latitudes. Achernar, the principal object in Eridanus, is, however, a very brilliant member of the southern skies. Beta Eridani is situated very near Rigel in the direction of the Hyades. Monoceros, east of Orion, contains no object worthy of special notice, excepting that the Milky Way passes through it. The four constellations, Lepus, Columba, Eridanus, and Monoceros, all of which are not very distant from the brilliant Orion, need no further description.

The course of the Via Lactea, or Milky Way, is generally laid down with great precision in all celestial maps, but the reader will be able to gather some idea of its position, with respect to the stars, by the series of diagrams which illustrate these papers. This very remarkable nebulousity extends over a vast portion of the celestial sphere, diverging, at a certain point, into two branches, which afterwards reunite. To the eye it has the general appearance of a diffused milky light, but of variable intensity. When viewed, however, with a very powerful telescope, it is seen to consist of innumerable stars, so crowded together at such immense distances from us that their combined light only produces to the naked eye that nebulous appearance by which it is distinguished. The Milky Way is inclined to the celestial equator about sixty-three degrees, which it intersects in the constellations Monoceros and Aquila. Its breadth is very irregular, in some parts being only three or four degrees wide, while in others it spreads over from twelve to sixteen degrees. Confining ourselves to that part of the Via Lactea situated above the horizon of London, we find it in the constellation Scorpio, from which it traverses in succession, Aquila, Vulpecula, Cygnus, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Auriga, between the feet of Gemini and the horns of Taurus, and then over the club of Orion to Monoceros and Canis Major. From the earliest ages it has maintained the same relative position with respect to the stars.

The multitude of minute stars seen in the Milky Way through such instruments as Sir William Herschel's forty-foot reflecting telescope, or with the still greater reflector of the Earl of Rosse, is one of the most marvellous exhibitions of stellar glory with which we are acquainted. On such occasions the stars are scattered over the field of view like glittering dust on the dark ground of the sky. From this we can clearly understand that the poet Milton was not writing pure imaginative thoughts when he explained this celestial girdle as—

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH, DECEMBER 15.

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THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH, DECEMBER 15.

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars."

The variability of the light of the Milky Way can be perceived in a moment on any clear moonless night, when favourably situated. The most brilliant part of the northern half is that which passes through Aquila and Cygnus; but this is exceeded in the southern hemisphere, where the magnificence of the Via Lactea is considerably heightened by the proximity of a large number of very conspicuous stars, including those in Scorpio, Centaurus, Crux, or the Southern Cross, and others. Humboldt noticed that if in some large portions of the Milky Way the light is uniformly distributed, there comes immediately afterwards other regions where the most brilliant parts alternate with others comparatively free from stars, giving the appearance of an irregular luminous celestial network. In certain portions of this remarkable nebulosity, perfectly obscure places are found in which it is impossible to discover a single object, even down to the eighteenth or twentieth magnitude. For example, Sir John Herschel has remarked, that in the midst of a brilliant part of the Milky Way, near the Southern Cross, "surrounded by it on all sides, and occupying about half its breadth, occurs a singular dark, pear-shaped vacancy, so conspicuous and remarkable as to attract the notice of the most superficial gazer, and to have acquired among the early southern navigators the uncouth but expressive appellation of the *coal-sack*. In this vacancy, which is about eight degrees in length and five degrees broad, only one very small star visible to the naked eye occurs, though it is far from devoid of telescopic stars, so that its striking blackness is simply due to the effect of contrast with the brilliant ground with which it is on all sides surrounded."

In a former paper we have alluded to the greatest number of stars visible to the unassisted eye at any one time being no greater than two thousand, including every star down to the sixth magnitude above the horizon; but if we were to count the same number of stars in the Milky Way we should discover that they would be contained in a very small square space of this luminous stratum. For instance, Sir William Herschel found that in a part of the galaxy where the stars were most thinly scattered, eighty objects were, on an average, included at once in the field of view of his great telescope. Without moving his instrument, and simply allowing the stars to pass across the field by the diurnal rotation of the earth, he found that in the course of an hour 4,800 minute stars had passed before his eye. But when the telescope was presented to a rich portion of the Milky Way, he found no less than 588 stars, and during fifteen consecutive minutes no apparent diminution in their numbers could be perceived, one constant stream of objects entering and leaving the field of the telescope in the interval. Sir William Herschel estimated that at least 116,000 stars must have passed in review before him in that short space of time. Such immense numbers are therefore contained in a narrow zone of this wonderful assemblage of stars. Most of those interesting objects termed stellar clusters are situated in or near the Via Lactea, for Herschel found that 225 are within its boundaries, while only thirty-eight had been observed in other parts of the heavens. As the Milky Way only occupies about one-twelfth part of the celestial vault, and one-ninth of that visible in this country, it has been computed that stellar clusters are fifty-four times more abundant in the Via Lactea than in other portions of the sky.

Sir William Herschel found that this stellar stratum was almost fathomless, even with his great forty-foot reflecting telescope. More recent powerful instruments have, however, revealed multitudes of stars which appeared to him only as nebulous objects, and it is very probable that future improvements in the construction of astronomical telescopes will enable the observer to penetrate still farther into these realms of space. Estimating the thickness of the Milky Way by its apparent breadth, Sir William Herschel deduced that it is about eighty times the distance of stars of the first magnitude. This stellar mass must therefore pass beyond the limit of ordinary telescopic vision. From this we may infer that not only our sun, but every star visible to the unassisted eye, forms an integral part of the Via Lactea. The eminent Russian astronomer, the late P. G. W. Struve, has remarked that "if we consider all the fixed stars which surround the sun as forming one great system, that of the Milky Way, we are in perfect ignorance of its extent, and we have not the least idea of the exterior form of this immense system of worlds."

The magnificent appearance of the south meridian midnight sky of December is principally due to the prolific region occupied by the constellations Taurus and Orion. Aldebaran, the chief star in Taurus, is exactly midway between Bellatrix and the Pleiades. The vicinity of Aldebaran is unusually rich, and includes the group of the Hyades. This brilliant assemblage of stars has been thus eulogised by the astronomical rhymester:—

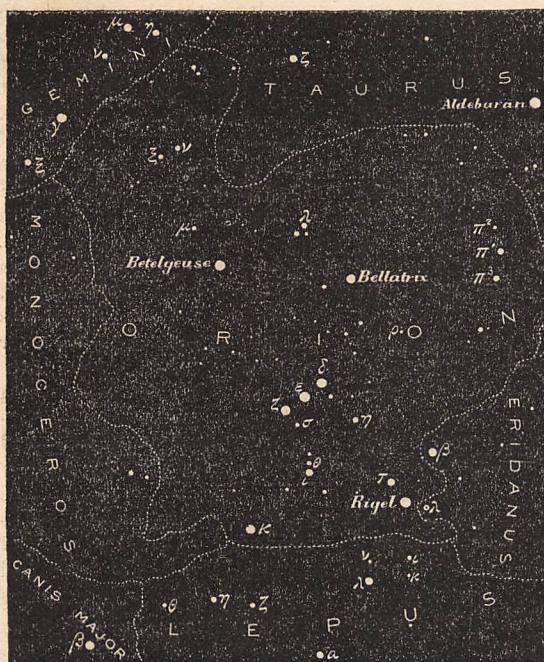
"In lustrous dignity aloft, see Alpha Tauri shine,
The splendid zone he decorates, attests the power divine:
For mark around what glitt'ring orbs attract the wandering eye,
You'll soon confess no other star has such attendants nigh."

Brilliant as the constellation Taurus is with respect to the number of visible stars, it cannot in any way equal Orion for the magnitude of its components. In the latter, the universally known three stars in the belt shine conspicuously by reason of their close relationship, as well as by their equal lustre. If to these we add the four forming the quadrilateral of Orion, we have the most attractive stellar group to be found in the sky. Betelgeuse and Rigel are two of our brightest stars. Bellatrix and the three glittering gems in the belt are of the second magnitude. Although Orion is not a very extensive constellation, yet it contains seventy-eight stars from the first to the sixth magnitudes. In the following diagram, we have given a representation of Orion, including the names of all its principal members, in order that the reader may be able to make himself acquainted with the individual stars of this favourite group as they appear in the sky. It will be perceived, by an inspection of the diagram, that the great brilliancy of the group consists in the quadrilateral and its inclosures, which unitedly form so great a contrast to the surrounding space, in which the paucity of stars is very marked, especially to the east, or left-hand side of the diagram occupied by Monoceros. The positions of the principal stars in the symbolical figure of Orion are as follows:—Betelgeuse on the right shoulder, Bellatrix on the left shoulder, Rigel on the left ankle, Kappa on the right knee, and the three stars Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta on the girdle or belt around the waist of the giant-warrior. The reader is referred for further details of the two constellations Taurus and Orion to the descriptions given in January.

The north and south sky-views for December 15th will also be available at 4 A.M. on October 15th, at 2 A.M. on November 15th, at 10 P.M. on January 15th, and at 8 P.M. on February 15th.

In December, 1868, three of the most brilliant of the planets are visible during the month, either in the morning or evening. Mercury is not in a very favourable position. He rises about an hour and a half before the sun in the first week, after which the interval

6th at 9.34 P.M.; new moon on the 14th at 1.33 A.M.; first quarter on the 22nd at 4.28 A.M.; full moon on the 29th at 1.48 P.M. She is nearest to the earth, or in perigee, on the 4th and 31st, and farthest from the earth, or in apogee, at midnight on the 19th.



MAP OF THE CONSTELLATION ORION.

gradually decreases till the last week in the month, when the planet and sun rise and set nearly together.—Venus is still a morning star, and a conspicuous object in the south-east. She rises on the 1st at 4.9 A.M., and on the 31st at 5.36 A.M. Venus is now passing on towards her superior conjunction with the sun, which takes place on the 9th of May, 1869.—Mars is daily increasing in magnitude and lustre, and is visible throughout the night. He rises on the 1st at 10.4 P.M., on the 15th at 9.30 P.M., and on the 31st at 8.36 P.M. Mars is situated in the constellation Leo near Regulus.—Jupiter is the evening star of the month. He is on the meridian or due south at 7.34 P.M. on the 1st, and at 5.43 P.M. on the 31st. He sets about due west soon after midnight.—Saturn rises and sets nearly with the sun; he is consequently very unfavourably situated for observation, either with the naked eye or through a telescope.—Uranus and Neptune are both in good positions for telescopic observation, the former in Gemini, and the latter in Pisces. Uranus may be seen through a small telescope, but Neptune is of too small a magnitude to be found without the aid of a superior instrument fitted with the necessary graduated circles for the purpose of setting to its exact position in the heavens.

At the beginning of the month the moon is in Gemini. On the 5th she is in Leo, near Regulus and the planet Mars, which on this day is in conjunction with the moon. She is not far from Venus on the morning of the 11th, from Mercury and Saturn on the 13th, from Jupiter on the evening of the 22nd, and from Aldebaran on the 27th. On the evenings of the 16th and 17th, the moon will appear as a fine crescent in the south-west near the horizon. Her principal phases or times of change are as follows:—Last quarter on the

ON THE ROAD.

BEFORE the days of iron rails and flanged wheels to fit them, before the days of "harnessed fire" and steam whistles, and express trains, I knew a little about travelling. Those who then desired to travel and had no conveyance of their own, were thankful enough to travel "by coach." Travellers were then comparatively few; their journeys were also comparatively few, and far between, and the rate of progress would now be reckoned *decidedly slow*. It was considered a great achievement when a four-horsed coach made the journey between Wolverhampton, Birmingham, and London in twelve hours. The proprietors who first undertook to accomplish this, continually advertised their coach in great black letters as "THE WONDER!" never omitting the note of admiration following the name. "The Wonder" was looked upon as the handsomest "turn-out" on the road. The coach was a pattern of build, spotlessly clean and bright, at least when starting. The guard and the bugle, the coachman, "the ribbons," and "the cattle" were the first of their kind. To see the coach start from the Swan Inn was deemed by "connoisseurs" quite a treat. "The Wonder" was set a-going when I was a schoolboy, and in our school it was held in no small admiration. The boys who admired fine horses and a "fine whip" were wont to steal out, as occasion served, to enjoy the treat of seeing "Dick Evans," as they impertinently called him, drive out of the Swan yard and up the hill. "The Wonder" always started from the yard, passing through a gateway or opening beneath a portion of the inn. The gateway was narrow and its roadway still narrower, being bounded at the junction with the street by two large dumpy blocks of stone, which left but a minimum of spare space beyond the breadth of the wheel track. The street itself was not wide, and ran at right angles with the roadway from the yard, so that a very sharp turn was of necessity demanded to bring the four horses and the coach out of the yard. The performance of this feat with four fresh, spirited animals, and without the slightest help from any man at the horses' heads, never failed to secure applause from certain sporting gentlemen, and certain big and little boys, to say nothing of accidental passengers in the street, and strangers staying at the inn.

I have said "The Wonder" was looked upon as "the handsomest turn-out" on the road. You might have thought so had you seen the start. A pleasant sight it was on a fine clear morning. The bright yellow coach, with its lettering of gold and black, and its wheels picked out with black, always looked as if it had just come from the builder's. The beautiful well-matched horses, with sleek smooth skins, and brilliant jet harness with silver-plated mountings, might have been the envy of a nobleman.

Though the fare was not lower—I think rather higher—than by other coaches, "The Wonder" commanded the preference. It seemed as if the proprietors conferred a favour by booking places, whilst passengers accepted as a privilege the opportunity of getting them. Consequently "The Wonder" was always full, and most exact as to time. The luggage was promptly stowed,

and every passenger was settled in his place before the striking of the clock, the only vacant places being those of the coachman and guard. The guard swung himself to his place behind, and took his bugle from its basket, which hung beside his seat. "Dick," the chief proprietor, a master of his craft, who drove the coach the first stage, came out from the office with all the addition to the appearance of his fine person that tailoring and dress could give. What a smooth silky hat! You might have thought that, like the coach, it must be a new one every morning. What a rich shawl necktie! What a magnificent breast-pin! What a choice flower in the button-hole! What a contrast to certain dingy drivers of to-day! The reins and silver-mounted whip were taken in hand, and "Dick," as if he scarcely touched the steps, sprang to the box-seat, and on the first stroke of the hour the start was made. The skill of the driver was displayed in passing the aforesaid dumpy blocks of stone, deftly turning the angle of the gateway, and bringing his horses into line with the main road, whilst a burst of music broke from the bugle of the guard.

Punctuality was the soul of progress. "The Wonder" did not, whilst in motion, actually get on much faster than other coaches, but the guard strictly kept time, and not a moment was lost by delay. Others were long enough in changing horses to allow passengers to get down and up again; but with "The Wonder" none dismounted. At each stage the horses were kept to their pace till sharply pulled up at the station for the relay. Before the wheels were stayed, the driver unbuckled his bunch of reins, and was prepared on the instant of stopping to throw down two ends on each side. Four men were waiting, each of whom dexterously released a horse, and smartly substituted a fresh one in its place. Every moment thus gained was given to the general progress, and "The Wonder," without much extra wear and tear, accomplished its journey in less time than any of its predecessors, publishing to all thoughtful observers a striking moral on the value of moments. Rival and afterwards companion coaches were put upon the road, and it soon became a matter of course to do the journey in the same time with equal convenience.

In one of these opposition coaches I once had a narrow escape. As we were going down a hill, at the foot of which stood the posting-house, the horses turned restive: the driver lost control of them, and they started off. Thus I got the benefit of the fastest ride I ever had on a turnpike road. On our right side was a path, raised about six or nine inches from the road. I sat behind the coachman at the end of the seat next the foot-path. When we had gone some distance the wheels on that side were drawn up on the pathway for a few yards, and then suddenly came down with a jerk to the level of their fellows, though this level was not long retained. The coach received a swinging motion, so that as the horses furiously tore along it ran alternately on the two wheels to right or left, threatening to fall over, now on this side, and now on that. Towards the foot of the hill, where the ground approached the level, we saw that the road had been raised as an embankment above the adjoining meadows. We observed also that on the right-hand the footpath was without rail of any sort. There was what might be called a sunk fence. At this point the wheels again came upon the pathway; and as it seemed to me looking steadily down, the seat on which I sat was so carried over the edge of the sunk fence that I looked down perpendicularly on the sod in the field. How well I remember instinctively preparing to swing my legs outwards so that I might

come feet first to the ground, though this would probably have been of little use, since other passengers beyond me on the same seat would have most likely crushed me in the fall. Just then, in the critical moment, the top of the coach took its swing towards the left, the horses returned to the middle of the road: and at the next swing to the right, the wheels under me came to the ground with a bounce, and we were saved from falling into the field. Unchecked in speed, the horses still flew onwards, though we were in sight of the posting-house, where four fresh horses standing opposite were waiting for the change. As we passed, the wheel on my side struck the hinder part of one of these waiting horses, who stood diagonally to the course of the road. I saw the poor beast suddenly go down before the stroke, rolling over almost on its back. The collision gave us no small jolt, and yet we were not overset. We had scarcely time to note how the grooms and ostlers stared. They took care to stand clear, and to give us "a wide berth." From the posting-house the ground began to rise, and directly before us lay a long steep hill. From the time of the "bolting" till now, not a word had been spoken, except perhaps by the coachman in his first attempt to check the runaways. As we came to the rise of the hill "coachee" began to swear at the horses, called them by the worst of names, slashed their hides fast and furiously; fiercely wished his "whip wor" strong enough to cut them up to ribbins."

"I'll teach you to run away. *I will!* You've come *nicely* down hill, *you have*, to please yourselves; and *now*" (as the whipcord whistled in the air) "you shall go fast enough up, to please me!"

Never surely were horses so flogged, *secundum artem*, before—hardly one passenger, I am afraid, for the time, giving them a grain of pity.

At what a rate were we whirled up that steep! till at last the stride of the beasts shortened; the pace slackened with a sort of collapse; and no flogging could induce them to "get on." At last we came to a dead stand. The jaded brutes, with a drunken reel, blowing, sweating, steaming, seemed ready to fall against each other.

They were then turned about, driven down the slope again, and this time *easily* brought up at the inn, only too glad to pause at last. Every passenger dismounted the moment the wheels ceased to roll. All breathed freely. What each might feel I cannot say; but I do not remember any distinctive acknowledgment of Providence, or utterance of gratitude. "It was a near chance." "We've had a lucky escape." "What a good job we had no women here."

We found one of the four fresh horses completely disabled. Poor creature!

"You can't go on with *him—that's sure*," said one of them, pointing to the maimed animal.

"He'll ne'er go n'more," said another.

"There's nought for it but to shoot him," ejaculated the landlord.

"He'll be a dead loss to *somebody*," said a calculating passenger.

"It's a wonder ye weren't all spilt," said a bystander.

While coachman, guard, and landlord discussed what was to be done, and whether a substitute could be found for the wounded horse, I thought there would be time to go and look at the embankment and the meadow, where we had so nearly been capsized. On examining the spot, the course of the wheels could be easily traced by a deep rut in the gravel, which abruptly ceased at the edge of the embankment, and was again continued

a yard or two further on, showing that the wheels on that side must have passed over some distance in the air, at the height of at least three feet from the sward below. As I stood and imagined the course of those wheels above the open field, and remembered the opportune swing of the coach in the safe direction at the critical moment, I saw most distinctly the peril of which I had a pretty strong impression in passing it. I shuddered at the remembrance of the possible catastrophe, which when imminent had hardly moved me, and I felt that our deliverance had been marvellous.

I am afraid I had, at the time, no very distinct or devout recognition of Divine Providence, but in after life I have often recalled it with surprise, and felt thankful for this merciful preservation. But for this, I might have been maimed for life, or cut off with short warning.

But it was not my purpose to run off into old recollections, on seeing the picture of the mail at Christmas-time. This is a scene which I once saw on the road. The mail was changing horses at the Red Lion. Like our own coach, the mail was hung round with game of all sorts, sent from country sportsmen to their cockney friends. The hares, with their downy fur, and the birds, with their bright feathers, made a show which it was then thought a sight to see on a Christmas coach. The body of the mail, a fine deep red, strengthened by dark shadows cast from its abundant top fringe of game, contrasted with the neutral luggage; the sombre dress of the passengers, the grey horses just released from the trace-hooks, and the dull surroundings, formed a central mass of well-ordered form and rich warm colour, the more striking to an artist's eye from the winter accessories—a leaden sky, trees feathery with frozen rime, snow-covered roofs, and a snow-clad landscape with dazzling breadths of light borne out by shadows characteristically cold.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

WE are unwilling to allow the year to close without reminding our readers of the services and the claims of the Royal National Life-boat Association. We happened this summer to be at Lowestoft on the day of the annual inspection of the life-boats of that port and of the adjacent parish of Pakefield. Besides the trial of the two life-boats, an exhibition of Capt. Manby's rocket apparatus for communicating with ships in distress, and other interesting experiments, formed part of the proceedings. Having made special inquiries as to the services rendered by the Lowestoft and Pakefield boats, it occurs to us that a brief notice of some of these may serve better than any general statistics to exemplify the humane and beneficent work of this noble institution.

On the 7th October, 1858, at eleven a.m., the barque *Zemira*, of Leghorn, with twelve Italians and an English pilot on board, ran aground on the Newcombe Sands, near Lowestoft, the wind blowing a hard gale from the S.W. at the time. The Pakefield boatmen, as soon as possible, launched the life-boat; but the greater part of their number being absent in Lowestoft Harbour, they could not be on the spot immediately; she was, however, afloat in about forty minutes, but the vessel had then broken up and disappeared. The life-boat's crew, nevertheless, determined to search the spot where she had been, with the chance of picking up any of her crew who might have been able to hold on by pieces of the wreck. On crossing the shoal, in a very heavy sea, the whole boat and crew were once completely immersed;

but, nothing daunted, they prosecuted their search, and happily succeeded in picking up eight of the crew floating about on pieces of the wreck at various distances from the spot, the last man picked up being two miles distant from where the main part of the vessel remained. The captain, three of the crew, and the English pilot, unfortunately perished. This service was considered to be altogether of so gallant and praiseworthy a character that the Board of Trade awarded medals to the coxswain and crew; and a considerable collection (£60) was raised by visitors at Lowestoft in testimony of their admiration of it, and given to the crew, who also received the highest scale of payment allowed by the National Life-boat Institution, viz., £2 to each man—10s. each being the ordinary sum for day service in its life-boats.

On the 26th October, 1859, the schooner *Lord Douglas*, of Dundee, parted from her anchors in a heavy gale from the south, and foundered off the village of Corton, on the Suffolk coast. The Lowestoft life-boat proceeded under sail to the spot, and having anchored to windward of the wrecked vessel, the crew of which had lashed themselves to the rigging, succeeded in saving them, five in number, drawing them through the water by lines thrown to them, and landed them safely at Corton.

On the same afternoon the Lowestoft life-boat performed another valuable service. Scarcely had she returned from saving the crew of the *Lord Douglas*, than another schooner, the *Silva*, of Glasgow, drove ashore at Corton, although lying with three anchors ahead. The life-boat had split her foresail in the previous service, but another was borrowed, and she again started on her mission of mercy, which, happily, was crowned with similar success, and the crew of the wrecked schooner were taken off in the same manner. Having split her borrowed foresail, the life-boat was compelled to land on Yarmouth beach, where the shipwrecked men were hospitably received into the Sailors' Home. The life-boat had to be left at Yarmouth until the 28th October.

On the 1st November, 1859, the crew of this valuable and efficient life-boat had another opportunity to distinguish themselves. The screw-steamer *Shamrock*, of Dublin, ran ashore on the above-named day, on the Holm Sand, during a heavy gale from the S.W. The Lowestoft life-boat was launched as soon as possible after the situation of the unfortunate vessel was perceived, and proceeded under sail to the spot, when she anchored, and the crew of fourteen men were with much difficulty hauled into the life-boat by lines thrown to them. The sea was said to be breaking over the mast-heads of the steamer, and repeatedly filled the life-boat. The danger of the service was much increased by the circumstance that a great expanse of shoal water lay close to leeward of the boat, and if her cable had parted, it was considered that the destruction of the boat and her crew might have followed. For this service the life-boat's crew received double the usual payment, or £1 each; and in testimony of admiration for this and previous distinguished services in the life-boat, the following men had, in addition, the silver medal of the institution awarded to them:—Richard Hook, coxswain; Francis Smith, Richard Butcher, Alfred Mewse, Thomas Liffen, James Butcher, and William Rose.

On the night of the 2nd November, 1861, the schooner *Fly*, of Whitby, was in a leaky state, and in danger of foundering near Lowestoft, in a heavy gale from the north. On her making signals of distress, the life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution, at Lowestoft, was launched through a tremendous surf, and proceeded to

her assistance. Some of the life-boat's crew were placed on board, and succeeded in taking her safely into Lowestoft Harbour. The vessel and her crew of four men would probably have been lost but for this aid.

On the 10th November, 1861, the Lowestoft life-boat was again instrumental in saving lives. The barque Undaunted, of Aberdeen, struck on the Newcombe Sand, in a south-westerly gale, and hoisted a signal of distress. The Lowestoft and Pakefield life-boats both put off to her aid, and together took off her crew of eleven persons, landing them safely. The barque shortly after became a total wreck.

Again, on the 14th November in the same year, two small vessels, the pilot cutter Whim, and the lugger Saucy Lass, were seen to be at anchor on the weather side of the Holm Sand, in an extremely dangerous position, and with signals of distress flying. A steam-tug was seen to be near them, but unable to approach near enough to render them any assistance, as the wind was blowing a heavy gale at the time, and a high surf was breaking on the sand. The Lowestoft life-boat was quickly launched, proceeded under sail to the sand, and succeeded in rescuing the crews of both vessels; the steamer towing her to windward after her rescue of the crew of the cutter, to enable her again to drop down into the broken water to the aid of those on board the other vessel. Seven men were taken from the cutter by the life-boat, and eleven from the lugger.

On the 26th February, 1862, the services of this valuable life-boat were again called into requisition. Early in the morning the boat of the brigantine Matilda, of Stockholm, with four of her crew and a Lowestoft pilot on board, found their way into Lowestoft Harbour, and reported that their vessel, with six more men on board, was ashore on the Corton Sand, and fast breaking up. The harbour steam-tug had, fortunately, her steam up at the time, and the Lowestoft life-boat having been manned, she took her in tow and conveyed her to windward of the sand, where they found the unfortunate vessel a broken-up wreck. The life-boat quickly made sail to the spot, and dropping her anchor amidst the broken fragments of the wreck, succeeded in rescuing four of the unfortunate vessel's crew, the remaining two having been washed off the wreck and drowned before her arrival. Captain Rivers, harbour-master of Lowestoft, went out in charge of the tug, without the aid of which the life-boat would not have reached the wreck in time to have been of service.

On the 23rd May, 1867, during a strong breeze from the N.E. by E., the brig Amicizia, of Genoa, was observed to take the ground in the Stanford Channel. The Lowestoft and Pakefield life-boats both put off to the rescue of the crew. The first-named boat arrived alongside the wreck first, and took off ten men from the rigging, afterwards landing them in safety. The Pakefield life-boat succeeded in rescuing the remaining four men. The vessel soon afterwards became a total wreck.

These cases are selected from a detailed record now before us, of all the services rendered by the Lowestoft and Pakefield boats. No storm, however violent, no hour of the night or season of the year, ever deterred the gallant crews from promptly hastening to the help of ships in distress. On many occasions master mariners and officers of the Royal Navy have led the way as volunteers to man the boats. The name of Captain Joachim, R.N., deserves to be mentioned, a veteran sailor, and one of the most gallant officers that ever went afloat on such emergencies, as his silver medals and

clasps with which he has been decorated by the Association honourably attest.

Since 1855, when these two boats were brought into connection with the central institution in London, they have saved about 220 lives from various shipwrecks on the Suffolk coast. And these are but specimens of the services rendered in this good cause by the 190 life-boats of the National Association all round the coast of Great Britain.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

INCONVENIENCES OF "THE HIGHFLOWN."

"BAA, baa!" cried the little Lamb. "I've lost my mamma. Ah, who has seen my mamma? Baa, baa, baa!"

"Poor little heart!" cried an old Sheep that was busy nibbling the sweet short grass when the cry attracted her. "How long have you lost her, my dear?"

"Oh, a long, long time, and I can't find her anywhere. Baa, baa!" cried the little Lamb.

"Well, don't fret; I dare say she is not far off," said the kind old Sheep. "You look very tired; come and eat a bit of this nice grass, or lie down and rest, and I will go and look for her."

"Oh, thank you!" said the trembling Lamb, lying down at once.

"What is she like, my dear? Is she like *me*?" asked the old Sheep, as she turned to go on her search.

"Oh, dear, no!" cried the little Lamb, as if shocked at such an idea. "My mamma is so pretty; her fleece is as soft and as white as the clouds up there, and her eyes—oh, they are so beautiful!"

The old Sheep paused and looked thoughtful. "I don't remember ever to have seen one of our party like that, but I suppose I haven't taken notice enough. I shall be sure to know her at once *now* that you have described her," she said, and away she went.

She examined every sheep she met, but saw none a bit better looking than herself, so she passed all without asking if they had lost a little lamb.

"I am very sorry to tell you, my dear," she said when she returned, "I am afraid they must have taken away your poor mother, for nowhere can I see her, and I have been all over the field."

"Baa, baa!" cried the little Lamb, piteously. At that minute a sheep appeared on the top of the bank under which the Lamb was lying, and cried out loud, "Baa-aa-aa!"

Up started the Lamb and skipped up the bank, crying, "Mamma, mamma! Oh, cruel Sheep, how could you say she was taken away from the field?"

"Cruel!" cried the Sheep, much surprised. "Why, how in the world was I to know that *that* was your *mamma*, after the description you gave? Learn to keep to sober truth; if you had not been so highflown, I should have found her directly, and saved you pain and myself a world of trouble."

LET ANOTHER PRAISE THEE.

"WHAT a wonderful fellow Mr. Blazes is," said Dull, the pack-horse, to Conjurer, the old hunter.

"Blazes *wonderful*, is he?" said Conjurer.

"Oh, astonishing," replied Dull; "he was always considered the finest horse in the stud for symmetry and beauty; and then his swiftness in a race, his spirit and dexterity in leaping, his untiring strength; in short, his excellence in all ways was marvellous."

Conjurer did not reply, and Dull continued—

"And the prizes that his family have won, and the fame they have! Any bet may be made on the breed; they come off with flying colours from every field and course; unexampled success, and unfailing, attends them."

"Where did you get all this?" inquired Conjurer, who had his own opinion of the merits of Mr. Blazes and his breed.

"From the best possible authority," said Dull,—"himself."

"Ah, so I thought," said Conjurer. "Let me advise you,

my good fellow, when you hear an account like this from an enemy, to believe it all; when you get it from a friend, to go half way with it; but when it comes from 'the Wonder' himself, to take it for as much as it is worth, and that is—nothing at all!"

MEUM OR TUUM MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE was a debate in the yard. Commodore, the old house-dog, was delivering himself on the merits of Tip's case, and the magpie, the stable-cat, and Crib, the terrier, were listening to him.

"I cannot say, my friends," he began, "that the punishment of our companion Tip seems to me to be a just one; and the cries that we recently heard following the blows he received grated very harshly on my ears."

His hearers looked much impressed, especially the magpie, who surveyed him attentively.

Flattered by this deference, he continued, "Far be it from me to defend the crime of theft; it is a disgraceful act in itself; but *then*, when it has to be judged, all the circumstances of the case should be taken into consideration. You understand me, Mag" (he added a little severely), "a thief, without palliating circumstances, is a despicable creature."

"O yes, sir, I understand," said Mag, demurely.

"Very well, then, let us put Tip's case. Here, as it might be" (pointing to a piece of meat that he was going to dine on) "stood the butter-basket, full of the fresh-made luxury, which we all know is most delicious."

"Did cook ever give you any, sir? I couldn't have known that it was delicious if I hadn't made free with a pat or two," said Mag.

"That's an irrelevant question," said Commodore, rather confused. "I was saying that butter is delicious; and here stood the basket, *full* and *uncovered*, most inviting. Well, on the other hand, *there* stood Tip, exceedingly hungry, and having a particular love for nice things at all times; and where was the dairy maid, whose place it was to watch the basket? Alas for Tip, she was nowhere! Any one may supply the event. Tip fell beneath the clear opportunity and the strong temptation, and I confess, viewing the case dispassionately, I wish he had not stayed to take a second roll, and so got found out and thrashed!"

Quite satisfied with the effect he seemed to have produced, Commodore returned to take his dinner—but it was gone.

"It's down the drain by this time," said Mag. "I saw a rat at it, but you didn't like to be interrupted."

"The villain!" said Commodore, rushing to the drain. "Such a slice of liver I haven't had for this week or more. I'll make him pay for it; I'll have him!"

"Do but hear," said Mag. "I dare say he was much more hungry than Tip, and I'm sure you were quite as careless as the dairy maid. But nobody is to be trusted, however finely he may talk, where his own is concerned; dispassionate views and liberal principles won't stand against self-interest."

JUDGMENT VERSUS JUSTICE.

"PADDLE," said the Cat, "can you tell me the difference between a fault and an accident? for I get kicked and cuffed at one time, and let alone at another, for the very same thing, and I should like to know what makes the difference between them."

"The difference, dear Tabby, is *this*," said Paddle: "if I, by mistake, took your dinner, it would be an accident, but if you took mine, it would be a fault; and it is just on that principle that Betty visits your misdemeanours with wrath or forgiveness."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"WHAT a horrible noise he makes!" said the Reeds.

"Horrible," said the Rushes.

"Like a bull bellowing," said the Reeds.

"Like a horse neighing," said the Rushes.

"He makes the very earth shake!" they exclaimed together.

"Ah, song beloved," said the bitter's mate; "harsh and dissonant to many, but sweetest music to me. How it rejoices my heart to listen to it!"

"Only hear her," whispered the Reeds to the Rushes. "Well, it only shows what love can do."

Varieties.

THE BOURBONS.—All the living members of this family are descended from Louis XIII of France, who had two sons—Louis XIV and Philip Duke of Orleans (the latter is now represented by Louis Philippe, Count of Paris, who claims the crown of France). Louis XIV married the eldest sister and heiress of Charles II of Spain, and had an only son, who died before him, leaving three sons—the first was Louis Duke of Burgundy (who was the father of Louis XV, and is now represented by Count de Chambord, who claims the crown of France as Henry V); the second, Philip V of Spain (in right of his grandmother), married twice (his second wife being heiress of the Duchy of Parma), and left five sons—the three eldest (Louis, Ferdinand VI, and Charles III) were successively Kings of Spain, and the fourth was (in right of his mother) Duke of Parma, and is now represented by Robert of Parma. Charles III left five sons—viz., Charles IV of Spain, Ferdinand I of Naples, Gabriel, Anthony, and Francis. Ferdinand of Naples is now represented by Francis II. Charles IV of Spain married Louisa of Parma, his cousin, and left three sons—viz., Ferdinand VII (the father of Isabella II), Don Carlos (who claimed the throne as heir male of his brother Ferdinand), and Francisco. Don Carlos left three sons—1st, Carlos Count of Montemolin, who died three or four years ago without issue; 2nd, Don John (the father of the present claimant and two other sons); and, 3rd, Don Ferdinand. The third son of Charles IV, Don Francisco, left a large family, and his eldest son is the husband of Isabella II. It will be thus seen that the eldest, or French branch, is represented by the Count de Chambord; the second, or Spanish, by the Count de Montemolin; the third, or Neapolitan, by Francis II; the fourth, or Parmesan, by Robert Duke of Parma; and the fifth, or junior French, by the Count of Paris.

CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.—Another volume—the twenty-third—of this correspondence has been published. It deals principally with the period of the Peninsular war. One thing is shown throughout the volume. Notwithstanding his gigantic preparations the Emperor was as omnipresent and meddling as ever in the details of government. He thus refers to the letters of a lady which he had opened:—"Write to Marshal Suchet to complain that the correspondence of his wife with Madame Saligny refers to what happens in the army. Such things ought not to be found in a woman's letters. She should know nothing about the strength of the troops or the movements that are being made. Her letters should be about her health, and that is all." He had an eye for the reports of his spies, and wrote thus about Bourmont in 1812:—"You have made Adjutant-General Bourmont—that is, a man who has been a Chouan leader—Commandant of the Department of the Apennines. That is absurd. This officer should not be employed except under strict surveillance." The following, written when crossing the Niemen, in the midst of incessant cares and toils, has the touch of nature that makes all mankind kin; it provokes sympathy when we reflect on the destiny of the imperial child:—"Madame Montesqui, I have received your letter of the 6th of June. I can only express to you my thanks for the care you have taken of the king. I hope you will soon let me know if his last four teeth have been cut. I have given orders that the nurse shall have what she requires."

LORD LYNDBURST.—A friend of mine, conversing with the late Lord Lyndhurst, pressed upon him the fact that faith in Jesus Christ was inseparably connected with Jesus Christ himself, and produced holiness of heart. The aged nobleman listened with great interest, and said: "I thought that, at ninety years of age, I had known everything that man thought about religion; but I never heard at all that there was any faith that by its own nature and of necessity produced holiness, and I never knew that any man held that there was such a faith as that." His lordship, however, was intensely interested with this faith; and he received it as a little child, and entered into the joy of his Redeemer.—*Rev. A. Moody Stuart.*

HAY FROM AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.—The hay crop of the United States in 1867 was reported at 21,778,627 tons, and its average value at 15 dollars per ton. The crop this year is said to be much larger. Sailing vessels can bring hay to Liverpool from the Atlantic ports of the United States, and from the western cities by way of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, and land it there at 50s. a ton, with a good margin of profit to the shipper.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE RESCUED BIBLE.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XVII.

HANS now thought it advisable to prefer the claim of his wife and her two brothers to the Schüppelhof before the judicial court at Werffen. It was on the morning of the 24th of November, 1731, that, accompanied by the young brothers-in-law, he arrived at the miniature city of Werffen. Smoke, sparks flying upwards, and the glow of fire, first attracted their attention in the market-place. They drew near, and beheld with the greatest astonishment, in the midst of the square, an immense

quantity of books of all sorts piled up, which the deacon of Werffen, assisted by several of his servants, was, with holy zeal, endeavouring to kindle into flames. Already innumerable tongues of fire might be seen darting between the dry, parched leaves; its glowing breath had even consumed the thick leather bindings of the volumes. Mournfully but in silence the inhabitants surveyed at a distance the bloodless *auto da fé*, for which the deacon had been preserving all the Protestant books which he had taken from them for the last twenty years. What a mass of Bibles were devoured by the flames! What columns of fire ascended to heaven from the

multitude of Protestant works, from Luther's thick Domestic Expositor down to his small Catechism! The writings of Arndt, Spangenberg, Dillherr, and many other theologians, all found here a glowing grave. Hans gazed sadly at this detestable act. A Bible, borne by the force of the flames and wind, partly consumed, fell at his feet. In an instant it was concealed under his coat, though it burned his waistcoat. Rejoicing in his prize, he was about to retire with the two boys, when they found themselves unexpectedly stopped by some imperial soldiers. At first he attributed their detention to the Bible which he had concealed, but he soon discovered that all the bystanders were subject to the same fate. They were all driven together into a group, which consisted of men, women, and children, all equally lost in astonishment. A fearful light now dawned upon them, when they saw those who were proprietors selected from them and made to stand aside, and the non-proprietors driven along without delay. The latter, they found, were to be expelled from the country at once without ceremony. Among these were Hans, and Manlicken's sons, although Hans had endeavoured to establish their right to remain on account of their father's property, and by the production of Pommer's deed of gift. But the officer in command drove the lads back into the crowd of the rejected. Packfest, their faithful dog, received a sabre cut on his leg from this hero, as he was about to revenge the violence offered to his masters, who, taking their bleeding favourite in their arms, were now glad that they were to quit a country in which even irrational creatures were not spared by the brutal soldiers.

Some of the poor people now entreated permission to go to their homes and procure warmer clothing, some to take leave of their friends, and others to provide themselves with money for the expenses of their long journey. Their urgent prayers remained unheeded.

"Salute my poor wife," cried Hans, on parting with an acquaintance who had stopped behind, "and Manlicken's wife; tell them not to grieve on our account. It may be that God for us will—"

His words were lost in the loud lamentations of his fellow-sufferers, and in a short time they were out of sight of their brethren, who remained behind in a state of stupefaction. Every now and then the outcasts were joined by similar groups coming from different quarters; so that at last the entire body had augmented to eight hundred men, who were all thus expelled from Salzburg.

Long before the surly cornet, upon committing his charge to a stronger escort, had returned even to Werffen, he met a young woman coming along in tears with a little boy in her arms.

"Whither art thou going?" he rudely asked her.

"To my husband," she answered with difficulty.

"Thou wilt stay here," he austere commanded.

Barbara, now throwing herself upon her knees before him, said, "May God forgive me that for the first time in my life I kneel to a human being; but I implore thee to let me go to my husband, and this child to his father! Have pity on me, dear sir."

The cornet bit his lips, but gave her no answer. Then dismounting his horse and dismissing his men, he grasped Barbara by the arm, and forcibly led her back to her cottage. She wept in silence, her child cried aloud; but the grief of the afflicted and forsaken creatures neither moved the hard-hearted man nor the two dragoons by whom he was attended.

Arrived at the house, they found the soldiers who were quartered there in a room loudly vociferating and drinking.

"Sluggards! that ye are," said the cornet, in reproof. "Oh!" answered the intoxicated men. "We have not been idle, we have been endeavouring to assist the priests in converting our hostess, but the heretic mistress of the house has escaped from our efforts, and is nowhere to be found."

A new cause of alarm for poor Barbara! In the greatest anxiety she hastened out of the room with her child, followed by the prying cornet. Not a corner remained unsearched. Loudly and frequently she called out her mother's name, but, alas! in vain.

The most dreadful apprehensions now filled her mind. There stood the dough prepared for the oven, which was already heated for the purpose of baking it.

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The horrors of the scene which Barbara witnessed are here spared to the reader. When the drunken soldiers found that the poor woman had taken refuge in the heated oven, they shut her up there, heedless of her cries of agony.

* * * * *

Barbara sat by the charred corpse. She could not weep, and her brain seemed on fire. Bereft of father, mother, husband, and brothers, she possessed only her little Peter, who, unconscious of his mother's wretchedness, playfully wound his tiny arms around her neck.

After some commiserating neighbours had interred the deceased without psalmody or passing-bell, and in unconsecrated ground, according to the decree issued by the archbishop against the heretics, Barbara was desirous of rejoining her Hans, and of quitting a country where she and her child never more could hope for happiness; but this too was denied her. By some influence her efforts to escape were hindered. The commander frequently came himself, always to the great terror of little Peter, to whom the grim soldier was an object of aversion.

The winter now set in, with its frost, its snow, and its ice. When Barbara was lying sleepless upon her bed, and the wind was howling and moaning around her cottage, driving flakes of snow against the window-panes, thickly frosted over, she would fancy that she heard the voice of her Hans outside piteously entreating for admission. "Where may he be now?" she would ask herself. "Has he a shelter from the benumbing cold?" And then she would dream that she beheld him, trembling with cold in his tattered clothes, wandering about in snow and ice, and with true affection carrying her wearied brothers upon his shoulders; then she would see him cross the deceptive surface of a snow-covered lake, which breaking in, they all sank together, without any one hearing their cries for help. Starting in terror, she would spring up from her bed, the old servant awaking would scold her, while little Peter cried out loudly, thinking that the savage soldier had grasped him, when it was but his mother, who had embraced him in her agony.

At length winter departed, the snow dissolved, the avalanches thundered down into the re-echoing valleys from their lofty heights, torrents rushed along, the grass resumed its verdure, and the blossoms cast off their winter sheathes; the glorious sun ascended higher and higher as spring advanced, and the larks sprang upwards with their songs of jubilee proclaiming the goodness and glory of God. Bleating and lowing with joy, the herds moved to the fresh pastures of the Alp; multitudes of lambs and goats frisked and sported around; the joyous sounds of pigeons and poultry, ducks and geese, now filled the air. Man alone was seen to walk in silence and with downcast eyes through the spring-revived pastures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was on a fine day in May, in the year 1732, that a travelling mechanic appeared at Barbara's door. As she was kindly offering him a piece of bread, he pointed to a paper which he kept concealed under his coat, and then rapidly and cautiously hid it under the straw of the deserted dog-kennel. "Hans and your brothers," he whispered as he went away, "send their love to thee." Barbara taking the paper and her child with her, hurried into a thicket, where, having lulled him to sleep, she with trembling hands opened the packet, which consisted of numerous leaves, written in several hands, as follows—

"Kauffbaiern, 28th December, 1731.

"May God bless thee, my dear Barbara! To learn that thou and our child and mother are well would give me heartfelt satisfaction. Myself, Frank, and Joseph, are, God be thanked, healthy and vigorous, though we have suffered much from cold, hunger, and evil people. But we are better off at present. I will relate to thee, as well as I can, all that has hitherto happened to us. Thou wilt be lost in wonder, that I have learned to write in so regular a manner: but that is not the case. The good people with whom we are lodging, at my request, have written down what thou here seest. And so I shall always converse with thee when I meet with Christian hearts. Oh! that I only knew how this letter could be conveyed into thine hands! Well, God will, I trust, give me the means of its reaching thee safely. Thou must know that when I was so unexpectedly hurried away, without being able to take leave of thee and my little Peter, my heart was ready to break with grief. Frank and Joseph were sooner resigned. They had enough to do with their Packfest, in stopping his blood and binding up his wound with their pocket-handkerchiefs, after the cowardly officer struck him with his sabre. They suffered but little from the piercing November wind, for they kept themselves tolerably warm with the dog, which they carried alternately, refusing to part with him, even when I offered to take a share in the burden. Sometimes we overtook a troop of sufferers, and sometimes others overtook us, so that our number was continually increasing. They were all poor people, day-labourers, servants, and children, as badly provided with clothes as myself. It gave us, however, some consolation, that we were not the only exiles; though I do not maintain that that was a right feeling. And only think, there came with us voluntarily one hundred and seven men, who, although Catholics, were bitterly exclaiming against the injustice with which we were treated. Thus we arrived at Salzburg late in the evening. Here, in reality, we first began to experience want and suffering. As for sleeping-places, we were thrust into cold barns and stables, where, upon hard couches, and with empty stomachs, we were left to freeze at leisure. Through fear or hatred, not a soul offered us a morsel of bread, for which may God forgive them! But an old woman perceiving that I was without a hat (for I had lost it on the way), brought me secretly a well-worn peruke, with numerous holes in it, which she procured I know not where. I blessed her for this kindness. I had already made a sort of cap and coat with twisted fir and brushwood, which in some measure protected me from the cold. As we lay as thick as herrings, the night passed off well enough. Packfest kept your brothers warm, and thus repaid the boys for the care which they had taken of him. I could not, however, close my eyes in sleep, for thou wert always standing before me with

our child. It also occurred to me how wonderfully the word of the Lord was accomplished in regard to us, where he says, 'But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day.' Was it not in the winter, and on the eve of the Sabbath? Who would have thought that these words might be applied to us. Alas! I cannot conceal it from thee, though I tell it with great pain, that thirty-six of us had their minds so weakened by their affliction that they deserted their faith. May the Lord not lay this sin to their account. On the following morning we were taken to the vessels which were to carry us down the Salza. With a sad gaze we took leave of our mountains—a farewell glance we cast upon the haughty city with its cruel inhabitants, and then crowded closely together, for the air on the water was piercing cold. After that we consoled ourselves with the hymn of the pious Scheitberger, thus beginning:—

"A sorrowing exile, lorn I roam,
An exile in God's holy cause;
Banished by tyrants from my home,
Because I loved the Gospel laws.

"I suffer; but, Redeemer, Lord,
Didst thou not suffer countless woes?
Then let me hail thy will and word,
And follow thee till life shall close.

"'Whate'er may be that sacred will,
Submissively my cross I'll bear;
Thy word shall be my leader still,
And faith shall triumph o'er despair."

"The banks and mountains resounded with our voices, and we sang until the soldiers commanded us to be silent. We arrived without accident at Ditmaringen and Theiszendorf, where we remained inactive for eighteen days, during which we were compelled to find our own provisions. It was by good fortune that I had three florins in my pocket, which I had taken to pay the costs of laying the claim before the court. I had almost forgotten to tell you that I have with me a half-destroyed Bible, which I saved from the flames at Werffen. We were detained a long time at this place, because we were forbidden to enter the Bavarian territory, until at last the permission of the elector was granted. It is said to have been very graciously accorded. I must confess we did not feel sorry when we had passed the frontier of Salzburg and stepped upon Bavarian ground.

"We proceeded rapidly, for the Salzburg commissary, a Herr Von Memmingen, who was to accompany us to our journey's end, kept his horse continually on the trot. Nevertheless it was already dark, and the gates had closed when we arrived at Kauffbaiern. There we stood shivering after our toilsome march. At last we commenced singing to console ourselves, 'A firm castle is our God.' And when our devout tones were heard in the stillness of night, they touched the hearts of the inhabitants, who immediately caused the gates to be opened to us. Singing we entered the town, where we were received by the light of innumerable torches and candles. How many tears did these good souls shed at the recital of our distresses, especially when they saw our little children come tripping along with their tiny hands benumbed with cold. We were also much pitied for our clothes, which were so ill-adapted to keep off the inclemency of the weather. I attracted their attention more than any one else. And truly I must have made a strange appearance in my enormous wig, which hung half-way down my back, and in my coat of twisted green brushwood. 'Let us do good to every one, but most of all to our brethren in faith!' With these words, a gentleman in splendid attire, the moment he saw me,

offered me his costly fur cap in exchange for my wig, and then ran off with it bare-headed, with as much satisfaction as I naturally felt at the good exchange, assuring me that he should preserve it as a pleasing memento. Not long afterwards a beautiful and timid little girl brought me a very good warm coat, of such fine cloth that I almost feel ashamed to go about in it. We were then lodged in those inns of which the landlords were Protestants, or with Protestant citizens and members of council. My dear Barbara, I have never taken the gifts of God into my mouth without returning him hearty thanks, but never with such fervour as now. What refreshment, what strength, did we not receive from the warm and excellent food of which we had so long stood in need! After a stay of four days, we shall leave this place to-morrow. Care was taken of our sick in the hospital, the children were baptized, and we all received munificent gifts from the citizens and merchants. We felt great happiness in beholding for the first time a Protestant church here. With the deepest devotion, we and our innocent little children entered the venerable house of God, where there was a sermon preached particularly on our account by the Rev. Jacob Brucker. Never shall I forget the tears of joy that we shed, and the rest of the congregation wept with us. He commenced with the following words, from the book of Revelation xii. 11:—‘And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.’ But his principal text was from Matthew x. 32: ‘Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.’ Greatly fortified by this spiritual food, as well as by the bodily sustenance which we had received, with firm courage we proceeded farther on our way. God preserve my Barbara, and also our child, not forgetting mother Catherine, and father Manlicken, whom may he speedily deliver from his bonds!”

“Halle, April 26th, 1732.

“MY DEAR BARBARA,—I have not yet found means of having my first letter safely delivered to thee. Thou wilt, therefore, receive my communications all at once. The commencement of our journey was bad; the progress of it was sometimes bad, and sometimes better; the end transcendently glorious. May the Lord preserve us from pride and vanity! For, my dear wife, where we are now arrived the greatest honour is shewn us. If we come in sight of a village or a town, all the bells are set ringing to welcome and greet us. Waggoners are sent for the sick, the aged, and the children. Before entering any place, hundreds come out to meet us; the citizens receive us under arms—not, as in Salzburg, to strike us with terror; no! but to show their kind feeling towards us. They present arms, they beat the drums, and all is done just as if they were receiving a reigning sovereign. However, through my great gladness I have begun my story at the end, instead of the beginning. Now attend. We left Kauffbairn on the 1st January, after having experienced so kind a reception; but that we might not be dazzled by looking at the sunshine, a tempest soon followed. At Kempten, for instance, we were refused entrance by the warden, Baron Von Freiberg. In upper Bavaria, men and women, at the instigation of the priests, opposed our passage, and we dared not remain there at night. Thus it also happened at first at Augsburg, where the warden of Holzapfel, Von Herxheim, had excited the Catholic town-council against us; but, however, the Protestant town-council and citizens of their own accord took our part, and treated us with great

benevolence. On the 28th March we arrived at Donauwörth, in Oettingische, where a kind man, the Prussian commissary Göbel, gave us a welcome reception, and from that time allowed to each man four grosschen daily, each woman three, and each child two grosschen, for travelling expenses. This, however, we could not spend, so many presents were sent to us from every quarter. In Harburg we were well received, as also at Anspach, where the Margrave defrayed our travelling expenses, allowed us free quarters everywhere, and provided us with waggons.

“But the bishopric of Bamberg sternly refused us a passage, and we were therefore compelled to go back towards Nuremberg, where we fared better, as well as in the territory of Baireuth. We kept Palm Sunday (April 2) at Erlangen. The Landgravine Sophia, the widow of the late landgrave, resides here, and permitted fifty of us to visit her castle, where she treated us sumptuously; and her servants likewise took twenty of us into their houses. At table, people of the highest rank esteemed it a pleasure to wait upon us. The landgravine is a most gracious lady; may the Lord repay her a thousand-fold the good that she did to us! On the following day we left Erlangen, and were accompanied out of the city by the whole university, singing heart-cheering hymns, who, before taking leave, distributed the money that had been collected for us, in equal shares to every man, woman, and child. We kept Easter Sunday at Hof, where we likewise received the kindest treatment. On the third day of Easter we reached Schleiz, in Voigtland, where Henry I reigns with his consort Dorothea Louisa. Here the clergy came out to meet us, the citizens were under arms, and each of us received a billet for quarters. Nay, they actually struggled amongst themselves who should receive us, and some wept because they could not have us in their houses. The countess, moreover, sent us two large hampers containing linen and clothes, and one hundred and twenty dollars besides, which were all distributed amongst us. Each of us also received two pounds of bread, and two quarts of beer, not to mention what we had from the citizens. A woman of Salzburg here gave birth to a son, to which the countess, together with the Counsellor Böhme, and the Burgomaster Weise, stood sponsors, and had it christened in the chapel at the castle, and after the ceremony they presented it with some handsome gifts. At Gera the people looked with great wonder at old Eberhard Weidner, whose beard, white as snow, flowed down to his breast. In Saxony, as much as we saw of it, we were treated with remarkable kindness: presents poured in upon us from all sides. Oh, couldst thou but enjoy some of our superfluity! We were not permitted to make the short circuit by Dresden.

“‘It is but natural,’ said our friendly host at Weissenfels, ‘that our sovereign the king will not like to see you poor people, who left your all for the sake of the gospel, which he has abjured for the sake of earthly gain. He would certainly be put to shame by you!’

“Poor man, how grieved I shall be if this prove true! If he had even had ten kingdoms he could do no more than satisfy his hunger, for which he has quite means enough in Saxony. They that will be rich fall into temptation and snares. We are now entering into our new country. We have already reached one of its towns, which reminded us of our well-beloved homes. The same smell of salt as at Hallein, the same perpetual smoke, the same vast salt works.

We are soon to see our new sovereign. My heart

beats at the thought. Really, judging from what we have already heard of him and received from him on our long journey, he must indeed be the father of his people—a very different sovereign to our archbishop. We poor exiled people can be of no sort of use to him; we bring him nothing, and yet he desires to have us, and expends upon us so much money! But stay, I remember I have indeed something for him—I mean my half-burnt Bible. Will he accept of it, I wonder? Well, we shall see. Tomorrow we proceed by Wittemberg to Potsdam, where the king is at present residing. May God protect thee!”

“Berlin, 2nd May, 1732.

“Praise be to God! The fulfilment of his word is continually more gloriously displayed towards us. ‘Kings shall be thy guardians,’ it says, and they are so. ‘The Lord hath appointed his angels over thee, that they may guard thee in all thy ways;’ and they have done so. ‘Go from thy land and thy kinsfolk, and out of thy father’s house, into a land which I will show thee.’ It is fortunate for us that we have followed his word; his blessing evidently attends us. Ah, Barbara, nothing would be wanting to complete my happiness, if thou and my dear child and our parents were with me. Fortunately I do not write this myself; for my flowing tears would blot out every letter. However, I will not be ungrateful, for what God does is for the best. I will therefore briefly relate to thee all that has befallen us. But I had nearly forgotten, from my excessive joy, to tell thee what happened between Halle and Potsdam. Before we were permitted to enter Potsdam, a surgeon came to examine us at the gate, to ascertain if there were any fever or infectious malady amongst us. As there was nothing of the kind, the clergy, the universities, and the children of the orphan school, came for us, and singing spiritual songs all the way, conducted us to the royal gardens. On all sides were luxuriant trees in full blossom. In one of the broad walks we were made to stand in an extended long line. Then a numerous retinue of noblemen and gentlemen approached us. My eyes were quite dazzled, so much did their dresses shine and glitter in the sun. But when at last a gentleman stepped forward, and the people informed us that he was the king, I anxiously listened, in order that I might not lose a word that he uttered. We saluted him with great respect, but not upon our knees. I will now describe to thee this great king, the sovereign of millions of Christians. His appearance was by no means awful or terrible; on the contrary, rather benevolent and very affable, for he conversed with us just as we do amongst ourselves, without the least pride. He wore a dark blue frock coat, on which sparkled only a single star of a very small size; under his surtout appeared a waistcoat the colour of red tiles, edged with a small gold band, snow-white trousers, and high polished black boots. Upon his head rested a small three-cornered cap, bordered with white swansdown, and at his left side hung a small rapier. In short, a nobler-looking king can nowhere be found. He first took notice of a youth of fourteen years of age, who had forsaken his Catholic parents for the sake of the gospel, and asked him how he could do so. But the latter readily answered, ‘He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.’ Then the king asked him what he now intended to do, and who would take care of him. ‘My father and mother have forsaken me,’ replied the boy, ‘but the Lord taketh me in.’

“The king smiled kindly, as he placed his hand on the boy’s head. I now took heart, and offered this gracious prince the burnt Bible as a memorial of us poor people, who had nothing else to present. On his

accepting it, I informed him of the circumstances through which it came in that condition. He listened attentively to me, and then ordered the book to be carried into his library. I now also entreated him to employ his influence in behalf of poor Manlicken and the other prisoners, and I did not forget your right to the Schüppelhof, of which I gave him the deed of gift. I cannot now understand how I could have had so much courage as to speak to him; but he was very affable, and he assured me that I should soon hear from him, and that he would not forget me.

“We were now led to table, or rather to a number of tables, in the midst of the garden, and what a magnificent dinner was provided! I hope that we may not be spoiled, so as no longer to relish God’s gifts of bread and water; we have now so much beer and wine, and meat of all kinds, sent for our consumption. We had also rich presents from the king, queen, and their officers. After our meal, we knelt down to say grace, and the officers themselves knelt down with us. On our taking leave, the good king once more assured us of his favour, with these words: ‘Ye shall prosper, my children; ye shall prosper with me.’ We could only answer by tears of joy and the hearty cry of, ‘May God reward thee, sire! May God bless and reward thee!’

“We then proceeded to Berlin. And I must now try and recollect all that occurred, that I may omit nothing. At the Schaaf Bridge we were met by the clergy and all the public schools. Campo, the pastor, addressed us in a discourse which had for a text the words, ‘The Lord bless you more and more, you and your children.’ After this fifty New Testaments were distributed amongst us. Rejoice, Barbara; at home God’s word was taken from us, and here it is brought to us! We entered the city in the following order: first, our commissary on horseback; next the scholars, two and two; then twelve candidates for orders: with as many clergymen, two of them on horseback; behind them came the two candidates who had accompanied us from Halle; then followed our children, then the women, and lastly, all the men. The procession was closed by twenty-three waggons containing our effects and the poor sick people. Our children, with their weak voices, began to sing, ‘My God I will not leave,’ in which they were joined by the trembling accents of the feeble and aged, commingled with the powerful strains of the men. The melody sounded afar off. While we, sunburnt by our long journey, in our foreign dresses, were walking piously along, the women, with their young children supported or borne in their arms, the old men and women supporting themselves by their walking-staves, we passed through walls of people, men, women, and children, all deeply affected, as also were we at their charity and sympathy. ‘These cannot be rebels, as the Archbishop of Salzburg declares they are,’ we heard said on all sides. We were led through the royal gardens, in order that the children of the monarch and the nobility might see us. And they also looked upon us with kind compassion, and many turned aside to wipe the tears from their eyes. We stopped before the Königsthor, or royal gate, where we were supplied with quartering billets, and there the Pastor Schönemann welcomed us with a speech in verse, of which, however, I only recollect the beginning—

“‘Be the word of welcome spoken!
Lo! the true cause shall prevail!
Ye the Pope’s dire yoke have broken,
Canaan’s blessings shall not fail!’

We still remain here, and are constantly receiving innumerable kindnesses from Christians and Jews. Even a Catholic soldier who was standing sentry on the long

bridge of Schildwach gave a man of Salzburg three-pence, with these words: 'It is not our Lord God, but only the priests, who occasion your misery.' And now, Barbara, I must conclude my letter; my heart is well-nigh breaking both with joy and melancholy. Come to me speedily. Thou canst not miss the way; any child will show thee the road we have hitherto taken and are still to take. Salute mother Catherine, and kiss my son for me. May the Lord preserve thee safe in body and in soul! Amen.

"Thy rejoicing, and, at the same time, sorrowing
"HANS."

"SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE GAS!"

THERE are very few housekeepers, who, burning gas in their dwellings, are not startled at times with the conviction that something or other in connection with it is not as it should be. For our household gas, whatever may be the cause, indulges in strange vagaries in the course of a year. Now it sings like the kettle on the hob, now it is heard purring like the cat on the rug, and anon it blows a very small trumpet with a wheezy kind of note. At other times it takes to winking and blinking in a most disagreeable manner, as though the several burners were exchanging signals and concocting some mischief together. If it goes out gradually, like a candle burning down in the socket, we know what that means, though we don't like it. When this happens it is always on a Saturday night, and the reason is that the gas at the factory runs short, owing to the immense consumption that takes place in the Saturday night shops and markets, especially in winter, when days are foggy and lights are kindled early.

We had just got to sleep the other night, when we were woke up by a hasty tapping at the door. "Who's there? what's the matter?" we bawl out, only half aroused. "Oh, sir," responds the terrified damsel, "please sir, there's something wrong with the gas, I smell it so plain in my room." We leap out of bed, of course, seizing the night-light, and in another minute are travelling down-stairs, sufficiently alarmed to be wide awake. We sniff and sniff at every step, endeavouring yet fearing to detect the vile odour. Whew! there it is, sure enough!—the girl is right, there *is* something wrong with the gas. What and where can it be? As we descend, the odour grows almost overpowering, and we have only to follow the information of our nose to be well aware that the kitchen is the centre of the grievance. We are not so foolish as to carry the light into the kitchen; so blowing that out, we grope our way in spite of the nuisance, and, throwing open the windows and garden-door, get a brisk draught through the place. A few minutes suffice to expel the mass of the gas, and then rekindling the light we discover at once the cause of the alarm. The kitchen burner, though looped up against the low ceiling, is turned full on, and the gas has been escaping for the last three or four hours; but for the hateful yet admonitory odour, there would certainly have been a blow up. Jemima, who by this time has dressed herself and come down, declares positively that she turned off her gas before going to bed: and so doubtless she did, but in looping up the pipe she *must* have inadvertently turned it on again.

One evening lately, as we stood at the window, the young lady next door rushed suddenly out, and made a frantic rush at our knocker with a series of irregular and convulsive bangs. Seeing that something was amiss,

we opened the door before the performance was half finished. "Oh! Mr. —," gasps out the fair apparition, "there is something wrong with our gas, and mamma is ill, and the servant is out on messages, will you step in kindly and see what's the matter?" Such a request must be obeyed, and we of course return with the young lady. We smell the gas the moment we enter. The escape is from the hall light, which is turned on and off by a tap placed low down, to save the trouble of mounting to the lamp. Some one in reaching hat, stick, or umbrella from the clothes-pegs on the wall, has accidentally turned it on, and hence the fright of the ladies. The invalid mamma, who is in a low nervous state, can hardly be reassured when the mischief is repaired, and is hardly prevented from sending for a policeman, who, she has a vague idea, can alone set the matter perfectly right.

Not very long since, we formed one of a convivial party assembled to welcome the return of a young midshipman after an absence of several years. Dinner came off at half-past seven, and a most hospitable spread there was, under the brilliant light of a huge cut-glass gasalier. About sixteen of us had encircled the table, and were engaged in the deliberate discussion of the first course, flavoured at intervals by a gentle semi-witticism from friend Bolter, when I saw by an accidental glance at Miss Spinster, my *vis-d-vis*, that something was not quite as it should be; she had laid down her knife and fork and thrown back her head; the next moment other ladies were following her example, and I was wondering what it could mean, when a gush of that unmistakable odour from the gaspipe invaded the savour of the viands, and at that precise instant the hostess, with a face of terror, screamed out, "Oh dear! there's something wrong with the gas!" Bolter, who is up to everything, and whose presence of mind is marvellous, was on his legs in a moment, and with an "Allow me, madam," had left the room, and was plunging down towards the nether regions. We heard the squall of cook as he dashed into the kitchen, followed by the guttural tones of Biggins the greengrocer, who had been enlisted for the nonce to wait at table; and then, as we shrank in disgust from the increasing mal-odour, we could hear a lumbering in the cellar beneath us, and the solemn voice of Bolter, like that of the Ghost in "Hamlet," burrowing its way, as it were, beneath the ground. The situation grew tragic, the lights began to burn blue, and as we held our breath and our noses, suddenly went out, and we were left in total darkness, only that a few red rays gleamed from the fire at the end of the room. While the ladies, quitting their seats, huddled together in a corner, the gentlemen threw open the window-shutters and the windows, and as the air rushed in and the gas rushed out, we got a little welcome relief. Then Bolter came in with a candle—an awful figure he presented, with his hands, face, and shirt-front black as soot; but we hailed him as a benefactor, knowing that by turning off the gas at the meter, as he had done, he had saved us from a blow up. When the cause of the mischief came to be investigated, it was found that cook, in her haste, had crushed one of the service pipes in the cellar, causing a rent in it several inches in length. We need not dwell on the sequences of that unfortunate mishap, but it shows how the pipes should always be protected from such accidents.

Some time ago, when sleeping at the house of a friend in the city, we were shaken out of sleep and almost out of bed, shortly after five o'clock of a winter's morning, by a crash like that of a twelve-inch shell, which seemed to shatter everything around. Several

of the window-panes flew in fragments into the room, and of the rest not one remained unbroken. Venturing at length to the window to see what has happened, we can discern through the semi-darkness (for most of the street lamps have been extinguished by the shock) a crowd gathering around the front of the "Star and Banner," some forty paces down the street on the opposite side of the way. It is no use getting into bed again, with the cold air and fog for bed-fellows; so we dress; and in a few minutes mingle with the policemen, cabmen, and early birds, who make up the crowd. It is a scene of fearful violence that we have come to witness. The entire basement-front of the "Star and Banner" is blown out—plate-glass, wainscoting, ponderous shutters, pediment at top, and a good part of the brickwork at bottom—and all hurled, like a shot from a gun, clean across the wide road against the opposite houses. The dwellings on either side are in a condition about as bad, their shop-fronts and shutters being smashed to ruin, while of the tall houses opposite there is not one for forty yards in either direction that can show a whole pane of glass—the sashes of those fronting the shock presenting the appearance of having never been glazed at all. The roadway, meanwhile, for some distance, is covered with a species of glass gravel, every blown-out pane being crushed into minute particles. The worst part of the spectacle is poor "Boots," of the "Star," who has been sent flying across the road, with the rest of the wreck, and whom, as he lies stunned and bleeding, the policemen are preparing to carry on a stretcher to the hospital. The damage in this case amounted to several thousand pounds, and the cause of it all was the drunken recklessness of a gang of London "lambes." They were carousing at the bar up to twelve o'clock the night before, and would not go away when the landlord bade them. To get rid of them he turned off the gas; in revenge, the scamps, ere they groped their way out, turned it on again in half-a-dozen places. The bar, shut off from the house, became filled with gas in the course of the night, and when poor "Boots" came down with his candle in the morning, to light the fire and clean up, he must have been blown into the street before he was aware of his danger.

Escape of gas often happens from children playing with the jets. We have known a country servant, on her first introduction to a gas-lit bedroom, get rid of the light by blowing it out. Another turned the hand round, but turned it back again after the light was out. If the main pipe is turned off at night, there is always risk of some jet in the rooms being forgotten, and the gas escaping when the main is turned on next evening.

We have known various explosions, the source of which could never be traced. Once the contents of a whole conservatory, flowers, pots, plants, shrubs, and a miniature waterfall under the patronage of a plaster Psyche, all came tumbling into the street in the middle of the day, propelled by a blast of ignited gas, no one knew how or why. Some years ago, while rustivating in a western county, we were ourselves nearly knocked down by the contents of a barber's shop window: blocks, fronts, wigs, pomatum, soap, scent-bottles, together with a couple of wax figures, all came out with a sudden flash and bang, depositing themselves in the mud of the road, to the intense amazement and chagrin of the proprietor, who declared that he had not the slightest conception of the cause.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the old maxim, "Familiarity breeds contempt," than is afforded by the frequency of domestic gas explosions, and the little importance the public attaches to them. If we

had been told when the use of gas in dwellings was first proposed, that there would be hundreds of explosions annually in London alone, and had believed what was told us, it is questionable whether housekeepers would not have risen in a body against it, and kept it outside their walls; but now, having grown up, hand to hand as it were with the combustible element, we take it for granted that it is completely under our control, and trust ourselves without misgivings to the chapter of accidents. When any serious case occurs in our immediate neighbourhood, we are apt to fortify ourselves with the determination to be on our guard, and for a time, perhaps, we don't go to bed until we have shut the gas out of the house; but we soon relax our vigilance and cease to think about it. It would be but common prudence, seeing the real danger that is run, to revise our gas fittings at regular intervals, without waiting for the warning odour that attends an escape, and which may come, as we have shown above, at the most inopportune moment. It is advisable also, on moving into a house where gas has been burned, to have the whole apparatus first examined and certified by a practical gasfitter. Out-going tenants are apt to quarrel with the landlord on the subject of piping they have been to the expense of laying; the landlord will not buy it of them, but will force them to make good any damage occasioned in removing it—so it happens that out of revenge they will often render the pipes useless by cutting or piercing them, to the annoyance and peril of the incoming tenant.

There is one fact noticeable in connection with gas, that shows there is something always wrong somewhere. We allude to the prodigious waste that takes place. Of all the gas made at the factory, and passing through the factory meter, very little over one-half is ultimately paid for by consumers. It is known that an enormous waste takes place from the large underground pipes, the junctions of which, on the English system, are rarely, if ever, perfectly gas-tight. The extent of loss from this source can only be guessed; but one needs only to pause a moment at any excavation in the streets where the gas mains are laid bare, to be convinced that it must be very large, looking to the hundreds of miles of large iron pipes laid down in London streets. Much is also lost by destructive fires, when the service pipes are melted, and quantities burned to waste before it can be turned off. Again, persons who do not burn by meter, but by contract, are apt to have their timepieces at fault, and keep their lights going long after they should be extinguished—though this offence is not so common as it was, the practice of burning by meter being now enforced in London, and common in other places. The last and most disgraceful source of loss that occurs to us is that arising from the tricks of dishonest consumers: every now and then some mean-souled knave will exercise his ingenuity by inserting a small pipe into the branch pipe from the main, *on the wrong side of the meter*, thus drawing off a half, or it may be more, of his supply before it enters the meter, so that it escapes being registered and set down in the quarterly account. We have known tradesmen in thriving circumstances, and apparently respectable, to be guilty of this roguery—and have known them, also, to come down with a swingeing solatium to the gas company to prevent their ingenuity from being made public.

In conclusion, let us remind our friends who burn gas, that since its introduction into dwellings, which dates about forty-five years back, the number of destructive fires in London, in proportion to the population, has more than doubled. This consideration

ought to be an inducement to constant watchfulness and precaution, and should urge us to instant investigation whenever the alarm is sounded of, "Something wrong with the gas!"

THE EXPLORER'S CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

It would be superfluous to inform the readers of the "Leisure Hour" that Christmas in the southern hemisphere is a season of warmth, of sunshine, and of open-air enjoyment. Of course, throughout all Christendom the occasion is the same. I have heard the magnificent hymn of the nativity sung in the churches of South Africa as it is at home, and I have heard also, in the island of Timor, two hundred Malay children mingling their voices with those of the Dutch colonists in the Angels' Song. But in the terrestrial festivities of the season in such regions the fireside enjoyments of England have no place. Friends and relatives interchange short visits to say a few words of kindly greeting, and picnic parties, in the lightest costume, escape from the heated town to spend the rest of the day in the coolest and shadiest groves.

My own reminiscences of Christmas-day recall many a wild scene from the stormy coasts of England to the populous towns and solitary deserts of Africa or Australia, in peace or war, in plenty or in starvation. Of these I have selected the Christmas of 1855 as the subject of my present sketch. In the early part of that year I had been appointed artist to an expedition to explore the north-west parts of Australia, and had proceeded to Sydney to join Mr. Augustus Charles Gregory, the commander. Two vessels were engaged: the barque *Monarch*, which took on board 50 horses and 150 or 200 sheep at Moreton Bay, and left us at the mouth of the Victoria River, and the *Tom Tough* schooner, which carried the sheep up the river, while Mr. Gregory crossed the country with the horses to the spot chosen as our main camp. Our little schooner took the ground in going up, and nearly became a wreck; but after twenty-seven days' beating about on the sandbanks was brought up to the main camp, and was there substantially, though only partially, repaired by the skill and industry of Captain Gourlay. A wharf was built alongside her of her iron pig ballast, and the remains of this will for many years to come indicate the locality of our camp.

It was in truth a pretty little spot, about eighty miles from the river mouth, beyond the rise and fall of the tide, although the water was brackish several miles higher, except in the rainy season, when the floods poured down as if to dispute the empire of the ocean. The mangroves which fringe the borders of the salt rivers, and which, in fact, perform an important part in the reclamation of land from the sea, by converting newly-formed shoals into soil fit to bear a higher class of vegetation, had not yet entirely ceased, but seemed mingling with and giving place to trees more proper to a fresh-water stream. Gum-trees of various kinds formed park-like groves upon the higher banks—some with that peculiar smooth white bark and graceful turn of limb, that caused our excellent doctor, the late J. R. Elsey, to think it so like a beautiful and well-turned arm, that he always experienced a desire to feel its pulse.

A small but clear and permanent spring, under a couple of gouty-stem trees—a kind of Baobab, named after our commander *Adansonia Gregorii*—supplied water enough for our own use. The surviving horses were driven further afield to graze and drink, and our

sheep, by the disaster of the river voyage, had been reduced to about forty. Rough poles with forks left on them, for the support of roof-trees or rafters, were cut as we cleared the ground, and a substantial store and dwelling-house was formed. The roof was stoutly thatched, and the walls were in a great measure formed of the bottoms, the sides, and wheels of our drays, most of the draught horses being unfortunately in the list of those that had perished. The oven was built under the large trees near the spring, and the forge under a similar group at a little distance. The dense foliage gave abundant shade, while the numerous white blossoms relieved its verdure; and the acid pulp of the succeeding fruit, boiled with sugar, formed a grateful medicine to the poor seamen when, from the destruction of their provisions, scurvy began to attack them. The young shoots of the wild vine also were gathered, and the negro who served as cook gave us them under the title of rhubarb pies.

The officers and men built houses, huts, or bowers, according to their taste, covering them with sheets of bark or thatch, or with cool, fresh leafy branches, gathered every two or three days. The three sides not protected by the river were surrounded by a mound and trench, within which it was a standing order that no native was to be admitted. For though, as my sketch shows, we had occasional friendly intercourse with them, adding to the snakes or rats, or other small animals they cooked for themselves, gifts of bread or fat pork from our own stores, they were exceedingly capricious, and Mr. Gregory wisely judged it best to reduce the chance of any quarrel with our men as much as possible.

Alligators and fish of various kinds abounded in the river; lizards up to six feet long, cranes and storks, pigeons, parrots, and cockatoos, black, white, and rose-coloured, abounded in the woods, all serving as welcome additions to our fare. On an adjoining tributary, which I visited when searching for horses, and which Mr. Gregory named after me "The Baines River," I found the trees so thickly crowded with perching ducks as to convey the idea of the densest possible foliage. The rainy season commenced in November, and consequently at Christmas the country was covered with its richest verdure.

The labours of an explorer are neither few nor light. Even though he bears the rank of a scientific officer, he must not only mingle in the various occupations of the men, but in cases of emergency must take upon himself the most laborious part, teaching the unskilful, encouraging the industrious, and shaming the indolent or desponding by his example. There are times when even the rest of the Sabbath is disturbed by accidents unknown at home. But this is rather the exception than the rule, and most travellers, so far as I have seen, keep it, not merely as a day of rest, but also set apart a portion of it for some form of religious observance.

It was remarked by Leichardt, as well as others, that it was a good thing to let the men look forward to holidays, say on the principal festivals of the Church, or on the birthday of the sovereign, and to make whatever addition is possible to the usual fare. I believe he celebrated the birthday of the King of Prussia by mixing a little fat in his damper. And I have given a handful of raisins to an honest, hardworking fellow who was desirous of doing nothing all day in memory of St. Patrick.

On Christmas-day, 1855, although our meal was frugal, it was still not scanty. The regulation plum-pudding graced our board; the remnant of our little

flock furnished us with fresh meat, a bottle of wine, by permission of the doctor, enabled us to drink the health of absent friends; and tea and coffee, with sugar, but without milk, and skilfully-made light cakes, followed;

which wealthy friends or elevated position confer, he succeeded in reaching an eminence in the world of art which has gained renown, not only for himself, but for his country.



CHRISTMAS-DAY IN NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIA.

and the men enjoyed themselves in reading or other quiet amusements.

I am not now giving a history of our expedition, yet I think the reader will feel sufficient interest in it to be glad to hear that Mr. Gregory explored the whole course of the Victoria River, and traced another stream, which he called Sturt's Creek, 300 miles farther into the interior—that he discovered in the vicinity of the Victoria three million acres of good pasture land, and that on his return he was rewarded by the reception of the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

THORWALDSEN THE SCULPTOR.

THE recent publication in Paris of a life of this celebrated Danish sculptor,* affords a good opportunity of laying before our readers some points of his history most worthy of note. Possessing none of the advantages

Albert Bartholomew Thorwaldsen was born in Copenhagen, November 19th, 1770. His father was a native of Iceland, to which his paternal ancestors also belonged. His mother was the daughter of a Danish pastor. His childhood was unmarked by anything striking, except the delight which it gave him to be allowed to go to the workshop of his father, who was engaged as carver of figure-heads in the royal dockyard at Copenhagen. To assist in this work, as soon as he could handle the requisite tools, was a great source of pleasure to him.

In accordance with the privilege enjoyed by the children of the Government *employés*, Thorwaldsen was sent to a public school at the age of eleven. He does not appear to have made much progress with his learning, but his talent for drawing and art attracted the notice of Abildgaard, the historical painter, who, perceiving his capability of becoming something better than a ship-carver, sent him to the Academy, where he rapidly gained distinction, and took the best prizes. His earliest works were characterised by a certain amplitude and magnificence of form, but there was

* By M. Eugène Plon, with illustrations of his works.

ambiguity in the design, and affectation and want of freedom in the positions.

As a student, Thorwaldsen was very quiet and retiring. He rarely spoke, and never laughed. There was an air of melancholy about him, and a depth of mournfulness in his clear blue eyes, which, added to delicate health and an ignorance of everything unconnected with art, gave little promise that he would make his way in the world.

But though the young student was so modest and bashful, his works spoke for him; and through the patronage of Count Reventlow, he was sent to Rome with an annual allowance of four hundred thalers from the Academy. As his health and poverty would not permit a journey by land, he was sent in a Danish frigate, whose figure-head he had perhaps in his boyish days helped to carve. After a tedious voyage, he reached Rome in the beginning of the year 1797, and was astonished at the world of beauty which burst upon his view. To use his own expression, "the snow melted out of his eyes," and he saw art in such a different light as to lose all confidence in his own performances. All his ideas were changed, and with that industrious perseverance which was such an important element of his ultimate success, he devoted himself almost exclusively for five years to the study of the antique, of which he found such wonderful specimens in Rome. He renewed the acquaintance which he had formed with Carstens, one of the most remarkable painters of his time, whose influence over him while in the Academy at Copenhagen had been very great. Carstens took a great interest in the young artist, and gave him much help in his studies.

His principal friend in Rome was Zoega, the Danish archaeologist, to whom he had been warmly recommended. He gave Thorwaldsen a cordial reception, but blamed the Academy, in a private letter, for sending "such raw and ignorant people to Rome." The four years of his residence with Zoega so improved him, that from being merely a clever sculptor he became a master, and gave a direction to all the art of his time. Zoega criticised his performances very carefully, and pointed out faults in conception or execution in the most unsparing way. Eventually, however, Thorwaldsen appears to have chafed under the well-meant but uncompromising criticism of Zoega, and withdrew himself from his protection.

As a proof of the progress which he had made in Rome, Thorwaldsen modelled in plaster a life-sized statue of "Jason," which obtained the gold medal, but otherwise attracted so little attention, that he broke it up. He acquired the coveted popularity through a colossal figure of the hero, which not only drew forth universal acclamation, but led Canova, then living in Rome, to exclaim, "This work is one of a new and magnificent style of art." But notwithstanding this praise, no one seemed inclined to order a copy of it in marble, and it very nearly shared the fate of its predecessor. Thorwaldsen had exceeded the length of residence permitted by the Danish Academy, and had also exhausted his private resources. He waited week after week, and became at last thoroughly sick at heart through hope deferred. Fame, which had seemed to be approaching him with rapid strides, had again disappeared, and he decided to leave Italy. The poor artist had packed his boxes; his furniture and all superfluous articles had been sold; and he was on the point of leaving Rome, when his compatriot and fellow-student, Hagemann, with whom he had intended to travel to Berlin, found that in consequence of some informality

in their passports, it would not be possible for them to leave till the next day.

This apparently unimportant accident was the turning-point in Thorwaldsen's career. The day's delay changed the current of his future life. A few hours after, he received a visit from Sir Thomas Hope, the rich banker, who wished to see the "Jason." From his extensive knowledge of art, he was able to appreciate the beauty of the statue, the magnificence of which had struck him at the first glance. He asked what it would cost in marble. "Six hundred zechins," was the answer of the artist, whose eyes were lighted up once more by a gleam of hope. "That is far too little," replied the munificent Englishman, "you must have at least eight hundred," and gave him the marble, that he might begin without loss of time.

Thorwaldsen's life in Rome now entered a new phase. Instead of being a stipendiary of the Danish Academy, he enjoyed the position of an independent artist, and a succession of commissions continued to him the good fortune which the generous banker had brought, and which never deserted him. His genius and industry were more and more developed, and his fame increased rapidly.

In 1819, having had a dangerous illness the year before, he returned to Denmark for a brief visit. His reception may be easily imagined. The whole country was proud of him, and honours were showered upon him from every side. He was frequently invited to the royal table, and in order to be able to comply with the rigid etiquette of the Danish Court, was made a privy-councillor. His former companions gave him a very hearty welcome, which he received in a homely and affable way. The only drawback to the pleasure of his return was that his parents were unable to witness his fame, having died shortly after he went to Rome.

Thorwaldsen's visit, though very short, was highly beneficial to the progress of art in Denmark. He received a great number of inquiries as to the best means of promoting artistic taste among the people, which led him to the publication of a work on the subject some time after. But the most important result of his visit was the commission which he received for the decorations of the cathedral of Notre Dame, which had been rebuilt after its destruction during the bombardment by Nelson in 1807. The frieze and the statues executed in consequence of this order are very superior, and are almost the only specimens of religious art which we have from his chisel.

In August of the following year he set out on his return to Rome, visiting several towns on the way. At Warsaw, he took the bust of the Emperor Alexander, and received commissions for the statues of Copernicus and of Prince Poniatowsky. The latter was an equestrian statue in bronze, and was not finished till 1830. We learn with sorrow, not unmixed with disgust, that it was afterwards destroyed by the Russians when quelling the Polish insurrection.

Thorwaldsen subsequently visited Troppau, in Silesia, which was at that time rendered famous by the only event of importance which has occurred in its history—the congress of crowned heads, which met to consider the question of the suppression, by Austria, of the Neapolitan insurrection. The Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia were present, and England and France sent ambassadors. Thorwaldsen received such a flattering reception from them, that he prolonged his stay, and went afterwards to Vienna. His residence in the Austrian capital was suddenly terminated by the alarming news from Rome, that

the floor of his studio had given way, causing the destruction of two marble statues and a model in plaster.

On his return to Rome, Thorwaldsen recommenced his labours with untiring energy. His genius and skill appeared to be inexhaustible. He was greatly pleased with the distinguished honour conferred upon him by Cardinal Gonsalvi, who entrusted him with the order for a monument to the deceased Pope Pius VII for St. Peter's. But he was not allowed to enjoy the honour in peace. On all sides there were loud and angry murmurs at a heretic being allowed to execute the statue of a pope for a Catholic cathedral. The death of the cardinal in 1824 gave the envious Roman sculptors renewed courage, especially as the numerous orders which Thorwaldsen had received had caused some delay in the completion of the monument. Their malice seemed about to be rewarded with success, when two events occurred which defeated their designs, and led him to victory.

After the retirement of the painter Canuccini from the presidency of the Academy of San Luca, in Rome, the custom required that a sculptor should be elected to succeed him. Who was more worthy of the honour than Thorwaldsen? Who would confer greater distinction on the Academy than the man whose name was famous throughout Europe? But in spite of his obvious claims to the office, his enemies repeated their objections to him as a Protestant, adding that it was impossible that any one but a Catholic could hold a position which would require his attendance at certain religious festivals.

The matter was laid before Leo XII. "Is there any doubt," asked his Holiness, "that Thorwaldsen is the greatest sculptor living in Rome?" "That cannot be denied," was the reply. "Then there can be very little difficulty about the election. He must be chosen as president. It must, however, be arranged that he shall have opportunities of reporting himself unwell when he finds it necessary." This little "Papal allocution" silenced all opposition, and on the 26th of December, 1825, Thorwaldsen was elected president of the Academy, for the usual period of three years.

The liberal opinions of Leo XII were a good omen of the success of the monument to Pius VII, but he took a more decided step by visiting Thorwaldsen's studio in person, and expressing his approbation of the work, which was in due course completed and finally erected in the year 1831.

Thorwaldsen was an object of attraction to every stranger visiting Rome. Among many other persons of celebrity, Sir Walter Scott obtained an introduction to him. Although so well acquainted with the literature of the north of Europe, Scott could only converse in his own tongue. Thorwaldsen, on his side, had but a very slight knowledge of English, so that the meeting of the two celebrated men was somewhat peculiar. They saluted each other very heartily, but could only give vent to their feelings of pleasure in broken sentences and exclamations, such as "Conocenza—charmé—plaisir—happy—acquaintance—piacere—delighted—heureux." The conversation was necessarily rather brief and scanty; but the two new friends were so pleased with each other, that they shook hands very heartily, and patted one another on the shoulder, and after they had parted, looked at each other as long as possible, nodding in the most familiar way. A simple, unaffected man himself, Thorwaldsen was delighted with all who were frank and open, and therefore felt himself attracted to Scott as soon as he saw him. He could not, on the other hand, fathom the remarkable character of Byron,

and found it quite impossible to understand his misanthropic melancholy.

In the year 1838, at the age of sixty-eight, Thorwaldsen returned to Denmark, not, as twenty years before, to pay a brief visit, but to end his days. The enthusiasm and homage of his countrymen was boundless. No sovereign ever received such touching and brilliant proofs of the love and reverence of his people. The artist was deeply moved. When, on the evening of his arrival in Copenhagen, he stood on the balcony of the academy, and saw the immense crowd below, which burst into shouts of joy at his appearance, he turned and said smilingly to his friend Thiele, "One would imagine that we were in Rome, and that I were the pope, standing in St. Peter's, and pronouncing the blessing 'urbi et orbi!'"

An interrupted succession of festivities so hindered the sculptor in his work, which he had not laid aside, that he found it necessary to retire for six months at a time to the estate of his patroness, the Baroness von Stampé, where, at her request, he executed his own statue, and the bust of Cbhenschlager, the Danish *littérateur*. His diligence and ability were still unimpaired. The only thing which marked the approach of age was the loss of his memory, which, in regard to invitations, led to many amusing mistakes. When the dinner hour arrived, he searched among the papers lying on his table, and took the first of four or five invitations which he found. He soon found it necessary to change a system which led him to give very frequent offence, and adopted the plan of giving all such matters into the charge of a very devoted and intelligent servant, named Wilkens. If he were invited anywhere, he invariably said, "I cannot promise to come; you must ask Wilkens, he will tell you if I am disengaged or not." As Wilkens always accompanied him to and from the houses which he visited, it frequently happened that he was ignorant of where he was going even when already on the way.

Although rather parsimonious, and often suffering from attacks of hypochondria, Thorwaldsen was nevertheless a man of a generous and amiable disposition. The King of Prussia on one occasion ordered a statue from him. "Your Majesty," answered the sculptor, "there is at present one of your Majesty's subjects in Rome more competent than I am to carry out the wishes with which you have deigned to honour me. May I be permitted to recommend him to your royal patronage?" The artist thus introduced to the king was Rudolph Schadow, who was then in very depressed circumstances. His beautiful work, "The Spinning Wheel," was the result of this considerate recommendation.

In the year 1841, Thorwaldsen travelled again through Germany and Switzerland to Rome. He was everywhere received with the highest marks of esteem and respect, and after a short stay in Rome, returned to Copenhagen, where he died of an apoplectic stroke, on the 24th of March, 1844.

Having no relations, he bequeathed his large and valuable collection of statuary and casts to the state, on the condition that a building should be erected for their preservation and exhibition, which was opened in 1846, and has called forth the admiration of all visitors to Copenhagen.

Our space forbids any enumeration of his works. Many of them were so much admired that it was necessary for him to repeat them frequently. His bas-relief of Achilles witnessing the departure of Briseis is worthy of comparison with the best specimens of the antique. The statues of Schiller in Stuttgart and of Gutenberg

in Mayence have been highly praised. His last work, at which he was engaged a few hours before his death, was a statue of Luther.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT REDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

NO. XII.—CHRISTMAS HERALDS.

It was on a Monday morning, in the last week of November, in the year 1787, that an elderly man of plain, decent appearance, came to the house called Weston Lodge, in the pleasant village of Weston-Underwood, in Buckinghamshire. The lodge was situated close by the road-side, and had been the vicarage house; and, though its present occupant was not a parson, he had done more parson's work than had been accomplished by most men who have not been admitted to holy orders; for he was William Cowper, the poet. A twelvemonth since he had come to that spot from the adjacent village of Olney, where he had lived for twenty years, and where, among many other religious productions, he had written those hymns which have been a comfort and consolation to Christians throughout the world.

Cowper lived there with his dear old friend, Mrs. Unwin,* with whom he had removed from Olney. His fifty-fifth birthday, on November 26, 1786, found him safely housed there, hardly attending to the dark, thick fog that hung around the house on account of the neatness and cosy comfort that reigned within doors. It was one of those days that were the heralds of Christmas, from which the poet of "The Task" knew how to extract so much that was pleasant and profitable; and, whether the days were wet or dry, the house was warm and comfortable.

"There is a man in the kitchen, sir, who desires to speak with you," said the person who acted as butler, footman, and gardener to the two inhabitants of Weston Lodge.

"What sort of a man is he, Sam?" asked his master.

* In the very interesting "Life of John Newton," by the Rev. Josiah Bull, grandson of Cowper's friend, the biographer settles conclusively the often mooted question of the poet's engagement to Mrs. Unwin. Mr. Bull quotes the following passage from Southey, and proves its error by an extract from "Newton's Diary," hitherto unpublished:—"Another cause, however, has been assigned for the return of Mr. Cowper's malady. It has been said that he proposed marriage to Mrs. Unwin; that the proposal was accepted and the time fixed; that prudential considerations were then thought to preponderate against it; and that his mind was overthrown by the anxieties consequent upon such an engagement. This I believe to be utterly unfounded; for that no such engagement was either known or suspected by Mr. Newton I am enabled to assert; and who can suppose that it would have been concealed from him?" This is unquestionably a mistake, although thus strongly put. Nothing, it is obvious, was more natural or becoming than a marriage between two persons thus providentially brought to reside with each other. Nor was there, as is perhaps generally supposed, any great disparity of years between Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. Now the editor of this volume is able to state that he has again and again heard his father say that Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were betrothed, and about to be married, when the melancholy return of Mr. Cowper's malady in 1773 prevented the accomplishment of their purpose; and, moreover, that it was Mrs. Unwin herself who made this statement to his grandfather. But what Mr. Newton has said in his unfinished sketch is even still more to the purpose, and must for ever settle this question. We copy from the original before us: "They were congenial spirits, united in the faith and hope of the gospel, and their intimate and growing friendship led them in the course of four or five years to an engagement for marriage, which was well known to me, and to most of their and my friends, and was to have taken place in a few months, but was prevented by the terrible malady which seized him about that time."

"A plain, decent, elderly man, sir, who gives his name as Cox, and says that he has trudged hither all the way from Northampton, desirous to speak with you."

"It must be a pressing matter that thus makes him undertake a walk of some fifteen miles. Show him in, Sam." And Sam presently returned, ushering the decent, elderly man into Cowper's study, which was also the dining-room.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Cowper, with his customary polite and gentle manner; "and let me know for what cause I am indebted for the honour of this visit, paid at the task of so long a walk."

"Sir," said the visitor, taking a seat, and clearing his throat, as though he were in his clerk's desk and about to commence his official duties—"sir, my name is Cox. I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, sir, if you will supply me with one."

To this, Cowper replied, "Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town; why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He, surely, is the man of all the world for your purpose."

"Alas, sir!" replied the Northampton parish clerk, "I have heretofore borrowed help from him; but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him."

Cowper could not but feel all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, "My good friend, they may find me unintelligible for the same reason." But, on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of his muse, and on the clerk's assuring him that he had done so, Cowper, as he afterwards testified to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, felt his mortified vanity a little consoled; and, pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him with what he wanted; and Mr. Cox took his leave, with many protestations of gratitude, and was shown out through the kitchen by Sam.

Cowper was not one to forget a promise, especially when it was to give gratuitous help to an inferior in rank and station. He soon wrote nine verses, one of which has made its mark and been often quoted:—

"Like crowded forest-trees we stand
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all."

And though he headed his verses with a quotation from a Latin author—perhaps to show that he also was a gentleman of much reading, like Mr. Cox the statuary—yet he wound up his stanzas with lines that could be as easily understood by the people of Northampton as any preceding ones in his poem. They were these, and were presumed to be written by the brother of Mr. Cox the upholsterer:—

"So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And, ere he quits his pen,
Begs you for once to take his part
And answer all—Amen!"

This poem was sent off to Northampton by the waggon, which, as Cowper said, was "loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style." And he gaily exclaimed, "A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written one that serves two hundred persons." He wrote five more of these poems to

accompany Mr. Cox's "bills of mortality" for the ensuing years, up to 1793; but in the following year, 1794, the breaking down of his own health prevented him from continuing his accustomed kindness to the parish clerk of All Saints.

Those "bills of mortality," with their copies of verses, were, at that time, among the looked-for heralds of Christmas; and others than parish-clerks were wont to announce the season by a distribution of "A Copy of Christmas Verses," presented to those inhabitants of the town from whom they anticipated the present of a Christmas-box. Postmen and dustmen have done this up to a very recent date; and the watchmen were strenuous upholders of the custom. One of their pieces, of the date 1823, concluded with the following lines:—

"To brighter scenes we now direct our view;
And first, fair ladies, let us turn to you.
May each New Year new joys, new pleasures bring,
And life for you be one delightful spring!
No summer's sun annoy with feverish rays,
No winter chill the evening of your days.
To you, kind sirs, we next our tribute pay:
May smiles and sunshine greet you on your way!
If married, calm and peaceful be your lives;
If single, may you forthwith get you wives!
Thus, whether male or female, old or young,
Or wed or single, be this burden sung:
Long may you live to hear, and we to call,
A happy Christmas and New Year to all!"

The heralds of Christmas are very numerous, and appear in very different shapes. We have only to glance down the advertising columns of the newspapers, any time after Advent has begun, to see in those manifold announcements of creature comforts, luxuries, and redundancies with which our nation of shopkeepers usher in the festive season, what are considered by them and their customers to be the heralds of Christmas. One advertiser is disposed to think that a guinea hamper of cheap wines will be found an acceptable herald; another changes the hamper of wine to a chest of tea; another to a load of coals; another to a box of toys for a Christmas-tree; another to a case of oranges, and raisins, and dried fruit, with "sugar and spice and all that's nice." Then there are the signs of preparation at the poulterers' and butchers', at the grocers' and fishmongers'; and the key-note sounded for the Christmas cheer by the Smithfield Club Cattle-show. There are also the "breakings-up" of school, and the beginning of the holidays, the sure and pleasant heralds of Christmas to all the "happy families" throughout the land. And there are also the waits, whose early minstrelsy is heard a week or two in advance of Christmas. But it is not of these Christmas heralds that I would speak, but of one or two lesser-known varieties, only to be met with in such sequestered country villages as our *Minima Parva*.

Yet, as I have just mentioned the waits, I will make an exception for an exceptional character, and briefly speak of one herald of Christmas, whose musical perambulations as "a wait" were confined to a manufacturing town. He has been dead now some sixteen years; but I well remember him through many years, and from an early age. I have forgotten his surname, but he always went by the name of "Blind William," for he was quite blind. Yet, notwithstanding that "total eclipse" of his vision, he would daily leave his home at Kidderminster, make his way unattended through two streets, turn up to the parish church (Richard Baxter's church), unlock the gates of the churchyard and tower, and climb the staircase to the belfry, where he rang the five o'clock morning bell, and then would return home, to revisit the church in the

evening, in order to ring the eight o'clock curfew bell. This bell on a certain night in the year was prolonged for one hour, a sum of money having been left for that purpose as a thank-offering to God, by a person who, on his way home from Bridgenorth fair, would have fallen over a rock, had not the sound of the Kidderminster curfew warned him to retrace his steps. Many times have I seen Blind William, with upturned sightless gaze and smiling face, steadily pursuing his solitary walk to and from his daily occupation. It was his sole business, except at Christmas; and he was the first herald of the season. Like many others similarly afflicted, he had an extraordinary ear and taste for music, and could quickly reproduce on his violin any tune that he had heard. On the midnight after Advent Sunday he began his annual task as a Christmas herald, by going through the streets, playing upon his violin a hymn tune, at the end of which he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year;" and then passed on to another street. This he continued nightly through the Advent weeks, and, in the Christmas week, came round for his well-earned Christmas-box. The female relative who kept house for him accompanied him on these visits, and on his nightly rounds as a Christmas "wait"; and often, as a boy, have I lain awake listening to Blind William's violin performance, and his cheery salutation. In the winter season he always carried a lantern when he went to and from the church; this was in order to prevent careless people, who were blessed with sight, from running against him. Blind William was the earliest herald of Christmas known to me in my youthful days.

But I would speak now of some heralds of Christmas to be met with in those thousands of sequestered villages and hamlets—like our *Minima Parva*—that are scattered broadcast over the fair soil of England. There are our mistletoe-gatherers; for that parasite grows so freely in this parish—in our orchards and on the American poplars and other trees in our hedgerows—that it becomes an important article of commerce; quite as much so as is our watercress, of which we send many tons' weight up to the London markets. We also send mistletoe and holly to the "great Babel"; and I dare say that we contributed our share to those remarkable statistics so elaborately made by Mr. Henry Mayhew, in 1851. He reckoned that there were, at that time, nearly 250,000 "branches" of holly sold by costermongers, for £738. The choicely-berried sprays for the crowning glory of the plum-pudding were valued at £200. The fear then expressed by a gardener as to a "No Popery" cry depreciating the demand for holly, may possibly affect its sale this present Christmas. "Why," he said, "properly to 'Christmas' St. Paul's would take £50 at least, or nearer £100. I hope there'll be no 'No Popery' nonsense against Christmasing this year. I'm always sorry when anything of that kind's afloat, because it's frequently a hindrance to business." Mr. Mayhew reckoned the London sale of mistletoe at £702. It was double the price of holly, which was often made to do duty for "the kissing-bush"; and half-a-crown was a not uncommon price for a handsome mistletoe bough. The greater portion of the "Christmas" is bought by the costers in the market to retail in the streets and suburbs of the metropolis; and their stock has to be laid in at least a fortnight before Christmas. Consequently it happens that here, in *Minima Parva*, as in other places, the holly and mistletoe is gathered when December has not half completed its days. Our "merry men" cannot afford, as did those in Sir Walter Scott's poem, to wait till Christmas-eve before they go to the

wood "to gather in the mistletoe"; for, when that evening comes, the mystic bough will have passed through many hands, and have travelled many miles. Its gathering gives profitable employment to many of our rural population, both young and old; and when I see two cottage lads pass up the lane with a stick over their shoulders, from which hang boughs of mistletoe and branches of berried holly, although they somewhat remind me of the pictures of Israelitish spies with the grapes of the Promised Land, yet I know them to be the heralds of Christmas, and therefore the harbingers of the season of glad tidings.

We have another Christmas herald in the shape of the country carol-seller, whose vocation begins with December. To our rural population he is just as much a harbinger of Christmas-tide as the may-bloom is of spring or the swallow of summer. The poet Gay said that the townspeople could "judge the festival of Christmas near" by rosemary and bays being "bawled in frequent cries through all the town"; and the country folks are reminded of the oncoming of the festal time by carols being bawled through the village streets. For the modern Autolycus who, in December, takes up the trade of a carol-seller, not only offers his wares for sale unto those who, like Mopsa, the shepherdess, dearly "love a ballad in print," but can also "bear his part" in singing it; "'tis his occupation" so to do; and, like Autolycus, he often sets his carol "to a very doleful tune." Nevertheless it is music to the rustic ear; and the carol-seller is doubly welcome because he is also a carol-singer.

The country carol-seller disdains to offer novelties of song. He knows his customers, and is aware that they will give the preference to verses, the rudeness of whose jingles and the roughness of whose metre are all smoothed and mellowed to them by time and long familiar usage. And so he gives them their choice between such carols as "God rest you, merry gentlemen," "Behold the grace appears," "I saw three ships come sailing by," "Now thrice welcome Christmas, that brings us good cheer," "When Christ was born of Mary free," "Lullaby, my baby, what meanest thou to cry," "A glorious star from heaven appeared," "On Christmas night all Christians sing," or, of more recent origin, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," "High let us swell our tuneful notes," and "Hark, the herald angels sing." All these are sealed either with the stamp of antiquity or of public approval, at any rate in rural districts; and the country carol-seller selects his wares judiciously, and confidently offers to the rustic ploughman the Christmas carol that he would not place before a town mechanic. The cuts also must be old-fashioned. Hone once advised a printer to get some new designs, and the answer was, that the people wouldn't think the carols genuine if the pictures were modern. So we leave him singing to his small audience of village children—

"The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind;
They left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The heavenly Babe to find."
* * * * *

The end of the year has now brought my monthly essays to a close, and I have thought that I could not more appropriately conclude them than by taking my last "Peep through Loopholes" at those Christmas heralds who proclaim the approach of the glad season that brought Peace on Earth, Good-will to Man.

TRIPLE RAINBOWS.

To the Editor of the LEISURE HOUR.

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a very short paper by Bishop Mant, descriptive of the phenomenon of triple rainbows, described and illustrated in No. 826 of the LEISURE HOUR, my reason being that it supplies the explanation "left open for the consideration of meteorologists."

The bishop's paper is accompanied by a coloured engraving of the three bows, their position being very similar to that you have reproduced from the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," as seen by Dr. Halley at Chester. It is worthy of notice that the point on which the bishop evidently felt doubt, namely, that the relative position of the three bows remained unchanged, had on the previous occasion been noted by Halley, thus supplying the missing link in the verification of the bishop's explanation. Your readers will notice that there is the requisite water surface in each case. "In the North Seas" there would probably be more or less, "at Belfast" there is the Lough, "at Chester" the estuary of the Dee, and lastly, "amid the isles of Greece" there could be no scarcity of water, and the mirror was evidently good, as "the yacht was becalmed and perfectly steady." From all the evidence there cannot be a doubt that the extraordinary bow described by your correspondent, was occasioned by an image of the sun reflected from the surface of water. I may add that Dr. Scoresby (in "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," vol. II. p. 235) described some appearances of this kind, observed in the North Seas, but these were much more imperfect than that described by Bishop Mant. G. J. SYMONS.

From the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. XV., 1828. A PHENOMENON OF THE RAINBOW, OBSERVED BY R. MANT, D.D., M.R.I.A., LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, NOV. 14TH, 1826.

"This phenomenon was observed at the See House, near Belfast, between 3 and 4 p.m. on Tuesday, November 14, 1826. It remained till the setting of the sun. The colours of each bow were brilliant, but the centre one was the least so. It is not known how long it was visible, but it must have been at least ten minutes. This phenomenon appears to afford an interesting illustration of the theory of the rainbow.

"It cannot be doubted that the extraordinary, or centre bow, was occasioned by an image of the sun reflected from the surface of water (probably the Lough of Belfast). The description and figure answer exactly to this explanation. The inner and centre bow have their colours in the same order. They both appear to spring from the same points of the horizon, as they ought; because the *sum* of the heights of the two bows must be equal to twice the angle of the primary bow. The centre bow appears to mix itself with the exterior, or secondary bow. This circumstance enables us to point out with tolerable exactness when the observation, as represented in the drawing, was made. The interval between the primary and secondary bow being somewhat above 8°, the sun's altitude must have been about 4°. Now, on November 14, in lat. 54° 36', this took place about thirty-five minutes past three o'clock. It is said it lasted at least ten minutes and till sunset. Probably what was supposed to be the setting of the sun was occasioned by its disappearing behind a low cloud. As the phenomenon does not appear to have been observed more than ten minutes, no material alteration would have taken place in the relative positions of the two primary bows."

Varieties.

TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER.—In our climate the weather is the threshold of conversation—the stepping-stone to chat—a proffered ticket of civility between strangers—a no-man's land that is every man's land—a debateable district, where we may meet and join forces. To tell a person that it is wet to-day and that it was fine yesterday, may neither add to his stock of knowledge, nor denote yourself to be a man of original ideas and pithy sayings; yet it is a valuable method, whereby we bridge over the little gulf of diffidence or difficulty that may lie between us and the commencement of a conversation. The observations in themselves may be shallow and obvious, but they are far from worthless, inasmuch as they show a desire that the speaker wishes to be civil to the person whom he addresses, and that he does not care to shut himself up in reserve, like a social hedgehog in his bristles. Such weather remarks are to be accepted as the raising of the hat—the initial of politeness—the signal for the ball of conversation to be set rolling. Ordinarily, we know quite as much about the weather as can be told us; for, besides consulting-glasses, barometers, weather-cocks, and Darby and Joans, we may possibly possess sundry bodily barometers in the unpleasant shape of corns, rheumatism, or neuralgia, from which we get those twitches, shoots, jerks, and aches which foretell and accompany atmospheric changes. Yet we must talk about the weather, and compare notes thereupon with our neighbours. What would be the half-hour before a dinner-party without the weather's aid in introducing guest to guest, as though it were another Beau Nash bringing strangers together, and setting folks at their ease at a Bath assembly? It opens out so many subjects—as to the crops or the flower garden, or to drives and walks, or to croquet and hunting, and a hundred other things. The weather is the open-sesame key with which we unlock a little barrier, and, having passed it, we may wander at our own sweet will—who can say where?—*Outhbert Bede.*

SYDNEY SMITH'S DESCRIPTION OF MRS. FRY.—There is a spectacle which this town exhibits that I will venture to call the most solemn, the most Christian, the most affecting, which any human being ever witnessed. To see that holy woman in the midst of the wretched prisoners, to see them all calling earnestly upon God, soothed by her voice, animated by her look, clinging to the hem of her garment, and worshipping her as the only being who has ever loved or taught them, or spoken to them of God—this is the sight which breaks down the pageant of the world, which tells us that the short hour of life is passing away, and that we must prepare to meet God, that it is time to give, to pray, to comfort, to go like this blessed woman and do the work of her heavenly Saviour, Jesus, among the guilty, among the broken-hearted and the sick, and to labour in the deepest and darkest wretchedness of life.

THE MORGUE IN PARIS.—It is not generally known that the name Morgue is derived from the second wicket, or inner gate, of the Châtelet prison, which was called La Morgue, and where newly-arrived prisoners were detained for a few minutes, in order that the warders might obtain a good view of them (*les morguer à leur aise*), for the purpose of identification. Subsequently, all dead and unclaimed bodies found in the streets of Paris, or in the Seine, were brought to this prison gate, and this custom continued until 1804, when a special building called the Morgue was erected. The establishment of the present recently-erected Morgue on the point of the island behind Notre Dame consists of a superintendent, a clerk, and three assistants. The first receives £84 per annum, the four latter £48 each—small pay, it must be admitted, for the revolting and hard work they have to perform. The superintendent is a very remarkable man, possessing as keen a desire to identify a dead body as the "blind man" at the General Post Office has for deciphering very illegible addresses on letters. The slightest mark on the body or clothes of the deceased, which would remain unnoticed by a casual observer, serves as a clue to him, by which means communications are made to the relatives or friends of the deceased. Great exactitude prevails in the organisation of the establishment. A *procès-verbal*, containing no less than twenty particulars relative to the sex, age, manner of death, etc., of the deceased, is drawn up by the superintendent, and should this means and the exposure of the body for three days fail in leading to its identification, it is buried at the expense of the city, the establishment of the Morgue receiving 6*fr.* 50*c.* for each burial. The most striking and melancholy fact connected with the Morgue is, that the

number of dead bodies brought within its walls has been increasing during latter years in a frightful ratio, and out of all proportion to the increase of the population. Thus, in 1846, the number was 302; in 1856, 475; in 1866, 733; and in the first nine months of the present year, 697. Of the 733 bodies deposited in the Morgue in 1866, 486 were men, 86 women, and 161 infants. Of 445 who were identified, 235 committed suicide by drowning, 19 were homicides, 36 hanged themselves, 5 committed suicide by firearms, 3 by knives, 6 by charcoal, 6 by poison, 3 died from starvation, and 82 from sudden death in the streets. The greatest number of bodies are brought to the Morgue in June and July, the fewest in December and January. Gambling on the Stock Exchange is stated to be the most fruitful cause of suicide; the great facility that exists in the Paris Bourse for such gambling tempts thousands of persons to participate in it. The number of infants brought to the Morgue tallies with unvarying regularity with the time of the Carnival. Nine months after that season of debauchery the Morgue invariably receives a greater number of unfortunate infants than at any other time of the year. For everybody brought to the Morgue the establishment pays fifteen francs.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.—The Chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, somewhat rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room, and walked up to the lawyer's chair. "My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing with the old-world courtesy, "who are you?" "Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Weobly, the daughter of the Vicar of Weobly, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as Member of Parliament for Weobly. 'A promise, my dear young lady?' interposed the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself. "Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that, if ever you are Lord Chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife you will give her husband a living;' and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more!'" Enthusiastically the Chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right; I admit the obligation; I remember all about it;" and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, he added, "But surely the time for making good my promise has not yet arrived? You cannot be any one's wife at present?" For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer; and then with a blush, and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied, "No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife! I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there is a living in Herefordshire, near my old home, that has recently fallen vacant, and if you give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall be married before the end of the year." Is there need to say that the Chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the Chancellor a warm expression of her gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, hugging the precious document the whole way home?

BETHELL'S INVENTIONS AND PATENTS.—In Mr. Timbs' last "Year Book of Facts," there is an interesting notice of the late John Bethell, brother of Lord Westbury, the ex-Chancellor. Having spent some years in legal practice as a London solicitor, Mr. John Bethell turned his attention to chemistry and mechanical pursuits, producing numerous important inventions, and, with better fortune than usually befalls inventors, deriving substantial profit as well as distinction from some of his many patents and commercial operations. "In 1838 Mr. Bethell introduced the process by which he is most generally known, viz., the preserving timber from decay and the attack of insects and worms by impregnating it with oil of tar, commonly called creosote oil,"—a process that was immediately adopted by Brunel and the younger Stephenson. Of the engineer's other more notable achievements, Mr. Timbs observes:—"In 1840 Mr. Bethell took out a patent for treating inferior animal and vegetable salts, by depositing the mucilaginous and gelatinous matter from them, and mixing them, or distilling them over, with light hydrocarbons, to obtain good lamp oils. In a patent taken out by him in 1843, a very ingenious mode of drying grain upon a system of endless cloths on revolving rollers is

described; also a method of preserving meat by injecting into the arteries of a newly-killed beast pyroligneous acid, and afterwards common brine; also a very excellent mode of preserving milk or acid wines by impregnating them with carbonic acid gas. In 1853 he patented a new method of preserving wood by injecting it with a solution of metallic salt, heating it in a stove to drive off the water of the salt solution, and then plunging it in oil. In the same year he patented an improved method of wetting flax by the aid of warm water. In 1854 he patented a method of making coke from non-coking coal, by previously mixing it with from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of coal-tar pitch. In 1855 he patented a method of preserving meat, vegetables, and fruits, by drying out the water contained in them, at a temperature lower than that required for the coagulation of albumen. Meat and vegetables preserved by him in this manner were supplied to our troops in the Crimea. In 1857 he took out a provisional specification for a method of building composite ships of T-iron and wooden planks. In the same year he patented a steam-plough, consisting of a rotary digger or excavator combined with a traction engine. In 1858 he patented a method of separating iron pyrites from coal, the former to be used in the making of vitriol. . . . Mr. Bethell also bestowed much labour upon a plan for concentrating all the London gasworks at a site some miles down the river. He carried on for some time a distillery of beet-root spirit in Berkshire; and endeavoured for years to obtain the removal of the Customs regulations, which practically forbid the introduction of profitable beet-sugar and spirit industries into this country. He also effected considerable improvements in the extraction of copper from ores of low percentage. He left to his widow and sons the management of many important creosoting and chemical works in England and abroad."

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S GERMAN SYMPATHIES.—"Whitehall, October 10, 1841.—My dear Mr. Bunsen,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius at dinner on Friday last. I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people, spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others. My earnest hope is that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German, and recognise the claim of Germany to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons. I hope I judge the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed, however, to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically,

'They shall not have the Rhine.'

They will not have it—and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart. You will begin to think that I am a good German myself—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one. Most faithfully yours, ROBERT PEELE."

WILLIAM PENN AND HIS FATHER, ADMIRAL PENN.—The Admiral said, "He might *thee* or *thou* who he pleased, except the King, the Duke of York, and himself; these he should not *thee* or *thou*." But still William would not give his father to expect that he could in conscience make any such exceptions. On parting from him for the night, the Admiral, with evidence of much displeasure, told his son to be ready to go out with him in the coach next morning when called on. William could sleep none that night, his mind being disturbed by a suspicion that his father had determined to take him to Court at once, to see how far courtly surroundings would aid in driving away his Quaker prepossessions. "When the morning came they went in the coach together, without William knowing where they were going, till the coachman was ordered to drive into the Park. Thus he found his father's intent was to have private discourse with him. He commenced by asking him what he could think of himself, after being trained up in learning and courtly accomplishments, nothing being spared to fit him to take the position of an ambassador at foreign courts, or that of a minister at home, that he should now become a Quaker. William told him that it was in obedience to the

manifestation of God's will in his conscience, but that it was a cross to his own nature. He also reminded him of that former meeting in Cork; and told him that he believed he was himself at that time convinced of the truth of the doctrine of the Quakers, only that the grandeur of the world had been felt to be too great a sacrifice to give up. After more discourse they turned homewards. They stopped at a tavern on the way, where Sir William ordered a glass of wine." On entering a room on this pretext, he immediately locked the door. Father and son were now face to face, under the influence of stern displeasure on the one hand, and, on the other, prayerful feeling to God for strength rightly to withstand or bear what was coming. William, remembering his early experience on returning from Oxford, expected something desperate. The thought arose that the Admiral was going to cane him; but, instead of that, the father, looking earnestly at him, and laying his hands down on the table, solemnly told him he was going to kneel down to pray to Almighty God that his son might not be a Quaker, and that he might never again go to a Quaker meeting. William, opening the casement, declared that, before he would listen to his father's putting up such a prayer to God, he would leap out of the window. At that time a nobleman was passing the tavern in his coach, and, observing Sir William's at the door, he alighted. Being directed to the room in which father and son were together, his knock came in time to arrest the catastrophe. He had evidently heard of William's return, and of the Admiral's high displeasure. After saluting the former, the MS. says that "he turned to the father, and told him he might think himself happy in having a son who could despise the grandeur of the world, and refrain from the vices which so many were running into."—*The Penns*, by Maria Webb (F. B. Kitts, London).

WELLINGTON'S CRITICISM ON NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.—"The habit of Napoleon had been to astonish and deceive the world, and he had come at last to deceive himself. When the future prospects of the army were discussed it appears that he never contemplated a retrograde movement to a greater extent than Smolensk. At times he looked to pass the winter in the southern provinces of the Russian empire, about Kalougha, and it appears that he could not bring his mind so far to consider the truth as to calculate the relative strength of the armies opposed to each other upon his flanks, and to ascertain whether it was such as to enable him ever to retreat from Russia. . . . It is astonishing that Napoleon did not attack his adversary previous to the commencement of his retreat, and endeavour to remove him to a greater distance, and especially from the roads from Kalougha to Smolensk. . . . He should have rendered his army as light as possible, and should have destroyed all superfluous baggage. . . . He should then have marched by two or three separate roads. By these modes he might have saved his army, at least from any military disaster; and time, of the greatest importance to him, would have been saved. . . . He marched in one column, which extended the distance of two or three marches."—*Wellington Despatches* (new series).

VULTURES.—At first not a bird has been seen in sight, as I have laid on my back and gazed into the spotless blue sky; but hardly has the skin been half withdrawn than specks have appeared in the heavens, rapidly increasing. "Caw, caw," has been heard several times from the neighbouring bushes; the buzzards have swept down close to my people, and have snatched a morsel of clotted blood from the ground. The specks have increased to winged creatures, at the great height resembling flies, when presently a rushing wind behind me, like a whirlwind, has been followed by the pounce of a red-faced vulture that has fallen from the heavens in haste with closed wings to the bloody feast, followed quickly my many of his brethren. The sky has become alive with black specks in the far-distant blue, with wings hurrying from all quarters. At length a coronet of steady, soaring vultures forms a wide circle from above as they hesitate to descend, but continue to revolve around the object of attraction. The great bare-necked vulture suddenly appears. The animal has been skinned, and the required flesh secured by the men; we withdraw a hundred paces from the scene. A general rush and descent takes place; hundreds of hungry beaks are tearing at the offal. The great bare-necked vulture claims respect among the crowd; but another form has appeared in the blue sky, and rapidly descends. A pair of long ungainly legs, hanging down beneath enormous wings, now touch the ground, and Abou Seen (father of the teeth or beak, the Arab name for the Marabou) has arrived, and he stalks proudly towards the crowds, picking his way with his long bill through the struggling vultures, and swallowing the lion's share of the repast.—*Sir Samuel Baker*.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



HANS PRESENTS THE RESCUED BIBLE TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XIX.

BARBARA read the letters, with tears of joy, again and again. She was, above all, delighted with the part which told how her Hans spoke to the king, and presented him with the half-consumed Bible saved from the flames. She concealed the precious communications in her bosom. Soon a report spread abroad that all the prisoners were to be released. After many days of sorrow, a glad sunshine appeared likely to rest upon her again. The troop of soldiers being withdrawn from

the neighbourhood, no surly cornet could detain her any longer from proceeding to Salzburg, to be present at her father's deliverance. Leaving her boy, who was not very well, to the care of a neighbour and friend, she quickly hastened on her way to rejoin her Hans.

After an incarceration of one year's duration, the two-and-twenty sufferers were seen staggering out of their dark loathsome dungeons. They stood dazzled by the light and glare of day, which for so long a period they had not beheld under the shining rays of a May-day sun. While, with a deep-drawn inspiration they inhaled the fresh air, Barbara intently gazed at them, and it

was some time before she could recognise her father in one of the grief-stricken forms, pallid and emaciated as he had become. Under his ardent embrace she shuddered at the dreadful smell of mould which exhaled from her father, as from a corpse that had long lain under the earth. With haste she drew her now rescued prize beyond the reach of the fortress, as if she dreaded lest the archbishop might repent of having liberated the victims of his oppression—to which act, however, he had been compelled. But when they had left the walls of Hohen-Salzburg behind, she allowed the weak feet of Manlicken a little rest. He now entirely abandoned himself to the joyful feelings excited by the recovery of his freedom. With infantile delight he regarded the blue sky, the verdure of the trees and meadows, the manifold forms which passed before his feeble eyes, which so long, alas! had gazed on nothing but the dark walls of a prison. With transport he enjoyed the fragrance of May flowers which his daughter plucked for him; with tears of thankfulness he ate the simple food which his child offered him. Then his mind recurred to the tortures he had suffered. He described the dreariness of his subterranean dungeon; the cold he had endured, the hunger which had tormented him, the longing to behold his family, which feeling still so strongly possessed him. For the first time he now inquired for his Catherine, their sons, son-in-law, and grandson. Poor Barbara! dared she poison, as it were, the first emotions of happiness in her father's mind, by the intelligence of his wife's death? Might it not slay the enfeebled husband on the spot? She felt it impossible to answer his inquiry; she therefore turned the conversation to Hans, and related to her father all that he had described in his letters to her, whilst Manlicken shed tears of joy on hearing of the kindness that had been shown to the poor Salzburgers.

"It would have gladdened me much," he said, "if my Catherine had come to meet me; but she has done right to stay at home. She is too good a housewife to leave home when Hans and her sons are all absent. May the Lord long preserve my excellent wife to me!"

Bitterly did Barbara weep at his delusion. But how could she act otherwise? She attempted by degrees and by many a hint to prepare her father for the mournful news, as they were riding in the cart of a peasant, who was returning from Salzburg to the mountains, and who had willingly given them seats in it. The happy man did not understand them, but formed a great many plans for the future, in which very naturally his Catherine was to enact the principal part.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Werffen, the peasant, whose way now lay in an opposite direction, set the thankful pair down, and as chance directed it, not far from the cemetery.

"Barbara," said Manlicken, wearied by the fatigue which he had long been unaccustomed to, "see, there is a little grassy hillock, not far from the road, as if raised on purpose for my weak legs: Let us rest there a short time."

Barbara cast a terrified look at it, and, turning pale, cried, "Oh no, my dear father, not there! see, here is a stone seat, quite convenient, and broad."

"Yes, yes," said Manlicken, shaking his head, "thou deemest my old swollen feet as agile and young as thine own. If thou couldst feel as I do, the trembling of my limbs, thou certainly wouldst not require me to walk a hundred paces further. A stone seat! do not mention it. I had such a one long enough in Hohen-Salzburg, and more than a thousand times I wished for a soft seat of green turf. No, no!" Thus saying, he comfortably

disposed himself on the turf, turning his face towards the spot of peaceful repose.

"When I was lying so ill, from my fall off the timber raft," he began to Barbara, "I had already fixed my mind upon that place," pointing to the cemetery; "now none of us will rest there. Who would have thought it?" He now turned his looks to the other side, though Barbara, to intercept his view, pressed herself closely to him. "Ah, see! a post erected near our seat, and a board upon it! What can it be? Let me see; are there not letters cut upon it?"

Barbara, passionately embracing her father, implored him with broken voice, "Let us go on, father."

"Only have a little patience, my dear; I should like to know if I can still read." He drew nearer to the post, and calmly read the inscription; then, turning himself with a strange smile to his trembling daughter, "My eyes," he said, "have become very treacherous; they would persuade me that there is written 'HERE, FAITHFUL TO CHRIST, RESTETH IN GOD, CATHERINE MANLICKEN!'" His smile changed to horror when he perceived his daughter on the point of fainting. Hastily he once more looked at the record of his unhappiness, and then threw himself prostrate on the grave of his wife, whom vile fanaticism had not permitted to repose even in the consecrated churchyard.

"This," said he, at length raising himself up—"this is the reason she did not come to fetch me from my cold grave, because she was imprisoned there herself. I wronged thee, O faithful soul; forgive me for the injurious suspicion! There lie all the castles which I foolishly built in the air! How did she die?" he then asked eagerly; "as meekly and quietly as was her whole life? Tell me, Barbara, what did she say? Did she think of her Manlicken?"

Barbara, now unable to speak, embraced her father, and he pressed his daughter to his lonely and desolate heart.

CHAPTER XX.

A FEW days afterwards, the last of the Protestants of Salzburg were compelled to quit the land of their birth. Early on the morning of their departure, each left his cottage and garden, prepared for a distant pilgrimage. The father of the family, coming last, silently closing the doors, surrendered the keys to the magistrates of the village who stood by to receive them. The Alp, the meadows, the pastures, were all now deserted; the domestic animals that had long been seen peacefully browsing there were now no longer to be discerned. Cows were lowing in their stalls, and horses neighing, unaccustomed to the sudden tranquillity, as if bidding a last farewell to their master and the industrious housewife who had for the last time provided for them. No pigeons were heard as formerly cooing on the roofs; no poultry were seen in the yards; all were carefully collected and confined, in order to be delivered up to their new owners. The babes rested secure in their cradles, on the shoulders of their mothers; the little children, holding their gowns, trotted by their sides, while the bigger ones, although with some difficulty, under the heavy burdens which weighed them down, walked on before them. Then followed sturdy young men and maidens, weak old men and matrons, supported by strong men, and, finally, the sick in a waggon—a miscellaneous crowd, surrounded by ferocious-looking soldiers. Not a tear was shed, as, silently and peaceably, their eyes cast upon the ground, they passed along the path which led them out of the village. Arrived near the churchyard, all entered there, as if by one accord,

to take a last farewell of the graves of their deceased relatives. At almost every memorial-cross men were piously kneeling, uttering prayers with faltering tones and heads uncovered. There might be seen bent in prayer the grey hair of the aged and the curly locks of the child. Manlicken and Barbara prostrated themselves with anguish at Catherine's mound, which they were about to leave to the neglect of strangers who were now to inhabit the land.

Samland, in Prussian Lithuania, received the exiles. There they were to repeople those vast plains, which the plague had depopulated. The new buildings of those emigrants who had already arrived there were now in sight, and assured the wearied pilgrims that they had reached the termination of their journey. A thousand industrious hands were felling trees, sawing, hammering, cutting up timber, causing plains and forests to resound, as Manlicken and his companions drew near. Hatchet, mallet, and saw, smoothing-plane and hammer, trowel and pickaxe, were thrown aside, as the song was heard of their approaching friends, joined in by hundreds of voices. All abandoned their work; all left their houses and fields to welcome the exiles. Their meeting was joyous beyond description.

There was one absent in that day of rejoicing. Poor Barbara, the noblest heart in the band of exiles, lay cold in a little churchyard near Anspach. She sickened and died on the journey in the village of Little Nordlingen; but they would not leave her in a country where the living had been refused the smallest charity. The priest had forbidden the inhabitants to give even a cup of cold water to the heretics as they passed, and they knew that decent burial would be denied. So they carried Barbara for two days in a waggon, till they laid her in the sheltering and peaceful churchyard of a little village near Anspach, the funeral hymn being chanted by the whole company.

Barbara was absent. But there was one present who was a wonder to many, and of whom the reader will hear with wonder—the young baron who disappeared that night of Barbara's escape. Believing that he had slain Von Rhelingen, and this fear mingling with his other troubles, he was thrown into a state of miserable despair. In this frame of mind, when wandering about, and still ignorant of Barbara's betrothal to another, he had been befriended by some of the faithful neighbours of Manlicken, and his disquietude took the form of genuine penitence for his past life. When he knew all the story of Hans and Barbara, he behaved with chivalrous courtesy to her whose beauty and character had first awakened generous feeling within him. Having thrown in his lot with the persecuted Protestants, he was one of the band that last left the valleys. He was unrecognised and unsuspected, for many Catholics had joined them, grieving over the wrongs of their country. To Barbara he paid every service on the journey and in her illness, and none mourned her with deeper attachment.

"Where is my dear Barbara?" inquired Hans Weinleithner, while embracing his father-in-law. The latter drawing him apart from the multitude, who were joyfully engaged in mutual recognitions and greetings, said to him, significantly, "Hans, dost thou not believe that death is swallowed up in victory? 'O death, where is thy sting?' I know thou believest, and therefore she is not lost to thee!"

Then did poor Hans faintly comprehend his meaning, but at the moment forbore making inquiries on the subject of his sad loss. Of the whole multitude he was the only one who shed tears of affliction; and yet, though

weeping bitterly, he smiled when the Baron Von Motzel, who now called himself Gottwalt (by the power of God) brought his little boy Peter to him. Even Manlicken's seriousness, which had now become habitual, gave way to an expression of gladness, when his two sons, with Peter Pommer and his young bride, came to welcome and embrace him. The cripple was still covered with wood shavings, and his partner also bore marks of the rural employment from which he had just forced her away. Just as hasty in manner as ever, he impatiently insisted on the new comers following him, in order to show them his new house. Unable to resist his kind and urgent invitation, they followed where he and his wife led the way. First went Hans, carrying his child in his arms, and alternately caressing his little one, and wiping away the tears which he could not restrain; close behind him was Gottwalt, to whom Peter was stretching out his little hands; then came Manlicken between his two sons, with Packfest by their side.

Thus the little company passed along newly-sown fields and green meadows to the portion of land allotted to them, and lo! the dwelling, with its outhouses, was the very counterpart of the Schüppelhof at Werffen. The king, to whose intercession the prisoners in Salzburg were indebted for their restoration to liberty, had also procured for Hans, from the sale of the Schüppelhof, to which his claim had been acknowledged, the means for building a substantial and commodious dwelling-house, and, with the exception of their mountains, the exiles again found all that they had considered irrecoverably lost, and still more, a mild and tolerant government. Henceforth the wanderers, who had so long been fellow-sufferers, lived together in the most perfect harmony and friendship.

Gottwalt, as a truly regenerate man, atoned as much as was in his power for the wrongs which he had formerly done. He became the schoolmaster of the new colony, and discharged the duties of his office with zeal and regularity. Hans, some time after, acting on the advice of his father-in-law, gave to his son a kind and faithful mother, and devoted himself to his former occupation of an agriculturist. Peter, blessed with children, and in the exercise of his favourite employment, repaired whatever was broken—houses, stables, barns, or sheds—and when not thus occupied, amused himself by sauntering about the fields. Manlicken brought up his sons in humility and obedience to God; and divided his time between prayer and labour. The whole of the exiles proved, by their peaceful and Christian demeanour, that the favour of the king had not been conferred upon them undeservedly.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the deserted valleys of Salzburg, Gottwalt's father, the warden of Werffen, stood looking with triumph and exultation upon the seventeen farms which he had extorted from the exiles at so trifling a price. He calculated that the profits of this proceeding would amount to 20,000 florins. And thus it was that he had worked himself from the back office of a low notary to be a wealthy baron, and the powerful ruler of an extensive territory—applauded and honoured by the prince and his counsellors, and dreaded by his subjects. The nephew of Von Rhelingen had recovered from his wound, and forgiven the fatal conflict with his son; nay, even the union of the latter with the rich young heiress to whom he had been previously engaged was not absolutely impossible. Elated with joy, he had described everything in a letter he had despatched to his son at Vienna, to which place he had given him strong

letters of introduction. With the greatest impatience he awaited his son's return, to crown his ambitious projects. In the midst of these plans that he was indulging in, he received a letter from his son, now known as Gottwalt. He saw at once the schemes he had laid for his aggrandisement defeated. The now childless father stormed and raved. The haughty baron was the most miserable of men.

For the unchristian expulsion of his subjects, the Archbishop Leopold Von Firmian was rewarded with a letter of approbation from the Pope, and the title of "Excelsus." This, however, afforded him but little comfort when he lay upon his death-bed. In vain his attendants supported him, and smoothed his luxurious eider-down pillows; the long prayers of the numerous priests who surrounded him availed not to assuage his anguish. He shuddered as he gave back the silver image of the crucified Saviour, whose command of charity he had so recklessly transgressed. No tears of a beloved wife or child soothed his fevered mind, no gentle hand wiped the cold damp of death from his pallid countenance, or closed his glazed eye. Unlamented they laid him in his magnificent sepulchre.

When thou comest, sight-loving traveller, to the charming capital of Salzburg, the cicerone will show thee the stables once belonging to the archbishop, where one hundred and fifty horses were fed out of mangers of white marble, and were bathed in a reservoir of the same costly material, ninety-three feet in length, in the midst of which a gigantic prancing steed is beheld, from whose nostrils issues a lofty jet of water, whose bridle is held by the statue of a groom also cut of the solid marble. Leopold Von Firmian caused this magnificent structure, with its costly sculpture, to be erected to perpetuate his memory; those who suffered from his severity remarked that it served also as a memento to show that he preferred brute creatures to his fellow-men. Frederick William I likewise erected for himself a monument; a monument imperishable, and which reflected a greater lustre on his name than did that of Firmian. History tells of the twenty thousand Salzburgers to whom he gave an asylum, and who thus by bloodless means he incorporated into his kingdom. They have since increased to hundreds of thousands, and repaid tenfold the care bestowed on them by their assiduous industry.

Manlicken lived seventeen years in Prussia. The latter part of his life was not free from bodily pain, and his feet often swelling, the consequence of his confinement in the damp prison, confined him much within doors. He therefore frequently longed to depart to Christ, and be with his Catherine and Barbara. One summer evening, in the year 1749, they found him on his easy-chair, with his hands folded on the Bible which was lying before him, and his eyes directed towards heaven, as if in prayer. The hands were cold, and the eyes raised to heaven were stiff and glazed. His spirit had departed to heaven. The passage in the open Bible on which his hands rested was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The lamentations of the exiles have long since been silenced. Since the period of our narrative a hundred years have elapsed, and a new generation has sprung up. Peacefully are friends and foes slumbering in the bosom of mother earth. One only of the exiles was yet alive. For when their descendants were celebrating the great jubilee of 1832, in remembrance of their

emigration into Prussia, thousands flocked around a venerable old man, who, more than a century old, stood as the monument of a past generation. It was Peter Weinleidtnr, who, when a child of a year and a half old, had entered their new fatherland, led by Gottwalt. The new Shippen yet preserves its name; while Manlicken, Pommer, Weinleidtnr, and Gottwalt, live again in their children and grandchildren.

LIFE IN JAPAN.



JAPANESE LADY AND CHILD.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGES can only take place between persons of the same rank in life; and sometimes it happens that there is only one family of a particular class residing in a town. A partner must then be found for any of the marriageable sons and daughters in some other locality. Thus, if the governor at Nagasaki has grown-up children, he must make alliances for them amongst the children of some person of an equal rank; and as there is no one near whose position is similar to his own, an eligible parti or partie has to be sought for at a distance. Marriages generally take place at an early age. When a youth has seen a maiden whom he wishes to make his wife, he plucks a branch from a shrub (the *Celastus alatus*) and fastens it to the doorway of her parents' house. If the young lady does not reciprocate

his affection, she leaves the branch to wither and die, and the lover knows his suit is rejected, without being subjected to the disagreeable of a verbal refusal; if, on the contrary, she is willing to become his bride, she blackens her teeth, and thus proclaims her engagement. Such an evident sign of betrothal prevents any other lover making the mistake of proffering his suit to a lady whose promise has been already given, as occasionally happens in England. Friends of both the lovers are then summoned to discuss the arrangements for the wedding, to settle the terms of the marriage contract, and to choose two auspicious days from the almanack—the first for an interview between the betrothed pair, and the second for the wedding. The bridegroom then sends valuable presents to his future wife, who gives them to her parents. The parents then make a suitable return to their future son-in-law. The young lady burns all her childish toys, to intimate that her girlhood is over, and that she must now attend to the serious business of life. Her parents give her a handsome wedding dress, and some useful articles of furniture, which always include a spinning-wheel, a loom, and culinary utensils, of all of which the future wife is supposed to know how to make a practical use. These presents are conveyed with much state and ceremony to the bridegroom's house on the wedding-day, and there exhibited to the guests. Marriage is considered a civil contract, but it is usual to call in the priests of the religious sect to which the families belong to consecrate the nuptials. Prayers are offered, benedictions bestowed, and bridal torches are kindled; the bride's is lighted from the fire on the altar, the bridegroom's from hers. The meaning of this is both obvious and poetic. The bride is dressed entirely in white, and covered with a veil, which is carefully preserved when the wedding ceremony is over, and laid by till her death. It is then used as a shroud. It is said that the wedding veil is reserved for this melancholy purpose in order to remind the young wife that she is now dead to her father's home and family.

Arrayed in fine white garments, she is seated in a kind of sedan-chair, and, escorted by her relatives, is carried to her new home. Upon reaching it, still covered with the veil and accompanied by two young girls, she passes into the principal room, where the bridegroom sits awaiting her, and surrounded by his parents and friends. In the centre of this room stands a table, upon which are some small figures representing a fir-tree, a plum-tree in blossom, a crane, and a tortoise—emblems respectively of man's strength, woman's beauty, and a long and happy life.

Upon another table stand bottles and cups. The bride approaches this table, and commences her wifely duties by pouring out sake, and distributing cups of it amongst the guests. Many minute forms are carefully attended to in this pouring out of wine, in which the bridesmaids, who are fancifully called butterflies, take a distinguished part, as this drinking of wine completes the bridal ceremonial. Three days afterwards the bride and bridegroom visit her parents to pay their respects to them.

Polygamy is not allowed in Japan, but it is not considered a disgrace for men to have a number of concubines, in addition to the one legal wife. Any children there may be are rendered legitimate by being adopted by the wife. Married women of the middle classes are allowed perfect liberty of action, and they assist their husbands in their various occupations, and their conduct as a rule is irreproachable, though laxity of manners before marriage is not deemed a disgrace, nor is it any

impediment to a marriage with a man in a respectable position.

Women of the upper classes are noted for their modesty, grace, and beauty, and the annals of the country are enriched with many incidents in which they have taken an active part.

BATHING.

The constant use of the warm bath is a great feature of Japanese life. It is not a luxury reserved for the wealthy in the seclusion of their homes, but a national habit indulged in by the lower classes in the most public manner. It has been suggested that the system of espionage for government purposes universal in Japan has gradually obliterated the reserve as to personal matters which seems instinctive in most civilised communities. It is difficult to assign a cause for such a remarkable result; but no one passing through a Japanese village or town towards evening can fail to perceive that the whole population is indulging in the bath, either in the little gardens or courtyards at the back of the houses, or at the public institutions where, on the payment of a few "cash," men and women can have a tub with a plentiful supply of warm water. When the tubs are made use of in the back gardens just referred to, it is not considered necessary to close the sliding panels which shut out the view from passers-by in the street; and if the advent of a foreigner, or any other incident should arise to attract attention, the bathers will leave their tubs without waiting even to throw on their loose garments, and run to the door in a state of nudity to see what is passing. Those who object on the score of morality to such a want of personal reserve will find their objections strengthened by the general laxity of conduct which they cannot avoid observing when residing among these singular people. It is said that when Lord Elgin's embassy proceeded to Yeddo on their first visit, that everything which it was known would in any way shock the European sense of propriety was carefully concealed. If this be true, it shows that the Japanese can appreciate the scruples of other nations even when opposed to their national habits. It accounts also for the favourable reports then made of Japanese morals.

Besides the warm water bath, vapour baths are also in request, and many of the dwellings have a very simple arrangement at the back of the garden or courtyard for this kind of bath. A small apartment, three to four feet high, with a floor of narrow planks of wood placed a few inches asunder, is built over the stove which heats the warm water for the general family bathing; there is a small aperture, through which the individual desiring to be steamed creeps in, and there are two large tubs of water, one warm and the other cold. The atmosphere of this little chamber soon becomes intensely warm and full of vapour; but the bather can regulate it as he pleases, as there are two small windows at the side to let off the steam, and he can also plunge into the tub of cold water when he chooses.

This constant bathing is doubtless very conducive to health, but it is unfortunately not accompanied in the lower classes with cleanliness of clothing. The same garments are put on without being washed time after time, until no longer wearable, so that much of the benefit arising from the free use of the bath is lost; still it is better than the custom of our lower classes, many of whom seldom bathe at all.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, formerly our minister in Japan, considers that the public baths have an important bearing on Japanese political life, as it is there that

great numbers of people, male and female, meet, and discussions arise on all subjects, and thus public opinion is formed in a community which possesses no periodical literature similar to our newspapers. In these discussions women have equal rights with men, and thereby conduce to the permanence of the Japanese Government; for, according to Sir Rutherford's views, women do not often become political conspirators, and therefore the influence of woman is to be viewed as a conservative element in the state. In the present state of public affairs in Great Britain, when women are endeavouring to obtain the franchise, this view may have a bearing upon our own political life.

Shampooing is an operation much indulged in by the Japanese. It is very different from what is called shampooing in England, which consists merely in having the head well washed. According to the Eastern idea it is the calling in of a skilful operator, who subjects every muscle in the body to a gentle kneading and rubbing, which dissipates fatigue, and renders the stiffened muscles easy to move and free from pain. The luxury of such a process is best appreciated by those who have undergone some unusual bodily fatigue, and who find, after they have undergone it, that all the weariness and distress they experienced are removed as by a charm.

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

An important branch of Japanese education consists in learning the almanack: the chronological system being most complicated. The year is divided into twelve months, distinguished by the twelve signs of the zodiac, which according to Japanese astronomy are named after twelve animals, viz., the mouse, the bull, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the snake, the goat, the monkey, the dog, the boar, the horse, the cock; but these twelve months vary in length year by year, and the Mikado, or sacred emperor, at his court at Miako, arranges the number of the intercalary days and the months to which they are to be added.

Even an answer to the ordinarily simple question of "What's o'clock?" requires the exertion of much thought and calculation, before it can be answered according to the Japanese system.

The diurnal revolution of the earth is divided into twelve parts, and if these divisions were reckoned consecutively there would not be much difficulty in ascertaining the time of the day or night: but owing to the peculiar sacredness attached to the number nine, the principal epochs of day and night, namely, noon and midnight, are both known by the number nine. And the whole system of numbering the divisions of time is based upon the multiples of this perfect number, and upon the circumstance that sunset and sunrise are always called by the number six. Thus if we begin to reckon from noon, that is called the hour of nine: for the next division of time we take twice nine, or eighteen; subtracting the decimal, eight remains: it is therefore called the hour of eight. For the next or third hour, the third multiple of nine is used, *i.e.*, twenty-seven. The decimal number is again subtracted, and seven remains; for the fourth division, the fourth multiple, thirty-six; and again subtracting the tens, we have six left, which must be the hour of sunset: next the fifth multiple, or forty-five; subtracting the forty leaves five, or the fifth hour; and so with the sixth multiple, or the hour of four. The succeeding division is midnight, at which point the numbering recommences, with nine and its multiples; the fourth division is again six, or sunrise, and so the circle is completed at noon.

In order to distinguish the divisions of the day from

those of the night, besides the number belonging to each division of time, it is also called by the name of one of the twelve signs of the zodiac: thus midnight, or nine, is the hour of the mouse; sunrise, or six, the hour of the hare; noon, that of the horse; sunset, that of the cock. The subjoined table may make these daily divisions of time clear to those who have not understood the foregoing explanation:—

Noon . .	9th hour, called also	The Horse.
8	”	”	The Goat.
7	”	”	The Monkey.
Sunset . 6	”	”	The Cock.
5	”	”	The Dog.
4	”	”	The Boar.
Midnight 9	”	”	The Mouse.
8	”	”	The Bull.
7	”	”	The Tiger.
Sunrise . 6	”	”	The Hare.
5	”	”	The Dragon.
4	”	”	The Snake.

As sunrise and sunset must always be called the sixth hour, this introduces another element to complicate the calculation, in order to allow for the variation constantly taking place in the relative length of the day and night. It necessarily follows from this that in the summer the divisions of the night succeed each other much more rapidly than in the winter, and that those between sunrise and sunset are proportionably prolonged.

It is one of the duties of the priests in the temples to mark the lapse of time by sounding their beautiful bells, and the practised ear soon recognises, even in the depth of night, whether it is the hour of the boar or the bull that has just been rung out on the silver-toned bells by the watchful priests.

The native methods of measuring time resemble those made use of according to tradition by our King Alfred the Great. Instead of a candle marked with painted bands of different colours, the Japanese use a small beam of wood, the upper part covered with a kind of glue and white-washed. A narrow groove is made in the glue, and on each side of the groove at certain distances there are holes for nails. The groove is filled with a powder, which has the property of burning very slowly, and thus the divisions of time are literally consumed. Every three months the distances between the nails are readjusted, so as to allow for the alterations in the lengths of the days and nights.

LOVE BY TELEGRAPH.

We often hear of "love at first sight," but a curious case lately happened of courtship carried on, and marriage arranged, without the lovers seeing one another at all. Telegraph clerks are in the habit of sending inquiries and messages on their own account, when the wires are free and time is heavy on their hands. The "good morning" salute, and the natural question, "What is your name?" soon expand into general subjects of conversation. A clerk, finding he had a fair correspondent, not unwilling to exchange messages, soon began to "wire" love-letters to her, with the romantic result of making a match of it. Our informant, a director of the company, assures us that this is not a singular case. The story reminded us of a remarkable paper of Addison in the "Spectator," where the electric telegraph itself, and this special use of it, seem to be anticipated. The paper is on absent lovers, and the methods by which the pains and inconveniences of absence may be relieved. Among the contrivances suggested is that described as follows:—

"Strada, in one of his Prolusions (Pro. 6), gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

"If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

"In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the four-and-twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as *flames, darts, die, languish, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle."

STRANGE AND SAD.

ONE breezy day last autumn, tempted by the colour in the fading woods, and the rich creamy glow in the wandering clouds, I put my tin box of moist colours in my pocket, tucked my portfolio under my arm, and seizing my patent easel, which is also walking-stick and seat, sallied forth upon a sketching expedition in one of the midland counties. After jotting down here and there such bits of the landscape as struck my fancy, and wandering from one point to another, first in search of the picturesque, and then in search of a dinner—in which latter quest, by the way, I was not very successful—I came rather late in the afternoon upon the reedy margin of a wide-spreading sheet of water. The scene was new to me, and was also of a character which I had never met with before in all my perambulations, and they have not been few, in the rural districts of

England. The lake before me was not much less than half a square mile in area, and it was connected by a winding stream, which trickled over rocks and big smooth stones for the distance of two or three hundred yards, with another lake of scarcely less diameter, the boundary of which was in part hidden by a swell of land to the right. The marginal shallows of both lakes were covered with reeds and flags, among which rose thousands of enormous bulrushes whose black heavy heads nodded perpetually, rising and falling as they were swayed by the breeze; and among the reeds colonies of wild fowl had made their homes, which, as they rose from their lairs and shot across the surface of the water, streaked the blue expanse with broken lines of purest white. The land rising in gentle swells on both sides of the water was of richest green pasture, upon which herds of fine cattle and flocks of sheep were feeding; but unlike the pasture land of the district, it was unenclosed for the space of hundreds of acres, and was dotted so closely with fine grandly-grown elms, oaks, beeches, chestnuts, and other trees, as to close up the foreground view within the distance of a mile. There were breaks, however, in this woody barrier which let in the view of a distant weald of flat meadow lands, corn-fields, and patches of arable; and beyond these were wooded tracts which showed a dense blue tint in the clear, breezy autumnal air—the deep colour melting off into purple and grey where a long line of far-off hills bounded the horizon.

Ascending a slope on the right towards a long belt of wooded land which girded the summit, I came suddenly upon a broad level area where the grass grew wild and rank, and waved over the remains of masonry dense and solid, which here and there cropped out above the sward. A little attention showed me that these were the foundations of some building which had been razed to the ground years ago; and on noticing the width of the walls, and the large extent of the ground they had once enclosed, I came to the conclusion that here must have stood a large mansion, which in years past had probably succumbed to fire, and had never been rebuilt.

Speculating on what might have been the past history of the place, I arranged my sketching materials and set down to work. While washing in the colours and listening to the ripple of the water against the sides of an old flat-bottomed boat which lay moored at a clearing among the flags at the foot of the slope, I was aware of a shadow which crept over the paper projected from an object behind me, and looking round, saw an old man leaning on a stick. He had approached unawares, and seemed to be curiously watching my proceedings.

"Do you know," said he, before I had time to speak, "what you are painting, and where you are sitting?"

"No, I do not; I am just amusing myself. I am a stranger to this neighbourhood. Was there not formerly a house on this spot?"

"I should think there was; as grand a place as you might see in a day's journey—Forester Hall, it was; I mind it well, though it's sixty-five years ago since one stone of it stood on another."

"Destroyed by fire, I suppose?"

"Worse than that—a hundred times worse than that," said the old man, in a tone of voice which at once excited both curiosity and interest.

I waited for him to proceed, but he stood silent, looking out over the waters with a dreamy kind of gaze, while the long white hair streamed in the wind. At length, by way of prompting him, I said, "What can be worse than fire?"

"Anger is worse—hatred is worse—revenge is worse!"

—and the old man was silent again for some minutes. The “ancient mariner” came across my mind, and I felt sure he would tell me the story, whatever it was, and I judged it likely that I should get it all the sooner by allowing him to take his own course. I was right in this conjecture. After watching the ups and downs of my pencil for some time, he sat down upon a part of the foundations at my side, and began a narrative, which, prolix and garrulous as he was, occupied him for the best part of an hour. My sketch was finished before his story, but I made a show of work by touches and retouches here and there, in order to allow him to get fairly to the end of it, and was thus enabled to hear it to the close. I shall be much more brief than my informant in imparting the substance of it to the reader, and shall confine myself entirely to facts, disguising only the names of the actors.

Sir Handley Forester was the only son of a Bristol merchant who had risen from a comparatively low rank in life to the possession of enormous wealth. The father and son had carried on their business together, without admitting any other members to the firm; and it was said that the old man derived the mass of his gains from a traffic which few people in his day cared to denounce, though at a later period it became deservedly infamous. For some mere ceremonial service, Handley, the son, was knighted by George III—an honour which, valued highly by himself, was still more prized by his father, who seemed from that time to make it the chief subject of his thoughts. The old man saw in his son's elevation the climax of all his aspirations, and it was evident to all who were intimate with him, that, in his estimation at least, his son's new dignity outweighed in importance their united acquisitions of wealth. But the elder Forester died within the year, and then Sir Handley found himself heir to vast riches, to which, however, was attached the condition that he should marry within a twelvemonth, and at a certain specified period should abandon commerce, and retire to an estate which the old man had already purchased in his native county. There he was to build a noble residence, to increase his landed property by purchase as opportunity offered, and to transmit the whole at his death to his eldest son, or, failing to have sons, to the husband of his eldest daughter: he was further to leave no means untried to get the baronetcy perpetuated in his family.

Sir Handley might have preferred to continue amassing wealth by commerce; still he could not but conform to his dead father's wishes. He married well, as the phrase goes, within the allotted period, but it was ten years before his commercial affairs were wound up, and by that time his wife had died, leaving him two sons, Roger, born within a year of the marriage, and Martin, born seven years later.

Meanwhile the noble building of Forester Hall had risen on the country estate; adjoining lands had been purchased and added to the original domain; hundreds of broad acres had been drained and levelled, and planted, and laid out in a magnificent park; two ample lakes had been dug and filled by turning the course of a neighbouring brook; the waters had been stocked, and around the mansion rare gardens bloomed, flanked by shady walks and shrubberies; and a broad gravelled carriage-drive led from the outer lodge between an avenue of rising trees. Sir Handley settled permanently in his grand home when his eldest boy Roger was entering on his eleventh year, and he was himself approaching towards fifty. His wealth, and his liberal manner of dispensing it, rendered him a welcome addition to the

best society of the neighbourhood. It was soon discovered that he was hospitable beyond the hospitality of the period, while he was uniformly generous whenever appealed to. It was not discovered that he was merely a new man with no lineage to boast—for the heralds' college had provided him with an ancestry and a coat-of-arms which nobody cared openly to criticise, seeing that their owner and representative was guiltless of vaunt or pretension of any kind. He had no thought of marrying again; it suited him better to delegate the domestic control of his large household to responsible servants under the surveillance of a widow lady, a relative of his own, who took upon herself the part of mistress of the house. The boys were educated under his own eye. For Roger, a private tutor, a man who stood high in his college, had been engaged; and under his tuition and guidance, the boy developed by degrees into a generous, frank, free-hearted and accomplished young gentleman, the pride and delight of his father, and the admiration of the neighbourhood. Martin, the younger son, as his disposition began to manifest itself, was not the source of equal satisfaction: he seemed to have inherited much of the obstinate self-will which had characterised his grandfather, together with a recklessness which demanded continual guidance and restraint. At a proper age, however, he partook in the same advantages which his brother had enjoyed, and was, far more than Roger had ever been, the object of the tutor's anxiety and watchfulness.

The course of life at Forester Hall during the boyhood and youth of Sir Handley's sons, was much what it is in all large country mansions where the proprietor is almost a constant resident, and presents nothing demanding particular note. Roger went to college, where he gained repute by his talents, and consideration of another sort by the free and generous use of the wealth at his command. He afterwards made the customary “grand tour” of those days, in which his father, who could not relish the idea of a long separation, travelled with him for a considerable time. After his return the hall was a different place from what it had ever been; visitors thronged the rooms during the entire summer and autumn, and during the winter months parties of sportsmen were frequently arriving to make war upon the game, and do honour to the hospitality of the season.

It was about Christmas time in the year 1798, on the birthday of Roger, who had just completed his twenty-fourth year. He had gone out with some of his old college friends after an early breakfast, to shoot rabbits in the copse which stood about half a mile to the rear of the hall. One of his companions was the brother of the young lady to whom he was betrothed, and would be united in the coming spring. Alas! that promising spring, for him, was never to arrive. In crossing a fence, and while in earnest talk heedlessly drawing his gun after him, the piece exploded, and lodged the whole contents of the barrel in his side. He fell dead without uttering a word.

I must pass over the horror of that dreadful day, and the dreary miserable time that followed it. Sir Handley took to his bed; and when he recovered, so far as it was possible for him to recover from so dire a shock, he was an altered man. All that was genial and kindly in his nature seemed to have left him—to have been buried in the grave of his eldest born and favourite son. During his illness he made no mention of Martin save once, and that was to forbid his entrance into his sick chamber. He lost, or seemed to have lost, all command of himself—refused with bitterness all attempts at condolence—

was angry with everybody and everything, and would not be appeased or comforted. The lapse of time, which brought him some relief from sorrow, seemed rather to have hardened than to have softened his resentment against the calamity which had overwhelmed him; his words were invariably stern, his looks and manner resentful, and his actions often vindictive even without cause.

But after keeping his chamber for near a twelvemonth a sudden change came over him. He ordered his carriage one forenoon and drove over his estate, gazing once more upon all around with an interested look, and seeming to be revived by the cool frosty air. In the afternoon he appeared at the dinner-table, and, to the astonishment of his relatives, several of whom were then residing at the hall, asked after Martin, desiring to know why he was absent—a question which none of them seemed able or willing to answer. The meal over, he withdrew to the library, leaving orders that Martin should be sent to him on his return home.

It was late when Martin came, and even then he was in no hurry to seek his father, but deliberately partook of refreshment before he entered the library: Sir Handley, who had scarcely seen him for a year, looked up from his papers and gazed at him with astonishment, in which was plainly visible a feeling of scorn, which however the old man made some effort to suppress. The contrast between the living son and the dead one were almost too much for the father, and there was a tremulous motion about the muscles of his mouth which for a few moments prevented him from speaking. If Martin had any regret for his brother's loss, his ruddy beetle-browed face showed no trace of it now; he stood before his sire with a dogged air, as if prepared to resist and even to resent any proposal that was not in accordance with his own will. Perhaps it was this that induced his father to speak in an abrupt and rather imperious tone.

"Boy, it is my pleasure that you resume your studies under Mr. Attwood, who will be here in a day or two, and prepare yourself for college."

"I am not going to college."

"You will go to college whenever you are fit to go, and the sooner you prepare yourself the better it will be for you."

"It will not suit me, and therefore I shall not go."

"Do I understand that you have the effrontery to oppose my wishes?"

"You are opposing mine; I do but refuse my consent."

This coolness on the part of a lad still in his eighteenth year, was more than the irritable convalescent could bear; he gave way to a violent inroad of passion, and a deplorable scene ensued, the particulars of which it is needless to relate. It ended by the father ordering the son from his presence.

"Go!" said he, "and dare not to enter my presence again until you have learned obedience."

Martin walked off without reply, and allowed weeks to pass away without making the slightest overture to reconciliation. Meanwhile Sir Handley, blaming himself now it was too late, for the freedom which the lad had so long been allowed, and burning with resentment against him, set spies upon his track in order to ascertain where he passed his time, and what were his pursuits. The news which his emissaries brought him was worse than his worst fears. Martin had formed a low connection among the sporting men of the neighbouring county town, whither he now rode almost daily. His principal companion was one Braddon, a lawyer in the

town, of worse than indifferent character, to whose daughter it was said Martin had engaged himself, and indeed was on the eve of being privately married to her, doubtless with the father's sanction, or rather connivance.

Here was a complication, which it required the combination of wisdom and prudence to deal with. By the exercise of patience and gentleness, the lad might perhaps have been freed from the snares and entanglements into which he had been drawn, and his eyes opened to the interested designs of the scheming lawyer. But the wisdom and prudence were wanting. Sir Handley, in his towering indignation, would not stoop to the show of forbearance, much less of gentleness, but hastened to assert his authority with despotic sway. Summoning Martin to his presence directly his return home was announced, he, in a few biting words, made him aware that all was discovered; and then laying before him the draft of a letter he had prepared, bade him copy it and append his signature. The letter was addressed to Braddon; it alluded sarcastically to some blots in his character and antecedents which were only known to few, and then, in terms which could admit of no retractation, affirmed that all relations between him and his family had ceased for ever.

As Martin read the letter a livid pallor spread over his face; but he recovered himself in a few moments and merely said as he laid down the paper, "That is not a letter which one gentleman can send to another."

"You will copy it, and sign it, and it will be sent, notwithstanding. I do not see that any gentleman is concerned in it."

"I shall not copy it, much less sign it," was the reply.

"You will have a quarter of an hour to make up your mind," and as the father spoke, he lifted a hand trembling with passion, and rang a loud peal on the bell. No servant, however, appeared in answer, though steps were shortly heard in the great entrance hall, into which the library opened. Martin sat with his elbows on the table, resting his head on his hands, and not even looking at the letter. Ten minutes had elapsed, and then Sir Handley rang the bell once more, loudly as before. His face was as white and almost as rigid as marble, as he said slowly, "You have still five minutes left."

Martin took no notice of the words, and never changed his posture. There was a dead silence for a time: the little clock on the mantel-piece began chiming the hour, and again the bell rang loudly. The door opened and two strange men entered the room; at a signal from the father, each took an arm of Martin, who made no resistance, and led him forth into the entrance-hall. There the lad saw that all the men servants of the household, from the steward to the stable-boys, together with many of the labourers employed about the gardens and grounds, were drawn up in ranks, and had evidently been assembled for some special purpose. He made no resistance to the proceedings of the men who held him fast, nor while they stripped him to the shirt and bound him to a pillar, did he make any attempt to divert them from their purpose. There, in the presence of some three score of the retainers and menials of the hall, most of whom had known him from his infancy, he was cruelly lashed by the strange men—his father standing by. Martin neither cried nor groaned, nor turned a single glance towards his relentless parent; but after enduring the worst for a time, which seemed an age to some of the lookers-on, his head fell back upon his shoulder, and it was plain that he was no longer conscious. He was borne off to his chamber, and consigned to the care of a medical atten-

dant who had been previously summoned for the purpose.

From that day, neither Sir Handley, nor one of those whom he had summoned to witness that shameful spectacle, ever set eyes on Martin Forester again. He disappeared from the hall one night, ere it was thought he had sufficiently recovered to be moved, and in spite of all the exertions which were subsequently made to discover his retreat, remained securely concealed. The remorse and compunction which had seized his father after the senseless gratification of his revenge, goaded him to every effort for the recovery of the lost heir; but all was vain. Braddon and his family had also disappeared from the neighbouring town, and had left no means by which they could be traced.

The remainder of this strange story is soon told. Sir Handley for a time appeared unmoved by what had passed—made no allusion to it, and perhaps succeeded, by means of the numerous occupations in which he busied himself, in casting aside the heavy burden of his thoughts. But when years had rolled on, and he was still unaware even of the existence of his son, his wounded pride, his mortification, and the destruction of all his hopes, altogether crushed his spirit, and bowed down his once vigorous frame. He lingered on a sick bed month after month; and when pride and passion were quelled by sorrow, he made touching appeals in the public prints to the compassion of his absent son—but no tidings came, and at length, slain by his secret anguish, the old man died.

The very day after the magnificent funeral, at which the whole neighbourhood had assembled, a chaise and pair dashed up the carriage drive to Forester Hall, and Lawyer Braddon, alighting with the air of a master, thundered at the door. What passed between him and the startled inmates never exactly transpired; but in a day or two the huge mansion was vacated, and every man and boy employed on the estate paid off and discharged. Then the costly furniture and fittings rolled off in waggons to the county town, where the greatest part of it was sold at auction; and a band of workmen from London began dismantling the house. In the course of a few weeks it was razed to the foundations—the shrubberies were cut down, the gardens ploughed up, the noble park disparked, and the whole broad estate cut up into farms, which were subsequently let by tender to the agriculturists of the neighbourhood. Braddon again took up his residence in the county-town, and received the rents and managed the estates for their owner up to the day of his death, and was succeeded in his function by his son, who still retains the office. Martin Forester never returned. There are still two or three surviving of those who witnessed his ignominious punishment, but not one of the whole number ever saw his face afterwards.

TIME AND DEATH.

AN ALLEGORY IN VERSE

"Why run you, Time, so earnestly?"

"Because grim Death rides after me;
I feel his icy breath draw near,
Scorching me with exceeding cold;
And I rush on with eager fear;
—Mad with the agony of fear,
Feeling his loathly presence near,
Mine Enemy of old!"

"How, how thine Enemy, old Time?"

"Still as I run I weave a rhyme
Of cadenced deeds instead of words;
Of flowers, and trees, and voiceful birds;

Of children blithe with laughing eyes;
Of maidens angel-browed and fair;
Of young men strong to do and dare;
I send them forth 'neath summer skies,
But, as in swift pursuit he flies,
Death all my lovely ones despoils,
And kills them with the glare,
The stony glare of his deep-caverned eyes,
Relentless to my prayer."

I watched, and Time still wildly fled,
And round him, stricken down and dead,
The fair forms ever fell away:
And Death pressed on, and nearer drew
Still to his terror-goaded prey.
Till, where Eternity stood in the way,
Death thrust him, that he dying lay.*
And lo! a smile lit up his fading eyes,
For with his upturned fleeting look he knew
That all his treasures in the summer skies
Were gathered, far away from Death:
So in sweet peace his parting breath
With patient smile he drew.

I looked at Death, and saw his brow
Ridged in deep folds of deadly woe:
And from Eternity's calm frown
He shrank aghast, and staggering back
In horrid terror tottered down
Upon his knees, and with a groan,
As of creation overthrown,
† Lay stretched on shrinking earth, a ghastly wrack,
And a wild cry of ecstasy uprose
From earth to heaven, and passed from star to star,
Ceaselessly pealing, till it murmured far
Beyond the eager striving of mine ear,
That in the silence deep seemed still to hear
The sweet melodious ringing of its close.‡

J. R. V.

THE SNOWSTORM AND THE INGLESIDE.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EVE," ETC.

THE great fall of snow in January, 1867, is worth recalling, now that winter is again upon us. My parishioners, one and all, assured me that the like, or anything near it, had not been known for just thirty years. And what happens only once in thirty years is an event in lives such as ours. How vividly all the scene comes back to me! I was alone in the east of Kent—wife and child away near London; and, I having accompanied them for the week of the new year, had returned to wind up the affairs of my curacy, from which the death of the rector had removed me. Such sharp cold nights and mornings, at first! such coats piled upon the lonely bed! such a red sun over the pinched fields in the morning! I was busy writing, making up accounts, sallying forth on sick and farewell visits. One morning I rose, and found that there had been a steady snowfall all night. With much writing, etc., on hand, I had before marked this down as a home day; and how strange to look up from my book or my papers, and see all day long the same dizzy, bewildering scene! The impenetrable dun sky, the bare hedge and naked trees, and the great fast-flocking flakes dancing down, without a moment's stay or pause; backwards and forwards, huge clinging feather-flakes, sometimes hurried by a gust, and setting all one way, sometimes leisuredly and loiteringly passing and repassing (it seemed), interlacing and intertwining with each other, until you looked away with tired eyes and confused brain! And thus all day long. Then in the evening post-time came, and I rose from my desk with some letters which must go. The servant, all agog, tells me eagerly how no one has been nor will be near the house,

* Rev. x. 5, 6.

† Rev. xxi. 4.

‡ "Ἐγθεν τὰ πάντα συνεκικέτο, διὰ τὸ μετετάσθαι θανάτου κατάλυσιν."
—Ign. Ep. ad Eph. c. xix. fin.

for such a fall of snow hasn't been seen for years. So I sally forth, and look out amazed upon the scene. While I sat in my study, wrapt in close employment, I took no count of the sum which those many soft white units were composing—much as the spendthrift disregards his fast accumulating total of debt, or the careless sinner the vast aggregate to which those numberless and continual neglects and commissions will have accumulated by the great reckoning day. But now I had emerged from the warm glowing room, and had thrown open the garden gate, and was looking out under the growing night at the strange scene. Not only one white unbroken expanse—hedges, fences, roads blotted out, all the waymarks gone—but seemingly all egress and ingress barred. Such a depth of snow—several feet of sheer even fall—and then the drift against the gate. I peered out and saw in the distance a man wading waist-deep towards the railway, on the other side of which was the post-office. I called to him, but he did not hear, and 'twas hardly fair to call him back; so, nothing else for it, I prepared to wade, striking out far into the field where the other wader had been, far from the path, which was buried under the drift, and so, with pains, to the track down the railway banks; and oh, what a strange scene it was! The huge overhanging avalanches of pure smooth snow, just ready to fall, but falling not, curving over all along into a sharp edge, like a wave just before it breaks; the fantastic shapes, the grace, the purity; then the street on the other side of the railway; the strange appearance, and the strangeness of walking along the narrow trodden track, a false step burying the leg; and from this a sort of miniature chain of Alps sloping up, and overtopping the lost hedge. I was glad that I had been obliged to go out, for the scene was a new one to a stayer-at-home in England; and for some days we had railways blocked up, no post, no bread to be got, nor meat for the Camp hard by. And the drift continued, and piled up the mighty barricades, which then the men (out of work otherwise) cast up by the road-side in great square blocks. I was going about my parish relieving the want, and also saying good-bye; and, as I made new tracks over the hills and away from the impassable and hidden roads, hardly able to look up for the fine sifted snow which drifted into my eyes—the whole country, when I turned to survey it, looking quite different under the keen sparkling star which crested the hill,—I could well fancy how a man might lose his way in the wastes of snow, and, wearied with his wanderings, lack strength at last to struggle out of the drift into which he had fallen, and, with numbed spirit and body, acquiesce in the inevitable death. But with me the period to the day's wanderings was the cheery, comfortable room and meal; the cosy crimson curtains; the firelight dancing on the back of the books; the warm slippers by the hearth; and the society (in my temporary bachelorhood) of some favourite volume invited from the shelf to a *tête-à-tête*; and, over and above these, I hope, a thankful heart. "So let us welcome peaceful evening in." Yet surely not peaceful unless each has done his possible to spread that dancing warm light in other homes where the eyeless socket of a blank grate was staring at the parents and the huddling children in the cruel cold.

The Ingleside—methinks this contrasts pleasantly with the snow-storm. How cheery to come home to it, to remove the snow-caked boots and drift-crust-ed leggings, to coax the soaked socks off the icy feet, and draw on the dry warm hose, within which the numbed toes soon begin to tingle, and anon are in a burning glow! I am

home a little earlier this evening; it is not quite time yet for my solitary meal;

"The freezing blast
That sweeps the bolted shutter,"

shrills, impotently and angrily, missing me. Ah ah, my fine fellow, I am safely housed now; no more straining to-night with red, wet, ice-cold cheeks, and frozen hair, and bent head, and hat pressed tight down, and hands past all feeling, in

"The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night."

I am warm, look you, and dry, do you hear? and cosy, and with some six or seven hours before me of fire glow, and candlelight, and newspaper and books. Ah, you may shriek, and shake the shutter, and swoop round the house, and just stir the heavy crimson curtain; but know, to your utter discomfiture, that you do but make it all the cheerier for me. O, I hug myself when I hear you, with the pleasant sense of a hard day's work done, and a snug evening to be enjoyed. So amuse yourself with heaping up the deep drifts against my door, and fancying that I am your prisoner. I shall be out to battle with you, if I live and am well, in the morning; but to-night I am inside, and you are outside, and I don't mean to alter this state of things. You can run round and round the house, you know, and buffet, and whirr, and scream; I like to hear you; and, as for sending those big soft flakes down the chimney, it may amuse you, and it doesn't hurt me; so much the worse for them, white flakes stained in the sooty descent, and hissing and spitting as they die upon the glowing coals. There I shut the door, and set the shadows dancing with a blaze, and now I needn't leave this warm mellow room till bed-time.

What shall I do: light the lamp? Not yet; there is half an hour to spare before the servant comes in to lay the cloth, and I am tired, and inclined just to sit still and enjoy the firelight.

"The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again."

But that shall be presently; the newspaper may still wear its belt of string; I am not ready for it yet.

"Though news-puffed, like the cheeks of Fame,
News, county business, all must bide."

And I will just lean back and meditate here, while the log hisses and the flames flap and flutter. There is much to think of. There are the experiences, interesting, sad, cheering, of the day, the day's news of my little parish-world. There is the pleasant journey (and all without leaving the snug room) to that other fire-side, in my home eighty miles away.

Yes, there was plenty to think about, as I sat here; and the servant seems to have disturbed me too soon. Well can I enter into Cowper's enjoyment of the hour before lamplight, delightful now and then, when one is tired or languid after work. It is pleasant to read what he says:—

"But me, perhaps,
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows of the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame:
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful, or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all."

You must read for yourself how he watches and invents the faces in the fire, and the fluttering "sooty

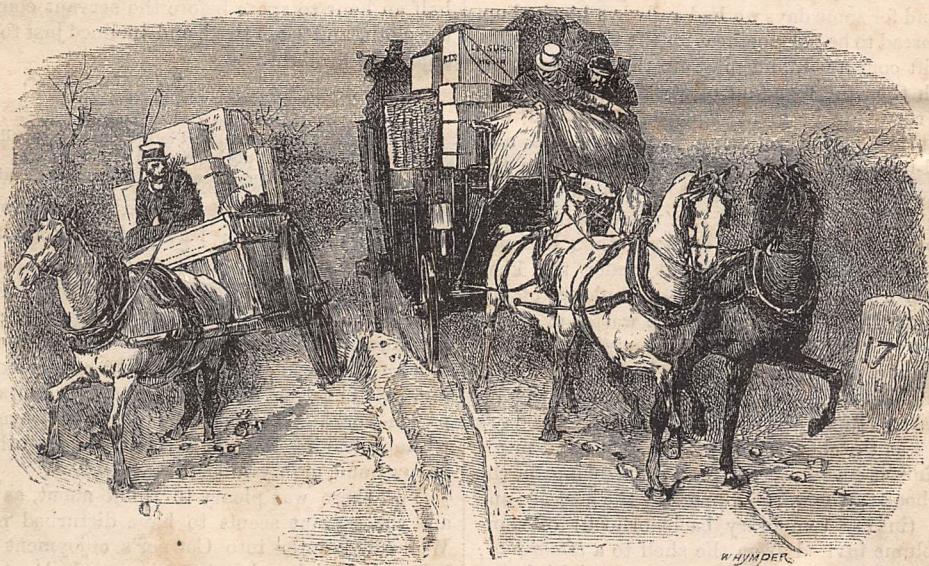
films that play upon the bars;" confessing, "fearless, a soul that does not always think." Then he sums up:—

" 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess, and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within."

But now the cloth is laid, and the meal is ready; the lamp is lit, and another phase of the evening begins. I take down a friendly volume, and arrange my small desk on the table; for, be it confessed, I always read at meals when I am alone. Why should the mind fast while the body feasts? And so I sit and eat, while the obliging author whom I have selected tells me all that he has to say; and certainly he somewhat protracts the meal. Alas! I find on turning to the clock, that two hours of my miserly treasured evening have passed. These evenings do always seem so short! if only I could add two or three hours to them there would really be something to go upon. But I must make the most of what I have, and still there is a goodly margin left. The servant has cleared away now; the door is shut; I draw chair and table (little Oxford coffee-table) near the fire, and settle down to a good quiet steady read—a rare treat this to

one whose life, unlike that of the regular student's, is busy, and always liable to interruptions. Fast-fleeting hours! how soon they have fled! and the bell is rung for prayers; and then bed-time soon comes, and mine enemy, the wind, seems somehow to have got into the house, and to be waiting on those stairs. Has the bedroom been iced? But soon I am intrenched again, warm all over, except for a frozen nose outside the pile of blankets and clothes. And the snow-flakes twine and contend outside, and cake the windows, and the freezing blast winnows the blank white fields, and drives the sparkling dust of sifted snow in neck-deep slopes against every impediment. And the dead, ruddy coals silently fall under the grate, and the faint flutters die out, and the glow fades into dust, and the ingleside sleeps, and I hope we shall both wake fresh, and fervent, and sparkling, for our work in the morning.

How sweet is rest after work! Ay, and I heard a hale man echo, How sweet is work after rest! In the Book of Malachi there is a threat to the Jews, that God would curse their blessings. Truly may we not say that he reverses this to those who obey and love him, and blesses our curses? There is surely a happiness in honest work, and a blessing upon the earning our bread with the sweat of the brow, if this be earned and eaten to the glory of God. And Death—"the sharpest arrow of the Almighty's store"—where is its sting? The soul only passes to its long sweet rest after the day's labour; and like soft snow from heaven comes God's gift of sleep to the weary body, to keep it safely until the glad summons of the everlasting spring.



NIL ACTUM CREDENS DUM QUID SUPERESSET AGENDUM.—*Lucan.*

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